THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE OF

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

VOLUME CXLVII
JANUARY — JUNE, 1931

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY COMPANY
The Rumford Press, Concord

Printed by the Rumford Press, Concord, N. H., U.S.A.

CONTENTS

INDEX BY TITLES

Prose

Poetry

INDEX BY AUTHORS

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JANUARY, 1931

'THE LEVEL OF THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLDS'

BY WILLIAM ORTON

I

THE striking adventures of the two young people in the nursery epic who set out in quest of liquid refreshment furnish a sad example of the instability of popular interest. The tale is singularly incomplete. Whether Jack ever got any water, what happened to his thirsty friends and relations, and the mysterious disappearance of one of the principal characters, were surely matters of some moment. Yet the silence of the legend on these points has been universally ignored by the commentators.

Lest the story of radio should go down to posterity in a similar unsatisfactory condition, it may be well to remind ourselves, before it is too late, of its opening promise. A few years ago we were hearing, from admirals, generals, politicians, inventors, and even quite normal people, ecstatic prophecies of what the industry would accomplish for 'the glory and honor of our country,' 'the cause of international understanding,' and the dissemination of culture and enlightenment on every hand. It may, of course, be true that the subsequent development of radio fulfills General Harbord's conception of 'the glory and honor of our country.' It is certainly true that a foreigner listening in at random will get a very vivid understanding of contemporary America — though not perhaps the sort of understanding Mr. Baldwin had in mind. But whether we can accept recent assurances of the broadcasters as to the culture and enlightenment is not so certain.

There is another feature of the nursery epic that has escaped notice. Considering the aim of the expedition, the party seems to have set out in a somewhat surprising direction — a fact with which its subsequent fate was not unconnected. Broadcasting in America began, and has largely remained, in the almost unchecked control of the owners of radio patents and the manufacturers of radio receiving sets. If people were to be induced to buy the sets, there must be something on the air for them to listen to. It was at this point that the governments of other countries took hold. But the United States Government did not manage to get an effective control even of wave lengths until 1927; and by that time the good old dogmas of individualism and noninterference had built a ring fence around the broadcasting business.

For a business is what it very rapidly became. The manufacturing concerns which had originally regarded broadcasting as a necessary expense inci-

dental to the sale of radio sets conceived the idea of turning the sales force into an independent source of income. The one demand for the use of radio channels that had money behind it — the government being barred — was that of the advertisers; the size of the demand, and the amount of the money, exceeded all expectations. Accordingly 'unsponsored' programmes, — that is, programmes provided and paid for by the broadcasting station, — which were at first the mainstay of broadcasting, came to occupy a mere fraction of the time, used to fill in unsold hours and to maintain a modicum of more or less uncommercial interest for the goodwill of the public and the reputation of the station. But the main business of the six hundred odd stations now licensed is simply to make money for their owners.

That is as much their main business as it is of any other advertising concern. Managers, entertainment bureaus, contact men, programme directors, continuity writers, publicity departments, are all organized to that supreme end. Broadcasting is more expensive than ever; but it is no longer the makers or the buyers of radio sets who pay that expense — it is the advertisers. They pay, for example, two hundred dollars for thirty minutes' evening time of the New England Westinghouse stations (and are shortly going to pay double). They pay over two thousand dollars for a half hour on the blue network of the National Broadcasting Company, over three thousand on the red. For the coast-to-coast chain with both systems they pay over twenty thousand dollars an hour. And the demand for time is, on the whole, steadily increasing.

Let us see it at work. Here is Mr. Makem, let us say, small town manufacturer of something we will call the Gadget — to specify would be invidious, since in point of fact it may be anything from bonds to banana oil. Either by the radio contact man or by his own advertising agent Mr. Makem is introduced to the idea of broadcasting the merits of the Gadget. He must promptly decide to what sort of public the Gadget will best appeal, since this (with the length of his purse) will affect his choice of hours and days. If the Gadget is mainly a woman's affair — dress, kitchen, or housekeeping — he may content himself with the less expensive daytime hours. If it has a family appeal he had better try for a booking in the early evening, when both father and the children may be listening in.

At this stage Mr. Makem perhaps begins to wonder whether a little press display might not serve him as well at the cost of less money and trouble. He is (or should be) reminded that whereas his press advertisement might or might not be glanced at, by one or two members of the family at most, his broadcast will have the undivided attention of his audience while it lasts (machines not yet having been devised to render two programmes at once — not intelligibly, at least); and further, that the computed radio audience is over four persons per set — over four and a half million living souls in New England alone. (Official confirmation of these estimates by the census returns would of course be very useful to the broadcasters; and people like Mr. Owen Young have a good deal of influence.)

Thus fortified, Mr. Makem proceeds to cogitate on the innermost excellencies of the Gadget; for it is these that will determine the nature of the programme.

Is it a smooth, suave, seductive sort of Gadget that can be woven into a Fantasy of the Dreamy East? Or is it a smart, snappy, peppy sort of

Gadget with an appeal to youth, health, and vigor, fun and adventure, and the Wide Open Spaces? Can the kiddies be brought in? Can it be dramatized, made to save broken bones, hearts, or reputations in the nick of breathless time (at a hundred dollars a minute)? These matters being more or less decided, the programme manager is discovered to have 'just the thing' (he probably has a file of prospects several feet long and a queue of auditions running into the middle of next winter). The continuity department is put to work, evolving a screed in which the smoothness and suavity, pep and virility, safety and sanity of the Gadget are tactfully alluded to — if tactlessly, the public will kick. The programme emphasizes, in content, style, and manner, the same intimate virtues; so must the voice and personality of the announcer. Rehearsals are arranged, the great night comes, and Mr. Makem tunes in, wondering, 'Will it sell?'

The answer is simple. If it has a good programme, it will; but it must have a good programme. The radio public is not the dumb, long-suffering beast that gazes year in, year out, at roadside posters. It cannot knock down billboards, but it can turn a dial. Moreover, it can, and does, write letters — thousands of letters. Let Mr. Makem offer to give anything away — it does n't much matter what — or ask for guidance, and he will be overwhelmed with them. If the Gadget is in fact or semblance worth anything — and a reputable station will not put it on the air unless its claims are reasonably authenticated — the rest is now a matter of decreasing costs versus increasing appropriations for Mr. Makem. Thus another spell of culture and enlightenment finds its way into the American home; and, incidentally, another fillip is given to the demand for radio sets.

II

Apart from the 'offerings' of the advertisers, air time is filled out with the 'sustaining' or 'unsponsored' programmes offered by the stations themselves. These vary all the way from the playing of victrola records to musical and news events of a very high order. Some of the items — national and international relays of significant happenings, for instance — cost a great deal of money. Others are furnished on a fifty-fifty basis, performers making no charge for their services and the primary broadcasting concern no charge for its time. Despite recent improvements in the quality of the advertising programmes, it is the sustaining programmes that furnish practically all material of genuine cultural or educational value. And the question naturally arises whether the growth of advertising will not eventually crowd out the sustaining programme altogether. A decided negative is given by an apparently inspired article in *Radio News*. 'The radio executives,' we are assured, 'are too conscious of their obligations to the listening public and would no more sacrifice their own time on the air than would the directors of a national magazine sell all space in their publication to advertisers.' The analogy is not quite accurate; but letting that pass, and accepting the assurance at face value, the fact remains — as no less an authority than the Federal Radio Commission has stated — that 'advertising must be accepted for the present as the sole means of support for broadcasting.' Such, by the way, is the Radio Commission's idea of the 'public interest, convenience, and necessity' which it was created to administer.

No other first-class power has so callously sold its heritage of technique for such a mess of pottage. Compared with other nations in its use of the new

means of communication, the land of opportunity looks more like the land of lost opportunities. The current American assumption that every advance in technique is ipso facto an advance in civilization has nowhere had so devastating an exposure. But the blame lies not solely, nor even mainly, with the broadcasting companies. It rests mainly upon the shoulders of the American people. Doing lip service to a degree that is literally unparalleled to what are supposed to be the higher aims of collective living, it has acted, and allowed its rulers to act, consistently on the rule, 'Seek ye first the maximum percentage, and all these things shall be added unto you.' And by the time it suspects they are not added, it has ceased to care much whether they are or no. For it must be emphatically asserted that the number of people who are concerned about the American situation in broadcasting is a small and weak minority. The broadcasting companies know this, however little the intellectual may like to admit it. The general public is pretty well satisfied.

Why should it not be? It has entertainment, distraction, in abundance. To call the entertainment free is to take liberties with economics; but the public is not called upon, as it is elsewhere, to pay directly. To expect cultural leadership, artistic or intellectual pioneering, from the mass is more than even Mr. Coolidge would venture. The mass may respond, but cannot initiate. Here is a recent official comment from the movie industry: 'Many artistically important films are box-office failures. Therefore, those which are ahead of general public taste must be sold in the same lot with box-office successes or they would n't be sold at all. At this moment the picture which of all pictures in the past year has been most lavishly praised by critics, public groups, and newspaper editors is having the largest number of theatre cancellations of any picture in the year's programme.' It is true that Mr. Sarnoff, president of the Radio Corporation, in a recent newspaper article, dismissed the claims of the intellectuals in a vein as cavalier as Mayor Thompson's, and pronounced the mass of people quite capable of doing its own cultural pioneering; but he neglected to explain how and adduced no samples. And if Mr. Sarnoff's views are representative, it is futile to expect this sort of pioneering from an industry that is commercially organized, and psychologically habituated, to rely entirely on mass appeal.

Take education, for instance, as viewed by the vice president of the National Broadcasting Company. 'What the public demands of radio,' said he to the Institute of Education this summer, 'is entertainment. If the educators on the air fail to recognize that fact in the development of education by radio, they are merely firing a blank cartridge. Every person entrusted with teaching by radio should be required to pass an examination on his ability as a showman. When education joins hands with radio it enters the show business.' Apparently that is the view of the Federal Bureau of Education, to judge from an instruction sheet circulated under its auspices. 'Write out your exact wording. Begin with one or more striking statements. *Present your specialty on the level of thirteen-year-olds. Do not overrate the intelligence of your listeners. Anecdotes, short and clearly to the point, are good.*'

Here, at any rate, is one of the reasons for the sorry story of radio education in America, as revealed in recent reports of a committee appointed (ten years too late) by the Secretary of the Interior and an investigation by the American Association for Adult Education. The kind of education that can be made to conform with the concep-

tions of Messrs. Sarnoff and Ellwood is not the sort of thing in which the best minds of the country can be deeply interested. Broadcasting stations with an educational aim have had, generally speaking, to confine their major efforts to courses of the 'home economics' or mildly vocational type, and even at that have had to do a good deal of padding. Seventy-seven out of six hundred and twenty-seven stations in the United States are owned and operated by educational institutions of one sort or another. Fifty-one of these reporting to the Wilbur committee show a weekly (not daily) average of eight hours on the air, of which two and a half are strictly educational. The precise extent of educational broadcasting in America is impossible to ascertain. A recent letter to the *New Republic* claims that the programmes of the 'American School of the Air' (a series of talks on history, literature, civics, music, art, health, and nature study sponsored by the Columbia system in conjunction with the Grigsby-Grunow company) are received by twenty thousand schools. The Wilbur committee, as the result of an inquiry directed to city school superintendents, reports 32.6 per cent of such schools — 1606 in all — possessing radio equipment. Great Britain, with one third the population and one fifth the national income, reports five thousand schools served by the British Broadcasting Corporation, and a circulation of the follow-up pamphlets for school use amounting to a quarter of a million.

The British Broadcasting Corporation is a public monopoly, ultimately responsible, not to a group of private stockholders headed by the radio manufacturers, but to the elected representatives of the people in parliament assembled. In contrast to the United States Bureau of Education, it proceeds on the assumption that a people capable of self-government will be largely composed of adults; and its activities provide a striking comment on the thirteen-year-old theory. It broadcasts, for instance, whole operas. But do the people listen? Well, the sales of libretti of broadcast operas run to close on one million annually. Realizing the deficiencies of radio alone as an educational or cultural medium, the B.B.C. issues a vast amount of supplementary literature. Its publications include two weeklies — one a programme guide, illustrated, with annotations, the other a literary journal centred around the more important cultural features — and their total circulation exceeds one and a half million, bringing an annual income of about half a million dollars. In the field of adult education, the formation of study groups is systematically encouraged, and summer schools are arranged for group leaders and radio lecturers. As a sample of popular interest it may be noted that a single talk last spring by Professor MacMurry on psychology brought 17,000 requests for the supplementary aid-to-study pamphlet, and one by Professor Burt on the study of the mind brought 26,000. Apparently the British like being treated as grown-ups!

III

State efforts in America to assist the educational use of radio have, however, more than the thirteen-year-old theory to contend with. There is quite another set of handicaps. Hours are limited, and air channels are limited. Education has no preference in either respect. It cannot afford to buy the evening hours that are necessary for reaching adults — in fact, it seldom gets the chance. The broadcasting systems do not accept lectures and educational talks between the hours of six and

midnight. Even for the daytime hours education is financially unable to compete with commercial customers. Broadcasting stations devoted solely to education are expensive to equip, and cannot fill enough time, or hold large enough audiences, to be sure of their licenses in competition with commercial stations before the Federal Radio Commission. The chairman of that commission, in a recent address, said bluntly that all available radio channels are fully occupied, and that if educators want more than the small number they now have they must persuade Congress to change the law, since the increase would mean closing down some existing stations 'without sufficient justification.' 'If education wants a share in broadcasting,' says the American Association's report, 'it will have to fight for it, and will have to secure it by entering the field of competition on an equal basis with other claimants.'

On the other hand, Mr. Aylesworth, the president of the National Broadcasting Company, speaks of the outlook in more hopeful terms. 'The pleasing progress that we have made in musical education,' he says in his last annual report, following a reference to the Damrosch series, 'leads us to hope that we shall soon undertake general educational work, but I feel very strongly that this should not be done until a carefully considered programme is prepared by nationally recognized educators of outstanding ability. When they are ready we will place our facilities at their disposal without charge.' This may be either altruism or the more familiar process known as 'passing the buck.' It must in any case be taken in conjunction with the repeated assurances of the broadcasters that the educators do not know their job from the broadcasting angle. Meanwhile the broadcasters point with pride to their own achievements in the direction of potted opera. 'For example,' says Mr. Aylesworth in the same report, 'we take a standard grand opera and cut it down to an hour because that seems to be about the right period for opera on the air. I hope for the time when we will create grand opera for radio broadcasting. Such an opera would be performed within the hour and not have to be cut. We have borrowed, and will continue to borrow, dramatic writings originally designed for the legitimate stage.' The Radio Guild, to which presumably Mr. Aylesworth refers, is an interesting case in point.

The Radio Guild, we are told by one of the trade journals, was originally a group organized by Mr. Aylesworth's company to present the old melodramas; but the public asked for something more. Accordingly the Guild has presented plays of Ibsen, Tolstoy, Pinero, Shakespeare, St. John Ervine, and other famous authors. And how! 'The Radio Guild productions are presented in the afternoon in order that an entire hour may be available for the production. The majority of plays selected, it has been found, can be adapted to the hour limit without sacrificing strength or important scenes.' What happens to the minority we are not informed.

To judge by these presents, it may be some time before Mr. Aylesworth's 'nationally recognized educators of outstanding ability' are able to agree on anything that will satisfy the broadcasters' ideas of successful programme material. But the root of the trouble lies deeper than that; it lies in the acceptance, by both the industry and the government, — yes, and even by the educators, — of the broadest mass standards as the only ones with which broadcasting should be concerned.

Education, however, is not the only issue affected. Perhaps it is not even

the most important issue. The American maxim — that every advance in technique is ipso facto an advance in civilization — exaggerates the social significance of applied science to a degree at which disappointment is inevitable.

The radio has brought no new asset of major importance to education, and its use involves serious disabilities. It provides a means for reaching people who could not otherwise be reached. It also provides a means for reaching people whose interest in what they are supposed to want is not strong enough to support any effort or sacrifice on their own part to obtain it. It can make available the voices of teachers who could not otherwise be heard (though they might be read) and can bring sound to reënforce teaching in cases like that of language or music, where sound itself is the subject matter. This is certainly much. Listening is for most people not only easier than reading, it is more stimulating; and an inert but well-disposed mind may sometimes be stimulated to a degree at which its reaction ceases to be purely passive.

On the other hand, radio tends naturally to encourage the passive attitude on the part of the learner — the one thing that educational theorists are united to oppose. It tends, the more definitely as it becomes more successful, to standardization of approach and content. It emphasizes the factual and informative rather than the reflective and analytical. And, despite the existence of radio personality, it can hardly compensate for the absence of the immediate teacher-student relationship. The British recognize these limitations and do their best to overcome them. But, when all is said and done, it is probable that the educational possibilities of radio have been much exaggerated.

IV

It is in respect of the everyday programmes that the American situation is at its worst. Whatever is done by way of education will reach only a fraction of the radio public and will fill only a minute part of radio time. But on this wider issue the ground of criticism needs to be very carefully defined.

It is not that programmes are bad. On the contrary, many of the presentations, both sustaining and commercial, are very good, and both are getting better. The trouble arises on ground much more fundamental than that; it springs directly from the commercialization of broadcasting itself, and the consequences which flow therefrom.

The wholesale exploitation of sound in the various perversions of money getting is a far worse thing than the desecration of the countryside by billboards. It is at once more intimate and more degrading. The unctuous bleating of the high priests of salesmanship would be ethically less intolerable were it their own wares they were crying. The fact that their voices, like their machinery, are for hire renders it a form of prostitution essentially akin to its older prototype. The corporation that affronts you with its posters has not only no soul, but no larynx; there is, at worst, a saving impersonality about its impudence. To become accustomed — much more, to become reconciled — to the standards and practices of broadcast advertising is to connive at an irredeemable insult to human decency.

Equally vicious is the conception of the public, and of the industry's relation to the public, to which its dominant aim gives rise. What that conception is, the utterances already quoted indicate. It is sufficiently epitomized in the remark of one of the leaders that the public will not listen to anything

for more than half an hour. It is further illustrated (if further illustration be necessary) in a statement of almost cynical candor recently given out by the National Broadcasting Company's programme director. 'The requirements of commercial programmes, of course, make it difficult to achieve perfect balance. In commercial programmes the primary object is to bring to radio as many listeners as possible — the kind of listeners that will most benefit the particular product which is being promoted [*sic*]. The development of these programmes, therefore, is based almost entirely on this consideration and without particular regard to other programmes scheduled for the same evening. The chief consideration is, Will this programme attract and interest the kind of people who will be influenced to buy the product? — not, Does this programme fit in well with other programmes which precede and follow it?'

One cannot help wondering whether it is to this sort of thing that the 'magic acropolis' — the phrase is from a *New York Times* headline — planned by the Radio Corporation is to be dedicated. Within three years, we are informed, the Rockefeller property between Forty-eighth and Fifty-first streets and Fifth and Sixth avenues is to become 'a citadel of radio,' housing broadcasting, television, and four great theatres — 'a city sired by science, mothered by art, nursed by an economic foster mother, and dedicated to a career of enlightenment and entertainment. It will exist not only for its immediate trade territory but for all the world. Its voice will be multiplied a thousandfold.'

This and other ecstatic prophecies issuing from the offices of the Radio Corporation are the more significant inasmuch as it is officially stated that the Rockefeller interest will be simply that of landlord. Will the voice be the same sort of voice, and the entertainment the same sort of entertainment, that commercial broadcasting has hitherto sent over the much-afflicted ether? A ray of hope is perhaps to be discerned in the report that S. L. Rothafel is to be the presiding genius of the institution. It was 'Roxy' who startled the entertainment world a short while back by putting the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven and Strauss's 'Heldenleben' into his theatre programmes; it is Roxy who broadcasts the one weekly concert that is infallibly worth listening to. But if Roxy is the genuine enthusiast we take him for, it is a safe prediction that he has a strenuous time coming to him. For the conception of the public that necessarily arises from the commercialization of broadcasting is that of the mass; and this conception, so long as it is dominant, is utterly fatal to cultural advance.

So long as it is dominant. It would be too much to assert that there is no reality corresponding to this conception. There is, as pornography and war hysteria can always testify. Nor would one maintain that this mass is not entitled to its fair meed of distraction and entertainment. If no more is done for it, to that much at least it has a claim on its masters. But where the thought of it and its demands dominates and colors all other activity, civilization itself may ultimately be in peril. The redemption of the mass cannot come except from minorities.

V

There are two grounds of criticism which may be taken, though the first is hardly relevant to American conditions. It may be maintained — it is maintained by some nations — that the State has a tutelary responsibility toward its subjects; that its duty ex-

tends beyond the mere safeguarding of the status quo to the positive encouragement of continually better standards of living; that, in short, prosperity is not enough. This is, of course, the idea behind religious establishment, and to some extent the idea behind monarchy. We see it carried to a dangerous extreme in the European dictatorships. But perhaps the other extreme is no less dangerous. Perhaps the increasing demands that democracy makes, not only upon the intelligence but upon the moral calibre of the citizen, need for their accomplishment an increasing concern with his intellectual and cultural development. But this is dangerous ground. It is difficult to envisage an active concern with these matters on the part of government in America that should not involve a threat to freedom or an opening to venality. It is not impossible, however. The brilliant work done by many departments of government in the field of applied science contrasts strongly with their neglect of the non-economic values; but a day may yet come when it will be realized that these latter are every whit as important to national life as the former.

How far off that day is may be gauged from the report of the Wilbur committee. The most definite step the committee felt it could advocate was 'that an effort be made to secure from interested persons or foundations an amount of money [$200,000 a year for three years was mentioned] sufficient to bring to the microphone a high-grade programme in certain formal school subjects and to check carefully the results obtained.' For the richest nation in the world there is something almost shameful in the spectacle of education thus going begging.

The second ground of criticism above referred to is likely to be the more fruitful in the circumstances. It is simply that of the rights of minorities. I make no complaint that the roads are increasingly occupied by the majority who prefer to travel in automobiles; but if I am a member of the group that prefers to walk I claim that it should still be made possible for me to do so. I may go so far as to suggest that walking is in itself sufficiently worth while for my group to receive a little more consideration than that which would be based solely on its numbers or its spending power. In like manner, I refuse to cavil at the quality of the radio programmes based on the mass standards of the advertisers and the broadcasting stations; but I ask protection and service as a member of a group that desires something different.

This sounds unappreciative of such efforts as are now made by the broadcasters to serve minority interests. It is far from being so intended. The dilemma is that financial incentives, which are in the long run necessarily final for commercial broadcasting, do not permit of — let alone encourage — the kind or quantity of presentation that would be anything like fair to the group I claim to speak for. The stock answer of the broadcasters is, of course, that they are in business like anyone else and must sell their service where there is a demand for it; they have for years been fighting the idea of public utility status. But in fact they are not in business like anyone else. No less a person than Mr. Hoover has repeatedly insisted that 'radio communication is not to be considered as merely a business carried on for private gain, for public advertisement, or for the entertainment of the curious. It is a public concern impressed with the public trust.' The radio industry did not create, and does not own, the channels over which it operates. It is merely licensed by government to use them. Their number is so limited as to constitute a natural

monopoly, and that monopoly is being fully exploited. I maintain that Mr. Hoover's 'public' includes and has a place for me. That of the advertisers has not.

In England, this week in which I write, I could obtain at least one full orchestral programme every night, including whole evenings of Bach, Beethoven, Wagner, and modern work. I could hear the Mozart Festival from Salzburg and the Vienna Philharmonic under Baumgartner. I could listen to Eugene O'Neill's 'Ile,' to a first-class debate on the international language question, to various lecturers, including Dean Mozley on Christian theology and Mr. Francis Birrell on the cinema, to two or three recitals of modern chamber music, to a couple of revues (complete), to say nothing of dance music, political addresses, educational programmes, news, sports, humorous features, and the various local offerings. A few years back, orchestra in England was in a most critical impasse, times being hard and the supply of millionaires inadequate. Broadcasting has not only set it on a firm and wide foundation; it has given a better chance to young composers and young literati than they ever had before. And all for a license payment of two dollars a year, of which little over one half now suffices to support all broadcasting! I do not have to be highbrow if I am not that sort of person; though, even if I am very lowbrow, the chances are that curiosity will lead me to a growing interest in something a little better than claptrap. But as a member of a not inconsiderable minority I can still get enjoyment from my radio set for some hours of every day. And that is democracy. Where shall I find it in America?

There is no answer. The state has abdicated. There is no obvious reason why the advertisers that support broadcasting should also consider me. The Radio Corporation has my money, but does not need my vote. I am tired of turning the dial.

OUR SPORTING CONSCIENCE

BY ALFRED F. LOOMIS

In the third race of the fourteenth classic contest for the *America's* Cup, recently concluded, drama swept twice across the sparkling sea. First, *Shamrock V's* main halliard parted and cost the Irish challenger the day's race. Second, *Enterprise* tacked to clear the disabled yacht, sagged off her course, and appeared to be heading back to harbor. It seemed in that dramatic moment that her afterguard, refusing to take the race by default, was going home. But romantic appearances were deceptive. The defender of the world-famous yachting trophy was merely easing her sails and rigging of their tremendous racing strains. Immediately the tensions had been lessened *Enterprise* came hard on the wind again and sailed alone around the course to clinch the victory.

Thereafter from spectators and from those who only read the news arose a groaning chorus of lamentation. We,

America, had let slip a golden opportunity. We had failed to make the *beau geste* that would ensure future friendly relations between the United States and Britain. We could have thrown the race (which would n't have cost us anything, because *Enterprise* was the better boat) and demonstrated what sportsmen Americans really are. In short, it was a crying shame that the defender had sailed on to hollow victory.

Let me say at once that these popular strictures on the sportsmanship of *Enterprise's* afterguard are unjust.

Harold S. Vanderbilt, skipper and manager of the syndicate which owns the defender, was required to continue the one-sided race both by his obligations to his associates and by his club's agreement with the challenger. Although nothing in the race conditions precluded his throwing the race, he would, by defaulting, have established a precedent from which anything farcical might in future have arisen. Moreover, the gesture of withdrawing after *Shamrock's* accident could only have been truly sporting in the event that the challenger, having won three legs on the Cup, had been at that moment dangerously embarked on the fourth decisive race. As matters stood, with *Shamrock* hopelessly outclassed, default by *Enterprise* would merely have prolonged the agony.

Then why introduce the incident at all? To indicate in the most striking manner possible that after sixty years of defense of the *America's* Cup our sportsmanship is at last a positive quantity. At the risk of quixoticism we like to give the other man a chance. That we have not always liked to, and that sportsmanship was not spontaneously induced in the pure air of America, will be shown in the following analysis of the Cup's defense.

I

This Cup, it can hardly be forgotten, was won by the famous schooner yacht *America* in 1851 in a handicap race against British yachts around the Isle of Wight. It is pertinent to remark here for its bearing on a future point that the course led the racers eastward around the Nab lightship and thence around the Wight, keeping the island on the starboard hand. *America*, coming down on the lightship, was running wing and wing (a ticklish point of steering) and, with four English boats keeping her from getting through, did not pass around the lightship, but left it on her port hand.

The day after the race she was protested on the ground that she should have passed outside the lightship, leaving it to starboard. The protest was disallowed and *America* was granted the Squadron Hundred Guinea trophy when it was proved to the satisfaction of the regatta committee that she had not been specifically instructed to leave the lightship to starboard.

Complete details of this epoch-making race are lost to history or else locked in the vaults of the Royal Yacht Squadron, but it seems from geographical evidence that the committee was magnanimous to a fault in dismissing the protest. The Nab lightship lay (it has been replaced by a tower) three miles east of the Isle of Wight. As the owners of the *America* did not appreciate the necessity of leaving it to starboard (that is, passing around it) they were under no obligation to go anywhere near it. They might have left it a hundred yards to port, or one mile, or, by skirting the eastern shore of the island, nearly three miles to port, and gained a decided superiority over their competitors, who knew from past experi-

ence that the ship was to be left to starboard. Yet the *America* bore down on the mark in close competition with her fellows exactly as if her owners had understood the instructions, and at the last moment cut it to port. I do not give this episode as an instance of American lack of fair play, but as a precedent in the official treatment of a foreigner which we later bent to our own ends.

The Squadron trophy, subsequently to be known as the *America's* Cup, was brought triumphantly home, and in 1857 was deeded in trust to the New York Yacht Club by the surviving owners of the *America* as a perpetual challenge trophy for 'friendly competition between foreign countries.' Our Civil War intervened and the first friendly competition for the Cup did not occur until 1870, when one James Ashbury of the Royal Thames Yacht Club challenged with his schooner *Cambria*. The tone of his challenge was anything but friendly, and the manner in which we edited it and permitted *Cambria* to try for the Cup was of like texture. Swords were halfway out of their scabbards before, during, and after the race, in which we successfully defended the trophy.

Ashbury virtually demanded that we sail the race under English rules. We naturally refused, and when it became apparent that the terms of a match could not be arranged by 'mutual consent' we fell back upon a clause in the deed of gift which offered the challenger the right to compete for the Cup against the entire New York Yacht Club fleet in its annual regatta. The challenger protested that to pit one boat against many was unfair. We countered that in this way the Cup was originally won, the *America* competing against fourteen British yachts. Our statement was true enough, but had nothing to do with the dispute.

America raced against a fleet each yacht of which was striving for individual possession of a prize. *Cambria* raced against a fleet of twenty-three Americans, all striving their mightiest to keep the lone challenger from winning the prize. *Cambria* was thus beaten at the start and was lucky indeed to finish in tenth position.

Although it seems strange that such an unequal contest should have been entered into either by challenger or by defenders, it must be remembered that in those aggressive days fair play was in an embryonic state. Racing by amateurs for cash prizes was an accepted thing, and in the small classes, I am told, it was not considered impolite to cut a competitor's halliards with a sickle (carried for that purpose) if you were lucky enough to come near him. Even within the memory of present-day racing skippers sand ballast was surreptitiously dumped overboard to lighten ship, and crew members accidentally fell in and swam ashore when the weather fell soft.

That Ashbury did not feel that he had been too outrageously used was evidenced by his second challenge the following year. But he did take a positive stand against racing one vessel against America. So vehement was his protest that the New York Yacht Club laid it before the surviving donor of the Cup, George L. Schuyler, to learn whether we might, with due regard to our tenure of the trophy and our holy obligation to keep it at all costs, pit a single boat against the challenger. In a sportsmanlike statement, so full and so logical that in the light of modern standards it seems naïve, Schuyler wrote that a match race, as called for in the deed of gift, was a race between two vessels and that we might therefore with entire propriety select only one defender to race against the challenger.

By this decision, which aroused vigorous public protest, American sportsmanship developed sufficiently to be visible to the naked eye. But it was still a small, pale embryo. When Ashbury sailed over in his new schooner *Livonia* he found that, while we were willing to make a match race of the second contest, we were formidably prepared to match any one of four boats against his. We had one boat for light weather, another for heavy weather, and two more for use in case of accident to either of the two regulars. *Livonia*, needless to say, had only herself for all varieties of weather and accident.

In a friendly atmosphere heavily charged with the most amazing ultimatums from both challenger and defending club, the series of four out of seven races commenced, with *Livonia* pitted against our light-weather boat, *Columbia*. The weather was light, and *Columbia* won. In a freshening breeze she also won the second race, but under circumstances presently to be related which can only be called discreditable.

Livonia, however, won the third heat in hard weather, because, despite our warlike preparedness in number of boats, the condition of the navy was below even a peace-time standard. One yacht was in dry dock, another had torn her sails beyond hope of quick repair, and the third, the selection for the day, was damaged while actually towing to the line. It was suggested that *Magic*, winner of the previous year's free-for-all, be drafted in the emergency, and Ashbury acquiesced. But the race committee, with a noble sense of justice, handed down the decision that we must stick to our original four. In this exigency we had to fall back again on *Columbia*, which had been strained by her two victories and whose paid crew had been celebrating. Against such initial handicaps and with subsequent damage to *Columbia's* steering gear and rigging, not even our unconquerable American enthusiasm could prevail, and *Livonia* won by fifteen minutes.

Although *Columbia's* crew, having sailed three straight races, were rated as heroes by the sportsmen of the day, they were not put to the supreme test of meeting *Livonia* a fourth time. *Sappho*, our heavy-weather boat, was ready for that contest. Sailed in a spanking breeze, the race went to *Sappho* by an ample margin.

The fifth race was run over the inside course starting in the Narrows of New York Harbor, and we had *Palmer*, our second light-weather boat, groomed and waiting at the line. But the wind freshened before the start and *Sappho* was again sent away, justifying our generalship by winning handsomely in a strong October westerly.

This concluded a series from which Ashbury departed vowing that if he ever challenged again he would bring a lawyer with him. By certain claims and actions the challenger had succeeded in making himself ridiculous before he left these shores; but that he required more than ordinary sporting spirit to cope with our yachtsmen was proved by the circumstances of the second race, above referred to as discreditable.

It was a leeward and windward race, the outer mark being stationed twenty miles seaward of Sandy Hook lightship. No definite instructions having been laid down for rounding this mark, the owner of *Columbia* boarded the committee boat just prior to the start to ask which way he must turn it. He was told that he might turn it as he pleased. As we interpret sportsmanship nowadays it thereupon became, if not the duty, at least the moral obligation of the committee to give the same oral

permission to *Livonia*. This was not done.

Livonia got away in the lead, reached the stakeboat first, and, in accordance with British custom in cases where definite instructions are lacking, rounded it to starboard. To do so meant jibing around. To jibe in the sea that was running, and with the big topsails she was carrying, meant losing time and windward position while she flattened in her sheets for the reach home. As the British boat was being set down to leeward in this manœuvre, the American defender came along, hardened her sheets before she reached the mark, and luffed around, leaving it to port. With both boats straightened out for the close reach back, their positions were reversed. The American led from that moment and subsequently won.

The owner of the British boat promptly protested, claiming the race on the score that *Columbia* had rounded contrary to sailing instructions. In this assertion he did not quite stick to the facts. The regatta committee no less promptly disallowed the protest, claiming that the printed regulations for the course left the matter of turning the stake optional. Again truth was slighted. In our search for evidences of early American sportsmanship it is proper to ask why, if the sailing instructions left the matter of turning the stake optional, the owner of *Columbia* had to row over to the committee specifically to inquire whether he might round it either way.

But this claim of the committee was tacitly abandoned in its formal report on the protest written the same day, when it related that since the inauguration of the club it had been the settled rule that the manner of turning a mark was optional unless specified to the contrary. And 'as far as it is known to your committee the same rule holds good in England now. It can be stated with certainty, however, that such was the rule when the *America* won the cup in 1851.' Whereupon the committee proved its rectitude by delving nineteen years into the past to quote the dismissed protest in the case of the *America* and the Nab lightship.

Let us briefly review these two cases to see if there really was any similarity between them. *America* was the visiting yacht. In the absence of specific instructions which were commonly known to her competitors, she cut a mark and left it to port. By so doing she gained something, though it may have been very little. She was protested and the protest was magnanimously disallowed. . . . *Livonia* was the visiting yacht. In the absence of specific instructions which had been given orally to her competitor, she rounded a mark to starboard and lost heavily by so doing. She protested *Columbia* and her protest was disallowed.

In short, the two cases were not parallel. In order to justify the committee's 'heads I win, tails you lose' standard of sportsmanship we can only assume that it lacked two very important senses — the sense of fair play and a sense of the ridiculous.

II

Yet the struggling spirit of American sportsmanship did not quite expire under this hard usage. England had had enough contact with it to leave us severely alone for fourteen long years; but in 1876, only five years after the Ashbury fiasco, Canada stepped forward with a challenge from the Royal Canadian Yacht Club of Toronto. It was accepted, and when the rival yachts came to the starting line for a two-out-of-three match it was seen that we had retained only one boat to

defend the Cup. By so much we had advanced, though even that little had not been without a struggle. In response to the challenger's ingenuous question as to whether he should have to race against one boat, or one of four, or a whole fleet, we told him that 'a yacht' would be on hand to sail each race of the match. (At least we have not lacked a sense of dignity.) Later we unbent, and in the face of much popular opposition the defending club, by a vote of eleven to five, agreed to race only one yacht throughout the series. That one, as it proved, was enough, and the challenger was soundly trounced in two straight races.

Although we had now defended the Cup on merit alone without benefit of casuists or of rear-guard interference, sportsmanship suffered a severe setback following Canada's second challenge in 1881. The second challenger, like the first, flew the colors of an inland lake club, though in this case it was the Bay of Quinte Yacht Club. She was late in building, and to get here in time for the match was dismasted, careened, and conveyed to New York via the Erie Canal. Late in building, this Canadian yacht was also late in sailing, and gave the defender almost no opposition. Again we had won on merit alone.

But the spectacle of a challenger attacking us through the back door, so to speak, was too much for an alarmed sportocracy. Early in the winter following the second Canadian contest the New York Yacht Club gave the *America's* Cup back to George L. Schuyler, the sole surviving original owner, and from him received it again with a new deed of gift. It has frequently been asked whether the club, having originally received the Cup in trust, had any right to give it back and whether Schuyler, not being the legal heir of the other owners of the *America*, had the power to reconvey it with a new deed. But that is splitting hairs, and, like James Ashbury, we should need a lawyer to decide the point.

The important facts are that by the new deed of gift the Cup was open for contest only by a foreign club having 'an ocean water-course on the sea or on an arm of the sea (or one which combines both)' and that 'vessels intending to compete for this Cup must proceed under sail on their own bottoms to the port where the contest is to take place.' By these two clauses we perpetually removed the menace of challenges from Canadian lake clubs and confounded their knavish tricks of sluicing yachts at us through inland waterways. The new deed was hailed as a great advance in yachtsmanship, in that it prevented the construction of challengers too light to race in the open sea. That it did not prevent us from building defenders so light as to be useless after a few months of highly selective racing was sufficiently proved in the nineties and nineteen-hundreds. Confident, in 1881, that our rear-guard defense of the Cup was adequate against future assault, we turned our faces seaward and hoped for another challenge from England, far, far across the stormy waters. It came in 1885, and with it a new but short-lived era in sportsmanship.

III

Sir Richard Sutton, on behalf of the Royal Yacht Squadron, challenged with his cutter *Genesta* and was met at the starting line by the Boston sloop *Puritan*. This is more than a mere figure of speech. Through innocent miscalculation of distances *Puritan* fouled *Genesta* a few moments after the preparatory signal and broke the challenger's bowsprit off short. The Cup committee immediately and prop-

erly disqualified the defender (for the fault had been only hers) and the challenger was informed that if she sailed over the forty-mile course and finished within the time limit of seven hours the day's race would be hers.

This stipulation of the race committee did not usher in the new era of sportsmanship, as we should have awarded the British yacht the race without the forty-mile string. So, at least, thought an American friend of Sir Richard's aboard *Genesta*, who questioned the possibility of completing the course in seven hours without a bowsprit. Our committee was engaged in explaining to this traitor how a spinnaker pole could be rigged to replace the bowsprit when Sir Richard cut the explanation short. He declined to take the race by default. Here, at last, was real sportsmanship that anyone could recognize. The committee gladly and quickly accepted Sir Richard's generous refusal, and the Cup was still untarnished by alien hands. Upon the completion of repairs the match was started afresh and was won by *Puritan* in two straight races.

Sir Richard's action so touched the warm heart of America that the very pinnacle of good feeling in international yachting was reached the next year. Lieutenant William Henn, representing the Royal Northern Yacht Club, brought over his cutter *Galatea* and was decisively defeated by a second Boston yacht, the *Mayflower*. No fouls and no recriminations marred the contest, and after a year's stay in this country Lieutenant Henn and his wife sailed back to England leaving a host of friends behind them.

The Cup contest of 1887, when a third Boston boat, *Volunteer*, defended against *Thistle*, a Scottish challenger, did not pass off quite as smoothly as the preceding one, as our democracy objected to *Thistle's* having been built behind closed doors. This secrecy was dictated by the failure of the syndicated challengers to attain beforehand an understanding restricting the size of the boats. A clause in the deed stipulated that a challenge, accompanied by a customhouse certificate of measurement, must be presented six months before the day of the proposed race. The challengers determined to derive what advantage they could from this clause and have their vessel well under way before her dimensions were published, thus leaving us only six months in which to design, build, and tune up a defender.

Already considerably roused by this secrecy, our indignation rose to white heat when *Thistle* arrived in New York, was measured, and found to be nearly seventeen inches over her designated waterline length. Although it is difficult and frequently impossible to foretell that a boat will float to her designed waterline, and although this extra length worked to *Thistle's* disadvantage in increased time allowance, our yachtsmen knew that we had become the victims of skullduggery. The Cup committee almost refused to allow her to race, and was only pacified when George L. Schuyler, still surviving, ruled in *Thistle's* favor.

The ensuing match was uninteresting, as the Boston yacht from the thrice-inspired pencil of Edward Burgess was much more than the equal of the challenger. Fair racing tactics were employed by both sides, and this, the seventh, contest for the *America's* Cup might not figure at all in the evolution of sportsmanship if it had not been for a curious aftermath. Directly following the conclusion of the match a member of the *Thistle* party, one Charles Sweet, submitted a tender for a new challenge. Almost immediately after the receipt of this communication the defending club altered its deed of gift a second

time, obtaining Mr. Schuyler's signature to a document which has been characterized as 'a mixture of bad sportsmanship, bad law, and bad English.' At the meeting which accepted the new instrument for the defense of the Cup, Mr. Sweet's challenge was rejected as not conforming to the deed of gift. This was tactless, as the club did not explicitly name the second deed or the third.

It was even worse than tactless. Mr. Sweet, a Scotchman then having business in and living in New York, was half owner of the 53-foot imported cutter *Clara*, which had never been beaten in its many races against local boats in American waters. *Clara* was a product of the designing genius of Will Fife of Fairlie, Scotland. It was thought by many yachtsmen that Fife could be as successful with a 70-footer as he had been with the 53-footer, whereas the ability of Edward Burgess to design unbeatable 85-footers was generally acknowledged. Sweet's challenge was for a 70-footer. Critics said quite openly that we were afraid of losing the treasured Cup.

They said more when the ramifications of the new deed were admitted to the light of day. Experience had shown that it was difficult to lift the trophy. British yachtsmen now said that certain clauses of the new deed made it absolutely impossible. Chief among the offensive clauses was one hinting that the questionable practice of building behind closed doors must be abandoned. In actuality it required the principal dimensions of the challenging vessel to be given not six but ten months in advance, these dimensions being 'length on load waterline, beam at load waterline, and extreme beam, and draught of water, which dimensions shall not be exceeded.' Declaring that the stipulations of this clause would give America ample time and information to build a yacht to defeat any challenger, the principal yacht clubs of Europe vowed that they would never challenge under such an outrageous document.

With offended dignity we pointed to a clause of this highly complicated deed reading, 'The club challenging for the Cup and the club holding the same may, by mutual consent, make any arrangement satisfactory to both as to the dates, courses, number of trials, rules, and sailing regulations, and any and all other conditions of the match, in which case, also, the ten months' notice may be waived.'

If this extraordinary clause concluded with the word 'match,' and if the entire deed consisted only of this abbreviated sentence, it could not then be called extraordinary. It would be such a simple, comprehensive document as gentlemen and sportsmen might meet under for the arrangement of terms. But the 'mutual consent' clause is not a twentieth part of a document bristling with 'musts' and 'shalls' and arbitrary rules.

Nevertheless, this is the clause under which matches have been arranged since 1887, for Mr. Schuyler lived his life and the deed cannot be changed again. When we were afraid of losing the Cup to 70-footers, 'mutual consent' was impossible of attainment. But when, a few years later, our sporting ethics were thought to have fallen into disrepute and we were frantically anxious to receive a challenge from anybody, we agreed to race under the terms of the old deed. We did provide on that occasion (and I include mention of the provision because of the defiant quaintness of the accompanying phraseology) that, if the challenging club won, the Cup would be held under the terms of the new deed, 'inasmuch as this Club believes it to be in the interest of all parties, and the terms of

which are distinct, fair, and sportsmanlike.'

Specifically, the New York Yacht Club rejected the Sweet challenge of 1887 and Lord Dunraven's challenge for 70-footers in 1889; and in 1893, after Dunraven had persuaded or bulldozed the Royal Yacht Squadron into backing a new challenge, we accepted a contest with the 85-footer *Valkyrie II*. We threw overboard the ten-months clause except as it applied to waterline length, and, instead of the two-in-three match demanded by the new deed of gift, submitted to a series of three out of five races.

IV

American sportsmanship — no, the qualifying adjective is unnecessary. Sportsmanship reached its absolute nadir in the sphere of yachting during the Dunraven period. The first match of 1893 (*Valkyrie II–Vigilant*) passed with only minor acrimony, but the second match of 1895 (*Valkyrie III–Defender*) flared up in a conflagration of charges and counter charges which did not die down until Lord Dunraven had resigned his honorary membership in the New York Yacht Club and had been concurrently expelled by that indignant body. The challenger, of a belligerent and suspicious nature, accused the defender of having shifted ballast between races in the dead of night. Inexcusable delay in the remeasurement of the defending yacht gave color to Dunraven's accusation that he had been defrauded, and the club was obliged to retain such legal and nautical lights as the Honorable Joseph H. Choate and Captain Alfred T. Mahan, U.S.N., to prove in Star Chamber proceedings that Dunraven was wrong.

Wrong he certainly was, and it was most unfortunate that the club should have had to draft a long resolution beginning, 'The Earl of Dunraven, an honorary member of the club, has publicly charged foul play on the part of the *Defender*,' and ending, 'Lord Dunraven, by this course, has forfeited the high esteem which led to his election as an honorary member of this club, therefore *Resolved*, that the privileges of honorary membership heretofore extended to the Earl of Dunraven are hereby withdrawn, and that his name be removed from the list of honorary members of the club.' The necessity for passing this resolution was the more painful because less than twenty-five years before, at the conclusion of the Ashbury fiasco, the club had been obliged to write, '*Whereas*, inasmuch as Commodore Ashbury has charged the New York Yacht Club with sharp practice and unfair and unsportsmanlike conduct in their dealings with him, *Resolved*, that they cannot with any respect compete for the cups which were deposited with Commodore Bennett by Commodore Ashbury, to be sailed for by the yachts of the New York Yacht Club, and that the secretary be instructed to return the cups to Commodore Ashbury.'

The Dunraven affair threw American sportsmanship into such bold relief that from that time to this no member of the Royal Yacht Squadron (the organization which bears the same relation to English yachting that the New York club bears to American yachting) has challenged for the Cup. While the smoke of the Dunraven controversy still poisoned the atmosphere a challenge was received from a minor English club, but this was withdrawn a few days after its acceptance. Since that day Sir Thomas Lipton, representing the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, has been the only challenger for the world's major sporting trophy.

Since the formation of Sir Thomas's

laudable habit and since the turn of the century we have little by little improved our standards of sportsmanship. The objectionable ten-months clause has never been insisted upon except as it relates to the challenger's waterline length. The next clause in the deed of gift, that stipulating that the challenger must sail from her country of origin to the scene of the races, has been lightened to permit her to be towed by her convoying vessel. Dunraven complained with justice that he was so hampered by sight-seeing vessels as to be unable to sail his course, and we have amended our laws to give revenue cutters full power to patrol the races. Our defender of 1903, *Reliance*, was so extremely light and speedy that an ocean-going yacht had no chance in racing against her, and we now build defenders which are as strong and seaworthy as our challengers.

Not all of these betterments in racing conditions have come spontaneously, and some indeed have been marked by extreme reluctance. In 1912, for instance, Sir Thomas submitted his fourth formal challenge and made it conditional upon our building a defender to conform with the Universal rule of yacht design. This sensible rule had been promulgated by ourselves to bar unseaworthy freaks from yacht racing. In the years intervening, from 1905, virtually all American racing yachts had been built to it. But in 1912 we were, perhaps, a little tired of receiving challenges from Sir Thomas and from no one else, and we rejected his proposal, declining to be bound by our own rule. The next year good Sir Thomas obliged with an unconditional challenge and we accepted, graciously informing him that we would build to the Universal rule. Little by little, as has been implied, we were becoming human.

Owing to the World War, the match originating in 1913 was not sailed until 1920; and then, with conditions fairer for the challenger than they had ever been, *Shamrock IV*, sailing against *Resolute*, came within one race of taking the trophy home. But it is well to recall, in the light of what happened to *Shamrock V's* main halliard in the 1930 races, that the same accident to *Resolute* gave the challenger the edge in 1920. *Shamrock IV* did not transcend the rules by throwing the race which mishap had given her. She accepted it and won the second race on her own ability. But she lost the next three to the speedy *Resolute*.

V

In grouping certain facts in the foregoing I have recounted nothing that the student of American yachting cannot find in the various histories of the sport — Stone's, Stephens's, Thompson's, and Coffin's. The general public, not sufficiently interested to consult these authorities, remembers only that there has been something, shall I say, grasping in our defense of the blue ribbon of the seas. The public's emotional reaction to half-known truths has been the devout hope that Sir Thomas Lipton, multiple challenger for the trophy, will take it home before he dies. It is well, therefore, that these truths should be assembled to illustrate the slow growth of an American sporting spirit.

And it is nothing short of refreshing to relate that the 1930 match was marked by unquestionable fairness from beginning to end. A young controlling element in the defending club, truly representative of the modern American ideal of sportsmanship, led the way in generosity in laying down the conditions for the match. These conditions included the construction of the racers to Lloyd's scantling rules (as

a result of which *Enterprise* could sail to England and there race as effectively as she did at home); the sailing of the match over an open, currentless course which is as fair to the stranger as to the captain possessed of local knowledge; and a series consisting of four out of seven races, wherein virtually nothing is left to luck and everything to yacht efficiency and skill in handling.

The tone of the racing was also admirable. On her arrival in American waters *Shamrock V* was offered *Resolute*, ex-defender, as trial horse against which to tune to racing efficiency. The owners, the designers, the afterguards, and the paid crews of the international contenders mingled in friendliness before the races started, and with no recriminations along the way were still friends when the series ended. After the match American and British yachting representatives met and, with an eye to the next challenge and a reduction of expense, barred the below-deck contrivances and the light-weight mast which had been so effective in giving *Enterprise* the edge over her opponent. The criticism that these contrivances should have been barred before rather than after the match may be met with the rejoinder that clever naval architects are always one or two inventions ahead of the rule makers.

A further criticism — and one which is fairly general among the American admirers of Sir Thomas — is that our policy of selecting a defender from several candidates foredooms the challenger to defeat. Perhaps this criticism is just, though I hold to the belief that a challenger in throwing down the gauntlet says, in effect, 'Here is my yacht, which I consider better than anything you can bring against her. Beat her if you can.' Perhaps one day the rising cost of Cup defense will so alter our ideas of sportsmanship that the present practice of building several potential defenders will seem outmoded and outrageous.

In all events we can now, after the fourteenth defense of the Cup, replace it in its vault with every feeling of satisfaction. We Americans have always been seamen, and whenever the starting whistle blew and the sea-lawyering ceased we have outsailed the challengers. After sixty years of painful evolution we have at last become sportsmen. We may say for once that the Cup is honestly ours. In future may we never say less.

GENIUS IN THE NINETIES

BY WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN

I

THE Académie Julian was a congeries of studios crowded with students, the walls thick with palette scrapings, hot, airless, and extremely noisy. The new students were greeted with cries, with personal comments calculated, had we understood them, to make us blush, but with nothing worse. Perhaps this was still to come. Wild rumors were current about what students had sometimes to undergo.

To find a place among the closely packed easels and tabourets was not easy. It seemed that wherever one settled one was in somebody's way. Happily Studd, who had arrived at Julian's before me, took me under his wing and found me a corner in which I could work. He also proposed I should join him at his hotel, just across the river, opposite the Louvre. This was in the rue de Beaune, a little old street parallel to the rue du Bac, running into the rue de Lille. Nothing could have suited me better. First of all there was the hotel itself, the Hôtel de France et de Lorraine, established at the time of the first Empire and little changed since. It belonged, indeed, to descendants of the original proprietors, — old-fashioned, courteous people, — and was largely frequented by military men and Royalist families. Here I found a modest room, at the price of sixty francs monthly; modest, but delightful in character. Bed, chest of drawers, chairs, carpet, even the curtains were pure 'Empire.' A valet, François, looked after us — an imposing figure with bushy side whiskers, looking as though he had walked straight out of a Gavarni lithograph. Excellent François! As intelligent as you were attentive and good-natured, I think of you still with gratitude and affection.

Living at this hotel, besides Studd, there was Kenneth Frazier, a gifted American painter who had been at Bushey under Herkomer and was now also working at Julian's, and Herbert Fisher, a young and learned history don from New College, who was attending lectures at the Sorbonne, sitting at the feet of Taine and Renan.

Students from all over the world crowded the studios. There were Russians, Turks, Egyptians, Serbs, Rumanians, Finns, Swedes, Germans, Englishmen and Scotchmen, and many Americans, besides a great number of Frenchmen. By what means Julian had attracted all these people was a mystery. He was said to have had an adventurous career, to have been a prize fighter, — he looked like one, — and to have sat as a model. He himself used to tell the story of how, at his wit's end for a living, he hired a studio, put a huge advertisement, 'Académie de Peinture,' outside, and waited day after day, lonely and disconsolate; but there was no response. One day he heard a step on the stairs; a youth looked in, saw no one, was about to retire, when Julian rushed forward, pulled him back, placed an easel before him, himself mounted the model stand — 'and l'Académie Julian was

founded!' More students followed; another studio was added, and finally the big ateliers in the rue du Faubourg St. Denis were taken, and a separate atelier for ladies was opened.

Julian himself knew nothing of the arts. He had persuaded a number of well-known painters and sculptors to act as visiting professors, and the Académie Julian became, after the Beaux Arts, the largest and most renowned of the Paris schools.

The most famous of the professors was Bouguereau, whose name was a household word in Europe and America. His name also typified, among those we now call 'highbrows,' all that was most false and sentimental in popular painting — *peinture léchée*, the French called it. I avoided the studios he visited, and chose to work under Jules Lefebvre, Benjamin Constant, and Lucien Doucet.

Lefebvre, a skillful but thoroughly conventional painter of the nude, was personally straightforward and unaffected. Doucet, a suave and polished Parisian, had more sympathy for the experimental eccentricities current in the studios. There was something enigmatic in his character. It was puzzling to find a man, obviously intelligent and, in his way, a brilliant draftsman, entirely dominated by the Salon conventions of the time. Benjamin Constant, a powerful but brutal painter with a florid taste, one of the props of the old Salon, I remember as a less regular visitor.

At the Académie there were no rules, and, save for a *massier* in each studio who was expected to prevent flagrant disorder, there was no discipline. I believe the professors were unpaid. You elected to study under one or more of these, working in the studios they visited. Over the entrance to the studios were written Ingres's words: *Le dessin est la probité de l'art* (Drawing is the essential honesty of art) and *Cherchez le caractère dans la nature* (Look for character in nature).

We drew with charcoal on Ingres paper; the system in vogue was to divide the figure into four parts, measuring with charcoal held at arm's length, and using a plumb line to get the figure standing well on its feet. No one attempted to draw sight-size, but the figure would usually fill the sheet of paper.

So great was the number of students, two models, not always of the same sex, usually sat in each studio. Our easels were closely wedged together; the atmosphere was stifling, the noise at times deafening. Sometimes for a few minutes there was silence; then suddenly the men would burst into song. Songs of all kinds and all nations were sung. The Frenchmen were extraordinarily quick to catch foreign tunes and the sounds of foreign words. There was merciless chaff among the students, and frequently practical jokes, some of them very cruel.

Doucet was exceedingly kind to me. He frequently asked me to his studio, and gave me introductions to artists, among others to Rochegrosse, Bracquemond, and Forain.

Forain was then working chiefly for the *Courrier Français*, week by week producing the mordant drawings and legends which were afterward published as *La Comédie Parisienne*. On an auspicious day, armed with Doucet's letter, I set out to find him. On reaching his studio, I noticed a quantity of furniture, including one or two easels, in the street. Before I could ring, a youngish man with a brown, fanlike beard appeared at the entrance; he turned out to be the admired artist himself. The furniture in the street was his; he was being sold up. This, I found out later, not infrequently hap-

pened. Forain is now, I am told, one of the wealthiest artists in Paris. Such changes of fortune are not infrequent, but there was little to show in those days that Forain would arrive at his present eminence.

Doucet had told me to show Forain my own drawings. These were done on thin brown paper in sketchbooks specially made by Newmans for John Swan. Forain's comments on the drawings were no doubt appropriately polite, but for the sketchbooks, bound in pleasant green cloth strengthened by leather, he expressed unstinted admiration. Could I get him some? Yes indeed; I was only too proud and ready. How many? Three or four. Four were ordered. Needless to say, the good Forain never thought of asking for the account, and I was far too shy to proffer it. My finances, in consequence, were crippled for a month.

II

The Paris Exhibition of 1889 is confused, in my mind, with the Exhibition of 1899. Whether it was there or at Durand Ruel's Galleries in the rue le Pelletier that I first saw paintings by Courbet and Manet, Degas, Monet, Pissarro, and Puvis de Chavannes, I cannot now recollect; but I soon became a convert to Impressionism, and a more ardent one than either Studd or Frazier. Fisher also declared himself a convinced disciple. We all admired Bastien Lepage, Dagnan-Bouveret, and especially Cazin; and even quite pedestrian artists like Eliot and Aman-Jean. Watts and Rossetti were, for the time, obscured. But not Millet; his two paintings at the Louvre were strangely moving. The Apple Orchard seemed to me then, as it has ever since, a perfect painting; and the church at Grandville more austere, and equally complete.

Delacroix I did not understand; though I did n't then know the word 'baroque,' his paintings, compared with others at the Louvre, appeared somewhat as those of Tiepolo or Le Brun would appear in a church to a lover of Giotto or Piero della Francesca.

The great Rubens decorations were also above me then; I was unable to see the superhuman qualities of the painting on account of the falseness of the heroics. Ingres seemed to me the fine flower of academic painting — I was told I ought to admire him, but he failed to stir me.

Botticelli was to us then what I suppose El Greco to be to youngsters to-day; Rembrandt's Butcher's Shop seemed to me the last word in realistic painting; and his picture of the Good Samaritan, the slight indication of blood on the ground to show where the wounded man had lain before being lifted up and carried away, opened my eyes to Rembrandt's almost Biblical imagination.

Another picture which moved me strangely was Fra Angelico's Coronation of the Virgin — those beautiful women, with their pure necks and virginal persons, whose color alone, so clear and spotless in its delicate purity, gave one a glimpse of Paradise.

I noticed, when I went to the Louvre after returning from Giverny, that many pictures seemed to smell too much of the workroom, of actual paint and varnish. But Fra Angelico's and some others among the primitives, never. Sometimes, both in the country and in my studio, I would feel that nothing had ever been perfectly painted, that everything remained still to be done, despite the genius of the old painters. Hence one's interest in Manet and Courbet, who at least, I thought, saw the world with fresh eyes.

But when I saw the life of the fields, the passion of the harvest, men and women reaping and binding, and the great carts and horses being led to and fro in the fields, loaded with corn and hay, I marveled how completely Millet had expressed one side of human life. I felt dimly even then that he was the best balanced among French artists, uniting perfectly color, design, and draftsmanship with exactitude of observation, heightened by the inspiration of a great subject matter.

I remember Frazier's saying that Watts held the painting of hair and beard to be the most difficult part of a portrait, and my ridiculing this statement; and Frazier rightly asked what experience gave me the right to judge the conclusions of a ripe painter like Watts.

III

During the first weeks in Paris our gastronomic exaltation quite equaled our æsthetic enthusiasm. The discovery of *vol-au-vent*, *cœur à la crème*, of omelettes of many kinds, within the measure of one's pocket, made luncheon and dinner a daily adventure. It was no form of dissipation which had to be paid for then or thereafter; so these golden hours spent at French tables were taken as a gift of the gods, accepted gratefully, and with modest libations. Even the grave Fisher grew lyrical over the *éperlans frits*, the *truite à la rivière*, the *rouget;* and where in England, save in private houses, can one find the fat, juicy steaks, the *choux à la crème*, the young and melting carrots, the *aubergines?* Was it not my friend Eric Gill who wrote that while God does n't particularly approve of luxury, at least he wants it in good taste? To French people, cooking is a serious matter, and to be particular about one's food seems to them right and reasonable. That an ill-cooked dish should at once be rejected is, in France, taken for granted. An active critical faculty is applied in Paris to art and literature and the drama as well as to cooking.

Herbert Fisher gave me some idea of the history of Paris, and took me to the Sainte-Chapelle and to Notre Dame. Fisher used to attend Taine's and Renan's lectures at the Collège de France, or the Sorbonne; at times, too, he would meet them personally, when Studd, Frazier, and I would wait his return, to hear all he had to tell about these great men. On one of these occasions Taine advised Fisher to study medicine for three years! A historian should know something of mental effects on human action. Fisher did n't take Taine's advice. Fisher met Renan when Déroulède was preaching the *revanche;* Renan thought Déroulède a dangerous influence. Let France not risk a decision by the sword; rather let her, like Greece, lead the world as a great civilizing power. She can have no more glorious future.

Fisher returned from these interviews aglow with enthusiasm. Despite a somewhat grand manner, he had a very human and affectionate character, and we valued his company among us. He shared, too, our enthusiasm for French art and literature; so perhaps he gained something from his association with us painters.

What plays I saw during my first year I have forgotten, all save one. I went with Duvent to the Gymnase to see a new play by Alphonse Daudet, *La Lutte pour la Vie*. I could follow it fairly well, but one word, constantly repeated, puzzled me — 'strugforliffeur.' What did it mean? I asked Duvent. 'Why,' said Duvent, 'it is an English word.' 'Surely not,' I said. But he insisted, and finally I realized that struggler for life was intended!

Early in the summer I returned to

England, staying with Fisher at Oxford on my way to the north. One day Fisher came in and threw a book on the table, saying he wished me to read it; it was by a nephew of Burne-Jones. He was curious to know my opinion of its merits. The book was *Plain Tales from the Hills*.

In October, I returned to Paris. The left bank was very well for poets and scholars, but Montmartre was essentially the artists' quarter. Puvis de Chavannes had a studio on the Place Pigalle, while Alfred Stevens lived close by, and in the rue Victor Massé lived Degas. At Montmartre also were the Nouvelle Athènes and the Père Lathuille, where Manet, Zola, Pissarro, and Monet — indeed, all the original Impressionists — used to meet. The temptation, therefore, to cross the river and live on the heights was too strong to resist. So I left my beautiful Empire room and my safe, solid friends for a land unknown. I was only seventeen years old, and though in many ways timid by nature, I had a blind faith in my star. Dangerous things might happen to other people, but somehow I should be protected.

The rue Ravignan lies above the Place Pigalle and the Boulevard de Clichy. At the top of the street is an irregular open space, bounded on the north by a flight of steps and railings, just below which are the studios. Above the steps was the pavilion of an eighteenth-century country house; beyond lay old quiet streets, scattered villas with deserted gardens, and *terrains vagues*. In a low, rambling building, which probably still exists (I went there some years later with Augustus John to call on Picasso), were the studios, mere wooden sheds with large windows; but great was my pride at working in any place which could so be called.

To the Rat Mort there often came the Belgian painter, Alfred Stevens, a magnificent old ruin, broad-shouldered, white-haired, with a fine head and a powerful frame still erect in spite of his years. He was charming to young people, often taking us across to his studio close by in the rue Alfred Stevens (named after him), where he showed us his pictures. Poor Alfred Stevens! He had been one of the great figures of the Second Empire; all the great ladies of that glittering period had passed through his studio. A great lover of women, he had lived splendidly, earning largely; he had been wildly extravagant, and although he had once owned a whole street, he was now reduced to living in a modest atelier and a couple of rooms. More unfortunate still, he had debts, and was driven to paint numbers of small pictures for dealers. His instinct was for highly wrought painting, for precious and delicately handled pigment.

Still, everyone treated 'le Père Stevens' with great respect, for not only had he been a great figure, but he had been a great painter as well. All that remained of the treasures he had lavishly collected was a small picture which he told us was by Holbein — the portrait of a man, clean-shaved, against a green background. He would fetch it out, and, drawing aside a little curtain which protected the surface, he would say each time, 'We are going to see whether his beard has grown overnight,' so living did he feel this work to be. One day he climbed up to the rue Ravignan to see my drawings. Le Père Stevens was a great talker, and it was a privilege to hear him hold forth in his powerful old voice on the Flemish masters, or to hear his comments on contemporary painters. He had a particular dislike for Carrière's work, — 'That man paints like a pig!' — but he was the first French painter I heard give high praise to Whistler.

IV

I doubt whether the present generation of young artists and writers admires its older contemporaries as we admired some of ours. Admired seems too weak a word. To me Whistler was almost a legendary figure, whom I never thought to meet in the flesh. I must have felt very shy on the occasion when I was first introduced to him. Mrs. Whistler, an ample and radiant figure, who was, I think, amused and pleased at our obvious reverence for her husband (I say *our* reverence, for Studd, Frazier, and Howard Cushing had also been bidden to meet 'the master'), put me at once at my ease, asking us all to come and see them when they were settled in their new apartment in the rue du Bac.

Was it possible I was really to meet the great man again, and in his own house? They were to be at home on Sundays, she said; but, before the next Sunday came round, early one morning there came a knock at my door, and who should walk into my studio but Whistler himself. I was quite unprepared for his visit, and somewhat abashed, at which Whistler was pleased, I think, for he laughed and walked lightly round, examined all I had hung on the walls, rolled a cigarette, and asked to see what I was doing. My friends Studd and Frazier must have spoken generously to Whistler of my efforts; there was a strong element of curiosity in his nature — the reason, I think, of his visit. The next day came a little note asking me to dine, accompanied by a copy of one of his brown-paper pamphlets, with an inscription signed with his butterfly.

He had found an enchanting apartment set far back in the rue du Bac, a small, late-eighteenth-century pavilion which he had completely transformed, as he usually did with his houses. The outer door, painted a beautiful green and white, gave promise of what was within — a small and exquisite interior, a sitting room simply furnished with a few pieces of Empire furniture, and a dining room filled with his famous blue and white china and beautiful old silver. There was a Japanese bird cage in the middle of the table, whereon he and Mrs. Whistler used to make lovely trailing arrangements of flowers in blue and white bowls and little tongue-shaped dishes. There was a single picture on one of the dining-room walls, but none, I think, in the sitting room.

Outside was a good-sized garden, into which, one day, Whistler's favorite parrot flew. Neither coaxing nor food would tempt it down; it finally died from starvation. Next door was a convent, from which came the frequent sound of the nuns chanting. Whistler liked old ways, and this added to the charm of his Paris retreat.

Keen-eyed Whistler! Fixing one with his monocle, quick, curious, now genial, now suspicious. One walked delicately, but in an enchanted garden, with him. He found amusement, I think, in my inexperienced mind and provincial ways. I remember his joy when, during a dinner party at his house, my white tie — I was only just learning to tie my own tie — came slowly undone. He wanted always to know what one was doing, whom one was seeing. There was a certain gaunt, wan, Botticelli-like model (she was a friend of Ary Renan) who sat to me a good deal, and he pretended to believe me in love with her. He liked to assume that I lived a Don Juanlike career — a fancy he had that was half embarrassing, half flattering to a foolish youth. But his chaff was tempered by a charming interest in our work, which he always treated with respect. For anyone he admitted to his friendship

must needs be an artist — how could he be otherwise?

Whistler complained bitterly of his treatment in England. He never tired of disparaging England and all things English. His strictures were sometimes amusing, but at times a little tiresome. One afternoon the Whistlers took me to a party — at the American Ambassador's, I think — where a famous American dancer was to dance. On the way Whistler said something about the British flag covering a union — of hypocrites. In her last dance Loie Fuller was arrayed in the American flag, and I whispered to Whistler that I was bound to admit that the Stars and Stripes at any rate concealed very little.

Whistler enjoyed a jest of this kind; indeed, he allowed one a good deal of latitude, so long as one was 'accepted,' and he often repeated the indiscretions of 'the vicar,' as he called me, with amusement.

He used to produce derogatory press cuttings from his pocket and read them aloud; meanwhile I would ask myself why he took notice of such trivialities. Was he not Whistler, the acknowledged master? I know now that great artists are as fallible as small ones, that small things annoy them as much as great ones do; but I had much less knowledge of human nature then. And because I was dazzled by Whistler's brilliant wit, by his exquisite taste, and of course by the beauty of his work, I thought his powers beyond question, and I was puzzled that anyone else should fail to think likewise. He was so obviously a prince among men.

There was something extraordinarily attractive, too, about his whole person. He wore a short black coat, white waistcoat, white ducks, and pumps, a low collar and a slim black tie, carefully arranged with one long end crossing his waistcoat. He had beautiful hands, and there was a certain cleanness and finish about the lines of his face, the careful arrangement of his hair and of his eyebrows. On Sunday afternoons, while talking to his visitors, he usually had a little copper plate in his hands, on which he would scratch from time to time. But at this time I think he did more lithographs than etchings. He was experimenting with colored lithographs, and it was at his studio in the rue Notre Dame des Champs that he made the beautiful drawings, on a special kind of transfer paper, from his favorite model, Carmen.

In spite of his constant reference to the stupidity of the English and the intelligence of the French, I doubt whether Whistler's work was so well understood in Paris as it was in London. It was rather the cosmopolitan painters — Boldini, Gandara, Helleu, Tissot, Jacques Blanche — who knew and understood him and his work. He was generally considered a mere shadow of Velasquez and Manet; something of a poseur, in fact, as Wilde was in England.

One evening Lautrec came up to the rue Ravignan to tell us about a new singer, a friend of Xanrof, who was to appear at the Moulin Rouge for the first time. Anquetin, Dujardin, Victor José, and some others were coming, and he wanted us to join them to give her a good send-off; she was intelligent, not ordinary, and might easily fail to please a public fed on Paulus. Besides, she was to come on early, and the early turns were given to sparsely filled seats.

We went; a young girl appeared, of virginal aspect, slender, pale, without rouge. Her songs were not virginal — on the contrary; but the frequenters of the Moulin were not easily frightened. They stared bewildered at this novel association of innocence with Xanrof's horrific *double entente;* stared,

stayed, and broke into delighted applause. Her success was immediate; crowds came nightly to the Moulin to hear her, and the name of Yvette Guilbert became famous in a week.

Later she went to the Divan Japonais, where Lautrec was able to watch her more closely; he was very much alive to the piquancy of her appearance and her rendering of the songs she chose. It amused Lautrec to find formulas for a person's appearance, which he reduced to the simplest expression; he had one for Rodin, another for Degas, and one, as cruel as any, for himself. But, for some perverse reason, his drawings of Yvette were among the most savage he ever made.

Nearly forty years afterward, going to see Yvette in her dressing room after one of her recitals in London, I reminded her of her first appearance that night at the Moulin. She looked quite startled to hear again of Lautrec and Willette. 'They are all dead now,' she said in a tragic voice. Yvette herself remains the great artist she was, but with something ampler and richer in her interpretations. But it was not easy to recognize in the stately matron the slim little *chiffonnée* Yvette of the Moulin.

V

To Paris came more than once Mr. and Mrs. Jack Gardner. Mrs. Gardner was already famous as a collector of pictures, as a fastidious and somewhat eccentric woman, and for her great necklace of black pearls. She was notorious as a non-beauty, a fact she had the wit to recognize. Sargent had painted a striking portrait of her, in a plain black dress, very décolletée, and wearing her pearls. She was a warm supporter of Sargent throughout her life, but she fully recognized Whistler's genius. Thinking she might be interested in my work, Whistler asked me to meet Mrs. Gardner at dinner. She was curious, too, about the bohemian corners of Paris, and Whistler had advised her to have me act as her guide. So I took her to hear Yvette at the Divan Japonais and Xanrof at the Chat Noir, and to hear Bruant sing his songs at his cabaret. She herself entertained lavishly at her small and modest-looking hotel in the rue de la Paix.

Mrs. Gardner was anxious to acquire a Whistler. Why she thought this a perilous project I had no idea, — Whistler was surely not averse from selling his pictures, — but she thought that I might be useful and she took me with her to the studio in the rue Notre Dame des Champs. Whistler was in his most genial mood, and showed a number of his canvases, among which was a lovely sea piece with sailing ships. Mrs. Gardner nudged me; I could see she was eager to have it. 'Why don't you put it under your arm and carry it off?' I whispered. She was always ready for any unusual adventure, and she boldly told Whistler that she was going to take the picture with her. Whistler laughed and did nothing to stop her.

She told us later that on her asking Whistler how much she owed him for this beautiful work Whistler named three hundred pounds as the price. How absurdly small a sum this seems to-day! When Studd paid two hundred pounds for one of Monet's haystacks and the same price for a painting by Picard, it was the talk of Paris.

VI

Whistler used to say that I carried out what in others was merely gesture; this of course was pure flattery. But, with its many faults, my work at this time was generously noticed by older artists. It attracted the notice of Degas, who sent word, oddly enough

through a little model of his who came often to our table at the Café de la Rochefoucauld, that I might, if I cared, pay him a visit. Degas as well as Whistler! And but two years before I was drawing casts at the Slade School and longing to know one or two of the older students.

Although I was always somewhat excited when visiting Whistler, his curiosity to know what I had been doing, whom I had been seeing, his friendly chaff, would put me at ease. With Degas, I was never quite comfortable. To begin with, nervous people are apt, when speaking in a foreign tongue, to say rather what comes into their heads than what they mean. Moreover, Degas's character was more austere and uncompromising than Whistler's.

Compared with Degas, Whistler seemed almost worldly in many respects. Indeed, Degas was the only man of whom Whistler was a little afraid. 'Whistler, you behave as though you had no talent,' Degas had said once to him; and again when Whistler, chin high, monocle in his eye, frock-coated, top-hatted, and carrying a tall cane, walked triumphantly into a restaurant where Degas was sitting: 'Whistler, you have forgotten your muff.' And about the flat-brimmed hat which Whistler fancied Degas said: 'Yes, it suits you well enough; but it won't be that that will give us back Alsace and Lorraine.'

Degas was famous, and feared, for his terrible mots. He was unsparing in his comments on men who failed in fidelity to the artistic conscience. Flattery, usefulness, and subservience provided, in some cases, the key to intimacy with Whistler; with Degas integrity of character was a sine qua non of friendship. One thing he had in common with Whistler — a temperamental respect for the aristocratic tradition, the 'West Point' code of honor; a French West Point, which included anti-Republican and anti-Semitic tendencies, which later made him a strong partisan of the militarists and anti-Dreyfusards.

He heartily disliked the cosmopolitanism which was ousting the narrower but more finely tempered French culture — destroying it, indeed, so he thought; hence he wanted to save what he could of French art from the new-rich American collector, then already beginning to cast his efficient nets, baited with dollars, in Parisian waters. He was buying as many drawings by Ingres as he could, and had also acquired half a dozen of his paintings, as well as many drawings by Daumier and Delacroix. Daumier he placed high among the nineteenth-century painters. 'If Raphael,' he said, 'returned to life and looked at Gérome's pictures, he would say, "*Connu*"; but if he saw a drawing by Daumier, "Look — that's interesting, and by a master hand," he would say.' Degas owned several large slips of Manet's Execution of Maximilian, two of which are now in the National Gallery. A dealer bought the original painting, and, being unable to dispose of so large a canvas, cut it up and sold the fragments separately; most of these Degas was able to secure. He had, besides, two beautiful still-life paintings by Manet, one of a single pear, and one of a man. He had thought Manet overworldly: 'Why, you're as well known as Garibaldi. What more do you want?' Degas chaffed him once. Manet's answer came pat: 'In that case, my friend, you are above sea level.'

Degas spoke with particular admiration of Manet, regretting that he had not appreciated him enough during his lifetime. Whistler habitually belittled Manet's work, disliking to hear us praise it. Like Whistler, Degas had

a poor opinion of Cézanne as an artist.

Degas was a confirmed bachelor of simple habits. He occupied two apartments, one above the other, in the rue Victor Massé, over which a devoted old servant ruled and guarded the painter against intruders. The walls of the lower flat were hung with his beloved French masters, while upstairs he kept his own numerous works. With those whom he had once admitted to his friendship he threw off much of his reserve, and showed and discussed his treasures. I eagerly listened to his affectionate tributes; he never tired of lingering over the beauties of his Ingres drawings. He pressed me to look out for unknown originals which, he believed, were in England; for Ingres had employed a tout in Rome and in this way got many commissions from English tourists before he became famous.

In appearance Degas had something of Henley and something of Meredith, but was too heavy for Meredith and too fine-featured for Henley. His raised brows and heavy-lidded eyes gave him an aspect of aloofness; and in spite of his baggy clothes he looked the aristocrat that he was.

VII

One or two things I saw at the rue Victor Massé remain in my memory: a beautiful pastel of a woman lying on a settee in a bright blue dress, a work which I have not seen again, nor seen reproduced; a small wax model of a horse leaping to one side, which Degas made use of in a well-known composition of jockeys riding. This was the most highly finished of the *maquettes* which I saw at the rue Victor Massé. Until then I was unaware that Degas modeled. He owned some casts of an Indian dancing figure, the first examples of Indian sculpture I had seen.

Degas was then making studies of laundresses ironing, and of women tubbing or at their toilettes. Some of these were redrawn again and again on tracing paper pinned over drawings already made; this practice allowed for correction and simplification, and was common with artists in France. Degas rarely painted directly from nature. He spoke once of Manet's dependence in this respect: 'I do not feel the necessity of losing consciousness before Nature,' he mocked.

He complained much of his eyesight. Young people to-day, who prefer the later work of Degas and of Renoir, hardly realize how much of its looser character was due to their failing sight. Degas, in the nineties, was still able to see fairly clearly; but toward the end of his life he was obliged to use the broadest materials, working on a large scale, hesitating, awkward, scarcely able to find his way over the canvas or paper.

He was by nature drawn to subtleties of character and to intricate forms and movements. He had the Parisian curiosity for life in its most objective forms. At one with the Impressionists in rejecting the artificial subject matter of the Salon painters, he looked to everyday life for his subjects; but he differed from Manet and his other contemporaries in the rhythmical poise of his figures and the perfecting of detail. He found in the life of the stage and the intricate steps of the ballet, with its background of fantasy, an inexhaustible subject matter, which allowed for the color and movement of romantic art, yet provided the clear form dear to the classical spirit. He delighted in the strange plumage of the *filles d'opéra*, as they moved into the circle of the limelight or stood, their skirts standing out above their pink legs, chattering together in the wings. The starling-like flock of young girls, obedient to the

baton of the *maître de danse*, Degas rendered with astonishing delicacy of observation.

Degas never forgot that he was once a pupil of Ingres. Indeed, he described at length, on one of my first visits, his early relations with Ingres; how fearfully he approached him, showing his drawings and asking whether he might, in all modesty, look forward to being, some day, an artist; Ingres replying that it was too grave a thing, too serious a responsibility, to be thought of — better devote himself to some other pursuit. How he went again and yet again, pleading that he had reconsidered, from every point of view, his idea of equipping himself to become a painter and that he realized his temerity, but could not bring himself to abandon all his hopes. Ingres finally relented, saying, 'What you are considering doing is serious, very serious; but if you really wish, nevertheless, to be an artist, well then, sir, make lines — nothing but lines.' One of Ingres's sayings which came back to Degas was 'He who lives only to himself is out of luck.' Degas had lately been at Montauban, Ingres's birthplace, where the greater number of his studies are preserved. He was full of his visit, and of the surpassing beauty of the drawings.

When I got back to England I was indignant at the general misapprehension of Degas's character; for instance, he was fiercely assailed by Sir William Richmond on account of a picture, L'Absinthe, which had lately been shown in London — a portrait of Desboutins the etcher, sitting with a woman at a table at the Nouvelle Athènes. Desboutins was, as a matter of fact, a good, sober, bourgeois artist, a familiar and picturesque figure in Montmartre. Degas himself lived very austerely; no breath of scandal had ever touched him. He once told us an amusing story of how, being constantly twitted by his friends about his complete indifference to the other sex, he felt he must make some demonstration of gallantry. Finding that one of the little dancers who sat for him was going to America, he thought this an opportunity for the appropriate gesture. He booked a passage on the boat following hers, reached New York, remained quietly on board, and returned to France. Impossible to do more, he said, than show himself capable of pursuing a lady all the way from Paris to New York!

(The next installment will picture Pater, Verlaine, Daudet, and Beerbohm)

MY FRIENDS THE WRITERS

BY EDWARD WEEKS

I

ACCORDING to our latest census there are one hundred and twenty-two million inhabitants of the United States. How many of this number are writers and would-be writers it would be hard to say, but they may be estimated, thanks to Mr. R. L. Duffus, at about two hundred thousand. Two hundred thousand individuals engaged in trying to write books, or fodder for the magazines, poems, plays, or scenarios. The ratio between what is written and what is published is, generally speaking, twenty to one — twenty attempts to one acceptance. I am glad to say that these odds neither deter writers from writing nor editors from reading what comes to them. There is nothing melancholy in this ratio. As Mr. Duffus says in his quotable volume, *Books: Their Place in a Democracy*, 'it would be a cause for rejoicing if a million Americans were trying to write books, first, because people who try to write can be counted on to read; second, because out of a million manuscripts we could expect to sort out more good books than we do out of a fifth or a tenth or a twentieth of that number.' If Florida real estate and Wall Street stocks remain at low ebb, and if the talkies continue in the same raucous voice, more people may be driven to write and to read American books. The hope is certainly worth cherishing.

Now the business of publishing — in which, for the sake of my argument, I include the writing, the submitting, and the selecting of material to be printed — is needlessly complicated. The business is complicated first by a sense of mystery: a manuscript is submitted, and immediately there ensues a silence which grows the more mysterious as it is prolonged, and which is seldom satisfactorily explained by the letters of decision that in nineteen cases out of twenty must be of polite rejection. Save for a few able and conscientious editors, letter writing to-day is a lost art, and if publishers and writers must still trust their dearest hopes to the mail, complications are bound to follow.

The business of publishing may be exposed to the vagaries of the post, but it is even more dependent upon the question of taste, and in this respect is more troublesome than any other business I can think of. It is just as natural for a writer to believe in what he has written as it is for a publisher to rely upon the tests of his experience. In their attitude toward an editor, writers sometimes remind me of the American motorists and the traffic cop: they are willing to acknowledge his authority so long as it does not apply to them personally; when they are challenged, the air becomes electric with antagonism.

Editors, like policemen, are not unfailingly right. Walter Page turned down *David Harum*, and Chicago gunmen still do as they please; but I do believe that editors are more right than wrong, and that there are often reasons for their actions which, if understood,

would make them more forgivable. I am enough of a beginner to suffer the disappointments that come to an aspiring writer, and I have been long enough in the publishing business to have no mere pontifical regard for editors. So I should like — if I am able — to explain away some of the complications, the mystery, and the antagonism that surround a business in which the personal element is most important.

The sincerity of a writer is taken for granted; that of a publisher is not infrequently questioned. 'I know you editors never read all of your manuscripts,' a letter will say; 'I am sending you my story even though I have been told you never accept unsolicited material,' writes another; or, more fantastic still, 'I am submitting my article with faint hope, since I am aware of your prejudice against Catholic writers.' There was a woman who pasted together the latter pages of her manuscript in order to prove whether or not every word of her novel had been read; there was a man who wrote me angrily declaring that his repeated rejections could only be explained by the fact that he was on the Publishers' Black List — and threatening to sue me if he was! These are indications of a mistrust which turn an editor hot around the collar, and which our association were certainly the better without. Now I should think it would be obvious that anyone engaged, say, in the potato business would have to make it his practice to weed out his assortment, discarding the bad ones and caring not a whit whether the good were grown by Greeks or Nordics. A publisher is in the self-same fix, and, although his potatoes may not prove to be quite so small or tasty as the public wants, you may be sure that their selection is as honorable and conscientious as he can make it.

With an optimism that is rewarded perhaps once in two hundred times, a publisher steadfastly examines the chance manuscripts that come his way. Unsolicited material is generally disposed of rather more rapidly than that which has been solicited, for the same reason that one does not have to eat the whole of an egg to know that it is bad; but this is not to say that dog-eared manuscripts which have evidently gone the rounds, or handwritten papers which strain the eyesight, are treated cynically. Don't think that there is a black list of rejected authors which circulates in editorial circles: a publisher is an explorer by instinct, and it gives him solid joy to discover merit in what he knows has been turned down by competitors. *Uncle Remus*, Joel Chandler Harris's classic, was rejected time and again, because it was in dialect, before it reached an editor with imagination enough to go against precedent. *Trader Horn* was accepted after having been shown to at least three publishers, I believe. *All Quiet on the Western Front* sold its half a million copies after its refusal by the first American publisher to whom it was offered; and the press of which I am editor gave a five-thousand-dollar prize to a manuscript that had languished unrewarded for nine months in a rival house.

These are but conspicuous examples of what is happening daily in the business of publishing: can it be said that editors are callous to the unknown or downtrodden writer? And, keen though the pleasure may be of scoring a success off an opponent, there is, I promise you, a still greater satisfaction that comes occasionally to a publisher — the satisfaction of detecting talent hid in a napkin and then, by the exercise of the best of his ability, of encouraging this talent to its fullest expression, perhaps even to the point of genius. Remember Page's excited trip to the South when

Mary Johnston's first manuscript wandered into his hands; remember Kipling's dedication to F. N. Doubleday, who both personally and professionally had encouraged him from the first; recall the great service of Mr. Brownell in the developing art of Mrs. Wharton; read in their published correspondence how Edward Garnett, a reader for a London publisher, strengthened and helped to develop the inexperienced Conrad. Between these authors and editors the business of publishing was no mere matter of contracts and royalty statements. Theirs was a friendship founded on mutual respect and strengthened by the give-and-take, the criticism and appraisal, which every writer needs. This is publishing at its best.

II

I have given you my word that all manuscripts that come to a publishing house are examined, and so they are. It is, I take it, generally understood that they are first read, not by the editor in chief, but by the professional manuscript reader, a person whose identity is usually concealed behind that cryptic signature 'The Editors.' Do not suppose, however, that this anonymity is a cloak for inexperience: a trustworthy reader is as indispensable to a publishing house as the magnetism and executive ability of the editor. George Meredith, the novelist, was a manuscript reader for many years; so was Edward Garnett, the friend of Conrad; Willa Cather read fiction for S. S. McClure in his heyday, E. V. Lucas read manuscripts for Methuen, Frank Swinnerton is a reader today. Because most of you have tried and will continue to try your cases before such judges as these, it might be fitting for me to give you Mr. Swinnerton's qualification of this superior court of letters.

'The professional reader's task,' he writes, 'is very different from that of a reviewer, and much less simple. The publisher's reader must have no vagaries. His prejudices must all be sunk when he takes up a manuscript. He must combine enthusiasm with calm; caution with boldness. He must be patient, wary, shrewd; he must know something upon every subject; he must be acquainted with all literatures, and, preferably, with several languages. He must understand the book trade, must have a very easy familiarity with the work of all living authors. . . . He is expected to mark down a best-seller at sight, and to distinguish between work that is immature through excess of genius and work that is crude through congenital incapacity. Taste, experience, and a subtle enjoyment of drudgery for the sake of its occasional rewards (purely spiritual, since he rarely experiences gratitude), go to form the publisher's reader. Such readers have known the best when they saw it — so much is easy to the real critic. They have known, or thought they knew, a best-seller when they saw it — that is not so easy, even to the born publisher. And they have known and backed with their recommendation and encouragement every variety of literary promise: and this is the greatest service which they could possibly render either to the publisher or to the cause of modern literature. Such service could only be given by minds trained, patient, and extraordinarily perceptive. It calls for a special sort of courage, possessed by few men.'

Mr. Swinnerton is obviously talking about the best in the business; readers — to give you further examples — like the late Ripley Hitchcock of Appleton's, who accepted *David Harum* and by cutting it one third shaped it into the fine book it was intended to be; like Ferris Greenslet, now editor of

Houghton Mifflin, who visited Henry Adams periodically for twelve years and in the end persuaded him to have published that famous volume, *The Education of Henry Adams*.

It is an editor's duty to cut when necessary, to call forward and to inspire when a writer's initiative is low, and in time of stress to suggest that very title which will give a fillip to the whole. Remember Michael Angelo's fine saying, 'The more the marble wastes, the more the statue grows.' Remember the lady who complimented a bishop on his sermon, but added that she thought it was a bit too long. 'Madam, I did not have time to make it shorter.' We are all of us addicted to long-windedness and it usually takes our wives or some other patient first reader to tell us so. I have known of autobiographical notes which ran to nearly eight hundred thousand words, but which were breathed on by a capable editor and came out a readable book of one eighth the size. I have known where small omissions amounting in all to but three thousand words were a means of shifting sentimentality into true feeling. Have patience with the editor if he wants you to leave out things: he is probably right.

Or let us suppose that a good title is missing. I can instance a popular novel published this summer for which the editor supplied the title before the book was a third written. The phrase capped the situation admirably and so clarified the design that it was the easier to write. I think of the titles in the *Atlantic Monthly* and in *Harper's* as being happy choices; how many of them have been supplied by the editors they would not allow me to say. As for the stimulus, mental and material, which it is an editor's duty to supply, I shall have much to say about that later.

III

It requires modesty — or rather the lack of it — to say that I have served an apprenticeship in the company I have just mentioned. Yet in eight years' reading, guided as I have been by two sage sets of initials, 'E. S.' and 'F. C.,' I have gathered some random and, I hope, practical suggestions which may be of use to you. I shall begin with the magazine field. I presume that you all have a general knowledge of the market. To make this specific, I have known writers who kept a loose-leaf notebook in which, on separate sheets, they set down the requirements of the magazine which they might hope to fill, the names of the editors with whom they have corresponded, and the probable price they would receive for a paper of a given length. Then, below these terms, they would list the success or failure of their respective manuscripts. If such a record infuriates you, you can always burn it and begin a fresh one.

In studying a magazine's menu, many writers are tempted to submit material on a subject which has lately been given space and discussion. Now, unless the topic is red-hot, the editor will be disinclined to revert to it. Thus you will save yourselves time and energy by writing him, not an article, but a letter stating your immediate reactions to the subject in question, touching of course on those aspects to which you believe the other writer has not done full justice. If your letter has vigor and persuasion, you may very well be commissioned to write a more formal reply for the magazine.

In other respects make your letters to the editor as brief as possible. It may help if you tell why you think you are qualified to write the paper you are submitting. But it won't help to say that you are offering it to him at 'the

usual rates' — for obviously it is not to his advantage to 'skin' you. An editor must pay you fairly if he is to continue to receive your work. If it is fiction or verse that you are contributing, don't, in heaven's name, crowd your envelope; two stories or three poems should be the limit at any one time, and they should be selected if possible with a difference, so as to serve as a foil to each other. A man I know used to submit his sketches to *Life* in series of threes, one of them being a drudge which had been turned down before but which by its vaguely familiar contours seemed to sharpen the quality of the others.

In submitting book material — which, incidentally, it is obligatory to have typed — it is not necessary to fret yourself about the copyright, which the publisher will arrange for in the event of acceptance. State — if you please — that you would like to reserve the dramatic and motion-picture rights; most publishers will be glad to let you handle them. These eventualities will take care of themselves when the time comes. More important at the outset is the physical well-being of the manuscript itself. A book manuscript will be convenient to read if it is packed in the box that contained the typewriting paper, and if the chapters are separately clipped and then divided into either two or three sections, each section bound in a paper cover. Pages are apt to be torn from loose-leaf holders or from giant clasps. Above all abhor that spring-back contraption which only Jack Dempsey could hold open for ten minutes at a time.

A book publisher is entitled to six weeks for his consideration; that time is short enough if several readings are necessary. Plan for this interval in specifying your return address — and don't send follow-up letters unless your nerves can't stand the strain. Finally, and above all, keep a carbon copy in case of accident. A publisher cannot be held accountable if your material is lost en route.

Your methods of work will be designed by yourself and primarily for speed and facility, and anything I may have to offer should be subject to discard if it does not fit easily into your scheme. Speed is of utmost importance, since a good mind in motion will always travel faster than a pencil or typewriter. Personally I prefer a soft pencil with a sharp point, and in writing I keep open a wide margin to the left of my page so that when my mind begins to skip ahead I can jot down phrases which will give me the idea for the paragraph or the dialogue when my laboring pencil at last catches up with the procession. Some people can use the typewriter direct as they compose; I envy their speed, but not often their style, which in most cases seems prolific and in need of hand-picking. On the other hand, I would urge college graduates of composition courses to shun the word-splitting and critical analysis which is apt to impede their action — to shun these refinements until they have set down the bulk of their ideas. Not until then is the time to fuss. Pope, who puts things neater than most, capped this situation when he drew from his own experience the line,

> Compose with fury and correct with phlegm.

Dean Briggs used to advise that when you were on the track of a good subject it was well to run after it as long as you could keep your eyes alert. This, paradoxically enough, applies most specifically to those writers who have other things to do. A writer at liberty will school himself to write for about the same span of time each day. But for the many who are writing 'outside' their other responsibilities it

is expedient to force an expanding idea for all that it's worth even at the expense of a sleepless night. Sleep you can always make up. But a good solid start is imperative in a short story, essay, or article, so that as one reads it after an interval one irresistibly acquires the momentum to finish it. Writing is at its lowest point of attraction when one must go back to an unfinished manuscript which seems to have lost all possibility of motion.

Finally, I suppose there is no greater means of facility than that of keeping a notebook with you to stuff with those thoughts and observations and 'wise cracks' which come from heaven knows where and which will disappear quickly if they are not jotted down. This flotsam and jetsam of the mind is often of immense value. Once you can acquire the habit of salvaging it you will be the richer. Sinclair Lewis, I believe, keeps voluminous notebooks. The author of *The Cloister and the Hearth* put such store in the practice that he willed his collection of notes to the British Museum for the guidance of future English authors. Read Katherine Mansfield's Journals and Samuel Butler's Notebooks if you want to see the close interplay of random ideas and creative art.

IV

These are elementary concerns; more subtle is the problem of revision. Now an editor would prefer to write a letter of frank criticism rather than of polite evasion were it not that the first course is apt to get him into trouble. If a book has seriously interested a reader he will probably take notes about it, and if there proves to be a disappointing conclusion these notes may show where and why the story has gone off the track. Should these be embodied in the letter of rejection? An editor knows that in eight cases out of ten a book revised by the author at his suggestion is apt to be returned the worse for the effort. Still, he remembers the exception when the improvement brought national success. And there is a third factor: the time and industry which are represented in the writer's work and out of respect for which something more than a noncommittal reply is due.

Under these circumstances I think the rejection should be as specific as the interest warrants. If the editor holds little hope for the manuscript he need only mention the main objections to it; if, on the other hand, he believes that it might be successfully altered he should be specific even to chapter and page. The writer must understand that he is undertaking a revision with no definite assurance of acceptance, yet even so I think he will be glad for the counsel. Beginning writers especially, it seems to me, are hard put to it for impartial and experienced advice.

You may think I am implying a sense of infallibility on the part of the editor, which I do not intend. I have already cited instances of mistaken judgment such as you yourselves may have suffered. But my point is that where one publisher misses the promise in a manuscript another will be almost sure to detect it. In any case, as between author's agents, publisher's readers, and enthusiastic friends, I would take the publisher's word as the most impartial.

A good agent is as helpful as a good editor, but a great deal rarer. It should be his business to criticize your work, to place it to the best advantage, and to act as a friendly go-between in the matter of payment. He should also reserve the right to reject what he considers as your inferior writing. A bad agent is apt to charge you a fee at the outset, accept your manuscripts without discrimination, relay them to editors in the same thoughtless fashion, and so lead you on to false hopes. I

have been told of an agent who refused a new client on the grounds that she had on her list as many writers as she could properly attend to. We need more of that sort. For writers of magazine fiction, and especially for those living at a distance from the publishing centres, an agent is often desirable. For writers of essays and articles, for writers of books, the need is not so evident. In the case of established writers the agent may even prove to be obnoxious. The practice of 'shopping around' for the high price can become downright reprehensible when applied to books. It threatens the loyalty between an author and his publisher and it introduces the unscrupulous element of bribery.

There is no doubt that publishers who would be classified as 'lily-white' by the Carnegie Foundation occasionally have dirty work done for them by agents. Let us suppose, for instance, that an author has been disappointed at the sale and reception of his latest book. He distrusts the advertising appropriation; he suspects that the sales force are asleep on their feet; he is not likely to infer that the book is inferior to his best — which, of course, is often the brutal truth. In this melancholy he is approached by an agent who commiserates with him and so gradually turns the conversation in the direction of another publisher, who, he intimates, will be glad to offer the writer a larger advance than he has ever received and a royalty as good or perhaps a shade better than his present rate — provided, of course, that he gives them the option on his next three books. Unless the author is wary he may be seduced at this point, forgetting that one of his next three books may so far exceed his others in its success as to entitle him to a royalty quite other than that which is offered.

It is no exaggeration to say that every author of prominence has heard the siren's call in some such fashion as this. Some of them change publishers for the sake of being attached to a more secure and dignified firm, some are frankly attracted by the size of the bribe. Most of them, I am glad to say, communicate the terms of the offer to their publisher — and stand pat. Barrie and Galsworthy with Scribners; Kipling and Conrad with Doubleday, Page that was; Mark Twain with Harpers; Anne Douglas Sedgwick and Sabatini with Houghton Mifflin; E. Phillips Oppenheim and Jeffery Farnol with Little, Brown; A. Edward Newton and Mazo de la Roche with the Atlantic Monthly Press; Joseph Lincoln with Appleton; Hergesheimer with Alfred Knopf — here are associations which have endured despite all temptations, and with benefit, I feel certain, as much to the writer as to the publisher. Generally speaking, to see an author leave a firm which has been identified with his early and middle years is to witness a breach of faith. There is very little real occasion for divorce in publishing.

'But,' a writer may protest, 'granting that the association between an editor and myself is a personal one, what is to happen when that member of the publishing house who has had most to do with my work leaves the organization to take a new post or to set up a firm of his own? Where does my loyalty begin and end?' To answer this query no single generalization will serve. Publishing houses are continually undergoing changes. For instance, the original firm of Doubleday, Page and Company had, as its magnets, F. N. Doubleday and Walter Page. Not many years after Ambassador Page's death, his heir in the business, Arthur Page, withdrew from publishing. The Doubledays, father and son,

then acquired a new partner in the person of George Doran, who had already established a large firm of his own. Mr. Doran took with him into the new combination of Doubleday, Doran his authors and his assistants, among the latter John Farrar and Stanley Rinehart, two able young men who shortly resigned and began publishing under their own names. Farrar and Rinehart, rightly it seemed to me, retained their hold on certain authors with whose work they had been closely identified. And presently Mr. Doran, seeing the beckoning finger of William Randolph Hearst, also resigned from the combination to devote himself to Mr. Hearst's book interests. Now what is to be Mr. Doran's attitude toward authors? Will he try to recapture the allegiance of his former authors, will he go gunning for those affiliated with other publishers, or will he devote himself wholly to new talent? Only the latter course will go unchallenged.

We all know that an author's first books may not be profitable. Conrad's early volumes were published at a loss, and at the outset Hardy's novels had a costly reception. But a publisher worth his salt is not going to allow an author in whom he has confidence to remain static and his books a loss if he can possibly help it. You may be sure that over a space of years a publisher will invest in an author in a better than even proportion to the response which his writing has invoked. Once a writer begins to make headway, more sail and still more sail will be crowded on. Certain it is that a publisher will build more steadily for a loyal writer than for one who is ever in the market for the highest bidder.

By loyalty, of course, I do not mean obeisance. He who waits to be appreciated may end by receiving charity. Most of us must impose our own valuation in this life, and in publishing, as in any other business, there are occasions when one is justified in asking for a raise. Should other offers come your way, quote them candidly to your publisher, for they will tend to increase your value in his eyes, and if other circumstances are favorable up may go your royalty rate. I shall go into this matter in more detail; for the present I want to convince you that if you will allow yourselves the loyalty, candor, and forbearance that are indispensable in any intimacy you will in the long run receive from your publisher more favorable treatment and a better royalty return than could be got by any amount of contract jumping and poker playing.

As witness let me give you one sorry illustration. Let us say that it is a poor season and that I, a publisher, have had a disappointing list. Now I learn that I can secure the next book by the famous author of *Thundering Mudpuddles* if I will pay a preposterous advance and the maximum royalty. I need a feature, and I do so. The author receives my guaranteed advance, it is true, but so much has this cost me that unless the book responds to its first advertising I am tempted to stop the campaign short rather than throw good money after what is already lost. In which case the sales will be short, I shall be out of pocket, and the author of *Thundering Mudpuddles* will be looking for some other fish to hook.

V

We have, you may observe, moved definitely into the field of the accepted writer. To press home some of the points of my charge let me quote the Ten Commandments for authors, compiled by a Philadelphia publisher, Mr. Gordon Dorrance. They are irrespective of sex: —

1. Don't starve to death. If you can't write, work. Read *Martin Eden.*

2. Don't show your work to friends. Show it to enemies. They'll criticize it.

3. Don't tell everyone you're writing a book. Get it accepted.

4. Don't write long handwritten letters about your MS. Use a typewriter; be brief.

5. Don't send an 'Arabian Nights' to a Bible publisher. Know your market.

6. Don't submit your fall novel November 15, and expect the publisher 'to have it in the stores by Christmas.' He won't.

7. Don't use a pen name. Your publisher does n't.

8. Don't criticize first and inquire afterwards. Information is understanding.

9. Don't bother the bookseller. He has one show window and 10,000 new books every year to put in it.

10. Don't change publishers. Old friends are best.

But it is not my purpose to leave you with a mouthful of 'don'ts.' Anyone who writes, anyone who tries to support himself on the perilous crutch of literature, will know that what American writers need most is encouragement, not prohibitions. The lot of a writer in America to-day wants protesting. As a people we are fairly literate, fairly generous, and exceedingly prosperous; this being so, it is the more to be resented that the bonuses of our civilization should go to movie actors, real estate promoters, and automobile manufacturers, to people who sit in trees, croon songs, or win a dance marathon, but seldom or never to one who writes a good book. The membership of the Authors League is about two thousand, and of course not all of them are authors of books. 'At most,' says Mr. Duffus, 'there are probably not more than five thousand professional authors in the country, of whom a great many are not making a living out of their writing and of whom only a handful are making a living out of books alone.' If an author can make a place for himself in the magazines, if he has the voice and temerity for the lecture platform, if he can be persuaded to give radio talks, or if he can make a lucky strike with the movies or the stage, then and then only can he afford to write books. If he has given those hostages to fortune which Bacon never gave, — a wife and children, — he simply must diversify his talent in order to make up his budget. Save for a few exceptional cases, the writing of books alone would not be enough to pay his bills.

On this score figures speak louder than words. Let us start with a new writer. I should say that twenty-five hundred copies is a slightly better than average sale for a first novel. On such a sale the publisher is lucky if he breaks even. The beginning author conventionally receives a 10 per cent royalty. Thus, if his first novel — priced at $2.00 — is slightly better than average, he stands to make $500. If that is the result of a year's work, he will not trouble the Income Tax Collector. I fancy, however, that most first novels are written by people who have contrived to spare the time from some other form of occupation.

Next we have the established writer. His early books have created a moderate reputation and a certain public. We will say that his book achieves a sale of 15,000 copies and that he rates a 15 per cent royalty. If his volume is priced at $2.50, he will receive a royalty of 37½ cents a copy, or a total of $5625 gross income for his book year. If his hostages to fortune and his bread and butter cost him no more than this, he will not be in debt.

Finally, there is the best-seller, whose books — usually fiction — mount to 50,000 or 100,000 copies. His royalty will probably begin at 15 per cent and move up a peg or two in proportion to the sales. For such a writer $20,000 would be a generous book income. Last

year 8927 new titles were issued in the United States; of that total it has been estimated that not more than thirty-two reached a 50,000 sale. Thirty-two prosperous volumes out of a total of nearly 9000. And we all know that a best-selling author is now in, now out of favor.

All of this simply means that your experienced writer will try to keep several pots boiling. The talkies are said to be the reason why movie producers are no longer paying large sums for *The Life of Christ* (Papini, you remember, was supposed to have received $50,000 for his) or for *An American Tragedy* of our day; while to dramatize a novel requires a very skilled hand indeed. The fiction magazines and the newspaper syndicates — the first and second serial rights, as you might say — are, however, temptingly attractive. The high-price fiction magazines pay very handsomely; $10,000 is by no means their top figure for a full-length serial — I doubt, for instance, if it would buy more than six chapters of Temple Bailey. What is more, the magazines would seem to illuminate a writer's name almost as brightly as the electric signs of Broadway. So they do — but as a magazine writer, not as a book writer. Those fat checks, which one has to write for occasionally between books when the bank balance is low, have a way of becoming the sole objective, and when that happens they must usually take the place of book royalties, for only the few and best contributors to the big fiction periodicals command respect and success in the book trade. What you gain from the magazines you are apt to sacrifice from your books.

In short, I believe that the American fiction magazines have injured rather than improved the standing of our books. They have cultivated the habit of short rather than long reading; they have so appropriated the short story to themselves that a serious volume of such fiction can hardly be sold across the counter; they have helped to create a prejudice against collected papers which has really hit the essayist; and what is worst, it seems to me, they have lured authors on to the writing of bright, happy, facile fiction as brittle as it is sentimental. There are perhaps fifteen writers in this country who earn from all sources — though seldom the major share from their books — an income of $50,000 a year or more. Several of them must be known to you, and I hope I imply no snobbishness when I say that their work is more often respected for its craftsmanship than for its literary genius.

This is not meant for a blanket indictment. I know that there are discriminating authors who contribute intelligently to the magazines and who retain their independence to the point of writing honest and ambitious books. I believe that the best and most conscientious writers are justified in receiving as handsome sums as can be obtained from such sources. I wish some of it came my way. But I am also aware of a good many names which flashed brilliantly at the outset and then faded into a kind of dull adornment to those vapid girls whose faces cover our news stands. We have more than our share of roadside casualties in American letters.

VI

Of course, the truth is that some kind of compromise has got to be made by writers. Though these are days of material prosperity, one still must make an oblique approach to the profession of letters and can only afford to write books when, as Virginia Woolf says, one has a little money and a room of one's own. Only young men

can afford to retire — and they are usually so young that they have little to write about. Meantime the rest of us plod on, working at any one of a hundred jobs and, on the side, scrimping from week-ends, holidays, and our night's sleep the precious time for our writing. Sinclair Lewis tapping out his first novels by night after spending his day as publicity man for a New York publisher; Christopher Morley as a literary advisor and columnist; Edwin Arlington Robinson, whom Roosevelt made a clerk in the New York Customs House; Conrad coming back from his ships; Samuel Butler cutting loose from his sheep raising; James Truslow Adams serving a dozen years on Wall Street so that he could at last devote his time to history; William De Morgan waiting till he was sixty before he began. So long as the candle of hope burns, time does not trouble us. 'When Keats was my age,' we think in secret, 'he had written the "Ode to a Nightingale"; the year after next I shall be as old as Thackeray when he wrote *Vanity Fair;* Galsworthy did not begin his novels till his middle-thirties.' Thus, aspiration spurs itself on.

Nothing I can say will deter you; no amount of editorial rebuffs will quench your spirit if you have the genuine disease, *cacoethes scribendi*, the scribbling mania. 'One thinks,' writes James Norman Hall, 'of men, some of them rich in worldly possessions, and therefore under no compulsion to write; others wretchedly poor; some of remarkable and varied gifts; some with talents pathetically meagre; but all of them having this in common — that they spent their lives in obscure and solitary literary toil without once hearing a heartening shout of public acclaim.'

There are other ways, of course, of getting over a stone wall than by merely butting it with your head. If your fiction does not come off well enough even to satisfy your wife, who is generally tolerant in such matters, it might be worth while to try your hand at some other medium — children's stories, perhaps, or the essay. I would urge every beginning writer to read that anonymous essay in *Harper's Magazine* entitled 'The Fight for Glory,' in which a successful writer, whom I presume to be Gamaliel Bradford, recounts the failures which he suffered before finding his feet at last.

I wish to quote from this tale of woe.

> My first efforts [says the writer], and for some years my only efforts, were in poetry. I wrote long poems and short poems, light poems and heavy poems, grave poems and gay. The odd thing was that I wrote for myself and made little attempt at publication. When I did, timidly, begin to send out one or two, the receipt of the deadly printed slip of rejection froze my courage so entirely that I put my verses back in my drawer and abandoned the attempt. Even to-day those printed slips, which still come, give me the same feeling of numbing, paralyzing irritation which they gave me then, carry with them the desolating inference that I had better be selling patent medicines than dabbling in literature.
>
> I shortly turned from poetry to novels, poured all my passionate aspiration, literary and other, into an autobiographical romance. No publisher would look at it. Probably it was as well for me that they did not, but the total and blighting rejection was just as disheartening, for all that. I wrote a novel dealing with a young and earnest minister's loss of belief; for in those days religion was still a power in the world. Just as I finished it, Mrs. Ward's *Robert Elsmere* appeared and, though I had never heard of it, it made my book seem a palpable and futile imitation. I then wrote three other novels, which got published somehow. The first paid its way and had a little notice; the others died before they were born, and after that the publishers would pay no attention to me. My unconquerable obstinacy refused to yield even so, and I tried more novels. I still try to dispose of

one occasionally to some innocent publisher who asks me for some of my productions.

I was even foolish enough to waste my energy for years in the most hopeless and gigantic undertaking that can delude any author, the one that fooled Henry James out of some of the best hours of his life, the theatre. . . . I have in my drawer some fifteen plays, only one of which ever struggled into print, — at my own expense, — while not one of them has ever come within speaking distance of the stage. For — to me — the fascination of such work is simply irresistible.

And at last — though in a field different from any of these — there came encouragement, acceptance, and demand. Literature is a hard road with many turnings, any one of which, if patiently pursued, may bring you to a wellspring of your own.

The toil and tribulation of making your solitary way has never been better described than by Arthur Machen, to whom, as to many another, recognition came bitterly late. In his reminiscences, *Far Off Things*, he said: —

No; the only course is to go on stumbling and struggling and blundering like a man lost in a dense thicket on a dark night; a thicket, I say, of rebounding boughs that punish with the sting of a whiplash, of thorns that savagely lacerate the flesh, — it is the flesh of the heart, alas! that they tear, — of sharp rocks of agony and black pools of despair. Such is the obscure wood of the literary life; such, at least, it was to me. You struggle to find your way; but again and again you ask yourself whether, for you, there is any way. You think you have hit upon the lucky track at last. And lo! before your feet is the black pit. And such is not alone the adventure of little, ineffectual struggling men. How old was glorious Cervantes, now serene forever amongst the immortals, when he found his way to that village of La Mancha? Fifty, I think, or almost fifty. And he had been striving for years to write plays, and poetry, and short stories of passion and sentiment; and it was only the roar of applause that thundered up from the world when the Knight and the Squire were seen riding over the hill that convinced Cervantes that at last he had discovered his true path; if indeed he were ever convinced of the magnitude and majesty of the achievement of *Don Quixote*.

And if these things are done with the great, what will be done with the little? If the clear-voiced leaders of the everlasting choir are to suffer so and agonize, what of miserable little Welshmen stammering and stuttering by the Wandle, in the obscure rectory among the hills, in waste places by Shepherd's Bush, in gloomy Great Russell Street, where the ghosts of dead, disappointed authors go sighing to and fro? For the fate of the little literary man there is no articulate speech that is sufficient; one must fall back upon aoi, or oimoi, or alas, or some such vague lament of unutterable woe.

This is bad enough in a country as literate and as devoted to its literature as England; in the United States the writer's lot is further complicated by an indifference on the part of the public, who are too intent upon their golf, radios, movies, and beauty contests to care much what is in a book; by a commercial prosperity which holds out enticing rewards if only the writer will compromise himself utterly in advertising, in the fiction magazines, or in Hollywood; and worse, by a prevailing opinion, even among the writer's acquaintances, that any man who walks by himself and who obviously makes no money by it must be a little cracked. Some of you will perhaps receive no greater reward than what I can only describe as the thrill that comes to you immediately a piece of writing has been finished to your satisfaction. A few of you, driven forward by a spirit strengthened by adversity, and oblivious of the fleshpots of Egypt, may see the promised land and make your voices heard above the syncopated clamor. Come what may, be true to yourselves.

LANCASHIRE LASS

BY JAMES S. HART

I

THEY said Mary Ellen was to be married off the pit brow.

They were the neighbors in Number 4 Court, off Duke Street; two or three dozen of them, living in houses that looked upon the cobbled square — mysterious houses that appeared to be all back and no front. As a matter of fact, such front as they had was lost in a maze of congested masonry that formed the miners' section of St. Helens. To reach them one clattered down a covered alley that was like the entrance to a cave, and emerged into the court. There they were, the houses, six of them, all with rear windows and doors to the court.

That court was everything to those who lived in Number 4. It was the playground for the children. It was the gossip exchange for the women as they stood with brooms in their hands, or with forearms swathed in aprons. On reckoning Monday the coal miners squatted there and passed around a beer jug while they divided the pay among the pit gang.

Strictly, they did not say that Mary Ellen was to be married off the pit brow. What they really said was: 'Ah 'ears Mary Ellen — ye know, owd Tiggem's lass — is gooin' to be wed off t' pit braow.'

And the response always was: 'Ee! Tha doesna say! Well, 'oo's a nahce wench. Ah 'ope 'e's good to 'er. 'Oo's she bent o' weddin'?'

'Aay, that's the surprise on it, missis. It's a little chap fra' Carr Mill way. She en't known 'im very long. But they tell me 'e's a nahce little feller. 'E's geet a bit of a haouse up theer, but 'e works i' Green's Colliery.'

Everybody ''oped 'e'd be good to 'er.' But the tone in which the hope was expressed made it look bad for Mary Ellen. It seemed as though they all thought Mary Ellen never would have anyone to be good to her. Even Mary Ellen once had thought it was almost hopeless. There was her father, of course, but he was too much under the thumb of Lizzibuth.

When Mary Ellen was three, her mother died. That was a terrible thing, but not for Mary Ellen's mother. She had worked like a bought slave since the first day she could stand steadily on her feet, and she took death to her arms with the ardor of a woman receiving her lover.

But it was a terrible thing for Mary Ellen's father. He was a coal miner. He could not live without a woman. No North-of-England miner could live without a woman, any more than an American Indian in his savage state could live without a horse, or a French peasant could live without a cow. Who was there to get his breakfast before daylight? Who was there to put up his bit of snap and cold tea for the mine? Who to prepare his great mound of food at night, and who to put patches on his moleskin pit trousers? And who would fetch his mug of beer? A man had to have a wife or a mother, and mothers wore out.

So Mary Ellen's father married again; married a hard-faced, muscular woman, who hated Mary Ellen from the first day.

To her death Mary Ellen would carry the scars of her first encounter with Lizzibuth. All that Mary Ellen wanted was a 'jam butty,' which is a piece of bread with jam on it. There was jam and there was bread, but Mary Ellen was the one who wanted it, and that made a difference.

Glaring at the not yet four-year-old Mary Ellen, Stepmother Lizzibuth snarled: —

'Nasty little brat! Skrikin' an' scrawchin' every minit o' t' day! Shut thy maouth, or Ah'll shut it for thee! Tha'll geet no jam butty fra' me.'

Mary Ellen had stared with wide eyes at this apparition who had taken the place of her long-suffering mother. Mary Ellen's lip trembled. She breathed one great, deep breath. Then she wailed long and loud.

That did it.

Lizzibuth's bad teeth showed under her upper lip as she grabbed Mary Ellen by what Lancashire knows as the 'nap' of the neck.

'Bloody, nasty nuisance!' she muttered.

Lizzibuth's eyes gleamed. She came of a half-mad family. Her father had been known to torture pit ponies by holding lighted matches under their noses.

Mary Ellen could not have silenced those sobs if the heavens had fallen.

One push, and Mary Ellen was in the ash hole.

The ash hole was eighteen inches high and fifteen inches wide. Over it was the fire grate, filled with glowing coals. When the coals dropped through the grate, they fell into the ash hole.

For a matter of seconds, they fell on Mary Ellen's back.

It was only the fear of what Almighty God might do to her when she died and what the St. Helens police might do to her while she lived that prevented Lizzibuth from placing a foot against Mary Ellen's buttocks and keeping the child there. As it was, panic took Mary Ellen, and it was some seconds before she crawled away and rolled out her agonies on the kitchen floor.

That night the neighbors heard the row when Mary Ellen's father came home. They heard the end of it, too, when Lizzibuth picked up her husband's big plate bearing his dinner and smashed it into the ash hole where Mary Ellen had been. When the story leaked out, the neighbors nodded over their gossip. It looked as if Tiggem was under Lizzibuth's thumb, all right, all right. 'Any mon as 'd let a woman chuck 'is dinner into th' ess 'ole — well, 'e was nowt much of a mon.'

II

That day was typical of Mary Ellen's childhood. The ash hole, of course, played its part only once. Even Lizzibuth could not hope to try that again and escape uncomfortable notice.

But there were a thousand cruel pin points with which Lizzibuth could prick Mary Ellen. She called her in from the court at the height of the game, whatever it was. She boxed her ears in public and in private, until at twelve Mary Ellen cocked her head when anyone spoke to her. She was deaf in the left ear. Long before there was any thought of Mary Ellen going to work, her knees were hard with calluses. Twice a week she scrubbed the stone floor of the kitchen and sanded it. She made beds from the time she had to fall on her little belly on the sheets to reach halfway across. Then there was coal to be dragged ten blocks in a hundredweight wagon.

But even Lizzibuth could not make Mary Ellen miserable all the time. Mary Ellen wanted to be joyful. When she got a chance to play, she played harder than all the rest. It was marvelous to gather round the lamp in the court at night, at the dark hour before the windows went up and calls to bed went out.

'Will-e-e-e!'

'Jane Ann! Come in 'ere! 'S time to get undressed.'

Around that lamp was an aura of light. Outside of that aura was darkness; the black shadows of the court looked ready to swallow a little girl, although she well knew that in the daytime that black shadow was only Duckworth's pigeon coop, and that one over there to the right was the door to the Billinges' washing verandah.

It was beautiful and creepy to be the first one out, to stand with one's back to the lamp post and wait for the others, promising one's self: 'If they're not aout 'ere before Ah caount two 'undred, IT'll come at me fra' yon black 'ole. It'll ha' red een an' 'orns, an' Ah don't know what Ah'll do.' Then the slow counting of two hundred, striving in the childish agony of her own creation to make it last until the first screeching, diminutive figure shot from a black doorway.

'Ooh! Is it thee, Mary Ellen? Wheer's all t' rest o' 'um? Shall we play rallyo or London Bridge?'

It was even good to scrub floors. Mary Ellen came of a painfully clean race. No men in the world scrubbed their flesh with such fierceness as did coal miners, or slicked their hair as often. No women were there who kept their homes cleaner than those of Lancashire. They even washed the curbstones once a week, and rubbing-stoned the doorstep, until, by the very passion of their cleanliness, they wore it away to a sliver.

It penetrated little Mary Ellen's mind that there was a great deal of satisfaction in scrubbing a stone kitchen floor. It shone so when it was done, and the sand crunched cleanly under her clogs. It looked nice, she always thought, as she rubbed her knees.

No, not even Lizzibuth could down Mary Ellen; not even with the coal wagon. It was a hard pull with a hundredweight of coal, but there was something irresistibly fascinating about pulling a thing on wheels. Then there was the run back, part of it downhill, when Mary Ellen could sit on the wagon edge and draw a quick breath of painful delight as she whirled down the street and scuffed her clogs at the corner to end the ecstatic ride.

And then, several times Mary Ellen escaped for a whole day. Oh, the beauty of those days among people and things! They were to be dreamed about through ear boxing and coal hauling and floor scrubbing. They were to be relived in her tired mind at night when, safe from Lizzibuth during the hours of darkness, Mary Ellen could be all alone in the little front room where her bed had been since Lizzibuth came.

Once — and it almost hurt to think about the joy of it — it was to a wagonette picnic Mary Ellen went. Only after torturing anxiety that rived her child's soul was she allowed to go.

The Duckworths had the tickets, because they went to Sunday School, and it was a Sunday School picnic. Mother and Father Duckworth both were going. Father Duckworth must have had several pints on the night he bought the tickets, because it was he who paid thrippence for an extra one, and suggested to Emily that Tiggem's poor little brat might be taken along.

But Lizzibuth!

Mary Ellen entreated her with agonized eyes but silent tongue for

permission to go. Just for this once, Mary Ellen prayed in her heart; just for this once be kind to me. She almost offered to be beaten when she came home, if only she could go — just this once.

The thrippenny ticket decided Lizzibuth. That, and the fact that something was to be gotten for nothing, even though Mary Ellen got it. Her thrifty soul could never see a thrippenny ticket wasted. The day after the picnic that ticket would be worthless; just a yellow slip of cardboard. Now, it meant a thrippenny privilege. Then again, Mary Ellen would be fed, and that would save a couple of meals.

So Mary Ellen went, after an almost sleepless night that was divided between sweats of fear that Lizzibuth would change her mind and shivers of delight as Heaven approached.

Sunup found Mary Ellen on the Duckworth doorstep, alone and happy. She had crept out after her father had gone to the mine and while Lizzibuth was having her second nap. Carefully Mary Ellen dressed in the dark blue muslin, and latched the door behind her as she silently left the house. Lizzibuth would sleep another hour. Surely the Duckworths would be ready by then.

They were n't. But when Mrs. Duckworth came to the door to put out the milk jug with three ha'pence in it she saw the child. Mary Ellen was a little afraid. Perhaps she had offended.

'Aay, chilt,' said Mrs. Duckworth, 'whatever art tha doing theer a' this tahme o' mornin'?'

'Ah 'm waitin', if ye please, Mrs. Duckworth,' said Mary Ellen. 'Ah didna want to be late.'

Mrs. Duckworth gazed down. The milk jug hung from one finger.

'Bless thy little 'eart! Come in. Joe! Joe! Didst e'er 'ear o' onythin' lahke this i' thy lahfe? 'Ere 's this bit of a wench craouchin' on t' doorsill awaitin' on us. 'Feared she 's baound to be late, she sez. Aay, there 's folk's araound 'ere as Ah 'd lahke to wrop t' fryin' pan araound their necks — treatin' wee uns wi' soch cruelty as makes 'um flee aout o' th' 'aouse to get away fra' 'um.' Mrs. Duckworth glared at Lizzibuth's back door. ''As tha 'ed thy brekker, chilt?'

'Nay, Ah havna,' said Mary Ellen, 'but Ah 'm none so 'ungry.'

This was enough, she thought; just to come inside and wait where Lizzibuth could n't see her.

Big-chested Joe awkwardly patted Mary Ellen's head.

'Tha 's goin' to enjie thysel' to-day, little wench. Thee see if tha doesna. Dost lahke to ride i' a wagonette?'

'Aay, Mr. Duckworth, Ah 've niver ridden i' one.'

Joe laughed.

'Tha 's a quaint little un, naow. An' tha 's niver ridden i' a wagonette. What a treat tha 's got i' store for thysel'! Sit thy daown, little un! Sit thy daown! Give t' chilt a couple o' mah rashers, Emily.'

His wife bustled between the hob and the table.

'Aay, there 's no need o' that, Jody. If Ah couldna feed an extra maouth once in a while, it 'd be a sorry lookaout, naow wouldna it?'

On the way to the Lamb Hotel — which was not a hotel, but a public house — from where the wagonettes were to leave, Mary Ellen had n't time to feel like an outsider. There was so much to see. Not that she had not seen it before, but she saw it differently now. At other times, it was colored by a box on the ear or a hundredweight of coal. But not now. They were off to the picnic. Jody went ahead, purposefully, almost angrily, although he was in the best of spirits. His miner's bow legs ploughed on like two spars of a schooner

bent in the wind. He was going somewhere, and he looked it.

Mrs. Duckworth was a little behind, trailing two Duckworths by the hand, while one skipped on behind. No one lagged.

Mary Ellen found time to balance on the edge of the curb; then to run very fast and swiftly strike the sole of one clog against the stone flags. The irons with which the clog was shod, like a horse's hoof, struck sparks. Lizzibuth had caught her once doing that and had jerked out between boxes on the ear: 'Let me catch — thee doin' — that again! Wearin' aout thy — clogs thy feyther's — got to buy!'

But Lizzibuth was in bed now. At least, she was home.

Then Mary Ellen saw the wagonettes. Was there ever a grander sight anywhere in the world? It was almost too much. Each wagonette had four horses, and the horses had rosettes at their ears. There was a driver on each long seat, with a great thin whip twelve feet long. They were red wagonettes, as brave as could be. Mary Ellen's heart jumped against her throat when the horses pawed the cobbles and swung their heads with a fine rattle of bright harness.

She was in a mob of children, frantically trying to keep in touch with the Duckworths, and clutching the ticket which Joe had given her.

A red-faced man heaved his way through the throng. To Mary Ellen it was a great milling crowd, a terrifying crowd. There were at least forty children and a dozen or more mothers and fathers.

'Aw' them wi' yaller tickets this way! 'Oo's geet yaller tickets 'ere?' bawled the red-faced man.

He stopped just in time to avoid stepping on Mary Ellen.

'Wharr 'as tha geet?' he demanded.

She held up her fist and trembled.

'A yaller ticket! Come on, little un!'

He looked down at her small face. Perhaps he saw something there which made him understand. Then again, perhaps it was the two pints he had had at the Lamb before the wagonettes came.

He bent down.

'Wouldst lahke to ride wi' th' drahver?' he asked.

Mary Ellen gazed at him wide-eyed. He was a powerful and influential man. He could put her where he wanted, even with the driver. She was speechless, but she nodded. He caught her up in his arms.

'Hi there, Tom!' he yelled. 'Tek this little un up wi' thee, wilt tha? She's deein' to watch thee drahve th' 'orses.'

It was the same all through the day. Something watched over Mary Ellen, and she was precipitated from one breath-taking situation into another. First it was the driver's seat, the crack of the whip and the thundering hoofs, and the driver leaning back with his mighty leg on the brake as they went downhill. Then it was the strange man who bought her ginger snaps at Mickle-head Green where the picnic was. There were pork pies and Sally Lunns and buns with raisins in. And finally — oh, glory of glories! — there was the foot race for children between five and seven, and Mary Ellen running like the wind to win a box of pencils.

Life could hold no more for Mary Ellen when the wagonettes rolled back to the Lamb. It was full, full to the brim and overflowing. She had been joyful and free. She had been grandly happy. Now, she was just a bit tired, leaning against the driver, watching the swaying backs of the horses in the dusk.

Not even old age can live in retrospect as can a child of the poor. To Mary Ellen the day after the picnic was not one in which to regret the swift passage of time that had carried joy

into the limbo of the past. It was a glorious day of remembrance. The scrubbing and sanding of the kitchen floor, the hauling of coal, and Lizzibuth's sour visage and heavy hand could crowd such memories so that they faded almost, but not quite, away. But they came back, joyful and thrilling. Not even Lizzibuth could keep an eternal vigil over them.

III

Of course, the ear boxing could not go on forever, although the work might. When Mary Ellen was thirteen she left school and went in service — which meant that she was a 'skivvy' for a family that had made money in a butcher shop. She was there until she marched out one day with flaming face and angry eyes. Mary Ellen was sixteen then, and her employer, fresh from the meat counter, tried to maul her. Mary Ellen slapped him with all the power of a muscular arm. In that moment she was thankful for floor scrubbing and coal hauling that had given strength to her body.

Mary Ellen could not stay at home. Lizzibuth took care of that. There were only the glassworks and the pit, so Mary Ellen went to Green's Colliery.

She was straight and strong. She had a full bosom and broad hips. Her neck was a muscular column and her arms swelled with the roundness of strength. She stood on sturdy legs that had run for miles, throwing heavy clogs along the flagged pavements. Mary Ellen was not big, but she was compact.

She had to be strong. Otherwise the mine would have killed her. Mary Ellen went to work on the pit brow.

Tiggem was working on the pit brow now. He had toiled long in the mine. Now his eyes were affected with cataracts, and the dark recesses below the earth were no place for him. Tiggem wheeled picks and helped the check-weigh man on the surface.

On the pit brow, Mary Ellen pulled coal wagons. She knew of the job before she went there, but she did not know how hard it could be.

She wore a broad belt around her waist. From this belt ran two chains, one straight back and the other from the front and between her sturdy legs, to the wagon which ran on tracks behind. All day, Mary Ellen threw her weight in the traces and dragged loads of coal from the pit shaft. It was a fitting thing in a county where men to this day pull barges along canals.

Mary Ellen could not haul wagons for long without acquiring something of the disposition of a horse. That was just what happened. There was the look of a horse in her eyes. When she stood resting, she did not move, not one bit. She stood, just as a horse stands until someone goads him into movement. Her eyes looked straight ahead most of the time, and saw nothing.

About the middle of each afternoon, the wagons grew very heavy. It was as though a giant hand gripped about her middle, squeezing her vitals, yet urging her on against the strain. Mary Ellen's eyes were sometimes heavy with pain. She did the work of a man. The fact that she was a woman never was considered. For the purposes of the mine she was a man, although she was not paid a man's wages.

Her father often watched her as she dragged her loads on the pit brow. Tiggem was a kindly man, but he was a Lancashire coal miner. A long way back in his brain there was a vague thought that perhaps Mary Ellen should not be doing this. But women always had done it. That was all he knew. He did not go any further.

Once when it rained heavily and Mary Ellen ploughed through the mud of coal dust with her load, Tiggem came

to her and took off his coat. With an almost gentle movement he laid it across her shoulders to cover the thin stuff of her shabby blouse.

''Ere, lass,' he said, 'put this o' thy shoulders. 'Appen it'll keep a bit o' t' wet aout.'

Mary Ellen stopped, slowly turned her head, and looked at him. She took off the coat and handed it back.

'Keep it thysel',' she said. 'A bit o' rain'll niver 'urt me. Dost think Ah'm so soft Ah've got to tek thy coat to keep me dry?'

Then she threw herself against the harness and hauled on.

IV

It was at Carr Mill that Mary Ellen met Tom Sharp. Carr Mill was — well, Carr Mill was just Carr Mill. Everybody knew it. There were trees there. There were seas of waving bluebells. Mary Ellen used to throw herself into them and lie there, a dark spot in the blue beauty. There was a stream, too, at Carr Mill; a rippling, rushing stream full of 'tiddlers' and 'chotheads' that the boys caught with a bent pin and a worm on the end of a thread line. Mary Ellen once took tiddlers home in a glass jar, only to have Lizzibuth throw them out wriggling into the court. Mary Ellen never forgot how Lizzibuth held her by the arm until the tiddlers wriggled themselves to death on the cobbles.

On one side of the stream at Carr Mill were meadows that were beautiful for picnicking. On the other side was the wood, a marvelous place to roam and imagine one was in the wilds of Canada or Africa or some other place where one would never go.

Like all of her people, Mary Ellen loved the earth. She did not know why. She did not know it was the real reason her countrymen had gone to war repeatedly and piled themselves up in heaps of dead on a foreign soil. She knew it was Heaven to lie in the grass near the stream at Carr Mill and listen to the rushing of the water and watch the swift-shooting swallows.

Tom Sharp, short and dark, with a streak of Norman blood in his veins from a thousand years ago, smiled at her one day as she gathered bluebells in the wood. Tom was really as much of a peasant as England can boast to-day. He could understand why a girl should want to gather bluebells, even though he worked under the ground at Green's Colliery.

'They're nahce, are they not?' he asked.

She flushed, and bent down for more bluebells.

'Aay, they are,' she conceded.

It was the first time she ever had spoken to man like that — a man who just walked up to her. But she thought he did not look as if he meant anything wrong.

'Wouldst lahke me to pick a few?' he asked.

'If you want,' she answered.

It was no invitation she voiced in the ungracious manner of her county. If he wanted, he could. If he did n't, he could go his way. It was quite immaterial.

He stayed. He picked bluebells with his stubby, square-ended fingers. Yet he handled gently the flowers with their juicy stems and swaying blooms. In a few minutes he gave her an armful, and their hands touched in the exchange.

Then he stood looking at her. She gazed through the woods. The light came dimly through the closely set trees.

'Tha belongs i' St. 'Elens?' he asked.

'Aay,' she answered.

'En't Ah seen thee at Green's?'

'On t' pit braow,' she said.

He nodded.

'Ah thowt so,' he said, and looked through the trees as though he sought

the same thing she looked for. 'Dost coom 'ere of'en?'

'As of'en as Ah can,' she burst out. 'It's lovely.'

'En't it, though!' His eyes lighted. 'Doesna tha love it? All t' trees an' water, and these-'ere bluebells! There 's niver a place onyw'ere that's prettier nor this. Ah live reight close by.'

'Does tha?' She gazed at him with a new interest. Imagine living at Carr Mill, right close by this all the time! Why, he could see it at night when he came home, before he slept and when he awoke!

He hesitated, and then plunged.

'Wouldst lahke to see mah place?' he asked, looking anxious. 'Ah could offer thee a cup o' tay. Ah've an owd woman as keeps 'aouse for me. Aoutside o' that, Ah'm all alone.'

He made of it a confidential statement, almost a pleading of loneliness and the expression of a desire to share it with someone. Mary Ellen surprised herself and went.

She was glad when she saw the thatched cottage, low-studded and whitewashed on the outside. It was a beauty. Behind was a chicken coop with a score of birds.

'Ah made most o' t' furniture mysel',' he said. 'Per'aps it's none so much, but — '

'W'y, it's lovely,' said Mary Ellen. 'Ah niver seen such nahce cheers. An' that table! It must a ta'en a sight o' tahme to do that.'

V

That was how they met. After that, a visit to Carr Mill meant a visit to Tom's, with tea and buns or bread and marmalade. Carr Mill took on something new. It seemed to Mary Ellen that it belonged to her now. She had a distinct share in it. Soon it became noised about that she and Tom were 'gooin' together,' although she never spoke of him.

When the cold weather approached, he asked her to marry him. Perhaps it was because it was getting cold and he knew that winter would lessen the frequency of her visits.

'Mary Ellen,' he said, 'Ah do love thee very much. Tha's coom to mean such a lot, Ah don't know naow as Ah can get along withaout thee. Wilt chuck that job on t' pit braow and coom 'ere as mah wahfe?'

It was just as simple as that, and Mary Ellen liked it. Rhetoric would have been out of place with him. She expected no profusion of protestations from him. He would state his case and then abide by the decision like a man.

She made it very quickly. She looked out of the window for just a minute, and the last thing she saw before she turned her face to his was a branch of the rambler roses that grew on the side of the house.

'Ah will, Tom,' she said, 'an' be glad to. Ah thank ye for askin' me, an' Ah'll try to make thee a good wahfe.'

Tom rose, bent over, and kissed her forehead.

She was very much surprised when he dropped to his knees at her feet. Lancashire men in her ken did not kneel to their women.

'Lass,' he said, 'tha's made me very 'appy. Wilt set weddin' date for as soon as thy can? Ah'm a bit 'ungry for thee.'

Mary Ellen's eyes glistened. She took his face between her hands, and for the first time in her life she felt the love of a man's lips. There was a gentleness about it that moved her heart.

'Tom,' she said, 'tha's th' only person i' all t' world that iver was 'ungry for me. If tha wants, Ah'll marry thee naow — this minute.'

That was how Mary Ellen came to be married off the pit brow.

JERSEYS

BY ALICE DAY PRATT

FIFTEEN years ago Bossy, a high-grade, high-producing, good-looking, typical Jersey cow, came to my homestead in the stock country of Central Oregon — a birthday present. Bossy's calf, born soon after her arrival, was a little bull. The calf was exchanged for a young heifer, less typically Jersey than Bossy, probably inheriting a strain of Durham. Nannie was her name. From these two cows I have personally raised and dealt with, during the fifteen years, roughly a hundred head, many of which have been born and reared on my juniper-shaded, sagebrush-dotted, bunch-grass-covered slopes.

In the spring and early summer, these slopes are ideal as Jersey pasture. Probably no succulent feed surpasses young bunch grass in milk production. When the inevitable drought comes on, early or late, milk begins to fail, and I must look for watered fields, and haystacks that are the product of irrigated lands.

Naturally, the enterprise has not been commercially successful. To keep my Jerseys, I have taught during parts of most years, earning the disrespect of my business-minded friends, the disgust of banks and loan companies that have, from time to time, seen me through the dubious experiment, and, for myself, gray hairs, calloused hands, and — some intangibles.

A year ago, drought was upon us by the first of June. For six months, dry or drying pasture was inevitable, even on many theoretically irrigated fields. Hay prices soared 100 per cent and more. Cream prices, by some strange economic law, dropped 50 per cent. I saw my little herd safely through the perils of the winter, and then, in the early spring, most of them had to be sold to square accounts. It was not certain that I could keep even a chosen few of the old and well-beloved. It was in seeking relief for the pain of my heart that I set down what I have learned of Jerseys in the decade and a half just past, believing these things to be characteristic of all Jerseys, as, probably, in a greater or less degree, of all domestic cattle.

I

In the increasingly mechanized, more and more highly commercialized methods of agriculture, the aspect of domestic stock as living creatures is more and more lost sight of. Strange that, under all discouragement, their temperamental qualities persist, their intelligence continues to function, and their emotions defy the indifference of their thick-skinned exploiters.

Beauty may be only skin deep, yet it has, indisputably, an endearing power. In memory, for me, blended with the lights and shades, the sunrises and sunsets, on my colorful slopes, will always exist, gleaming through the shrubbery, the high lights of my Jersey band. Golden tans, offset with glossy black; slender, white-stockinged legs and polished hoofs;

great mournful, appealing eyes; symmetrical, shining horns. Leaping from cover to cover, calves, graceful and beautiful as fawns, will enliven the landscape. Every portion of my 640-acre tract will shield their gentle ghosts.

Friar Butte, which forms the centre of the tract, abounds in nooks and shelters, deep ravines and wild retreats, which appeal to the racial instincts of cattle. They love the butte. How reluctantly they leave it, even when pasture fails, and with what alacrity they seek it in the spring, doing such brave walking as they seem incapable of at other times!

This little field, with its ancient, spreading juniper in the centre, is one of the clearings that earned my title to the land, and has remained for some years uncultivated, bearing an interesting succession of weeds, very interesting as a variation to the bunch grass. Jim Hill mustard, succulent and valuable as pasture, gave place to a smaller and less palatable variety of the same genus. To this succeeded cheat grass, taking possession of every inch of soil and furnishing a month's spring pasture for all of my stock, while the bunch grass made preparation for later pasturage.

In this field, one glorious autumn day, I gathered the herd for the annual migration. Three were missing. Rab, wise old cow pony, knew it in a minute. We made a dash for the spring where the delinquents were, presumably and in fact, in hiding. Returning with them in ten minutes, we found the field unoccupied. Not a horn or a hoof remained, where twenty Jerseys had stood submissive. But, well up on the butte side, among the junipers, golden gleams through inadequate branches, bright eyes watching, unwary tails switching the flies away. They had taken to cover, like wild creatures, in order to escape the drive, which every cow hates, and the separation from their loved pastures. It was on such an occasion that I first experienced the tactics of a bull who desires to hinder the moving of his herd. Keeping ahead, with horns lowered, he persistently turns back each cow that attempts to obey the driver, and successfully, too, for their hearts are with him. It is exceedingly difficult for a single driver to combat the opposition of a bull.

Scattered here and there over the whole tract, in the hidden nooks and crannies of the butte or in the more remote corners of the place, in patches of tall sagebrush or the shelter of Purshia shrubs, how well I know the little birth rooms of my various bossies, selected with all the intelligent care that birds give to the location of their nests. For several days before the event, a cow will frequent the chosen place, testing its seclusion, both from her own and from human kind. If discovered here, she will browse along toward other neighborhoods, with an innocent air disclaiming all interest in the hiding place.

It is in the attempt to hide and keep the calves that the trait of wiliness, well marked in the species, is best exhibited. Past this rocky point and far away, Lorna Doone led me and Scotty, looking into the distance and lowing tenderly. Growing suspicious, we turned back, to find, within three feet of the path we had trod, curled in a soft hollow among the rocks and gnarled junipers, little John Bull, one of Lorna's choice calves. On this grassy bench, high up the butte side, from which mountain and valley spread in extensive panorama, but screened from nearer view by a dense thicket below and an overhanging rock ledge above, I found little Dandelion, gentle Nannie's youngest. From that clump of high sagebrush a little alien's snow-

white face shone out, to the disgust of Tannie, who had successfully concealed it for a week, coming faithfully with the others to be relieved of her superfluous milk, and returning by slow stages and tortuous routes.

In this sunny hollow I found Brownie's little Fay, and first learned that the love of milk often persists throughout life. I had milked a good pailful for Brownie's relief and was investigating the calf. When I turned again to the milk, which had been destined for the chickens, not a drop remained. Brownie had taken it once more into her system. From that day, Brownie had her ration of separated milk whenever it could be spared.

II

Cows receive much less credit for intelligence than they deserve. This is because, in our stupid way, we expect them to exhibit a brand of intelligence similar to our own, notwithstanding that their ends and aims are quite different from ours. Where their own interests are concerned they are intelligent enough. They are very quick to learn a routine that governs their care, and are perfect clocks in their observance of it, impatient and easily irritated by delay or infractions.

Under the informal conditions of my dairy I have milked, in the summer time, under a certain shady juniper, each cow being milked there in turn and receiving a pan of feed. Nothing was better understood among them than that a cow that is being milked must never be disturbed. However, after each milking, while I carried the pail to the house, keen competition was carried on for the milking stand, and when I returned it was to find the successful contestant in position and all but tied beneath the tree.

It was at milking time that I learned that not only does each cow know her own name, but she knows perfectly the names of all the others, as does the bull know the names of all the cows. In the event of some interesting command being given a certain cow, the others will look with expectancy and interest at the individual named.

Ann's Lad St. Mawes, the leader of my herd, shared Brownie's lasting taste for milk. He would lie lazily in the sunshine during the milking hour, only beginning to twitch his ears when the separator began its drone. By the time the milk was all separated, his great black bulk would loom in the kitchen door, and his mouth would be watering in no figurative sense. It has amused the casual visitor to see him toss off three brimming water-pailfuls of separated milk.

Affection for humankind, while it certainly exists among cattle, cannot be said to be notable. Among the hundred that I have handled, only a few have shown a persistent affection for me as an individual. Brownie will greet me to the end of her life, however long she may be separated from me, with the 'Ba-a-a-aw' and curved neck that are the sign of recognition and affection both for their own kind and for the human friend. Cows exhibit decided preferences for certain caretakers, but probably not a cow exists that would not prefer a wild herd life to a domestic one if necessity did not compel her to accept the latter. Of their tender and overflowing affection for their offspring there can be no possible doubt. Calving remains and will always remain a pathetic annual experience in the life of each individual cow. More than food and drink, more than all physical comfort, more than personal safety, more than the society of the herd, a cow loves her calf. Does she not deserve from her

exploiters patience and consideration at this annual crisis?

Rather surprisingly perhaps to some, gratitude is a quality of which cows are unquestionably capable. It is most often expressed when they or their calves have been delivered from some danger or serious predicament. They will reach their noses to their deliverer with the peculiar soft 'B-r-r-r' that is reserved for this emotion. Again and again I have witnessed this expression of feeling. Several times it has been in the case of a cow that has been tied and has got entangled in her rope, throwing herself in a position in which she would soon have died. Her gratitude when released was very touching. Once it was in the case of a very young calf that had been left alone and been attacked by coyotes. The whole herd came at a mad gallop in answer to the calf's cries, but Scotty and I had arrived first and routed the enemy. Twenty cows circled about us and about the tiny calf and its mother, stretching their soft black noses to us and 'B-r-r-r-ing' with one accord.

III

In the case of both cattle and horses, running freely together in a small herd, status and precedence are as definitely established as at the King's court or the White House (more so, possibly). This is most easily observable where stock are watered by hand. Tannie drinks first, then Lorna Doone, then Dolly, and so on to the end. At one time or another, each cow has measured her strength against each of the others and established her standing. In the case of mother and daughters, it is the natural relation rather than the test of strength that determines precedence. The mother continues dominant even down to old age. A cow, however, after satisfying her own thirst, will stand beside her calf, throughout the first year, and keep off aggressors till the calf's thirst is satisfied. The affection between mother and daughters persists through life and is quite different from the attitude of unrelated cows toward each other.

I take issue with Hamlin Garland, who in his otherwise delightful book, *A Son of the Middle Border*, cavalierly disposes of the theory that calves are attractive. They are dirty creatures, he says, blowing milk all over one and making themselves generally obnoxious. One must not undertake barn chores in dainty raiment, and why should our domestic animals be regardful of our clothes and our purely human sensibilities? Did they ask to be domesticated, shut in prison pens, separated from their mothers and from their young, and otherwise distorted for our benefit?

Garland was no born farmer. He lacked the tastes and appreciations that are the alleviations of the hardships of farming. I find a hand-raised calf a most delightful and lovable little creature, most appealing in its dependence and trustfulness. I love the patter of its little feet close behind me — yes, they will step on your heels — and its little pink tongue thrust out in anticipation of its milk. I enjoy satisfying the heartiness of its appetite and seeing it progress in size and weight in the proper manner, with bright eyes and glossy coat, and without the bulging stomach that tells the world of a cruel economy exercised in its feeding. All over the land there are calves with dull eyes, rough and shaggy coat, big stomach and spindle legs, whose birthright has been stolen from them. Shame to their owners! There is nothing easier to raise than a calf, but Nature makes her demands. Since I have known the delights of being

foster mother to these fawn-like little Jerseys, veal has become an abomination to me, and I fully believe that chemistry and developing sensibility, hand in hand, will deliver us from the stockyards and the habit of feeding upon our fellow creatures.

I have found it easy to content a cow with respect to her calf, if she is allowed to see it daily and especially to see it fed. She must smell the milk; if it is proper feed, and she sees the calf contented, she will go away with the herd, well satisfied. If the calf feeding is a little delayed, she will hang about until it is satisfactorily accomplished, and then, with nose to ground, will follow her companions. The sense of smell is a cow's best guide in the conduct of her affairs. She trusts it far more than her eyes. She is hardly sure of her own calf, nor is a calf sure of its mother, till the nose test is applied. When the caretaker appears in a new garment or even a new pair of gloves or boots, he must expect to be sniffed at by each of his charges before he is passed and accepted.

A cow could tell us many things about food and drink of which our own senses leave us in ignorance. She will detect an undesirable element in the well water long before we are able to do so, and she will refuse her accustomed feed because of some slight flavor carried by an unwashed pan. She detects her own kind at a long distance. In this land of moving herds I have often noticed my cows with noses in the air, snuffing a sudden breeze, and have later detected the dust of a passing herd two or three miles away, on the highway.

In view of the unquestioned daintiness of cows with regard to feed and water, and their love of a dry, soft bed, it might seem surprising that they have acquired no sense as to the care of their feed, water, and bedding places. This applies to all herd animals, however long domesticated. A herd of half-starved cattle or horses, if they succeed in breaking their way to a haystack, will trample and soil as much hay as they eat, thereafter refusing to touch it, though hungry. They will travel all day, in time of drought, to a remembered water hole, and will, in fifteen minutes, render it unfit for further use. Having discovered the remains of a straw pile, they will return at night from quite a distance to enjoy the luxury of a soft bed, but will in a few nights have destroyed its usefulness. The probable explanation is that the race instinct of the herd animal is to wander continually. It is far different with animals which habitually choose and occupy a permanent den or nest.

IV

The coming of Ann's Lad St. Mawes, grandson of the famous St. Mawes Lad, was something more than an incident. It was an event in the history of my herd. Ann's Lad, at the age of six weeks, traveled a day's journey in a crate, half a day's journey by auto stage, and a short distance in an accommodating neighbor's wagon. Released from his close quarters, he skipped about in his little blanket, investigating his new surroundings with a lively interest. He had come from 'The Valley,' beyond the Cascades, a quite different climate from ours; hence the blanket, a protection against the sudden change. Renewing it now and then, I continued the precaution of the blanket, since it was the winter season. A beautiful, deer-like little creature, with great soft eyes, — which later became true 'bull's eyes,' with a peculiar peak in the centre, — Ann's Lad, from the first, was 'different.' He had his own ways.

Whereas the other calves trotted or loped when called to meals, Laddie paced. He was perhaps the best-tempered of them all, yet he followed his own line, showing himself a leader. How often I went out at bedtime on a bitter winter night to see whether he was well protected! I need n't have worried. He was sure to occupy the very centre of the straw bed in the cosy calf shed, protected on all sides by sleeping calves. Passing stockmen regarded this dainty and blanketed calf with cynical derision. Their little Whitefaces were breasting the rigors of the winter storms in complete exposure, to live or die as their constitutions or the untempered wind might determine. 'You just oughter go by,' said one to another, 'and see how she's got her calves dolled up.'

I have been repeatedly warned against the treachery of bulls, against Jersey bulls in particular, and against St. Mawes Jerseys most of all. I wish to testify that the friendliness of Laddie's calfish days never suffered relapse during six years of acquaintance. The same was true of his predecessor, whom I cared for for the same length of time, and who once gently picked me up between his horns and set me to one side when I chanced to be in his way at the feed box. I hold the theory that, while there undoubtedly are fierce bulls, the customary use of the pitchfork as a persuader and the brutal use of the nose ring establish 'association centres' that identify the man with the horrors of the pain that he inflicts, and call the motive of revenge into action when opportunity offers.

The introduction of Jerseys into the heart of the beef country was a presumptuous act and was, to some extent, treated accordingly. The fences of the region are not built to withstand the assault of a herd sire from either side. A strain of Jersey in a beef animal detracts from his weight and also renders him less able to withstand the rigors and hardships to which he is born. 'A bullet for the Jersey bull' might have been the slogan fifteen years ago. The first calf that I destined for a herd sire was removed from the scene of action in his early infancy. Ann's Lad has bluffed it through, but carries at least one bullet and several scars as souvenirs of visits outside of his proper range. On my side, I have become familiar with the aspect of every range bull in the vicinity. I have milked under my junipers with two great fellows just in the offing, rolling their red eyes at me. My ears have been assaulted at dawn on a summer morning by the bellowings accompanying a classic bullfight, staged just in front of my porch.

On one February evening, when snow lay deep, a huge Hereford, with horns like the traditional Texan, tore my barnyard gate to shreds, let seven horses in with him on to the last small stack of hay that I was able to secure that year, tore several cows loose from their moorings in the shed, and occupied their quarters, in which I found him calmly reposing in the morning. What cattleman, if cases were reversed, would not have shot him where he lay?

Yet intrusions upon the dairy herd receive little attention. The industry is considered negligible. More than a score of little Whiteface calves have intruded themselves into my otherwise homogeneous herd, a better testimony than my complaints to trespassing from without.

My own Jerseys, and I suspect they are representative in this particular, are touchy milkers. They are high-strung, nervous, and sensitive under handling. A stranger is a cause of great unrest to them. A kick is a

spontaneous expression of irritation. Punishment, as anyone may prove, defeats its own ends. A pleasant association with the milking time brings contentment to milked and milker. A little feed, and all is peace. Even then a pair of hobbles does no harm, and saves many a pail of milk. Have you noticed the reaction of a row of stanchioned cows to the overturning of a pail of milk? If you are calm enough, the breathless silence will interest you. Chewing is suspended and every cow awaits *your* reaction to this crime of the milking shed.

If we profit at all by the light of evolution, we should be quickened in sympathy and in conscience where our highly organized fellow creatures are concerned, and should cease comfortably to close our minds against the cruelties that still exist on the farm, on the range, and in the slaughterhouse.

V

Migratory with my herd, I have become intimately familiar with the aspect of a long stretch of country, in the spring of the year and its decline. In the spring, riding up toward the rim-rock plateaus and their culmination in the Maury Mountains, I have witnessed the soft, vernal velveting of all their slopes with the rich bunch grass. I have breathed the fragrance of the tiny yellow rose of the 'chemise' (which is not chemise, but Purshia), and of the peach blossom of the 'greasewood' (which is not greasewood, but Peraphyllum). I have marveled at the exquisite beauty of the little waterlilies of the 'rock rose' (which is not rock rose, but bitterroot), in honor of which, doubtless, Meriwether Lewis, scaling the backbone of the continent in the spring and receiving the name from the Indians, named the Bitter Root Mountains. Almost certainly the first white man to encounter it, one can imagine the attraction of its delicate beauty, smiling up at him from the barest and barrenest of rocky soil. The most ethereal and immortal of monuments, it bears forevermore the name Lewisia. I have seen the bunch grass splashed with the cardinal of the Indian paintbrush, and rainbow-tinted with the innumerable varieties of low-growing daisies, and Papilionaceæ.

In the fall, riding downward toward the Prineville Valley, I have looked beyond the sear, near landscape to the emerald of alfalfa fields and the gold of ripened grain, beyond which rise purple mountains, overtopped by the glory of the Cascades — rose quartz at dawn, alabaster throughout the day.

Many an incident of these migrations enlivens my memory. I have had calves born on the road and have got them variously transported — by stage, by private auto (sacked up with just the little head appearing), and by runaway bronco teams, which last well-nigh reduced their little brains to what is often called a table delicacy. I have been overtaken on the road by blackest night, under cover of which was enacted a furious bullfight, taking refuge from which I found myself in the centre of the arena. I have overtaken weary drivers of fat and lumbering Whitefaces, and have been privileged to shorten the long road for them by putting my slender, fast-walking Jerseys in the lead. I have had the nerve-racking experience of driving on short stretches of interstate highway, humming with traffic.

I have passed through fenceless towns, when the greens of gardens, lawns, and borders were irresistible to cattle just down from the arid country. Good-natured women have come out with brooms and laughingly helped me through. Bad-natured men have

descended from their lairs to the curb and venomously 'blessed me out.' One gentleman opined that, if he had left his front door open, I should have driven through the house.

In the course of my latest migration, which may very well be my last, I tarried on the high bank of an irrigation canal to allow the cows to drink. Workmen were busy with the repairing of some structure on the floor of the canal. They were talking together and had not observed our invasion. One of them, however, presently raised his eyes, just as my Ann's Lad St. Mawes, huge, black, horned, and bulbous-eyed, lumbered over the edge of the bank directly above him. His attitude remained suspended, his jaw dropped, his eyes, too, became bulbous. All the superstition of his ancestors breathed in his single, whispered ejaculation, 'Hell!' Then, as reality gradually dawned upon him and physical fear replaced the fear of the spirit, with more force and less awe he exclaimed, 'What the devil!' Finally, raising his eyes another fifteen degrees, he spied me, sitting my horse, up on the high bank of the canal. Confusion now superseded the two previous emotions. 'Oh!' he gasped. 'Oh, madam, excuse me! I did n't see *you!* I was talkin' to this felluh, yuh know.'

BAYARD AND THE BICYCLE

BY W. F. DOWNING

I

At a time when bicycles were termed 'penny farthings' — by reason of the disparity in the size of their wheels — my friend Bayard and I had toothache very badly. Oh yes, I know there does n't seem much connection between the two scourges, but that was how *I* got connected with the affair anyway.

Now Bayard owned one of those machines — complete with all the attachments peculiar to its date: an oil lamp that would burn until the first jog, when the flame shook out; the step at the base of the curved spine which often excoriated shins; the rat-trap pedals; and the spoon brake for the front wheel, an ever-present temptation to a high diver.

Not content with this marvelous piece of property, Bayard aspired to a further acquisition — for he fell desperately in love, at first sight, with Someone who, for Bayard, was quite as 'unapproachable' as the twenty-four a shilling eggs so ticketed by a proud London grocer. How to establish contact with Her was a problem; and here is the stage setting.

A big school of near eight hundred boys. In one of its nine houses Bayard and I were stable companions — even to occupying adjacent 'buncles' in a dormitory. Bayard was seventeen and a half, and I about a year younger. We were not in the 'Prefect' class, but Someone's big brother was a full-blown one — but in another house. Someone had, also, a younger brother, — just 'one of us,' — whose hobby was his

stomach. He was wont to wager about his pet's flexibility — adaptability — what you will. Bayard and I discussed this medium, as looking like providing a line of least resistance, but finally it was decided that it was absolutely impossible to advance toward a Lady via the 'tuckshop' and another performer's capacity in it. We were very serious and high-toned about this. Besides, as Bayard said, a boy who, to win a petty half-crown bet, would eat three hot sausages and three strawberry ices together would do anything. He might even give the show away. And indeed this younger brother was, in our Romeo's bitter terms, 'pretty average awful.'

No word, of course, had ever passed between Someone and Bayard, and he, dear soul, was not a Valentino, so would not catch an eye. No legitimate excuse for introduction existed, or could exist, and the odds looked like a hiding to nothing should Bayard attempt to force a meeting complete with talk.

Heart trouble was not my friend's only worry, for he, with me, was suffering intermittently from severe facial neuralgia and toothache. We were both under the dentist every day, for renovations and fillings; and he — well, he was a country practitioner of the same period as the bicycle. So why hurry? Every night our sufferings kept us awake long after the rest of the dormitory were recharging their bodily and mental batteries for use next day, and, like other pieces of machinery, making a noise about it.

And every night — when all the others were in dreamland — I, being his confidant, heard the daily bulletin of Bayard's heart. I was interested, at first, for Someone was certainly very charming and delectable, and always looked as if she had just stepped out of a bandbox. And quite up to date, for she wore a dress improver! Yes — that was the time. And the protuberances for ladies of sixteen or seventeen were not too extreme; and it seemed to us to add to the graceful stream-line effect of this particular lady's figure. So as an artist, in the beginning, I much appreciated what I heard. But Bayard was no poet, and his vocabulary was limited. He soon ran out of adjectives. His epithets were rich, and rare enough to make me wish he knew others. Too much of a good thing palled after a time; I fear I began to get bored. This arose from ignorance — not from lack of sympathy. Being as yet unwounded, I knew nothing of the delicious pain that is caused by the darts of the tiny godling.

Always, always the topic was The Lady — how she looked on the touch line when she came to see our football. It worried me almost as much as the neuralgia. I even 'dragged my bar,' which at that date was the fashionable way for us boys to 'draw the line,' at the foaming but inarticulate spate of adulation. I was afraid I had hurt him, so tried my brightest when he turned to me for counsel — asking could n't *I* suggest something. But whatever I might suggest I was to remember that Donald, the younger brother with the proud stomach, was to be barred.

A little self-communing, and I got hold of a really bright idea. What about a little mild arson at the lady's house, when he, having secretly done the Guy Fawkes work, could dash in and apply the douche? To my surprise and indignation Bayard treated this plan of campaign with quite unnecessary scorn. Indeed I cannot tell you what he said — it was so very pithy.

I tried again. This time I really did get hold of a thriller. A sort of minor Edgar Wallace.

A disreputable acquaintance of ours,

a traveling purveyor who supplied us, from his basket, with just those articles we were forbidden to buy, owned a most ferocious dog. I suggested that we might annex, or hire (the former for choice), that dog; starve him for two days; then, choosing the moment, drop a piece of liver in the lady's path. Then Ferocity could be released. She, mistaking the intention of the ravenous beast, would scream, and Bayard would charge to the rescue.

I saw that this went better, but Bayard still looked gloomy.

'Suppose he bit her leg?' queried her lover.

'You must chance something,' said I.

'I'm not going to chance her leg,' retorted Bayard sturdily, and correctly, as I now see.

'And liver!' He positively snorted. I recognized that what is known in the meat trade as 'offal' was certainly a debasing medium.

'Pretty average awful,' was his crushing comment.

'Well,' said I, 'you've got to do something with ginger to it if you mean to speak to her before the holidays — only three weeks now.'

Bayard — for the first time in his life — groaned at the idea of approaching holidays. But he kindly said he would trouble me for no more ideas. It seems that those I put forward had too little romance about them.

But next morning, when he was 'toshing' before breakfast, I noticed on his, latterly, serious face one of those permanent smiles. And it was still there in class. Not, however, at his success there, for he narrowly escaped an 'impot,' having to drag in neuralgia as the cause of imperfect preparation. But still he looked sunny.

About dinner time he told me that at last he had got hold of *the* idea, and that to-morrow he was going to give it a pretty average try. I gave thanks for my nightly deliverance and he said I was too fervent.

II

So that night, except for neuralgia, I was undisturbed. Next morning I noticed that Bayard, a very keen footballer, did not turn out for the House game, but scratched, and rode away on his bicycle after twelve o'clock. And he was n't in at dinner. I heard our house master asking about him — where was he? No one he asked seemed to know, and I was n't asked. Besides, I did n't know.

At 2.45, having been excused from afternoon work, I was going along the 'High,' on my way to the dentist, when I saw an odd-looking figure coming toward me, with an arm in a sling. The battered but distinctive headgear proclaimed our affinity; and the twisted smile — what I could see of it — caused me to believe that I was gazing on the remains of my friend. But I was surprised all right.

'Who did it, old man?'

'My dear chap, I've *met* her!'

'But *she* did n't do this?'

'And I've *spoken* to her.'

'You don't mean to say the bicy — '

'And I've had *lunch* with her.'

'Great Cæsar, come out of the murk!' I cried, for it was exasperating to be put off with a lunch I had n't eaten.

'And her mother's given me a note for old "Four Eyes" when he asks where I was at dinner time.'

I was so annoyed by this peripatetic heading-off that I said, icily, I was glad her mother was there. And then I got the story.

It transpired that, as befitted his career-to-be as a soldier, he had carefully reconnoitred his ground, and by so doing had discovered the time his Lady returned to her lunch after her

daily visits to our playing fields to watch her elder brother playing in the 'big game.' This very morning Bayard had cruised round and about upon his bike until the MOMENT, the zero hour, for making his frontal attack. He had then ridden in at one end of the Square, as she had entered from the other. Timing his run for the winning post — her front door — with the astuteness of a champion jockey, he had skillfully misapplied his spoon brake and taken a perfectly thorough toss, not twenty yards from the charming quarry.

Seeing that he wore a 'colleger,' she had run forward, — Bayard was 'pretty average chipped,' — only too anxious to succor one of her brother's schoolmates. She inquired deliciously, was he hurt?

'Oh no — nothing really, thank you.'

'But you are! Look at your poor hand!'

Bayard did his best with the eye that still functioned, and instantly had that nasty rough-sea, mid-channel feeling. Oh, but he must come in with her at once and be mended. A menial was summoned to remove and attend to the gallant steed, and Bayard was led through The Portals, leaning on Her arm. And a crowning mercy was that She bossed — quite nicely, of course — her mother. Therefore *She* manipulated the feather and the oil that coaxed the grit from his nasty wounds. *She* bound up the horrid cuts. *She* said he must stay to lunch, and that 'darling' mother would write the necessary note for his housemaster. I gathered, further, that the mere touch of her hands, as she washed his wounds, had filled him with all the electricity it is safe to carry on the person.

III

So it began. She knew nothing of her husband's artful, daring strategy until years later, when, telling me one day after dinner how he would persist in lumbering up an outhouse with a most disreputable old bike, utterly refusing to part with it, I in reply took it upon myself to translate his affection for the old wreck, so that she might understand. And when I had told my tale, he pooh-poohing and actually rather red and looking a bit shy, she glanced across at him a look for the like of which men will — and rightly — sell their souls for a woman.

You will note that I am still the very good friend of Bayard and his wife — in spite of the fact that, after supporting him at the altar, I have been called upon to support three of their relatives at the font.

'Pretty average — ' What?

LES BAUX

THERE is no need for vain regret,
For envy of the lives whose lot is set
In this enchanted place,
Where grey crags touch the sky — while far below,
Meadows, miraculously green,
Are sunk in sleep, between
Uptowering rocks, and from the cliff's sheer face
White-flowering bushes grow.
Should you live here, you must choose
The mountain or the valley — and so lose,
For one, the other joy: too soon the when and where
Would have you in their customary care.
Rather, let your dwelling here
Be in the mind — and you are free
Of all the range the ravished eye can see;
May house you without fear
In the topmost pinnacle, where the star-pricked dome
Shall roof you through the night's slow-wheeling hours,
Or make your home
Among the lilacs and the meadow flowers
Down in the valley — at your will
Be shepherd, huntsman, poet: you may dance
With the linen jigging on the line
In the cherry orchard by the water mill,
Or where the sunbeams shine
From the blue backs of swallows, as they glance
In the mid-air, below
The rocky terrace, to and fro
Your insubstantial form may go,
Now vast as night, now infinitely small —
As having nothing, yet possessing all.

FREDA C. BOND

ARCHITECTURE ASTRAY

BY CHESTER HENRY JONES

I

THE spectacular nature of the huge buildings now rising in the big cities of America has brought her architecture very much to the forefront. Always ready to prize and applaud any concrete manifestation of her civilization, the country has marveled at the tremendous height attained by the skyscraper. Even England, prejudiced and for a long while skeptical of the good taste of the American, has at last been willing to accept it within the field of art.

In his own country the American architect has become a person of prestige unparalleled in Europe. Not only are his buildings discussed in the popular press, where he himself is an earnest exponent of the new age, but the name of his profession is even correctly pronounced by the man in the street. On the sidewalk, knots of persons gather and gaze upwards at the workmen silhouetted against the sky on the steelwork of the sixtieth floor. In the street car, ordinary folk dispute the relative heights of the Bank of Manhattan Building and the Chrysler Tower. Cultivated people, who for so long regarded the skycraper as a fearful monstrosity, have come to admire it, and it may be said without contradiction that in America architecture is now regarded as the foremost of the arts.

University teachers, perceiving the change in cultivated taste and pointing to the increasing number of European students in American schools, extol American architecture with patriotic enthusiasm. Traditionally regarded as conservative, they thus transcend their predilection for the past as opposed to the present and consider themselves advanced thinkers. The professional press itself, mostly interested in advertising, is loud in its praises; critical correspondence is taboo, and it publishes laudatory articles by architects on the work of their contemporaries and friends. Parallels are found in history which prove that in the greatest ages of culture architecture has invariably been the forerunner of all other arts, and that therefore its prosperity in the United States predicts a bright future in every field.

Yet a careful analysis of American architecture reveals surprisingly little which can really be termed modern. In fact, in the whole evolution of art, as it expresses with inevitable faithfulness the civilization from which it emanates, there is nothing so remarkable as the undue amount of extraneous influence which has been brought to bear on American building and the paucity of genuine, contemporary architecture. In the face of the skyscraper, accepted as the hallmark of the art in America, this must seem a sweeping statement, but a critical examination of the whole field of architecture as it fulfills, or attempts to fulfill, all the varying needs of her twentieth-century civilization shows such an insignificant extent of the truly modern as to be wholly out of proportion to the immense amount of

building. In fact, it may be said that American architecture has been modern only as the inevitable outcome of an emphatic twentieth-century need — where utilitarian considerations have unavoidably assumed preëminence over the intellectual predilections of architects.

To the credulous European — and there are many, despite the multitude of voluminous philosopher-critics who flow through New York — this will seem strange, for he accepts everything American as being of necessity 'modern.' None the less will it surprise the credulous American — and there are many, too — who readily accepts the dictates of his architectural advisers. The European marvels at the sky line of lower Manhattan, the American at the scholastic attainments of the architect. The judgment of both is superficial and irrelevant. It has taken no cognizance of the relationship of art to the age which produces it. Neither novelty nor scholarship is a virtue of art, for architecture, if it is to be alive and vigorous, will express the contemporary need of the day fulfilled with contemporary science. On such a basis alone can the architecture which America is producing to-day be judged. The criterion of the architecture of any age is its 'efficiency.'

II

We have already gone counter to current opinion in asserting the absence of modern architecture in America. When we assert that American architecture lacks efficiency, popularly regarded as the dominant aspiration of the country, we might seem to add insult to injury. And not only are we raising the hostility of those who assume that efficiency is one with the disordered state to which uncontrolled mechanical evolution has brought our civilization, but in applying the same criterion of efficiency to the past we are antagonizing those who have studied the history of architecture as a spiritual unreality, in the light in which it is popularly represented, and who regard it as a phenomenon of beauty quite divorced from worldly usefulness.

It is the unreal study of the past, fostered by teachers, universities, and schools of architecture, particularly in America, which is chiefly responsible for the popular ignorance which exists to-day. The flow of adjectives and trite and hackneyed expressions, tempered by religious bias, which usually passes for serious criticism of temples and cathedrals has conveyed a very false impression of the why and wherefore. In the constant efforts of the bogus antiquary to find a symbolical interpretation for every feature in a building, however obvious its structural necessity, the columns of temples have been supposed to have originated in the representation of the 'pillars of Heaven,' and the Gothic nave in the architect's endeavor to reproduce an avenue of trees. Such a warped approach to the masterpieces of the past can only be regarded as provocative of much amusing reading. To imagine that the intricacies of the Gothic vault were a serious attempt to imitate the interlacing of the boughs in an avenue of trees is indeed a poor compliment to the mason. He was concerned with no such fantasy, but with the immense problem of covering a great space with a stone vault — a new type of construction advanced by the greatest mechanical knowledge of the day as a cure for the disastrous fires which had resulted from wooden roofs. His whole interest was in obtaining the maximum area of covered floor space for the worshipers with the greatest economy of materials. To achieve his end he invented the shaft, the vaulting ribs, and the but-

tress — a form of construction both scientific and economical. The resemblance to trees (if any resemblance exists) was entirely incidental, and only the license of a poetic imagination is justified in associating the nave of the mediæval church with 'the arcades of an alley'd walk.'

The history of mediæval architecture is one of gradually increasing efficiency in stone construction. An examination of other features of ancient architecture which have been given some romantic meaning will reveal a logical argument for their existence which all the picturesque veneer of the ages cannot obscure when they are rightly studied. Architecture has been, and will be, great only in so far as it satisfies the requirements which give rise to it. The standard by which it must be judged is the degree of success with which it fulfills, with the best workmanship and the most suitable and economical materials available, the demands of the client, whether he be a Pharaoh demanding an everlasting tomb, a priest of Athena Parthenos demanding a temple, a Cæsar demanding an amphitheatre or triumphal arch, a mediæval priest demanding a monastery, a Renaissance potentate demanding a palace, or a modern industrial concern demanding a factory.

If we have studied the past with understanding, we shall have discovered that the Pharaoh received his pyramid, as secure as the age could contrive to build it; that the Cæsar received his amphitheatre, huge and monumental, to unite the citizens of Rome, even in their recreation, in patriotic enthusiasm; that he received, too, his triumphal arch, designed to awe his subject peoples in a distant land; we shall have discovered that the mediæval priest received his monastery brilliantly planned according to his needs. Not until the Renaissance did the dilettante artist presume to exercise his personal preference for styles and become the dictator of fashion to the cultured aristocracy. The client of to-day alone prejudices the purpose of his building by conforming to the fastidious palate of the overeducated architect.

For this the architect and the layman are equally to blame. The client willingly succumbs to the architect and places infinite trust in him. The architect has studied in one of the renowned schools of architecture, he has been abroad, he has aspired to the mysterious École des Beaux Arts, — a certain proof of his genius, — he has passed through the cathedrals of France and England, sketchbook in hand, and has measured and reconstructed some Classic ruin in Italy. Proof of his genius is to be seen in the antiques which adorn the Gothic reception room of his office on the thirtieth floor. How can a man be better equipped than with such a background to design a railway station or a canning plant? So argues the simple client as he waits in the reception room and is duly impressed. He himself was probably raised in the Middle West, and reached his position by hard work and by understanding the men and things with which his business brought him in contact. But now he faces something outside his own sphere, something which smacks of scholarship and European culture. He is conscious of his ignorance of the intellectual snobbery which it represents. To him it is no snobbery, but the manifestation of deep learning. A magnate in railway construction or in cans, he is no magnate in learning. So, in due course, his railway station dons the garb of imperial Rome or his canning plant the armor of mediæval Chartres. In his great philanthropic work of promoting the art of architecture the locomotives and the cans are

forgotten; yet I believe a future generation, studying the arts of to-day, will recognize the locomotives and the cans as æsthetically the greater.

We may seem to dwell at undue length on the past. But this is because we wish to emphasize that identically the same standards of criticism apply to both past and present. The sky-scraper apartment block and the thatched cottage do not differ except in degree. Nor is the phenomenon which we observe to-day without parallel in antiquity. Those who deplore the barbarism of a past in which sound, economical, and ordered building was the necessary accompaniment of good living do so on grounds of twentieth-century 'progress,' forgetting that 'progress' is a new discovery of unproved worth.

III

It would seem, then, that the present state of architecture, which we dare to criticize so severely, is no sudden, post-war development, but that it dates back to the fourteenth century. Since that time architecture and building have become more and more divorced from each other. It has been a time of revivals, Roman, Greek, Gothic, Romanesque, Byzantine, according to the erudition of the historian and the archæologist. It has been a time when art has become a means for expressing culture and class, the monopoly of the wealthy, exemplifying their good taste and their punctuality with fashion. Art has indeed found learning to be a tyrant.

The revival styles in England made their début with the renaissance of Classic art. But we have only space to consider the Gothic revival. The Laudian revival of Gothic was too near to the original to be successful, for the original style was not then old enough to have acquired the necessary mystery, nor its civilization sufficiently removed to have received the glamour of age and the popularity and advertisement which it later received in the novels of Sir Walter Scott. But at the end of the eighteenth century, with Horace Walpole and his 'Strawberry Hill,' the Gothic style had begun to be accepted as sufficiently cultivated for the enjoyment of society. Evelyn, in the early days of the Renaissance, when the imported Italian manner had been the only possible expression of taste, had thoroughly condemned it as barbarous and uncouth, and in derision had labeled it 'Gothic,' a name which it permanently retained, and which, in a later generation in the mouth of John Ruskin, was to express the very essence of æsthetic beauty in architecture. *Gothick Architecture Improved*, by Batty Langley, published in 1742, is the significant title of a book by one of the first advocates of the Revival. Such are the inconsistencies of dilettantism.

Looking back on the Gothic Revival with that detached and disinterested sympathy which our attitude towards a revival style makes possible, we cannot but regard the earliest works of the Gothic revivalists as their most successful. They had not yet been restricted by the investigations of the archæologists and the limitations imposed by the formation of academic rules. Among the best works of the Gothic Revival may be counted Thomas Rickman's New Court at St. John's College, Cambridge, built as early as the eighteen-twenties. But Rickman himself was one of the first to seek further knowledge, and himself chose to label and standardize the study of the ancient style with a complicated division into 'periods.' These periods are still the student of architecture's Euclid. So, knowledge of the antique progressed, and modern archi-

tecture declined in proportion. Sir Gilbert Scott, renowned Gothicist and restorer of cathedrals, describing himself as 'amongst the most scrupulous and conservative of restorers,' said that his object had been 'to show that Gothic would admit of any degree of modernism.' Sir Thomas Jackson, another distinguished Victorian architect, came to the painful conclusion: 'We must value Gothic art chiefly because it, rather than any other we know of, is so congenial to our times that it may fairly be expected to live again in modern soil, and to fructify and give birth to a new and living art which we can really call our own.' So, the Gothic Revival flourished in England; likewise in America, taking her cue from the mother country. We, today, have not yet discarded this outworn philosophy.

If we except the Indian pueblo, which must here be counted with the classics, the whole history of American architecture has fallen within this period of revivals. We must review it briefly in order to appreciate to the full its present position. American architecture originated in the Georgian mansion, transplanted to the colonies as little changed as was possible, and, in fact, so like the original that students of the Colonial period have difficulty in discovering those characteristics peculiar to it which their researches necessitate. Even the porticos of the plantation mansions of the South, so essential in the hot climate, were built, at first, with reluctance. Then Thomas Jefferson introduced his conception of the Roman manner and promoted it with enthusiasm. Much as we delight in Monticello, we cannot but observe its variance with the characteristics of Roman architecture as he had pictured it. The Greek Revival reached the most remote outposts of the Middle West. It produced a remarkably high standard of scholarship and a consistent adherence to the correct formulæ of the Greek style. In the Greek Revival, America never permitted herself the freedom and originality of a Sir John Soane. The Gothic Revival followed, equally zealous. It is indeed to be regretted that so many admirable examples of these two periods have disappeared in the wake of commercial building, hardly appreciated during the vogue for the Georgian re-revival, and unrecorded by the historian. The Romanesque Revival of H. H. Richardson, the peculiar product of a single individual, but nevertheless of wide influence, illustrates admirably the illogicalities and the wastefulness of a revival style. The World's Fair at Chicago, of 1893, undoubtedly a more finished exhibition from the architectural standpoint than any since, diffused the Classic style with renewed spirit. In the Transportation Building, Louis Sullivan, the barbarian, endeavored in vain to stem the advance of the Roman legions. The importation of French teachers for the schools of architecture, imbued with the training of the École des Beaux Arts, now became a new and powerful influence.

But America, even after such a profound training in the classics as we have outlined, had yet to graduate in the school of McKim, Mead and White, a firm without counterpart in Europe, which can only be described as producing design which was the last word in refined taste and academic correctness. With them the Roman legions advanced into every type and size of building, transcended function and purpose. It might almost be said that what the Roman Empire had not time to accomplish was realized by McKim, Mead and White with expedition.

While ready to condemn the archæological prejudice which colors architecture to-day, we are now in a

position to sympathize with it and to understand, to a great extent, the power in America of a background which it is manifestly so difficult to overcome. Again, so much good work has been accomplished in stylistic periods, in spite of them, that even against his good faith the architect is tempted everywhere to fall back on precedent and design in the accepted manner. But however scholarly, however well-read, his design may be, it is impossible to avoid the truth that such work starts from the wrong angle. It differs fundamentally from the original style, as it was once the living expression of a civilization, in that the architect no longer starts from the standpoint of function and material. It is true that he may fulfill the requirements of function, and, at times, of material, with surprising efficiency in spite of the limitations which the style imposes; it is true that the client will believe that culture or advertisement has been satisfied; but the architect is seeking to hide the demands of a new age under an antique veneer absolutely unrelated to it. Whatever his success may be in such counterfeit, his architecture will never be great, for it will never be genuine. In reality it is a cowardly inability to keep pace with the age, and an endeavor to hide it under a mask of erudition.

IV

Among the most absurd results of the archæological prejudice are the Gothic universities of America. Falling back upon Oxford and Cambridge for precedent, the American college has produced some of the most remarkable inconsistencies of our time. It is indeed strange to find modern scientific institutions clothed in architecture which expired more than five hundred years ago on another continent. And in no other class of building have the limitations imposed by an antique style been more acutely felt. Gothic architecture, made of little stones, with little windows of little panes of glass, was built at a time when it took centuries for what can now be accomplished in a few months; when big stones could not be quarried or handled, and when plate glass was unknown, so that little windows were unavoidable. Is it not ridiculous that this inferiority complex of the American university should express learning in such a retrogressive manner? Yet, this is intended to be serious architecture.

The quadrangles of Yale — a *tour de force* in Gothic, and admirable enough had they been erected in a museum — illustrate the limitations of such design, and the manner in which it prejudices efficiency. They are somewhat smaller than the average court at Oxford or Cambridge, but have been built higher to provide more accommodation, without any increase being made in the size of the windows. The rooms are thus unduly dark. At the same time a rough plaster of dull shade has been used in the interiors with the intention of producing an antique effect, though quite contrary to mediæval precedent. And, as if with his tongue in his cheek, the architect, having thus far reproduced the antique antiqued, completes the illusion with scattered repairs in broken panes of glass. It is like the Chinese tailor who, when given a pair of old trousers to copy, reproduced them with the patches in the seat carefully imitated. The only difference is that the Chinaman was concerned with a pair of trousers and the American with a great seat of learning.

It is unnecessary to refer further to the numerous colleges throughout the country which are enshrined in Gothic tracery, with battlemented towers from

whose prototypes the warriors of the Middle Ages shot their arrows at the enemy. One only wonders at the inconsistency of the professor of some abstruse branch of science who departs from his mediæval office, through its Norman archway, without donning armor and a helmet and buckling on his sword and shield. At Pittsburgh the new 'Cathedral of Learning,' a skyscraper university, is rapidly nearing completion. Gothic in its detail, but unavoidably modern in its massing, it is a fine building despite its Gothic veneer, for it has been quite unable to overcome the natural beauty inherent in its size and form. There is no precedent in Gothic times for forty floors. Like the Woolworth Building, however Gothic it may appear in the eyes of the American, it has no counterpart in antiquity, and its modernity is in spite of its architect.

England, lacking the romantic nature of the American, is tiring of the Gothic collegiate style and has sought to try her hand once more at the Renaissance. But she is still unable to divest herself of the Gothic entirely, and in the new buildings for the University of Cambridge ordered planning has been entirely ignored; the various buildings erected for new branches of science, although principally of Classic design, have been scattered about with an indifferent disorder far more fitting to the Gothic, and quite at variance with the exact ideals of the scientist. In England the conservative, stylistic outlook is as much marked as in America, and the English architect has not benefited to the same extent by the saving grace of as sound an academic training. Whether this is not, in the long run, an advantage I do not know, but one cannot but wonder at the continuance of the tame Renaissance mannerism, tempered here and there with Egyptian detail, which still forms the major part of English architecture, despite the propaganda of the modernists and despite a limited amount of advanced Gothic design which the modernists dare not criticize for fear of destroying all inspiration. The Wren tradition — and it has been truly said that English Renaissance architecture should be spelled with a 'W' — lasted for a very long time, and it is still dying.

The standard American railway terminal, with its rows of columns, is hardly less remarkable than the college. The criticisms which have recently been directed against the Pennsylvania and the Grand Central terminals can be attributed, to a great extent, to the limitations imposed by Classic design, accepted, quite unwarrantably, for the great majority of American railway stations. One wonders indeed at the strange conservatism which clothes so magnificent a field for design as the modern railway in the architecture of ancient Rome, and studies the possibilities of 'Spanish Mission Architecture for Railway Stations.' Such is the title of an article in a professional periodical. At the Pennsylvania the taxicabs have to fit into the intercolumniation of columns, and at the Grand Central avoid immense stone piers, when steel and concrete construction could have provided the minimum area for supporting members. Efficiency has been placed second to the interests of Classic design. In London, which has never been renowned for its railway terminals, they consist usually of a track, a platform, an adjacent hotel, and a war memorial. But adequate approach is at least a virtue in which they excel over those in New York. The Greek Gateway at Euston can never be regarded as anything but a white elephant, and, after the Euston Waiting Hall and the great Shed at St. Pancras, it is almost the only piece of railway architecture in

London which remains on the memory. The Waiting Hall at Euston, built in 1847, was founded upon Peruzzi's great chamber in the Massimi Palace in Florence, dating from the early sixteenth century. The Pennsylvania Terminal in New York, finished in 1910, goes back as far as the Baths of Caracalla, in Rome, of the third century!

The American capitol building is another incongruity, adopting universally the manner of the French provincial city hall. This is one of the influences of the French Beaux Arts teachers. The State Capitol of Nebraska, alone, is an American capitol building. City halls have followed the same model. Much as one admires the scholarship and the knowledge which lie behind the design of the City Hall of San Francisco, such a building is no genuine product of our age, as anyone must feel who enters its lifeless interior. One only regrets that the dome and cupola were not the product of Mansard in the seventeenth century, for this could then have been counted as one of the three finest Renaissance domes in the world, along with Mansard's dome of the Invalides in Paris and Wren's masterly dome of St. Paul's Cathedral in London. The French Renaissance of Classic architecture has had no competitive style in the buildings for the Government at Washington.

Recent ecclesiastical architecture both in England and in America has been irrevocably Gothic. A leading American architect, with a profound admiration for and technical knowledge of the thirteenth century, which he reproduces with astonishing accuracy and minute attention to detail, even asserts that modern American ecclesiastical architecture is the equal of the mediæval cathedrals and churches of Europe! He has a very large ecclesiastical clientele and his work is the admiration of the romantically-minded. But there are two architects who, though Gothic revivalists, belong to quite a different field. One is an American and the other an Englishman, and their work bears a striking similarity. It would be impossible not to think that they had profoundly influenced each other were it not that their work is of a trend which one would expect at this time as a natural reaction to the intensely accurate revivalism to which we have referred. Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue, whose free interpretation of the Gothic style has been such a healthy influence, became at length the architect of two such radical buildings as the Public Library at Los Angeles and the State Capitol of Nebraska at Lincoln. But an early death terminated a career which might have produced a masterpiece of modern architecture. Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, grandson of the celebrated Victorian architect, but influenced by the free design of his teacher, Temple Moore, has in his Liverpool Cathedral, won in competition in his early twenties, produced a building as little Gothic as conservative standards would allow. Liverpool Cathedral is the end of the Gothic Revival, and in this fascinating product of our times one may see plainly the revolt against the binding and cramping weight of mediævalism which must ultimately free us from prejudice and fraud.

V

The modern custom of deploring the ugliness and discomfort of our cities is a habit belonging to a new and unhealthy state of civilization. That it is merited is only too apparent, but it comes at a time unequaled in all history for its tremendous opportunities for building, not only, in America, from economic circumstances, but from the magnificent opportunities of new ma-

terials, such as glass, steel, and concrete.

Adopting the attitude which sees architecture in relation to the day which produces it, and carrying the term to its logical conclusion as embracing planning and the convenience of the city, an examination of New York will reveal the evils of the skyscraper and of the absence of a wisely preconceived plan. What it is customary to admire in New York is no more than a manifestation of its overdevelopment. New York is probably the supreme example of the inability of human beings to direct their own destiny.

We may accept it as being one of the first stages in the overdevelopment of a city when the business districts become uninhabitable to a degree which necessitates commutation from other more habitable areas, and the consequent waste of time in transit. It is hardly necessary to place New York in this category, for this is a stage in the new concentration of population which all cities of any size have long passed. The position of New York by the sea has so reduced the suburban area that it has become necessary to commute from very considerable distances. In addition to this, traffic congestion in the streets has become so acute that it takes longer to reach the down-town districts by road, or by congested suburban transit, than to travel by train from outlying districts into the centrally located terminals. But it is unnecessary to complain further of the condition of congestion. It has been enlarged upon often enough by those who have some personal interest to gratify by some minor or irrelevant cure. It is due to no other cause than the fact that the floor area of buildings is quite out of proportion to the facilities for traffic. The fault, without question, can be laid, in a literal sense, at the door of the skyscraper.

It has become too much the custom for architects and others, endeavoring to justify so singular a production of the American civilization as the skyscraper, to commend it without reason. One of the foremost architects of New York, writing recently in a leading newspaper, proclaimed the district about the Grand Central Terminal as illustrative of the value of coördination of various types of buildings in a limited area. He was certainly correct in this, but he described the congestion of the streets as no worse than in certain European cities, and forgot, in what was a very doubtful statement, the fact that the Chrysler and the Lincoln Buildings were not at that time completed. It seems only reasonable to suppose that the congestion of that district is no worse only because it could not possibly become so; and the traffic, realizing the fact more easily than the architect, as it may well do, circumvents it and enters it only when bound to do so.

While surface transportation has become a means of recreation for leisured people rather than a serious method of transit, public transportation by subway and elevated trains has proved quite inadequate, and it is impossible to believe that it can ever be otherwise. The building of subways in New York is of tremendous expense; unlike the tube railways in London, they can only be built immediately beneath the surface of the roadway, and even then at the cost of cutting through rock and providing steel support for roads and buildings above. Moreover, when all possible subways have been constructed, they will still be insufficient. These facts can only be regarded as prohibitive of any real solution to the problem of congestion, particularly when we take into consideration the fact that the elevated railways, ruining all property by which they pass, must

eventually be torn down and their passengers sent into the subway. Added to this will be the increase in value of the property now fronting on elevated tracks; mean houses will be replaced by skyscrapers whose occupants must once more multiply the subway crowds. At present every extra train which the subway companies are able to run, rather than relieving congestion, only serves to aggravate it by permitting more people to travel, and consequently the erection of still higher buildings. The public's lowering moral standard of congestion cannot keep pace indefinitely with congestion's increase, even though, with the fewer numbers of passengers on Sundays, it has shown itself willing to accept the same measure of congestion due to the shorter Sunday trains! For increasing congestion cannot, forever, be as acceptable as the weather. It may be said with confidence that the part played by town planning in proportioning buildings to open spaces, to streets, and to transit, with the intent of the proper functioning of the city, can be counted as negligible.

VI

This town planning, whose absence we deplore, is the backbone of civic architecture. New York will never be a great city. She can never hope to be more than a collection of great individual buildings, and this does not constitute a city. Uncontrolled development has reached a state where nothing can be done to save her beyond the tickling of the suburbs by some occasional well-meaning body, or some minor legislation to relieve the further encroachments in the city proper of individual interests on public welfare. It has been proposed that, in rebuilding, every block should be forced to adopt a complete architectural treatment. By such means some approach to civic architecture would be obtained, and a certain uniformity created such as is now found in the big apartment houses on Park Avenue, north of the Grand Central Terminal, or on La Salle Street, about Jackson Boulevard, Chicago. In these two instances the single façade to each block produces a rhythmic order in the cross streets which is quite lost with the usual irregular sky line. The endlessness of the streets has made an axial position, even for the chief municipal buildings, almost unknown outside Washington. Such a site — the only one in New York — has not been fortunate in its treatment. The absence of axial positions for buildings is one of the many evils of the gridiron plan. Another is the fact that the gridiron plan gives equal importance to streets in either direction, one of the chief causes of congestion, for it is when one stream of traffic has to cross another at right angles on the same level that congestion occurs, far more so than in the increased volume moving in one direction.

In condemning the uncontrolled height of buildings it would be unjust to ignore the tremendous opportunities which the skyscraper presents for architectural design. Its size, alone, is an attribute of which the old-world architect may well be envious. The skyscraper has passed through a progressive evolution, and the prerequisites of this type of building have, in recent years, been met with surprising success. The skyscraper has no counterpart in antiquity, and, as might be expected in a type of building with such novel requirements, it has escaped the more easily from the clutches of the archæologists.

Nevertheless the skyscraper has had to pass through the revival period, in which the façade has been covered with

a veneer of Gothic shafts and tracery or Classic columns. Its early examples were a veritable catalogue of the orders, from the sturdiest Doric at the base to the most delicate Ionic at the top. This phase has now gone for good, but the second phase is still in progress. In this the columns are confined to the lower and upper floors, binding several floors together on the façade with complete disregard for what is behind them. Only in the newest of the skyscrapers has the absurdity of this type of irrelevant design been fully appreciated and the third phase attained. In this the windows or floors themselves, in either horizontal or vertical treatment, are accepted as the principal motif of architectural expression and as the unit of scale for the whole building. This is now the guiding principle for the design of the best of the recent skyscrapers. Of necessity the architecture of New York is becoming more logical. With the exception of one influential firm in Chicago, New York is the hub of the American architectural world.

Whether the skyscraper has from the owner's standpoint reached its greatest height, — and it has done so long ago from the standpoint of the public, — it has certainly reached it from the practical point of view. The skyscraper cannot be built to a greater height on the area of a single block than that of the highest already built. Engineering ability can certainly build higher, and elevator cables can, no doubt, be constructed sufficiently strong to sustain their own weight, but the point has been reached when the increased number of elevators necessary to feed the increased floor area becomes so great that it leaves no rentable area in the lower part of the building. As it is, at present, spaciousness, so necessary to dignity in architecture, has been sacrificed, and the ground floor of the skyscraper has been almost entirely taken up with vestibule and elevator access, scarcely leaving room for window show space and the stores required for the inhabitants of the building. To obviate this difficulty it has been proposed by a New York architect, whose knowledge of skyscraper construction exceeds his appreciation of public welfare, to build a single building on four city blocks, covering in the streets and lighting them and ventilating them artificially. That it is possible to construct it need not be doubted, but, with conditions as they are, it is inconceivable that traffic facilities could, or would, ever be provided to meet such a building.

The course of true architecture in America may be found in the steel frame of the skyscraper, — evil as such an institution may be from the social standpoint, — in the grain elevators of Chicago, in the steel mills of Pittsburgh, and in the highroads and the great bridges and dams throughout the country — wherever, in fact, the dilettantism of the architect has been unable to exert itself. But the course of true architecture is very limited, and unappreciated as such even where it is found. It happens unavoidably, where art is of no consideration, in big engineering creations and in buildings of purely commercial purpose. It seems unreasonable that, in an age of such opportunity as this, one should question the progress of architecture, but it is most certainly questionable. We have reached a state of overeducation and overdevelopment. The architect has been doing too much 'designing' and the lay public has been too much interested in 'art.' There is no cure but to rid ourselves of prejudice and see our age in perspective. Only by so doing will it be possible for our architecture to become true architecture and great architecture.

BETWEEN THE STARS

BY A. VIBERT DOUGLAS

I

Astronomy has made great headway in recent years in the measurement of star distances, not only by the direct methods of trigonometrical survey, but by various statistical and spectroscopic methods, the results of which have justified the various assumptions involved. The result of all this laborious work has been to present a picture of the galaxy of ten thousand million stars surrounding our sun so vast that its emptiness is the first characteristic to attract attention. Three or four minute minnows with the whole Atlantic Ocean as their swimming pool — such similes have been employed to convey some idea of the vastness of interstellar space.

It has long been realized, however, that interstellar space is not entirely empty — in other words, it is not a true vacuum. There is a certain amount of scattering of light traversing these 'empty' regions. This attenuation can only take place if interstellar space contains at least an occasional atom or free electron. Photographs of various regions of the sky, particularly the Milky Way, show that there are vast regions so densely filled with gaseous matter that the light from the stars beyond is almost if not completely absorbed. Some of these gaseous nebulæ have comparatively clean-cut boundaries, whereas others have no apparent boundary, their densities growing gradually less and less until normal sky background is reached. This points directly to the conclusion that there may be and probably is finely scattered matter throughout the whole of interstellar space.

This hypothesis was first discussed in a thorough manner about four years ago when Professor Eddington made it the subject of the Bakerian lecture for that year. With weighty arguments, he set forth the theory that interstellar space is not empty but full of matter. This word 'full' is, of course, used not in its absolute sense of containing so much that no more could be contained, but in the relative sense that there are no vast regions completely devoid of all matter; there are in fact so many atoms dispersed throughout space that there is probably one in every cubic centimetre of space at any instant.

The observational confirmation of this interesting hypothesis has been gradually accumulating and forms one of the most graphic stories which modern astrophysical research has produced. Like many another important discovery, it made its appearance as an incidental and perplexing exception to a general rule in quite a different problem.

II

Sir William Huggins, half a century ago, considering the change of pitch of a sound produced by the motion of the source of sound or of the hearer or of both relative to one another, — a phenomenon carefully investigated by the Austrian physicist, Doppler, after whom it is called, — drew attention to

the analogous effect on the color or wave length of light by proposing to use this measurable shift of the spectrum lines to violet or to red, as the case might be, as a means of determining the velocities with which individual stars are moving toward the solar system or away from it. This method of studying stellar motions was taken up by all the leading observatories, which equipped themselves with spectrographs for this purpose, and to-day the radial velocities of many thousands of stars have been measured and recorded.

One of the early workers in this line was Dr. Hartmann of Potsdam, who announced that there was something apparently inconsistent about the behavior of the lines due to calcium in the spectrum of certain stars. These two particular lines known to spectroscopists as the H and K lines were not displaced to red or to violet as were the other spectrum lines. Here was a mystery! A star that was moving rapidly toward us, for example, would show the characteristic shift of the lines in its spectrum toward the violet — that is, all its lines except these calcium ones and sometimes also a line due to sodium.

Other astronomers soon found the same thing and very soon theories were devised to explain the presence of these 'stationary' lines, as they were at first called. Just as the earth moving in its orbit carries with it on its flight through space its own surrounding atmosphere of cool gases, so, too, a star carries with it a vast atmosphere of gases which surround its intensely hot inner gases. It is when the light, or, more generally speaking, the radiations bursting forth from the hot interior of the star, pass through the relatively cooler gases of its own outer atmosphere that certain specific radiations are absorbed by the atoms composing this atmosphere, thus producing the dark lines in the spectrum of the starlight — and these lines by their position in the spectrum indicate the velocity of the star relative to the earth. But now suppose that the star were moving not through empty space but through a vast cloud of highly dispersed gases, so that light leaving the star passed through millions upon millions of miles of this gas on its journey toward the earth. If this gas were in part composed of atoms of calcium in the state of positive electrical charge which renders them capable of absorbing radiation, then the H and K absorption lines should be found in the spectrum of the starlight in addition to all the lines due to absorption by the atoms in the star's own atmosphere; but whereas the latter, the true stellar lines, will be displaced according to the radial velocity of the star, the former or interstellar lines will be unaffected by this velocity.

The question then arose as to the origin and extent of these 'stationary' clouds of calcium and no doubt other gases, as there is no reason to suppose that all the elements known to science are not represented in interstellar space. Are they due to expulsion of matter from the giant stars that are moving through these regions? Or might they be the last remnants of the great nebula from which the stars have been slowly formed by gravitational aggregation?

More light was thrown on the question when Dr. Struve of the Yerkes Observatory showed that the more distant the star from the solar system the more intense were the 'stationary' lines in its spectrum. This pointed unequivocally to the hypothesis that this gaseous cloud extends throughout interstellar space.

The word 'stationary' was soon shown to be inaccurate by several astronomers who found that these lines were not usually completely undisplaced in the spectrum, though they

were not shifted to the same extent as the true stellar lines, and the terms 'detached' lines or 'interstellar' lines have now been adopted to replace the obsolete adjective.

The crowning discovery was made when it was shown that the residual shifts of these detached lines can be explained if the vast interstellar cloud of gases and the ten thousand million stars which are moving about within it are all taking part in a majestic rotation. This subject formed part of the George Darwin lecture delivered by Dr. J. S. Plaskett before the Royal Astronomical Society in May of this year, when this eminent Canadian astronomer discussed the observations made by himself and his associates at Victoria, B. C., observations which are considered by many to provide very strong confirmation of the hypothesis of galactic rotation.

III

It is interesting to consider that at any point in interstellar space 'wireless' messages from all the myriad stars known to modern astronomical photography might be intercepted. And not only from the myriads of stars forming the galaxy about us, but from the thousands of other galaxies, the so-called spiral nebulæ, so remote that, though each is probably an assemblage of a thousand million stars, yet only one is sufficiently near our own galaxy to be seen with the unaided eye. Every message, wireless or otherwise, involves a transfer of energy. Hence, at every point in space, energy from every star and every galaxy is rushing past at the characteristic speed of all radiant energy, 186,000 miles per second. Yet such is the marvelous nature of space that there is no interference, no blending, no merging, no loss of identity of a single one of the innumerable messages that are rushing past each point in every possible direction.

Space, empty space, completely devoid of matter, offers no hindrance to the passage of light or heat or any other form of radiation. Each unit or 'quantum' of radiant energy flashes through space like a projectile, yet accompanied along its route by electrical and magnetic disturbances of an undulatory character which suggest the physical picture of wave motion. To complete the picture, to give the mind a tangible representation of radiation passing through space like waves in the ocean, physicists invented the term 'æther,' a hypothetical, immaterial *something* coextant with space. Whether this conception has on the whole helped matters or whether it has merely introduced an unnecessary complexity is a debatable point; but the term is generally understood to mean that immaterial medium filling all space, intergalactic as well as interstellar, through which radiation flows, offering no resistance to its progress, nor indeed to the motion of material bodies whether atoms or aggregations of vast millions of atoms in the form of stars. There have been, it must be added in qualification of the last statement, a few men of science who conceive of the æther as having a viscous property resisting the motion of material bodies like stars and planets; but until incontrovertible experimental evidence is forthcoming the majority of physicists will regard the æther as little if anything more than another name for space.

Radiation only runs the risk of being interfered with on its journey through space when it encounters material particles such as these atoms of calcium that we have seen to be diffused throughout the interstellar regions. An atom may absorb the energy of a radiation falling upon it, or it may simply scatter or deviate it from its

course. This obviously is why the astronomer has been able to detect the presence of interstellar matter at all.

IV

Apart altogether from the mysteries with which matter and radiation are surrounded, there is the great challenging fundamental question, What is the nature of space? We are apt to feel that it must be so obvious to everyone just what space is that it is unnecessary to essay the exceedingly difficult task of putting our notions into words. But space, it seems, is not so simple. A ray of light starting out in a certain direction, even if it encountered no matter whatever in interstellar space to dissipate its energy and scatter it to the four winds, would not continue forever in the same straight line away from its starting point (using the term 'straight line' in the sense in which we use it in everyday life). It would, in fact, according to the great thinkers who follow the lead of Einstein, tend to curve round and ultimately come back to its source. Hence space is said by these investigators to be finite though unbounded.

The longest possible path that a ray of light can travel is not infinitely long, the number of stars in the entire universe is not infinitely great, the total energy in the universe is not infinite in amount — and yet on the wings of light, or indeed on the wings of reasonable thought, there is no place to which you might roam where you would feel yourself to be at the edge or boundary of space. You might imagine yourself leaving this solar system, leaving this galaxy of ten thousand million stars, visiting any other of the far-away galaxies, or visiting any point of intergalactic or perhaps even we might say of extragalactic space, yet nowhere having any reason to feel that space did not stretch out equally all around you.

This sounds not only absurd but quite contradictory. Can there be any truth in it? The explanation of the cosmologists involves a four-dimensional line of argument logically apparent to the mathematician but outside the limits of visualization. The words 'curvature' of space and 'warping' of space are used in an attempt to convey by analogy with the three-dimensional objective world of our experience some idea of the state of things in this hypothetical space of the mathematician. It is due to the 'curvature' of space that light travels in a great orbit in space devoid of matter, and that near to a massive star it is swerved from this path because space near a concentration of energy in the form of matter is more highly 'curved.' For the same reason a small body like a planet revolves about its sun, not because the more massive sun pulls it inward continually (as Newton explained the phenomenon), but because space itself, under the mutual influence of sun and planet, is 'curved' or 'warped' so that the orbit is the natural path of least resistance for the planet to move in.

The justification for the belief that this hypothetical space of the mathematician more nearly represents actual space than does our (so-called) 'common sense' idea of space is that the former overcomes certain difficulties and incongruities that both physicists and astronomers had discovered when attempting to harmonize some facts of observation and experiment with the older 'common sense' idea of space.

V

At this stage, when physicists and astronomers have been feeling their way painfully and by devious paths, blazed out for them by three or four

pioneer cosmologists, toward a satisfactory theory of space, a new and quite startling discovery has been made in the realm of theoretical research. Space, which according to the views of these thinkers was to be thought of as unbounded but of finite volume, is possibly capable of expansion or of contraction. This theoretical possibility considered in conjunction with the astronomical fact of the recessional velocities of the spiral nebulæ points to the extraordinary conclusion that the universe is slowly expanding — space itself is increasing in volume.

Chapter One of this universal detective tale was published in 1927 in a Belgian scientific journal, the author being Abbé Lemaître, but its significance lay unappreciated for two or more years. Chapter Two was written by Professor Eddington and published only a few months ago. His calculations point to an expansion of space at the rate of double the radius in fourteen hundred million years. This means that superimposed upon the individual motions of stars and of stellar galaxies there is a gradual drifting apart going on all the time. The astronomers of some far-distant date will have even less chance than those of to-day of finding out the secrets of the spiral nebulæ, unless they discover much more delicate and sensitive instruments than any in use at the present time, for this ever-increasing remoteness means that gradually these other galaxies will pass beyond the limits of detection by even the most powerful telescopes yet constructed.

Chapter Three of this strange tale may be expected, perhaps, from the pen of Professor de Sitter. Subsequent installments are certain to follow from other pens, but what they may disclose is beyond conjecture.

How can these things be? The age-long question recurs and the classic reply has never been improved upon: 'The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth.' It is not only the matters of ultimate importance, the questions of spiritual truth, that are surrounded by mystery. The world of nature around us is everywhere thus enfolded. Mystery should challenge us, not dishearten and depress us.

Mankind may be pardoned for having so long believed in two fundamentally simple starting points of thought — space and time. Now these too have been shown to be far from simple, nor can they be dissociated the one from the other. The mystery of life, the mystery of matter and radiation, the mystery of 'spacetime' — which is the greatest, or are they perhaps not three mysteries, but one? 'Behold, I show you a mystery' — much more remarkable would it be to be shown something that was not a mystery! But would it really interest us?

GUESTS OF THE NATION

BY FRANK O'CONNOR

I

At dusk the big Englishman Belcher would shift his long legs out of the ashes and say, 'Well, chums, what about it?' and Noble or me would say, 'As you please, chum' (for we had picked up some of their curious expressions), and the little Englishman 'Awkins would light the lamp and produce the cards. Sometimes Jeremiah Donovan would come up of an evening and supervise the play, and grow excited over 'Awkins's cards (which he always played badly), and shout, 'Ach, you divil you, why did n't you play the tray?' But ordinarily Jeremiah was a sober and contented poor devil like the big Englishman Belcher, and was looked up to at all only because he was a fair hand at documents, though slow enough at these, I vow. He wore a small cloth hat and big gaiters over his long pants, and seldom did I perceive his hands outside the pockets of those pants. He reddened when you talked to him, tilting from toe to heel and back, and looking down all the while at his big farmer's feet. His uncommon broad accent was a great source of jest to me, I being from the town, as you may recognize.

I could n't at the time see the point of me and Noble being with Belcher and 'Awkins at all, for it was and is my certain belief you could have planted that pair in any untended spot from this to Claregalway and they'd have stayed put and flourished like a native weed. I never seen in my short experience two men that took to the country as they did.

They were handed on to us by the Second Battalion to keep when the search for them became too hot, and Noble and myself, being young, took charge with a natural feeling of responsibility. But little 'Awkins gave us both a great comedown when he displayed he knew the countryside as well as we did and something more.

'You're the bloke they calls Napoleon?' he said to me. 'Well, Bridgie Ho'Connell was arskin' abaout you and said 'ow you'd a pair of socks belonging to 'er young brother.'

It seemed, as they explained it, that the Second used to have little evenings of their own, and some of the girls of the neighborhood would turn in, and, seeing they were such decent fellows, our lads could n't well ignore the two Englishmen, but invited them in and were hail fellow well met with them. 'Awkins told me he learned to dance 'The Walls of Limerick' and 'The Siege of Ennis' and 'The Waves of Tory' in a night or two, though naturally he could not return the compliment, because our lads at that time did not dance foreign dances on principle.

So whatever privileges and favors Belcher and 'Awkins had with the Second they duly took with us, and after the first evening we gave up all pretense of keeping a close eye on their behavior. Not that they could have got far, for they had a notable accent and wore khaki tunics and overcoats with civilian pants and boots. But it's

my belief they never had an idea of escaping and were quite contented with their lot.

Now, it was a treat to see how Belcher got off with the old woman of the house we were staying in. She was a great warrant to scold, and crotchety even with us, but before ever she had a chance of giving our guests, as I may call them, a lick of her tongue, Belcher had made her a friend for life. She was breaking sticks at the time, and Belcher, who had n't been in the house for ten minutes, jumped up out of his seat and went across to her.

'Allow me, madam,' he says, smiling his queer little smile; 'please allow me,' and took the hatchet from her hand. She was struck too parlatic to speak, and ever after Belcher would be at her heels carrying a bucket or basket or load of turf, as the case might be. As Noble wittily remarked, he got into looking before she leapt; and hot water, or any little thing she wanted done, Belcher would have it ready before her. For such a huge man (and though I am five foot ten myself I had to look up at him) he had an uncommon shortness — or should I say lack — of speech. It took us some time to get used to him walking in and out like a ghost, without as much as a mortal syllable out of him. Especially because 'Awkins talked enough for a platoon, it was strange to hear big Belcher with his toes in the ashes come out with a solitary 'Excuse me, chum,' or 'That's right, chum.' His one and only abiding passion was cards, and I will say for him he was a good card player. He would have fleeced me and Noble many a time and oft only that if we lost to him 'Awkins lost to us, and 'Awkins played with the money Belcher gave him.

'Awkins lost to us because he talked too much, and I think now that we lost to Belcher for no other reason. 'Awkins and Noble would spit at one another about religion into the early hours of the morning — the little Englishman, as you could see, worrying the soul out of young Noble (whose brother was a priest) with a string of questions that would puzzle a cardinal. And to make it worse, even in treating of these holy subjects 'Awkins had a deplorable tongue; I never in all my career struck across a man who could mix such a variety of cursing and bad language into the simplest topic. Oh, a terrible man was little 'Awkins, and a fright to argue. He never did a stroke of work, and when he had no one else to talk to he fixed his claws into the old woman.

I am glad to say that in her he met his match, for one day, when he tried to get her to complain profanely of the drought, she made him look a right fool by blaming the drought upon Jupiter Pluvius (a deity neither 'Awkins nor I had ever even heard of, though Noble said that among the pagans he was held to have something to do with rain). And another day the same 'Awkins was swearing at the capitalists for starting the German war, when the old dame laid down her iron, puckered up her little crab's mouth, and said, 'Mr. 'Awkins, you can say what you please about the war, thinking to deceive me because I'm an old woman, but I know well what started the war. It was that Italian count that stole the heathen divinity out of the temple in Japan, for believe me, Mr. 'Awkins, nothing but sorrow and want follow them that disturb the hidden powers.' Oh, a queer old dame, as you remark!

II

So one evening we had our tea together, and 'Awkins lit the lamp and we all sat in to cards. Jeremiah Donovan came in too, and sat down and watched us for a while. Though he was a shy

man and did n't speak much, it was easy to see he had no great love for the two Englishmen, and I was surprised that it had n't struck me before. Well, like that in the story, a terrible dispute blew up late in the evening between 'Awkins and Noble, about capitalists and priests and love for your own country.

'The capitalists,' says 'Awkins with an angry gulp, 'the capitalists pays the priests to tell you all abaout the next world, so 's you waon't notice what they do in this!'

'Nonsense, man,' says Noble, losing his temper. 'Before ever a capitalist was thought of, people believed in the next world.'

'Awkins stood up as if he was preaching a sermon. 'Oh, they did, did they?' he says with a sneer. 'They believed all the things you believe — that 's what you mean? And you believe that God created Hadam and Hadam created Shem and Shem created Jehoshaphat? You believe all that silly hold fairy tale abaout Heve and Heden and the happle? Well, listen to me, chum. If you 're entitled to 'old a silly belief like that, I 'm entitled to 'old my own silly belief — which is that the fust thing your God created was a bleedin' capitalist with mirality and Rolls-Royce complete. Am I right, chum?' he says then to Belcher.

'You 're right, chum,' says Belcher with his queer smile, and got up from the table to stretch his long legs into the fire and stroke his moustache.

So, seeing that Jeremiah Donovan was going and there was no knowing when the conversation about religion would be over, I took my hat and went out with him. We strolled down towards the village together, and then he suddenly stopped, and blushing and mumbling, and shifting, as his way was, from toe to heel, he said I ought to be behind keeping guard on the prisoners. And I, having it put to me so suddenly, asked what the hell he wanted a guard on the prisoners at all for, and said that so far as Noble and me were concerned we had talked it over and would far rather be out with a column. 'What use is that pair to us?' I asked.

He looked at me for a moment and said, 'I thought you knew we were keeping them as hostages.' 'Hostages?' says I, not quite understanding. 'The enemy,' he says in his heavy way, 'have prisoners belong to us, and now they talk of shooting them. If they shoot our prisoners we 're going to shoot theirs, and serve them right.' 'Shoot them?' said I, the possibility just beginning to dawn on me. 'Shoot them exactly,' said he. 'Now,' said I, 'was n't it very unforeseen of you not to tell me and Noble that?' 'How so?' he asks. 'Seeing that we were acting as guards upon them, of course.' 'And had n't you reason enough to guess that much?' 'We had not, Jeremiah Donovan. How were we to know when the men were on our hands so long?' 'And what difference does that make? The enemy have our prisoners as long and longer, have n't they?' 'It makes a great difference,' said I. 'How so?' said he sharply, but I could n't tell him the exact difference it made, for I did n't know myself. 'And when may we expect to be released from this anyway?' said I. 'You may expect it to-night,' says he. 'Or to-morrow or the next day at latest. So if it 's hanging round here that worries you, you 'll be free soon enough.'

I cannot explain it even now, how sad I felt, but I went back to the cottage, a miserable man. When I arrived the discussion was still on, 'Awkins holding forth to all and sundry that there was no next world at all, and Noble answering in his best canonical style. But I saw 'Awkins was after having the best of it. 'Do you know what, chum?' he

was saying with a happy smile on his lips. 'I think you're jest as big a bleedin' hunbeliever as I am. You say you believe in the next world and you know jest as much about it as I do, which is sweet damn-all. What's 'Eaven? You dunno. Where's 'Eaven? You dunno. Who's in 'Eaven? You dunno. You know sweet damn-all. I arsk you again, do they wear wings?'

'Very well, then,' says Noble, 'they do; is that enough for you? They do wear wings.'

'Where do they get them, then? Who makes 'em? 'Ave they a fact'ry for wings? 'Ave they a sort of store where you hands in your chit and tikes your bleedin' wings? Answer me that.'

'Oh, you're an impossible man to argue with,' says Noble. 'Now listen to me —' And off the pair of them went again.

It was long after midnight when we locked up the Englishmen and went to bed ourselves. Only then I told Noble what Jeremiah Donovan told me. Noble took it very quietly. After we had been in bed about an hour he asked me very softly did I think we ought to tell the Englishmen. I, having thought of the same thing myself (among many others), said no, because it was more than likely the English would n't shoot our men, and anyway it was n't to be supposed the Brigade, who were always up and down with the Second Battalion and knew the Englishmen well, would be likely to want them bumped off. 'I think not too,' says Noble. 'It would be sort of cruelty to put the wind up them now.' 'It was very unforeseen of Jeremiah Donovan anyhow,' says I, and by Noble's silence I realized he took my meaning.

So I lay there half the night, and thought and thought, and picturing myself and young Noble trying to prevent the Brigade from shooting 'Awkins and Belcher drove the cold sweat out through me. Because there were men on the Brigade you dare n't let nor hinder without a gun in your hand, and at any rate disunion between brothers seemed to me an awful crime.

It was next morning we both found it so hard to face Belcher and 'Awkins with a smile. We went about the house all day scarcely saying a word. Belcher did n't mind us much; he was stretched into the ashes as usual with his usual look of waiting in quietness for something unforeseen to happen, but little 'Awkins gave us a bad time with his audacious gibing and questioning. He was disgusted at Noble's not answering him back. 'Why can't you tike your beating like a man, chum?' he says. 'You with your Hadam and Heve! I'm a Communist — or a bloody Anarchist. An Anarchist, that's what I am.'

III

I don't know clearly how we got over the day, but get over it we did, and a great relief it was when the tea things were cleared away and Belcher said in his peaceable manner, 'Well, chums, what abaout it?' We all sat round the table and 'Awkins produced the cards. At that moment I heard Jeremiah Donovan's heavy footsteps up the path, and a dark presentiment crossed my mind. I rose quietly from the table and laid my hand on him before he reached the door. 'What do you want?' I asked him. 'I want those two soldier friends of yours,' he says, reddening. 'Is that the way it is?' 'That's the way. There were four of our lads went west this morning, one of them a boy of sixteen.'

At that moment Noble came out, and we walked down the path together talking in whispers. Just by the gate stood Feeney, the local intelligence officer. 'What are you going to do about it?' I asked Jeremiah Donovan.

'I want you and Noble to bring them out. You can tell them they're being shifted again; that'll be the quietest way.' 'Leave me out of that,' says Noble suddenly. Jeremiah Donovan looked at him hard for a minute or so. 'All right, then,' he said peaceably. 'You and Feeney collect a few tools from the shed and dig a hole by the far end of the bog. Napoleon and I'll be after you in twenty minutes or so. But don't let anyone see you with the tools, whatever else you do; nobody must know what is on but the four of ourselves.'

We saw Feeney and Noble go round to the houseen where the tools were kept, and then sidled in. Everything, if I can so express myself, was tottering before my eyes, and I left Jeremiah Donovan to do the explaining as best he could, while I took a seat and said nothing. He told them they were to go back to the Second. 'Awkins left a mouthful of curses out of him at that, and it was plain that Belcher, though he said nothing, was duly perturbed. The old woman was for having them stay in spite of everything, and she did not shut her mouth until Jeremiah Donovan lost his temper and said some nasty things to her. Within the house by this time it was pitch-dark, but no one thought of lighting the lamp, and in the darkness the two Englishmen fetched their khaki topcoats and said good-bye to the woman of the house. 'Just as a man makes a 'ome of a bleedin' place,' mumbles 'Awkins, shaking her by the hand, 'some bleedin' bastard at headquarters thinks you're too cushy and shunts you off.' Belcher shakes her hand very hearty. 'A thousand thanks, madam,' he says, 'a thousand thanks for everything'—as though he'd made it all up.

We go round to the back of the house and down towards the fatal bog. Then Jeremiah Donovan comes out with what is in his mind. 'There were four of our lads shot by your fellows this morning, so now you're to be bumped off.' 'Cut off the gas,' says 'Awkins, flaring up into a wild rage. 'It's bad enough to be mucked about such as we are without you plying at soldiers.' 'It's true,' says Jeremiah Donovan, and comes out with the usual rigmarole about doing our duty and obeying our superiors. 'Cut it out,' says 'Awkins irritably, 'cut it out!'

Then, when Donovan sees he is not being believed, he turns to me. 'Ask Napoleon here,' he says. 'I don't need to arsk Napoleon. Me and Napoleon are chums.' 'Is that true, Napoleon?' says Jeremiah Donovan solemnly to me. 'It is,' I say sadly, 'it is.' 'Awkins stops. 'Now, for Christ's sike—' 'I mean it, chum,' I say. 'You daon't saound as if you mean it. You knaow bloody well you don't mean it.' 'Well, if he does n't, I do,' says Jeremiah Donovan. 'Why the 'ell sh'd you want to shoot me, Jeremiah Donovan?' 'Why the hell should your people take out four prisoners and shoot them in cold blood upon the barrack square?' I perceive Jeremiah Donovan is trying to encourage himself with hot words.

Anyway, he took little 'Awkins by the arm and dragged him on, but it was impossible to make him understand that we were in earnest. From this you will perceive how difficult it was for me, as I kept feeling my Smith and Wesson and thinking what I would do if they happened to put up a fight or ran for it, and wishing in a way they would. 'Was Noble in this?' 'Awkins asked, and we said yes. He laughed. But why should Noble want to shoot him? Why should we want to shoot him? What had he done to us? Were n't we chums? Did n't we understand him and did n't he understand us? Did either of us imagine for an instant that he'd shoot us for all the so-and-so brigadiers in the

so-and-so army? By this time I began to perceive in the dusk the desolate edges of the bog that was to be their last earthly bed, and so great a sadness overtook my spirit that I could not answer him. We walked along the edge of it in the black darkness, and every now and again 'Awkins would call a halt and tirelessly begin again about us being chums, and I was in despair that nothing but the cold and open grave made ready for his presence would convince him that we meant it all. But all the same I did n't want him to be bumped off and prayed for something to happen.

IV

At last we saw the unsteady glint of a lantern in the distance and made towards it. Noble was carrying it and Feeney stood somewhere in the darkness behind, and somehow the picture of the two of them so silent in the boglands went through me like nothing else. Belcher, on recognizing Noble, said, ''Allo, chum,' in his usual peaceable way, but 'Awkins flew at the poor boy immediately, and the dispute began all over again, only now Noble had n't a word to say for himself and stood there with the swaying lantern between his gaitered legs.

It was Jeremiah Donovan who did the answering. 'Awkins asked for about the twentieth time (for it seemed to haunt his mind) if anybody thought he'd shoot Noble. 'You would,' says Jeremiah Donovan shortly. 'I would n't, damn you!' 'You would if you knew you'd be shot for not doing it.' 'I would n't, not if I was to be shot twenty times over; he's my chum. And Belcher would n't — is n't that right, Belcher?' 'That's right, chum,' says Belcher peaceably. 'Damned if I would. Anyway, who says Noble'd be shot if I was n't bumped off? What d'you think I'd do if I was in Noble's place and we out in the middle of a blasted bog?' 'What would you do?' 'I'd go with him wherever he was going. I'd share my last bob with him and stick by 'im through thick and thin.'

'We've had enough of this,' says Jeremiah Donovan. 'Is there any message you want to send before I fire?' 'No, there is n't, but —' 'Do you want to say your prayers?' 'Awkins came out with a curse that shocked even me, and turned to Noble again. 'Listen to me, Noble,' he said. 'You and me are chums. You won't come over to my side, so I'll come over to your side. Just you give me a rifle and I'll go with you wherever you want.'

Nobody answered him.

'Do you understand?' he said. 'I'm through with it all. I'm a deserter or anything else you like, but from this on I'm one of you. Does that prove to you that I mean what I say?' Noble raised his head, but as Donovan began to speak he lowered it again without answering. 'For the last time, have you any messages to send?' says Donovan in a cold and excited voice.

'Ah, shut up, you, Donovan; you don't understand me, but these fellows do. They're my chums; they stand by me and I stand by them. We're not the bleeding capitalist tools you seem to think us.'

I alone of the crowd saw Donovan raise his Webley quietly to the back of 'Awkins's neck, and as he did so I shut my eyes. He had begun to say something further when Donovan pulled the trigger, and as I opened my eyes I saw him stagger at the knees and lie out flat at Noble's feet, slowly and as quiet as a child, with the lantern light falling sadly upon his lean legs and bright farmer's boots. We all stood very still for a while watching him settle out in the last agony.

Then Belcher quietly takes out a

handkerchief and begins to tie it about his own eyes (for in our excitement we had forgotten to offer the same to 'Awkins), and, seeing it is not big enough, turns and asks for a loan of mine. I give it to him, and as he knots the two together he points with his foot at 'Awkins. ''E's not quite dead,' he says; 'better give 'im another.' Sure enough, 'Awkins's left knee as we see it under the lantern is again rising. I bend down and put my gun to his ear; then, recollecting myself and the company of Belcher, I stand up again with a few hasty words. Belcher understands what is in my mind. 'Give 'im 'is first,' he says. 'I don't mind. Poor bastard, we dunno what's 'appening to 'im now.' As by this time I am beyond all feeling, I kneel down again and skillfully give 'Awkins the last shot so as to put him forever out of pain.

Belcher, who is fumbling a bit awkwardly with the handkerchiefs, comes out with a laugh when he hears the shot. It is the first time I have heard him laugh, and it sends a shiver down my spine, coming as it does so inappropriately upon the tragic death of his old friend. 'Poor bastard,' he says quietly, 'and last night he was so bloody curious abaout it all. It's very queer, chums, I always think. Naow, 'e knows as much abaout it as they'll ever let 'im knaow, and last night 'e was all in the dark.'

Donovan helps him to tie the handkerchiefs about his eyes. 'Thanks, chum,' he says. Donovan asks him if there are any messages he would like to send. 'Naow, chum,' he says, 'none for me. If any of you likes to write to 'Awkins's mother you'll find a letter from 'er in 'is pocket. But my missus left me eight years ago. Went away with another fellow and took the kid with her. I likes the feelin' of a 'ome (as you may 'ave noticed), but I could n't start again after that.'

We stand around like fools now that he can no longer see us. Donovan looks at Noble and Noble shakes his head. Then Donovan raises his Webley again, and just at that moment Belcher laughs his queer nervous laugh again. He must think we are talking of him; anyway, Donovan lowers the gun. ''Scuse me, chums,' says Belcher. 'I feel I'm talking the 'ell of a lot . . . and so silly . . . abaout me being so 'andy abaout a 'aouse. But this thing come on me so sudden. You'll forgive me, I'm sure.' 'You don't want to say a prayer?' asks Jeremiah Donovan. 'Naow, chum,' he replies, 'I daon't think that'd 'elp. I'm ready if you want to get it over.' Noble, with a look of desperation, signals to Donovan, and in a flash Donovan raises his gun and fires. The big man goes over like a sack of meal, and this time there is no need of a second shot.

I don't remember much about the burying but that it was worse than all the rest, because we had to carry the warm corpses a few yards before we sunk them in the windy bog. It was all mad, lonely, and desolate, with only a bit of lantern between ourselves and the pitch-blackness, and birds hooting and screeching all round disturbed by the guns. Noble had to search 'Awkins first to get the letter from his mother. Then, having smoothed all signs of the grave away, Noble and I collected our tools, said good-bye to the others, and went back along the desolate edge of the treacherous bog without a word. We put the tools in the houseen and went into the house. The kitchen was pitch-black and cold as we had left it, and the old woman was sitting over the hearth telling her beads. We walked past her into the room and Noble struck a match to light the lamp. Just then she rose quietly and came to the doorway, being not at all so bold or crabbed as usual.

'What did ye do with them?' says she in a sort of whisper, and Noble took such a mortal start the match quenched in his trembling hand. 'What's that?' he said, without turning round. 'I heard ye,' she said. 'What did you hear?' asks Noble, but sure, he would n't deceive a child the way he said it. 'Do you think I was n't listening to ye putting the things back in the houseen?' Noble struck another match and this time the lamp lit for him. 'Was that what ye did with them?' she said, and Noble said nothing — after all, what could he say?

So then, by God, she fell on her two knees by the door, and began telling her beads, and after a minute or two Noble went on his knees by the fireplace, so I pushed my way out past her, and stood at the door, watching the stars and listening to the damned shrieking of the birds. It is so strange what you feel at such moments, and not to be written later in life. Noble told me afterwards he felt he saw everything ten times as big, perceiving nothing around him but the little patch of black bog with the two Englishmen stiffening into it, but with me it was the way everything was small, as though the patch of bog where the two Englishmen lay was a thousand miles from me, and even Noble mumbling just behind me and the old woman and the birds and the bloody stars were all very far away, and myself too small and lonely and insignificant to say a prayer.

THE SWAN

SHE seemed a larger lily, free;
Her snowy down, her bending wings,
Her graceful self-sufficiency,
Outdazzled other shining things:
Except the lily cups, that shone
Like little images of her —
Stars set about a silver moon,
Who sails them by, and does not stir
Their slender moorings, but contrives
To lend them light she cannot miss . . .
A man might live a score of lives,
But not surpass such sights as this.

FRANK KENDON

BY TRUCK ACROSS AUSTRALIA

BY PAUL WITHINGTON

[DR. WITHINGTON served as 'medico' to an expedition headed by Stanley D. Porteus, Professor of Racial Psychology at the University of Hawaii, which made a psychological study of the blacks of Australia. Accompanied by two camera men, the party journeyed over 1600 miles of Northwest Australia, known as the 'Never Never Land,' by motor truck. The following letters describe Dr. Withington's return to civilization, from Wyndham through Queensland to Sydney.—THE EDITORS]

WYNDHAM, WESTERN AUSTRALIA
September 21, 1929

I have just finished a hectic day packing the truck for the long trek across the continent to Sydney. I don't think I ever wrote you about our first visit here. 'Down South,' and even as far up as Broome, everybody said, 'Don't go into Wyndham; it is the hell hole of the North Country. All the crooks of the "Never Never Land" and the Indian Ocean gather there, and it is always hot.' But to Wyndham we went, as it suited our plans better.

Wyndham is situated at the head of the Cambridge Gulf, and exists, like Derby, only as an outlet for the cattle and beef of the back country. There are about a hundred regular inhabitants — a mixed population of whites and old Chinese who drifted in before exclusion took effect. The town is on a marsh just at the foot of a range of hills about a thousand feet high. The gulf is approximately sixty miles long and ten miles wide and, like all bays and gulfs along this coast, treacherous because of the tremendous tide which rises and falls thirty feet. The water is deep right up to the shore and is very muddy because of the rush of water back and forth over the alluvial soil brought down by the heavy rains during the wet. These muddy waters are full of crocodiles, fourteen of whose heads we saw the other day as they came up around the drainpipe of the meat works. The Ord River enters from the east, and along its valley, stretching three or four hundred miles southward, are the cattle stations which keep the town alive. The government maintains a large modern meat works about a mile from the village, but this is only operated for six months of the year because of the heat. Wyndham has the highest mean temperature of any recorded in the world — 85 degrees. The entire staff for the plant is brought up from Perth in April and taken back in September. In the winter the climate is good — no rain, cloudless skies and warm; but in the summer, with torrential rains and heat, it is unbearable.

It was Saturday afternoon, the first time we came in, about four-thirty. I think the whole population of the town and meat works were at the 'pub' and I must say that our first impression was that our warnings had been correct. When we went into the hotel office, which was across the hall from the bar, we were greeted with 'Who the blankety-blank are you?'

and when we explained, 'Oh, so you are the blankety-blank bunch of Yanks we read about. Well, have a "spot."' There was no refusing, for a refusal to drink in this country is an insult and everybody 'shouts,' as they call treating, for the stranger. Of course he is supposed to reciprocate later. We found there was only one vacant room in the hotel, but the proprietor promised to put beds on the verandah for the rest of us, so I put Professor Porteus and Mr. Childs in the room. King, Wilson, and I took the verandah.

We were rather tired, so after a dinner entirely lacking in vegetables we went to bed, and, in spite of the din in the bar below, had fallen asleep when, about midnight, the bar having closed, the guests of the hotel struggled up to bed. Apparently each man was armed with at least twelve bottles of beer. At any rate, the two occupants of the room opening on to the verandah had two dozen bottles. They very carefully attempted to pull down the blind before turning on the light, but the shade evidently had not been used for many moons, for with the first tug down came the blind, sash and all, causing great consternation and, of course, fully arousing all who were sleeping. King could not help laughing, which was enough to break the ice. He was invited to share the beer. On his declining, the beer was brought out on to the verandah. No amount of refusal was sufficient to stem the flow, and the party was on.

Fortunately for me, doctors are rare and highly respected in the Northwest, so that after one glass I was not molested further, but poor King was swamped. When the first supply ran out, reënforcements sprang from bureau drawers and closets in extraordinary quantities, and, with new ammunition, new members were added to the jollification. It quieted down about three o'clock, but began again at four-thirty when a stockman from the back country arrived for his week-end. No one drinks alone in the North Country, so that, having been denied the earlier celebration, he felt it his right to treat the crowd. I was aroused by King's protestations that he did not want any more beer and the insistence of the newcomer that, if he did not swallow it, it would be poured in his ear, a threat which was promptly carried out. When morning finally arrived there were not less than thirty-two empty bottles under King's bed alone. But, with all, there was nothing but the most friendly, cordial feeling.

This morning, while packing the truck, our operations were watched with keen interest by a group of townspeople and stockmen in from the back country, as this is again Saturday. Several violent arguments occurred between old Pop Flinders — who has lived here for some forty years, sometimes as a storekeeper and tradesman, at other times as prospector, drover, or stockman — and Chris Newton, a drover, who yesterday brought in five hundred odd head of cattle for shipment to the Philippines. Chris had been paid off and was in an argumentative mood, and old Flinders was his 'meat.' They argued about everything, from the condition of the cattle to the best track to take and as to when the rain would begin.

Chris insistently asked me for medical attention. He claimed that something was wrong with his heart. I gave him a casual examination and found nothing, but he insisted he must have some medicine. As I had a spare bottle of liquid petrolatum, which we carried along the coast to keep the cameras and guns from rusting, I gave it to him as the least harmful medicine I could think of and advised him to take a tablespoonful twice a day. This hardly

seemed enough to him, so he proceeded to take half a quart bottle for the first dose and declared it the best medicine he had ever taken. He was so pleased with the attention that he announced he would make the trip across the continent with us. No amount of reasoning to the effect that we had no room for him or that he must not leave his outfit, consisting of a thousand camels, thirty horses and mules, to say nothing of other kit, could dissuade him. He even went so far as to go to one of the stores and buy a large box of oranges and apples, saying that that would be his donation to the 'tucker' for the trip.

WAVE HILL, NORTHERN TERRITORY
September 24, 1929

In my last letter we were just leaving Wyndham. When I was almost packed, a bushman — who in Australia is not an aboriginal, but a frontiersman — by the name of Jack Lester came and asked me if I could possibly give him a ride to Queensland. His story was such that I could hardly refuse. Jack has been in this country about thirty-three years, although he has made several trips 'home' during that time. He is engaged to be married in Melbourne on the sixteenth of November. About two months ago he started across the continent with a friend in a truck. With them were the friend's wife and little boy. Some eighty miles out of Wyndham the truck swerved in some sand and the little boy's leg was caught between the truck and the branch of a tree. The youngster sustained a compound fracture of the leg. They rushed him back to Wyndham, where the local doctor felt he could not save the leg, but advised that if they could get the boy to Perth it might be saved. Jack, out of the kindness of his heart, advanced these people about a thousand dollars, as they had practically nothing themselves, and sent the whole family off to Perth. He himself expected to catch the next steamer to Darwin, due this month. From Darwin he was going down the coast to Queensland, where he had lumber interests to settle.

Unfortunately for Jack, the State steamer *Colinda*, which goes to Wyndham every other month, went on the rocks the last trip and has had to go to Surabaya for repairs, so that Jack cannot possibly reach Melbourne before Christmas unless we take him. Everyone about town speaks very highly of Lester and he will be of tremendous assistance to us, as he knows all the tracks across the continent. I had made arrangements with Ron Woodland, the twenty-year-old son of the manager of the government station at Moola Bulla, to act as our guide on this trip. Ron has been brought up in this country and is a good bushman, but he has never made the transcontinental trip, so that it will be much easier having Jack. However, in order to make room for another person on the truck I had to lighten the load by selling two of our four spare tires. This is cutting things rather close, but so far we have had no tire difficulty on this trip.

We left Wyndham about four-thirty in the afternoon. Chris Newton, whom I mentioned before, was like a leech and we could not shake him. Propped up between Ron and Red Wilson, he rode with us as far as 'Nine Miles.' Here he had his camp, with his camels, horses, donkeys, and blacks. There is a small pub here, and through the good graces of the keeper we were able to convince Chris that he should not go farther. However, before we left he insisted on giving me his diary, which he had kept for many years, as he said it had all the routes across the continent with mileages and

marks. I glanced through it and decided it would require an expert in hieroglyphics to decipher it, so slipped it to the pub keeper to return to Chris when he sobered up.

After we got rid of Chris we rode off into the night along the Ord River. It was a beautiful full-moon night and the track was good, so we made excellent progress until we struck Ivanhoe Station, about fifty miles out. We stopped here for water, but decided to keep on for a couple of hours longer, and finally reached Heeley's Dump at one this morning. This Dump is characteristic. Heeley runs a truck business up through this part of the country, trucking goods from station to station. Right out in the middle of the plain he has established the Dump, which consists of bags of flour and other staples and is really an open warehouse, from which various stations are fed. An old fellow called Tom keeps the Dump. He was asleep when we arrived, but, like all these hospitable people, as soon as he was aroused he put the kettle on to serve tea and cooked us a good supper. He was up long before us in the morning and had awaiting us a breakfast of sardines, crackers, and apples. We were off before seven o'clock, heading south.

We are taking the inland route. That means we follow the river for about 400 miles until we strike the edge of the desert and then skirt the desert until we have crossed the northern territory into Queensland. This route is less traveled and stations are farther apart, but it saves almost 200 miles and Jack says the tracks are about as good one way as the other, so we should make better time. Time is all-important at present. If we do not get into Southern Queensland before the middle of October, we may not get there till next year. When the rains once begin here, all travel is impossible.

The day after leaving the Dump we cut off from the main road to follow a very indistinct track to a little station called Mistake Creek. Here we had our first demonstration of Jack's ability to find his way. I could not see that there was any track at all, but Jack was apparently following horses' hoofprints which he knew would lead us to the station. About four in the afternoon we ran into a terrific sand storm. We had seen in the south for almost an hour what looked like a dense thundercloud gathering. Jack told us it was dust, and it surely was. It struck us with the force of a tornado, and except for the windshield the sand would have torn our faces to ribbons. Fortunately it hit us when we were only five miles from the station house. Even as it was, by the time we reached there our eyes, noses, ears, and throats were full of dust.

Mistake Creek is a little outpost, a branch of the great Vesti's holdings. At this station live Paddy Ryan, the superintendent, and Tom Farrell, the cook, two delightful old codgers who have spent most of their lives in the bush. They were pleased to see us, as they knew both Ron and Jack, and we sat down to a most delightful dinner of oxtail soup, roast beef, and gooseberry tart, to which I added a bottle of old port. After dinner we listened to stories of the life in the Northwest.

We got away early the next morning and picked up a good 'fire-plough' track. On the Vesti's holdings, the main roads joining the stations are fire-plough; that is, a heavy log is dragged over the soft, sandy soil by a bullock team, which improves the track tremendously and makes it easy to follow. This particular fire-plough road runs all the way from Mistake Creek to Wave Hill, a distance of 250 miles. We were able to make this in one day, by far the greatest mileage

we have been able to make in a day on the whole trip.

At noon we stopped at Invernay Station, which is owned by three old brothers by the name of Farquharson. They are all bachelors and have lived here for years, owning about twelve hundred head of cattle and nearly a million acres of land; but there is no motor of any kind on this enormous station. They travel from place to place on horseback or in carts. Two of the brothers were at home and proved to be charming hosts, well read and well informed, although their news is always about six months old. As at all stations, we were invited to spend at least a week, for strangers are a great source of pleasure to these people, but we had to push on.

We spent last night at the police station at Wave Hill. The constable was away on a trip to Darwin, but as the police station is common property we knew we were welcome, so made ourselves at home, using the constable's stove and dishes as if they had been our own.

This morning we came over to the station house. Here we found Mr. McGoogan as manager and he fixed us up with gas, as we were running low. Incidentally gas costs $1.25 a gallon, the highest price I have had to pay, but Wave Hill is 300 miles from the nearest railhead at Katherine, and, as the roads are anything but good, trucking is expensive.

Wave Hill is an important centre in this neck of the woods because it has a wireless station through which it keeps in touch with the rest of the world. It is situated right on the edge of the desert, and it was only eighty miles from here that the aviator Keith Anderson and his mechanic died of thirst last April when they were forced down while hunting for Kingsford-Smith.

McGoogan was formerly the manager of one of the big cattle stations in Queensland and has only been here three years. His wife, a sweet little woman, is like all the few women in this isolated country, brave and uncomplaining. There are two dear children, Pat and Betty. The McGoogans take a keen interest in the help on the station, both white and black, and Mrs. McGoogan asked me to look at two of her patients. One was an undernourished little black baby, the other an old black man. The latter had sustained a bad crush of one of his fingers, with a compound fracture which had gone septic. It was a nasty-looking hand. Unfortunately my surgical kit was left at Forest River Mission, so I had to doctor the finger as best I could with the things at hand, with no gloves and no hot water.

Mr. McGoogan, although he has never been over the route, gave us some helpful directions for our trip from here to Newcastle Waters, our next station, some 300 miles to the east. These may give you some idea of the ease of travel here: —

After going through the station gate there are two tracks leading off at right angles to one another, but they both go to the Katherine, so that even if you get on the wrong one at first you will land at the same place, but the track to the right is better, as the other, though shorter, is very rocky. Eight miles along the right-hand track you come to No. 12 Bore (water hole) and paddock. Go around the paddock and due north until you come to the gate in the boundary fence. This is the last gate for 300 miles. From here follow the main Katherine road for about 19 miles, then take a fire-plough track to the right, — ploughed in 1927, not very plain now, — and follow this for about 42 miles to No. 49 Bore, the third bore on the track; the fire-plough track ceases here. Continue in the direction it was going and turn into a water hole on King Creek about four miles

(no water). Continue on down the creek about a mile and a half, when you will strike the stock route. No fire-plough road or track here, but two years ago a car went over and there may be tracks. Turn to the right and follow the stock route — the bullock pads are plain — until you strike the Armstrong, about six miles beyond Montgomerie Station, which you will not see. Then turn up to the right and find the best crossing — a car has been along here. Then follow the Armstrong for about 30 miles, very rough, until you come to the Jump Up. Here you will have to find the best track over the Jump Up. Beyond the Jump Up the stock route is plain until you come to No. 13 Bore, where you will find a fire-plough road following the bores to Newcastle Waters — a bore about every 20 miles.

I shall not be able to mail this letter until we reach civilization, but I shall jot down things of interest from day to day or as they occur.

NEWCASTLE WATERS
September 26, 1929

We have just finished following Mr. McGoogan's directions over 276 difficult miles. We had no trouble until we reached No. 49 Bore, where 'the track ceases'; but to continue in the same direction and find a water hole with no water proved the first of many stumblingblocks. Of course there is no water in any of these creeks and rivers at this time of year and we came upon half a dozen places that might have been the water hole meant. However, we chose one as a starting point and from there followed the creek a mile and a half down and struck the stock route. From then on it sounds simple, but the stock route is not less than a mile wide at any place, and where, in this desolate country, its edges were, it was very difficult to determine. Every year several thousand cattle are driven overland from Wave Hill to Queensland, and the only thing that controls the route is the question of water. As you know, cattle have a curious way of wandering off in all directions; still, we had a general guide and followed along the bullock pads, picking out the smoothest road we could. It grew dark before we struck any sign of the Armstrong River or Montgomerie Station, so we had to camp.

In the morning Jack scouted around and found a dim trace of car tracks in one place, so, using this as a guide, we headed in the direction we knew the Armstrong must be. We estimated that we had camped within five or six miles of Montgomerie Station, which place is merely an outpost for Wave Hill, where one man and a Chinese cook live. We had made thirty miles over rough ground, bearing toward the east and being forced to make numerous detours because of rocky hills and dry washouts, when we overtook three natives, two young men and a woman, who were obviously on a 'walk-about,' as they carried their spears and boomerangs and were hunting. I called to them, asking directions, but received no answer, whereupon Jack interrupted with 'You don't know the language,' and proceeded by signs and gesticulations to get the information we needed. It turned out that we had been, as we thought, very close to Montgomerie Station, but our thirty-mile ride had carried us only two miles along our direct way. The blacks put us back on the right track and soon we struck the Armstrong. Then followed thirty or forty miles of the worst going I have ever traveled. There were bullock pads everywhere, but to pick out the best course was a matter of sheer luck. Fortunately some thirty years ago somebody had marked this trail with blazes on the trees. The original marks are, of course, entirely effaced, but the

scars still remain. To Jack's bushman's eyes they were quite plain, though the rest of us could not see how he could distinguish a scar from an ordinary wood wart. The route lay along the river, which has hundreds of gully-like branches, and at times the truck's motor was taxed to its limit to pull up the steep sides.

Finally we came to an open space and before us stretched what we knew must be the Jump Up. For about five miles the land gradually rises away from the river and at the end of this rise is a chain of low hills with an elevation of perhaps two or three hundred feet. Beyond the hills is a sudden drop to the level plains, which stretch from this point as far as the eye can see. We made five attempts before succeeding in finding a place where we could descend the far side of the Jump Up, but when once down our going was easy, as we soon struck the main stock route across the northern territory.

Along this route from the Katherine to Queensland the government has combined with the cattlemen to provide water for the stock, so that roughly every twenty miles an artesian well has been bored. It is a strange fact that all over Australia — or rather I should say 'under' — there appears to be a great artesian basin, so that by boring anywhere from 300 to 1500 feet water can be procured. This water is perfectly good for drinking purposes, but is too full of mineral to be of much value agriculturally.

We have seen a good deal of game during the last couple of days, chiefly birds, such as pigeons, quail, and turkeys. Yesterday we saw the most beautiful dingo we have sighted on the whole trip. When I first saw him he looked so well fed and big that I expected to see a man in the neighborhood, and by the time I had decided he was a wild dog and had my rifle out he had taken to his heels. He would have made a splendid specimen, as he stood as high as a big Airedale and his skin was unusually sleek. Last night I broiled the breasts of two turkeys, the most delicious meat we have had for some time.

Newcastle Waters, from where I am writing, is a large cattle station much like Wave Hill. It is the end of the telegraph line from Darwin south and is the northern outpost of the desert route from Adelaide to Darwin. This place gets its name from a lagoon which never goes dry even after years of drought. The water in the lagoon is a milky white because of the chalk. There are few trees on these plains, but a scrubby grass grows everywhere. This at present is very dry, as there has been practically no rain for three years and the cattle have eaten it down pretty well.

We found great excitement at this station because word had come of a big silver strike 200 miles east of Alice Springs. I asked Jack if he wanted to go to the silver strike, as it is about the same distance to Alice Springs (where we could take a train and probably sell our truck at a big profit) as it is to go through to the east by way of Queensland. He answered by taking a coin out of his pocket. 'Heads we go to Alice Springs, tails we go by way of Queensland.' Tails it came down.

We left Newcastle Waters at ten-thirty in the morning and eighteen miles out struck the first bore, where we stopped to water up. While the others filled the radiator and the water bags, I attended to the three little parrots which we picked up in Wyndham and which we have carried in an improvised cage made of a gasoline case and wire netting. In removing the netting I pricked my left forefinger, which has been bothering me off and on all day. It was a sharp stab, and

from the sensation I knew it was deep, but no blood came. I had no needle with which to cauterize it, but I washed it well with alcohol.

Just after lunch we came upon a lone footman, what we should call a tramp in our country, but here designated a 'foot-walker.' His name is Lynch; he is fifty-five years old and has been wandering all his life; no home, just going from one job to another. He wore long mustachios and carried a heavy swag made up of a couple of blankets, a canvas, some billy cans, and a water bag. We were heavily loaded, but it was so far from anywhere that I offered him a ride.

We stopped for tea at one of the bores, where King shot eight beautiful bronze-winged pigeons for supper. We lost some of our sympathy for Lynch here, for while the rest of us gathered such scant firewood as we could find and prepared the meal he sat calmly by and watched us work. After tea we resumed our trip and after some twenty-four miles stopped for a 'yarn' with a lone camper. He was bound for Wave Hill with a couple of pack horses. Just as we were leaving this camp, Lynch discovered that his swag had fallen off. I offered to make him up another, but he insisted he must go back, so, rather than risk the man's perishing in the desert, — for this country is nothing but miles and miles of dry plains with only the bores every twenty miles and little grass at this time of year, — I decided to go back. We retraced our tracks thirteen miles before finding the swag and so went twenty-six miles out of our way and were much later getting to this camp, which is just beyond Anthony's Lagoon, than we had expected. Our run for the day has been 226 miles, and we are all tired.

September 27. — I had scarcely fallen asleep when I was awakened by a throbbing pain in my left hand. I got up to find it tense and painful and the glands in my arm tender. I was considerably worried because of the rapid development, and I remembered the bad hand of the native I had dressed at Wave Hill and feared that I had carried some of the germs on my finger and with the stab had planted them deep in the tissues. I opened the finger as best I could without my scalpel and put on a wet dressing, after which I got some relief.

We reached Brunette Downs at about 11 A.M. This is a big cattle station and has a machine shop, so we made some minor repairs to the truck. We dropped Lynch here, as he had decided to go to the new silver strike. At five this afternoon we reached Rankin, where there was a little store, and we bought beer and ginger ale as well as potatoes and meat, and then pushed on. During the latter part of the afternoon my hand began to throb, and I was anxious to get as far as Camooweal, where I am told there are a doctor and a hospital. We drove as late as ten o'clock, trying to make Camooweal, and then I felt too rocky to go farther, as I was having chills as well as severe pain, so we have camped here. A cold southeast wind adds to my discomfort.

September 28. — Had a miserable night with chills and fever and pain, and slept only with large doses of aspirin plus such relief as I could get from a cracker poultice. We got into Camooweal at 10 A.M. and I went straight to the hospital. Dr. Pincus gave me a general anæsthetic, incised the finger, and also gave me anti-streptococcus serum. The incision brought great relief, but the serum a tremendous reaction — hives, itching, difficulty in breathing, nausea, and vomiting. The reaction lasted for about two hours. I feel better now,

though late this afternoon it was necessary to make another incision.

September 29. — The infection has spread still further, so it was necessary for the doctor to give me an anæsthetic and make another incision, opening well up into the palm. I had a small hemorrhage following this, and it worried Pincus. He tried to get the flying doctor from Cloncurry, 300 miles away, to come over and transfer me to Cloncurry, where there is a larger hospital, but the doctor's wife had appendicitis and the doctor was unwilling to leave her. Took more anti-streptococcus serum with no reaction.

September 30. — Felt much better this morning, but by noon my hand had begun to act up and I discovered new tender spots, so that Pincus had to anæsthetize me again and make further incisions. Found a little more pus. Took more anti-streptococcus serum.

October 1. — Took general ether anæsthesia to-day and had hand thoroughly explored — found more pus. Had a hard day, but feel better now.

October 2. — A truck came in to-day from Mt. Isa and brought some ice (first we've had, and the thermometer is around 104 degrees) and some more serum. Ice bag on hand and arm. Temperature better to-day. Used new serum. More comfortable to-day, though flies are terrible and there are no screens.

October 3. — Good day up until noon, when serum reaction began. Had terrible œdema, nausea, and vomiting. Temperature up, with chills. Used pituitrin, adrenalin, morphine, ice baths, and so on. Am able to direct everything. Worst day so far.

October 4. — Very weak to-day and extremely stiff on right side, which is badly swollen. Hot and uncomfortable. Plane came in from south. Pilot Tapp, a young Englishman, nice chap, brought money and ice. A little more comfortable since he arrived. I am going to try to fly south to-morrow. Will buy an extra seat so that I can lie down.

October 5. — Last night was a terror. About 8.30 P.M. an obstetrical case came in. As she had albumin and swollen feet she required immediate attention. Pincus and Sister Smallhorn were just fixing me up for the night and an early get-away, and had to leave me as I was. To make matters worse, a woman came in with a very sick baby. One of the two nurses is recuperating from an appendix operation and poor Pincus and Sister Smallhorn have been running a three-ring circus. I am glad, for their sakes, that I was able to leave to-day. Pincus is a good little man, a graduate of Melbourne, and did absolutely everything that could be done for me, but I could see that he was worried. I slept about an hour last night, but the poor doctor and nurse got no sleep at all. Got up at 4.30 A.M. and left at 5.45. King, who remained in Camooweal in order to be with me, and Pilot Tapp took out the front seat of the plane so that I could lie down. It was a long, hard flight, but I felt better as soon as I got into the air where it was cooler. We had two pilots from Cloncurry to Longreach. They were wonderful and flew the plane so as to avoid bumps, and at the stops got tea for me, so that I really felt better when we got to Longreach this afternoon at 3 P.M. after 800 miles of flying, although I was wobbly. Dr. Brown met the plane and took me to the hospital, which is his own and very nice. Here I have had diathermy and excellent attention. We found much excitement in town because of wires from Sydney relative to my condition. Tales were afloat that I had been speared by an 'abo.' Found Jack and the boys had come in the afternoon before.

Charleville, October 6. — Slept well last night. Dr. Brown came to the hospital at 5 A.M. and dressed my hand. I put on my clothes and had breakfast and took the plane at six. Have made an excellent trip to Charleville in a big six-passenger De Haviland. I went straight to Dr. Shanasy and got him to send me to the hospital. As there were no rooms available, I have had to go into a ward. Not so good. It is Sunday and they are evidently short-handed.

Toowooba, October 7. — I certainly had a miserable day of it yesterday after I put myself in the hospital at Charleville. In the afternoon the doctor thought my hand ought to be cleaned out more, so he gave me an anæsthetic and curetted out the incisions and packed them with gauze. I think he over-cleaned the wounds and I know he over-packed them, for from the time I awoke from the anæsthetic until midnight I was in agony. The doctor was called out into the country and the nurses did not dare to give any drugs or change the dressings without his orders. So about eight o'clock, after a supper of corned beef and toast, I decided to go to the hotel, where I could be my own physician. There I took out most of the packing and got to sleep shortly after midnight. I had barely fallen asleep, however, when I was awakened by King and Tapp, who, having taken this occasion to celebrate, had become suddenly very solicitous for my welfare and came up to my room to inquire as to my comfort. It was only with the greatest persuasion that I was able to get them off to bed.

I had difficulty rousing King this morning, but by the time I had packed our bags he was ready to board the plane at 4.30. Captain Moody made a fine flight to Toowooba. We maintained an elevation of about 5000 feet most of the 500 miles, and it was interesting to watch the country change from pastoral to agricultural. On reaching Toowooba, I went to see Dr. MacKenzie. He dressed my hand and gave me additional dressings for the trip to Sydney. We are going by fast mail train to Sydney from here, as there is no airplane service.

HOTEL AUSTRALIA, SYDNEY
October 12, 1929

From the cables we have sent and received in return I know that you know that I am well on the road to recovery, the hand is saved, and the worst that can happen is a useless left forefinger, due to the destruction of the tendons. And even the use of the finger can be restored by a successful operation. Of course, one of the most wonderful things that have happened has been the opportunity to talk with you by Morse code through the kindness of the amateur radio fans. To be able to send messages back and forth for an hour, to ask questions and have them answered just as easily as if you were in the next room, is one of the marvels of the age as well as one of its comforts.

You know now through the 'hams' practically all that has happened. Directly on arriving in Sydney I went to see Dr. Royle. He and his whole staff have been simply wonderful to me. I go twice a day for diathermic treatments and already am getting good results. I am still weak and get out of breath if I walk far. I shall remain in Sydney until all the pus clears up and I am sure that no infection remains in the deep tissues.

Jack and the two boys got here safely with the truck. They had good luck until they got to Bathurst, 150 miles out of Sydney, when it began to rain. It rained from ten to seventeen inches and they were held up for five days. Dr. Porteus and King leave on the next boat for home. Would that I were sailing too!

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR

BY HENDERSON DAINGERFIELD NORMAN

I

My first dim awareness of history came from Nannie Etticoat: —

> Little Nannie Etticoat in a white petticoat and a red nose.

Looking from my nursery lamp to the pictured candle that gives the answer to the riddle, I had a mysterious sense of continuity with the child who heard that rhyme, watching some nursery candle flicker and diminish, long ago.

I wonder how many people, wherever the English language runs, have some such memory of Mother Goose. For more than two hundred years her Melodies have been subject for controversy. One may be sure her neighbors were critical of Madam Goose of Pudding Lane in Boston as she sang her frivolities into the ears of her grandchildren early in the eighteenth century. A decade after their first appearance at Newbery's bookshop in London they were satirized from an English rectory. The dispute is reopened year after year as the publishers' announcements tell of new and increasingly gorgeous editions of the nursery classic and 'Children's Book Week' calls for annual appraisal of the children's mental food.

Scholars of three countries have wrangled over name, source, and date. The evidence they have unearthed seems to apportion honors fairly among the contestants, assigning the name to France, most of the rhymes to Britain, and first publication to America.

As to text, each of us has an opinion. The copy given us in our childhood has validity all later versions lack.

As season follows season, Mother Goose spreads her wings to cover a larger brood. The edition torn and extra-illustrated by the babies I know best has rhymes elsewhere ascribed to Longfellow, to Dr. Johnson, to Charles and Mary Lamb. Even *The Only True Mother Goose Melodies, without Addition or Abridgement*, issued by Monroe and Francis (Boston, 1833), shamelessly and joyously introduces a poem by Walter Scott. In this, 'the dear little quarto edition' beloved of Dr. Edward Everett Hale and the New Englanders of his generation, the sonorous summons,

> Pibroch of Donnel Dhu,
> Pibroch of Donnel,

comes after the couplet,

> Hey ding a ding, ding, I heard a bird sing,
> The parliament soldiers are gone to the king.

The juxtaposition would have pleased Sir Walter.

The first English edition, having John Newbery as publisher and Oliver Goldsmith as reputed editor, has this title-page: 'Mother Goose's Melody; or, Sonnets for the Cradle, in Two Parts: Part I: Songs and Lullabies of Old British Nurses, calculated to amuse children and excite them to sleep: Part II: Those of that Sweet Songster and Muse of Wit and Humour, Master William Shakespeare.' From all which it will be seen that, from the beginning,

Mother Goose has been not so much author as anthologist.

Questions of origin, authorship, and date of issue are academic interests. The live issue has to do with the worth or worthlessness of the Melodies themselves. Ably they have been attacked, and valiantly defended.

The most cogent argument of the attacking party is that jingles which may have supplied a need of childhood two hundred years ago ought to be discarded in a day when children have Lear and Lewis Carroll, Belloc, Milne, and their peers for entertainers. The defense answers that the old favorite is an incomparable source book, with its songs, street cries, and ballads from an older time. Handy Dandy is linked with Piers Plowman, Jack and Jill traced to Icelandic mythology, and we are told that the 'Old Woman and her Kid' has, since the institution of the Passover, been recited by Jewish children, to whom it was handed down from even more remote Chaldean sources.

In other words, 'The book is bad for babies,' says the attack. 'It is good for scholars,' answers the defense. Nobody pays any attention to the sentimentalists who murmur, 'The babies love it.' And no one, so far as I know, has said anything about its pedagogical value.

To speak of Mother Goose and pedagogy sounds so pedantic that I should expect her to fly hissing at me if I did not take refuge in the etymology that says a pedagogue is just a caretaker to lead children from home to school.

One may be sure there was no didactic purpose in the jingles. What living poem ever issued from didactic purpose? Surely 'to amuse little children and excite them to sleep' is reward enough. Possibly, when stricter neighbors charged Madam Goose and her son-in-law, T. Fleet of Pudding Lane, with teaching children stuff and nonsense, they offered as a sop the evidence that any baby who is letter-perfect in the Melodies has, for factual equipment before school days begin, the names of the letters of the alphabet, the days of the week, the months of the year, and the number of days in each month; and that he can count up to twenty and even add that far by twos. With that, one fancies, T. Fleet would collect his two coppers, price of that now priceless first edition, and go back to his printing. And Mother Goose would jog her grandchildren on her knee again, 'to market, to market, a gallop, a trot,' instinctively supplying the eurhythmics which, in our day, childhood must seek in costly schools.

II

From the beginning there have been two ways of developing the human mind: the one, induction; the other, education. Formerly the emphasis was on mnemonics. Just now we stress the value of 'telling back.' Can the National Education Association and all the Parent-Teachers Associations combined find a textbook exemplifying both systems as does Mother Goose? Babies often know the jingles before they can repeat the sounds, and as soon as they can talk they chant them as they go about their play.

Philosophers and psychologists, who agree in so little, yet agree in this: that the prime mental needs of human beings are association and vocabulary. Mother Goose establishes for babies, who come so naked into the world, association with environment and with the past, and she has an amplitude of vocabulary that all the younger writers of our time might envy.

When school days come, the mind moves more at ease among the kings

and queens because one knows King Cole — that British king of the third century whose place in history Mother Goose has guarded. One may be readier for Malory and Tennyson because one knew in babyhood how matters stood 'when good King Arthur ruled his land.' I for one have never been inclined to believe the worst of Guinevere, recalling as I do her wifely thrift in the matter of the bag pudding. The clash of arms in Froissart is powerless to daunt those who recall the futility of 'all the king's horses and all the king's men' in the affair of Humpty Dumpty.

Oh, we are used to royalty, we nurslings (print it 'nestlings' if you must) of Mother Goose. We have seen the king in his countinghouse, the queen in her kitchen. We even catch some glimmer of the philosophy of history and, recalling Pussy Cat and her preoccupation with mice when she went to London to see the queen, recognize familiar truth when Horace sighs, 'I cannot flee beyond myself.'

Nor does the bridge into the past built by the Melodies lead only to palaces and thrones. One hears of market days and county fairs. The village idiot has a name, poor fellow, and his traffic with the pieman shows how barter and sale were carried on. Lost cottage industries revive. Children clothed in shop-made garments may still watch Cross Patch spin. Briskly they echo the command: —

> Call up my maids at four of the clock,
> Some to the wheel and some to the rock.

They learn that, before yarn can be spun, somebody must go a-shearing.

Nursery walls expand and a sense of world citizenship comes in with the Man in the Moon inquiring his way to Norwich. The babies themselves, you see, have so lately 'come tumbling down.' London Bridge and Gloucester, St. Ives, the River Dee, and 'far-off Lancashire' are *terra cognita*. One knows at least one Welshman and quite a bit about him. Baby spirits go dancing 'out of Ireland, into France.' Imagination ranges from Babylon to Banbury Cross. And into plastic minds seeps the essential truth that everywhere people are doing things of universal concern like planting peas and eating porridge.

We loyalists need not deny that most of Mother Goose's verse is jingling nonsense, but one of the geographical group swings into the uncharted realm of poetry.

> Gay go up and gay go down,

it carelessly begins. Suddenly, there is clamor and a sense of grandeur, of cathedral splendor, in the air. From Whitechapel and Old Bailey, from St. Martin's and St. Peter's, from Shoreditch and Stepney and Bow, the bells of London ring.

When English literature comes as a college requirement, — save the mark! — none of its verse forms is wholly unfamiliar to Mother Goose's graduates. There is cumulative verse, dear to our ancestors and still dear to teachers and to babies. Flytings and riddles from the high and far-off times feebly survive in such inanities as 'I'm a gold lock' and the rest of it; in such riddles as 'Roomful, houseful, can't catch a dishful.' There are lyrics like 'Daffy-down-dilly' and dirges such as 'Ding, dong, bell.'

Even the scholastic definition of an epic is not mere verbiage to the mind that can revert to the Wooing of Jenny Wren and the Death of Cock Robin. Tiny actors, truly, for small auditors, but here, complete with 'lofty theme, complex action, narrative, detail and dialogue,' is epic in embryo, if love, loyalty, and death be epic issues. English pronunciation, too, was still within hail of the Elizabethans when

the Melodies were sung, and Mother Goose agrees with Shakespeare and his contemporaries in rhyming 'boy' with 'die,' 'again' with 'grin,' 'sparrow' with 'morrow.'

III

Facts, eurhythmics, history, geography, rhetoric — with all these Mother Goose is helpful. In a matter even more important, her 'sonnets' have become essential.

Admittedly our population is increasingly urban, our civilization more mechanistic. This generation learns the names and uses of a thousand things undreamed of when Old British nurses sang in the Old World and Madam Goose dandled her grandchildren in the New; but how are children of to-day to learn the words and ways of yesterday?

I have seen a group of city children, astonished, excited, half-afraid, chorusing, 'What is it?' at sight of a cow. A small boy came to a halt on his stick horse. 'What is the matter?' I asked. The rider answered sadly, 'Out of gas!'

Well, Mother Goose's children know the animals at least by name. Horse and mare; bull, cow, and calf; sheep black and white, rams, ewes, and lambs; hogs, sows, and pigs, they march along her pages like a procession at a county fair, with geese and ganders, cocks and hens, ducks and drakes, at their heels. There are dogs and pussycats and all the common birds of England and, to complete the country pleasantness, bees and beehives set among rosemary, and lavender and such forgotten flowers as the 'pretty maids' of Mistress Mary's garden.

In modern schools, intricate toys have been introduced to illustrate the basic industries. Under Mother Goose's guidance, babies learn about how things are made and who makes them from the time they can pat a cake. Hard on the heels of the baker come butcher and candlestick maker. A crowd of craftsmen follows — tinkers and tailors, spinners, weavers and shearers, shepherds and mowers and reapers, blacksmiths and chimney sweeps. There are housewives who brew and bake, milk and sweep and 'sew a fine seam,' and who still have time to rock cradles and sing to babies. And to represent the arts we have fiddlers, pipers, and drummers, with dances and singing beside.

In houses regulated by thermostats, the elements may be disregarded, but Mother Goose was mightily concerned about the weather. Her nurslings hear about it all, from 'April's sweet month,' through 'midsummer when the days are lang,' into the 'misty, moisty mornings' of autumn, clear through to 'cold, bleak, raw days, when winter's now come fairly.'

These are not mere names, nor idle lists of words. This is the vocabulary of English literature. To children accustomed only to garage and filling station, 'The Village Blacksmith' would be jargon had they not learned, before they were out of knitted bootees, how to 'shoe the horse and shoe the mare.' Hardly could they recognize the roof of 'Home, Sweet Home' without the aid of 'A thatcher from Thatchwood.' Pope's Happy Man,

> Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
> Whose flocks supply him with attire,
> Whose trees in summer yield him shade,

needs as collateral reading nowadays Cushy Cow Bonny, Willy Boy, Black Sheep, and Little Boy Blue.

Long ago Oliver Goldsmith, to whom, for all his treatise on 'Polite Learning,' a sonnet was just a little song, linked these 'Sonnets for the Cradle' with 'Those of Master William Shakespeare.' As time goes on, those

greatest lines of English poetry may find in Mother Goose their best interpreter. There are young people in high school to-day who could hardly read the dramatis personæ of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* without the aid of Mother Hubbard's dog. Hearts touched in babyhood by the troubles of 'robin, poor thing,' when 'the north wind doth blow' vibrate to the chill Æolian music of 'Blow, blow, thou winter wind!'

It is necessary to know that, as a rule,

> The cock doth crow to let you know,
> If you be wise, 't is time to rise,

before it is possible to realize how hallowed and how blest is Christmas when 'the cock of dawning singeth all night long.'

No editor need interrupt the splendor of Macbeth's last lines to gloss 'Out, out, brief candle!' if before the mind's eye Nannie Etticoat flicker once again. For ah, we know, we too,

> The longer she stands, the shorter she grows.

CEFALÙ

BY EDMUND G. KRIMMEL

CEFALÙ, mentioned in history as early as 397 B.C., has at the present time ten thousand inhabitants engaged in fishing and seafaring. Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, and Arabs fought for its possession; but it was an 'Act of God' that made it a place of interest to me, and it is now a social problem of our country that makes it a place of more interest to all of us.

In 1129 King Roger was lost and beaten in a storm on a journey from Naples to Palermo and, offering up a prayer for safe deliverance, promised to erect a church to Christ and His disciples wherever he landed. His ship, so the story is told, touched the shores of Cefalù, and a cathedral was erected befitting the gratitude of such a personage as King Roger.

The cathedral towers over the town, but it in turn is dwarfed by the limestone cliff rising directly in the rear and high above. The style of the architecture records the reign of Norman rulers in Sicily, and recalls certain churches in Caen, France. And now, forlorn, neglected, unappreciated, stands this great pile of stone. A few inveterate loafers block the entrance, and it was heresy for them to move simply because I wanted to see the interior. Stripped of all the furnishings that must have adorned it stood the great nave, flanked by columns of granite majestic in the mission they were performing. There was something in the atmosphere that made me feel the strong pulse this building had in its youth. What pageantry existed at its christening: great processions, rich robes, inspiring chants, strands of incense permeating the air, all commemorating the safe deliverance of King Roger and the fulfillment of his vows!

I was moving with the procession up to the tribune, and here I paused to study the walls covered with mosaics, the finest in all of Sicily. A small door gave out on a Norman cloister where

palm trees and the cathedral pooled their shade to entice one to linger in the coolness.

A storm landing King Roger at Cefalù can be credited with my pilgrimage there eight hundred years later to see mosaics commemorating the event. My interest satisfied, I sauntered in and out among winding streets, down to the sea, and out on a wharf built of hewn stone blocks. Looking back at the town, I could see ledges of rock rising out of the water and, upon these, rough masonry walls leading up to smoother surfaces of stone or stucco, set back, projecting, leaning; and all of these surfaces pierced by openings placed without symmetry, as if forms on the cliff piling up above the houses inspired their creation. And all around me sea, boats, filth, flies, boys, men — young and old, sleeping, playing at games, mending nets or repairing boats, as if one were essential to the other.

As a morsel of food draws insects around it, so my sketch pad gathered all the boys on the wharf, and they had a mischievous interest in every line I drew. Eager to see, they pulled at the pad or turned it to an angle of advantage. My limited Italian vocabulary they could not understand, and their mutterings were less comprehensible to me. A carnivorous fly lit upon an ear and, my hands engaged, I wiggled my ears in an effort to dislodge him. There was a shout full of glee and surprise as one of the urchins noticed the motion. All eyes and interest centred on my ears and a few well-timed wiggles permitted of enough freedom to finish the sketch. Then my levity was sobered. I heard one of the boys say in English, 'How does he do it?' Who was this, coming to take me back to my world? I asked, 'How came you here, my lad?' 'With my father and brother,' he answered.

Back in a cove in the direction indicated by the boy I saw figures moving, purposeful figures, more alert than their fellow men about me. They slipped into the boat whose bow was slowly showing itself beyond the cove. There was a dull explosion or two, followed by a series in rapid succession. The sleeping men, awakened by the din, rose to rub their eyes. Others dropped their work to gaze out across the bay. Every window along the water front filled up with one, two, or three figures. Inhabitants rushed to the end of the streets and all stared at the sight of one of their boats skimming across the water, driven by an outboard motor, leaving a churned lane in its wake. A modern invention had come to disturb the peace, the quiet, of this primitive town.

I sat later, waiting in the shade of the small station for a train to take me to Taormina, and I looked at the town that had taken me back to antiquity and then rudely dropped me into our modern age again. A figure turned a corner, came into the shade and paused.

Rounded shoulders topped a slender body barely forty, but looking fifty, and as the man came toward me I could see glassy eyes sunken in a bony face covered with pallid skin. A square hand clutched a cane with a willingness to help even in its frailty. From the shell that slumped on a bench came a hollow voice, talking to me.

Yes, he had been in America. Twenty years ago with thousands he went to work on our railroads. In and around Chicago he labored until his savings enabled him to rent a little store. Profits warranted the use of a larger store and then he bought property. Every day and night, every holiday, he worked incessantly, building up his fortune to return, some day, to Sicily. Then fate took the reins. Ill health was the reward. To the hospital he was taken; an operation was necessary.

Long weeks recuperating did not retrieve the desired vitality. Sicily called to him. There he could bask in the sun along the shore of his native town, and get well. And here he was, still weak, broken. Had he brought his gleanings with him? No, he held property in America on which he paid one thousand dollars a year for taxes and from which he derived a good income; he felt that his money was safer there. Would he undergo the second operation necessary in Sicily or in Italy? No, he had more faith in our doctors, and was planning to return to the United States.

Not a few Sicilians have come back from America to use their money transforming barren slopes into small gardens, and orchards laden with lemons and oranges. And now while at work they sing of their contentment, their mellow voices in tune with the surrounding color and atmosphere laden with the scent of almond blossoms.

Now it is easier to make money in the United States, I was told. A cane was slowly raised and its quiverings betrayed the trembling hand that held it. Following the direction of the cane, I saw a section of the town I had not explored and I noticed a number of new houses of no mean size and a few under construction. All of these houses were owned by natives, men who had no compunctions about the violation of our prohibition laws, no scruples about their right to supply something that was much sought after and whose acquisition was a subject of boast and a focal point of conversation in many homes. The man I saw in the motor-driven boat had been a bootlegger in Baltimore and had just returned with his family to enjoy his spoils. I was directed to two new houses owned by his cousins, retired bootleggers, who, tired of the peace and quiet of Cefalù, closed up their homes and went to dip again into that great pot of gold accessible to them because of our experiment with the prohibition problem.

To visit a town like Cefalù, in a strange land, off the beaten tourists' path, is conducive of strong emotions. The complete detachment from the modern world is refreshing. All the more stunning is the blow when we hear echoes of all our problems — the daily grind, keen competition; money, money, and the price we pay for it. Greeks, Romans, Arabs, Normans, have left their stamp upon these people, and to-day political struggles in the United States are being reflected in their habits and means of livelihood. Because of the money coming into it from America, Cefalù will probably receive the greatest stimulus it has felt since the time of King Roger.

LET US GET BACK TO FUNDAMENTALS

BY BISHOP WILLIAM LAWRENCE

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

THE world feels sick, and is bewildered. It is no wonder. Since August 4, 1914, we have lived a century and more; and what thrills we have gotten out of it! No age ever dreamed of such an orgy as the World War gave us. We smashed billions on billions of property, slaughtered millions of men, and gave a big setback to civilization. We have dipped into the valley of financial depression, have leaped up to delirious heights, and are now in the depths again. We have knocked out many of the underpinnings of faiths, customs, and traditions upon which civilization was supposed to be built; and we know not the end thereof. This New Year's Day we wake up feeling like the 'morning after'; our head aches, our eyes are blurry; but we still have the brains and the will to think.

Up from the ruins rise elements of great value. We recall memories of an heroic past, sacrifices for home, country, and liberty; discoveries in many fields which will bless mankind; a sincere desire for international peace with honor and justice, and a determined movement toward that goal. Conciliation is now a word to conjure with in industrial and political life. We have broken shackles of tradition and superstition which have held down many faiths, virtues, and hopes, and have set them free.

With all this said, we must, if civilization is to be sustained, gird up our loins and determine upon vigorous thought and action. In this New Year we will reach down and rediscover some of the foundations upon which our lives and happiness are built.

First, and most conspicuous, we will learn again the economic and spiritual truth that 'if any will not work, neither shall he eat.' Billions of dollars in property once destroyed cannot be replaced with paper, margins, and speculation. We will pay our bills. Patient, quiet, dogged work will do it; each of us must pull his own weight and his share of the weight of the boat, too. He who habitually spends a dollar above his income is headed toward poverty. He whose balance is on the other side is laying up a reserve; and for safety, enterprise, and advance a reserve is essential. In a self-sustaining democracy (and all nations are coming to that), every man, woman, and child has his place and his job.

Second, this is the time for us to think, review, and work out a practical philosophy of life, for it is certain that in the long run a man cannot have force, happiness, the respect of others, or anything but defeat, unless he has and is ready to stand by some principles.

This is the time for each of us to ask himself what his highest hopes and ideals are, and on what foundations he is building them. Philosophers, wise

and foolish, may argue about the origin of conscience, the sanctions of right and wrong; they may carry us into the mist and leave us there. But we everyday people have got to act to-day and to-morrow; assuming that there are a right and a wrong, we must make our decisions as best we can, — based on our intelligence and conscience, as we have them, — and stand by the result.

The application of moral principles changes with the movement of social and political life, and demands thought, discrimination, and wisdom. It also calls for moral courage, and sometimes for daring to stand alone.

Third, while the times call for vigorous, rugged, straight character, they demand men and women of such grace and consideration that they may win, not drive, others to support their standards.

The younger people have made a great stride toward the right of the individual to do as he or she wishes. They have smashed many conventionalities and traditions which are well smashed. The next step for them is to have the confidence in their cause and the courage to be considerate of others. Only thus will they have charm or win their way. We are familiar with the formal, stately gentleman of the old school; we look for the informal and easy gentleman of the new day.

Fourth, a healthy, happy civilization calls us back to the worth of beauty in life and nature.

We Americans are a quick-moving, intense people. We transform our athletics into spectacular shows; we turn our love of flowers into highly organized garden clubs; and we think we see and enjoy the country as we speed along metaled roads in cars which shut out the treetops, the hills, and sloping fields. An immediate problem in the shortening of working hours is the use of our leisure. The cultivation of the little garden, the children's game, the comradeship of poetry, the love of art in painting and music, the reading of finer literature, the quiet atmosphere of home and family, give real and lasting happiness. Let us dare to give play to our finer tastes, and, if we will, live the simpler life.

Fifth, fifty years ago science seemed to be on the way to make our heavens brass. Now we have a fuller sense of freedom. Life may now be more than conformity to law. Life for us all is a venture of faith; and unless we recognize the fact that there are spaces, and atmospheres, physical, moral, spiritual, beyond our ken, we are stupid and without hope. 'Young men see visions.' Of course they do; they are young, and a people that has a future will see visions of glorious discovery, transformed character, and moral exaltation, opening up vista after vista.

By the overthrow of many traditions of religion and the emphasis on material forces and laws of nature, we have caught the habit of thinking that there is nothing above and beyond. If that is true, we are lost as men and women who live, lead, and move on to higher and higher realms.

To-day, as never before, the ways are open to every man to think and believe as he will. The history of man's faiths is behind and with us. The spiritual experiences of to-day are confirming us in the faith that in the mysterious beyond, and the more mysterious beside us, there are forces of the spirit living in and through us.

And in the great venture of Faith, a consummate belief in a living, loving God, revealed in His Son who walked this earth, we have a confidence and a courage to meet what comes which give to the men and women who are enveloped in them what all men and women sorely need to-day — the spirit of serenity.

INDIA AND NATIONALISM

BY LORD MESTON

I

India is essentially the child of its history. Not one of the features in its life to-day which bewilder the Western observer is without its origins in a more or less remote past. Whether we examine the tangled maze of the caste system, with its bearing on individual progress, or the status of women, with its dysgenic reaction on the race, or the prevailing illiteracy, with its inaptitude for free institutions — if we examine these or almost any other of India's major problems, we must turn for a better understanding of them, not only to the pages of history, but to the induced knowledge of pre-history. For pure intellectual fascination, few achievements of modern scholarship can equal that by which the pre-history of India is being reconstructed. Every year adds to the structure; but which of us can foresee its majestic future? For the wealth of material which awaits exploration in India, chiefly by the spade of the trained archæologist, is still immense. What we know already, however, enables us with some confidence to trace the far-off beginnings of much in India that occupies men's minds to-day.

Permeating all our general conceptions of bygone India must be that of a country singularly isolated and absorbent, with few entrances and practically no exits.

In Europe the ancient world was one of much racial movement and migration; the mediæval world was busy with the comings and goings of soldiers and adventurers, travelers and scholars, for whom national boundaries were of small account. Not so with India. There was no continental interchange of men and thought. Almost a continent in itself, its land frontiers were great mountain masses, the loftiest and densest on this globe, while elsewhere the unknown terrors of Ocean guarded it. Into this pocket on the earth's surface there flowed wave after wave of the human race — not to recede again (for, though Alexander of Macedon receded, he had never reached the real India), but to soak into the soil. There was, it is true, a certain amount of commerce by sea with the West, from Phœnician times onward, and we hear of occasional missions to Western courts. But it was all very partial and spasmodic, this intercourse with the outer world. India received nothing of the critical artistry of Greece, or of the Roman spirit of history and practical administration, or of the rivalry between faith and works which came later with Christianity. It lived in seclusion, in itself and for itself, churning over and over for centuries, under enervating skies, its own speculations on life and eternity. No cleansing winds of outside thought swept through the galleries of its mind.

Of the real aborigines of India we know so little that for our present purpose we need not go further back than the neolithic race known as the Dravidians. Who they were, and whence they came, are problems yet unsolved.

That their languages have no affinities elsewhere except perhaps with the so-called Scythian family is a fact of some negative importance; that they may have entered India from the Northwest is a positive speculation, also with a linguistic basis. That they covered the greater part of the land is apparent, mingling with the still older races in the more habitable parts, dwelling in fortified places, and building up a civilization of their own. It was probably one of the great cultures of the ancient world. The Indo-Aryan invaders, when they swarmed down with simpler mind and from healthier lands into the old and complex life which they found in the plains of India, thought little of it and wrote despitefully of it, just as we can imagine the Goths belittling and despising the civilization of Rome. History has long followed their example; and it is only now that we are coming to recognize the richness of the Dravidian background. Its connection with Sumerian culture has been revealed by recent excavations in Sind and Beluchistan, and private scholars like Dr. Gilbert Slater have begun to trace its enduring penetration into the India of to-day.

Whatever may have been the ethnical origins of this ancient race, they had clearly passed, as all their successors have done, under the domination of their environment. Their isolation, the pressure of a tropical climate, the scourge of flood and drought and pestilence, the suddenness of epidemic death, the insidious power of the magic and devil worship of the older inhabitants — all these must have combined to turn the Dravidian mind into channels which are still active in India. When, therefore, the second great wave of invasion began to surge into India, it brought with it a people whose outlook on life was fundamentally different from that which they found on the soil. The Indo-Aryans, as scholars deduce from the Vedic records, were a simple, open-air people, of pastoral pursuits. Fond of horses and of sport, adept hunters, meat eaters, and not averse from fermented liquors — the type has been perpetuated with the Aryan blood in other lands, down to our own day and generation. Their women were free, and chose their own mates. Family ties were strong, and family discipline effective. In their religion there is no trace of totemism, or of any revolting rites; their gods 'were the great phenomena of nature, conceived as alive, and usually represented in anthropomorphic shape.' And they were mostly cheerful gods, amenable to simple offerings and sacrifices; but they were many and various in power, from the Sky, the Fire (sun, lightning, and so forth), the Dawn, the Morning and Evening Stars, down to water nymphs and sprites of the air. In every feature, both of mind and of action, the invaders must have differed, as poles asunder, from the people upon whom they flung themselves as they emerged, after their long wanderings, from the northwestern passes into the fertile Indus valley.

How they girt their loins and hardened their hearts we can readily picture. Even so did the Israelites, as they cleared their way through the heathen of Arabia to the promised land; and the old Dutchmen of South Africa, as they trekked into the unknown among Kaffir and Hottentot. Racial arrogance asserted itself, and the pride of color. They were a dark-skinned people, those autochthones — not men, but demons, says the Veda, fit only to be extirpated or enslaved, and woe betide the Aryan who has commerce with them or mercy upon them.

To imbibe the spirit there is no need to wrestle with the ancient Sanskrit texts. Turn to the twenty-

third and twenty-fourth chapters of the Book of Joshua, and you have it in all its essentials: Remember the God of your fathers, said the dying warrior-king, and have no dealings with either the gods or the women of the Amorite. From these inhibitions was sown the seed of the caste problem generally, and of that section of it which is commonly known as the problem of the 'untouchables' — the presence, to wit, in India to-day of many millions of worthy, industrious people whose mere touch defiles the members of a higher caste.

The first beginning of caste was merely a color bar, intended to preserve the purity of the Aryan blood, as well as to protect, we may conjecture, the old simple Nature worship of the Aryan tribes from contamination by the mysteries and superstitions of the older world.

II

From the Indus valley, the Aryan invaders pushed onward and eastward, lured by adventure and fresh pastures, goaded from behind by new incursions of kindred tribes. At first it was a progress of war and conquest; there are echoes of the Dravidians retreating into their strongholds, of sieges and triumphs and captive slaves. In the thinly held tract between the Indus and the Jumna, the newcomers possessed the land in strength, settled it with their wives and families, and lived the glowing life of the earlier Vedic epics. But, with the continued advance into the richer and more densely peopled Ganges valley, came change. The men-demons were no longer in flight before conquerors. We hear of wealthy and powerful chiefs among them, and of alliances, possibly the outcome of equal contests. Alliances we can imagine to have often been cemented, as in all history, by marriages. With intermarriage came new gods, new rites, new tongues; and the slow process of absorption and assimilation had made its insidious start. It is thus the Ganges valley which was the cradle of modern India. As the Aryan waves gradually penetrated and soaked into it, there grew up that marvelous system of social life and religion, of entwining the seen with the unseen, time with eternity, which we know as Hinduism.

Of all its marvels, the Brahman is the chief. According to his own account, he sprang from the head of the Creator; regarding his more prosaic human origins we can only speculate that he was the product of specialization. In earlier days the chief of the tribe was competent to make the necessary offerings to the friendly gods on the eve of the march or battle. Later, king and priest became differentiated as the task of securing divine aid grew more solemn and complex; and, once the priestly rank was established, its aggrandizement was sure. In the process we seem to see at least three stages. First of all was the organization of a social system which was waxing more and more involved with the steady fusion of the Aryan and Dravidian stocks. This work the Brahman took in hand, and his tool was caste. M. Senart has explained how the root conception of endogamous and exogamous groups was the common heritage of the Indo-Aryans with the Greeks and Romans. The Brahman used it, moulding it to Indian conditions and endowing it with a range and an elasticity which almost baffle scientific description.

In the later Scriptures, when the old race tradition had faded, much ingenuity was wasted in grounding the caste system upon four imaginary pillars — the Brahman or priest, the Kshatriya or warrior (who afterward disappears miraculously), the Vaisya

or merchant, and the Sudra or menial. In reality the first three were merely a rough classification of Aryan society, similar to that which Herodotus recorded for Egypt and Plato for ancient Athens; while the fourth stood for the whole despised Dravidian world. At the best, this division was never more than a literary convention, designed to emphasize the Brahman primacy. The true caste system was a grading of society in a formal framework of the type which is always dear to the Indian mind; and the Brahman made the task his own.

The old ideal of maintaining the Aryan blood pure and undiluted gradually waned. Intermarriage became no longer a matter of color, but of permitted or forbidden groupings, to which the key rested in Brahman hands. Startling occasions of mixed marriages were condoned by being taken as the origins of new castes. But to check indiscriminate unions the rules of caste and the penalties for their infringement became more stringent, an invariable ingredient in the penalty for these and all other social offenses being that the Brahman must be paid or fed. With invaders much later than the Aryan — with the Scythians, the Huns, and the Mongols — the Brahman proved equally successful in welding the newcomers into the hierarchy of caste, and continuing thus the age-long absorption of mankind into the scheme of Indian life. It is no exaggeration to say that caste is the keystone of brahmanical Hinduism.

The second stage toward Brahman domination was the development of the Hindu pantheon. The stately gods to whom the Aryan forefathers raised their altars consorted ill with the godlings and the goblins which the Dravidians feared; but for good or ill their association had to be cemented, and here again was a duty that the Brahman alone could undertake. In some cases his ingenuity identified one of the older gods with an Aryan deity, as when Rudra, the storm god of the Vedas, becomes one with Siva, the cruel Destroyer, rejoicing in blood, of the Dravidian legends. In many cases the old Nature gods faded away into abstractions: the Sun is still an object of worship in Vedic form for the initiated, but Vishnu the Preserver has replaced him in popular veneration. Most frequently, however, there was no attempt at reconciling the irreconcilable; each worshiper was left at will to erect his own shrine and choose his own god.

There was no congregational worship; the priests did no leading their people to the deity, no interceding for them; every man propitiated in his own way the particular unknown power which he most feared or whose help at the moment he specially needed. At certain holy places of immemorial age, venerated long before the Aryan invasions, the Brahmans established themselves in force and promulgated the doctrine of pilgrimage and purification: Hurdwar, Benares, Ajmere, Jagannath, are monuments of their methods. The old Aryan divinities were drawn down from the starry heavens and imprisoned with the goddesses of smallpox and gaming and the like in the one vast gallery of superhuman powers where Hinduism roams in perpetual twilight.

The third aspect of Brahmanism triumphant is very different from the accepted function of a priesthood in Western eyes. The long process of stocking the Hindu pantheon developed a synthetic side at an early stage. As the Brahman specialized in the work of the mind and the study of religious emotions, his thoughts seem to have focused on the unity amid the vast diversity in which he moved, and the

conception soon took shape of the essential oneness of what we should call the Godhead. For anthropomorphic visions of deity, however, there was no place in the inner mind of Brahmanism; it was the nature of a universal divine essence which became the food for its philosophy. One school of philosophy, indeed, succeeded another, each more daring and more profound than its predecessor, and all engaged in speculation on the relation between sense and cognition, illusion and reality, man's soul and the infinite Ego, time and eternity. Not for the humble worshiper evidently was all this. He was fobbed off with what he could understand — the jealousies of one godling, the malignity of another, the virtue of pilgrimages, and above all the primary duty of feeing and feasting the Brahman. The future of his soul was not on the priestly conscience or in priestly care. The priesthood was too busy with the fine-drawn subtleties of its own intellectual world, in which brotherly kindness and charity played no part.

For present-day purposes, the main fruit of all those centuries of speculation is the doctrine of Karma, sometimes imperfectly translated as Salvation by Works, at other times as the Transmigration of Souls. The idea of an omnipresent God had matured into the conception of a universal Soul or Self, absolute, unknowable, pure intelligence emptied of all thought. All else was Illusion; but Illusion permitted of men's souls seeming to separate from the universal Soul, to be born and reborn in endless chain, until they became absorbed once again in the Infinite. According to a particular soul's deeds in one birth would be its rank in its next birth; elevation, it might be, into the body of a Brahman, or degradation into the body of an outcaste or a reptile. By deeds, however, the doctrine did not inculcate works in the Pauline sense; the import is ceremonial purity and abstention from actions capable of evil — in fact, by preference, complete inaction and self-centred meditation. Through meditation it may be possible for the soul at last to pierce the veil of sense and Illusion, and to recognize that it is part of the Universal Absolute; whereupon — and only then — it is released from the chain of reincarnations and flows into the omnipresent Self as the river flows into the sea. This, in brief, is Karma, the dominant notion in Indian religion to-day as it was two thousand years ago.

And thus the terrors of a primitive rebirth are always in the mind of the ordinary Hindu, as a stimulus to that ceremonial purity for guidance in which he needs at every turn the Brahman's aid. At the same time, the conviction that whatever he does or suffers in this life is the unalterable consequence of something that has happened in an earlier existence acts, throughout his days, as a drag on all improving effort and a steady premium on apathy — the real secret of Indian pessimism.

III

Here, then, we have the three great achievements of Brahmanism and the three essentials of Hinduism — a social system enveloped in the bonds of caste, a vast pantheon to be feared rather than loved or reverenced, and the doctrine of Karma. Nothing has ever shaken, nothing, believes the orthodox Hindu, ever will shake, these three pillars of life. Not that efforts have been wanting. The greatest of all reforming endeavors, and in its inception one of the most beautiful of the world's faiths, was Buddhism. It was a revolt against the hopelessness of the Brahman creed. For its simple followers the

orthodox Hinduism held out no hope of a better world. It gave them no guidance to that supreme spiritual concentration by which alone they could escape from the endless misery of birth and rebirth. But with Gautama Buddha came a new light. After years of fruitless penance and meditation, a new gospel was revealed to him. It was the fourfold truth and the eightfold path of right living and right thinking by which the soul could slip away from the tireless wheel of existence and reach Nirvana or emancipation. There was to be no searching for the Unknown God, no caste, no violence; and a monastic life for men and women who desired to hasten the perfection of their souls.

The story of Buddhism ended in tragedy. For over a thousand years it rivaled Hinduism in the affections of the people, but in the Brahmans it had to face an enemy implacable and indomitable. It suffered also from internal decay, drifting into a religion of inaction, sloth, and formalism. It developed a complicated hagiolatry, hardly distinguishable from Hindu pantheism, and in the end it is said to have been extinguished by persecution. That it failed in India, while it still rules the hearts of hundreds of millions in Burma and the farther East, is perhaps the greatest of all tributes to the skill of brahmanical Hinduism in adapting itself to the needs of the Indian mind. There was a time at which it seemed as if one ruler, the Emperor Asoka, might consolidate the greater part of India into political unity under a common faith; but with his death the vision faded. Hinduism learned and borrowed from Buddhism, but discarded it and ultimately beat it down, as it did with Jainism and the many other protests of reform. Caste and Karma triumphed, as they believe that they will triumph to-day.

It was in the Ganges valley that the welding together of Aryan and Dravidian was effected by that code of life which we know as brahmanical Hinduism. From there the system spread slowly into the southern lands which Asoka never conquered; and in the Deccan and Madras it found, as late as the Christian era, a Dravidian world advanced in civilization and organized into warring kingdoms. Of actual physical penetration the Aryan, whether of the pure or of the half blood, did little, though we hear of Brahman colonies in the area. It was the doctrine that made its way into the Dravidian mind, and practically moulded a pure Dravidian people into the same social framework as had been devised for very different conditions. With the proverbial zeal of the recent convert, South India has adopted the Hindu framework more fervently than the land of its origin. Castes have been created; Brahmans and Rajputs have been manufactured wholesale, without a drop of Aryan blood in their veins; and the communities which refused or were unable to come into the caste system have been stigmatized as untouchable, and treated with an arrogance which not only is unknown in Northern India, but is unsurpassed in any other social scheme now surviving in the civilized world.

IV

While Hinduism was thus organizing society and religion throughout the land, India on the political plane was the scene of endless disruption. On the internecine wars in the North before the expedition of Alexander the Great, we have the evidence of the Epics, and in the Dravidian South the records are even more definite. With the Mauryan dynasty something of an imperial nexus was established, but with the

downfall of the great Asoka's successors chaos again broke out. Insurgents from the South attacked the imperial zone, and weakness on the northwest frontiers admitted one inroad after another from Persia and Central Asia. 'The attempt to make India a great world power had failed; and its history now becomes a complex struggle within its own borders of elements both native and foreign, such as was to recur many centuries later on the downfall of the Mogul Empire.' During all this period of struggle, however, two movements continued unchecked and unswerving. The brahmanical framework of Hinduism was strengthened, cross-tied, and buttressed, whatever might be the regional or dynastic struggles within. And as to the invasions, whether the peaceful Mongoloid penetration on the East or the armed descent of Parthian, Scythian, or White Hun from the Northwest, the residuum of settlement which they left on Indian soil was steadily and effectively sucked into the brahmanical ordering of social and religious life.

Hard and enduring though Hinduism had become before Buddhism disappeared, it was yet to pass through a fiery crucible, in order to emerge as the fine steel which it is to-day. That crucible was provided for it by Islam. After some tentative attacks on the coast, the Mahomedan invasions became systematic about 1000 A.D. At first they were raids of blood and plunder. Later they developed into campaigns of annexation and settlement, into centuries of chaos and oppression culminating in the imperial sway of the Great Moguls. They differed from all previous and all subsequent invasions, for Islam was essentially a proselytizing faith. The Koran exhorts its followers to 'fight till opposition shall cease, and the religion becometh God's alone.' In India the injunction was obeyed for something like six centuries, and of the seventy million Moslems who inhabit the country to-day no small proportion are descendants of Hindus who were converted to Islam by force or by the strongest self-interest. It was a steady, agonizing process, calming down at times, blazing into fury at others, but always at work.

The ordeal was such as probably no other religion in the world but Hinduism would have survived. In many senses, however, its effect was disastrous. It put an end to all chances of internal reform, and it hardened and exaggerated the purely defensive and materialistic side of Hinduism. Whether, with the final absorption of Buddhism, the time would have been ripe for shedding the archaic crust of Hinduism, it is now impossible to guess. There would seem to have been indications, in the rising cult of Vishnu, that men's minds were reaching out toward a kindlier incarnation, a loving God compassionate to human weaknesses. But all this went by the board under the direct attacks of Islam upon the whole tabernacle of the faith. Any softening of the doctrine of Karma was strangled by the necessity for using the terrors of rebirth as a check on apostasy, compulsory or otherwise. And for similar reasons, in almost every direction, there was a stiffening of faith and practice. The Joint Family System, a device which in times of peace deadens individual effort and multiplies human parasites, became in troublous days an insurance against alien rapacity. The position of women deteriorated, the bonds of caste grew more rigid. On all sides Hinduism ossified in self-defense. Speculation on the eternal verities flourished, for adversity often stimulates the philosophic mind. And some of the masterpieces of Hindu literature belong to these hard centuries.

But the social structure and the

cardinal doctrines of the system were far more unbending when the British replaced the Mogul than they had been six hundred years earlier. It was on this rigidity that there then impinged, with an intellectual impact very different from the physical onset of Islam, the spirit of the West.

V

Before reviewing this new influence, let our minds dwell for a moment on the ethical triumphs of Hinduism throughout and despite the turbulence which brooded over India for at least three thousand years before the British occupation. Its first and greatest triumph was in bridging the gulf between the early dark-skinned occupants of the land and the formidable invaders of an entirely different human stock, who poured into India, it may have been for centuries, with a view to conquest and settlement. It then spread slowly into the southern lands, where conquest had not penetrated, and took into its capacious bosom a whole civilization which melted in its embrace. It next turned to the absorption of a new series of varied adventurers from across the borders, who broke up the only purely Hindu empire in India's history.

During all the conflicts which preceded the consolidation of that empire and during the chaos of warring kingdoms which followed its downfall, Hinduism steadily increased its dominion over the minds and lives of men, to whatever camp they belonged. On the one hand, it established a minute and despotic rule over the daily routine of social relations; on the other, it developed a habit of intellectual research into the How and Why of existence, for which there is no parallel elsewhere; while all the time it left the multitudes of its followers in a morass of ignorance and superstition. When its supreme trial came, it strengthened its discipline and tightened its hold over its people, so that for something like six centuries it resisted the fiercest proselytizing power in the world. From that struggle it emerged bruised and stunned, but undefeated. It emerged to find Islam established by its side in India, permanently hostile, but for the time a spent force. Though here it had failed, under sheer physical violence, in its tactics of absorption, it had vanquished all other rivals. It had drawn into its fold Aryan and Dravidian alike, the Mongoloid races which had drifted into the Ganges valley from the East, the Parthian, Scythian, and Hun invaders from beyond the Himalayan screen, and — what was possibly its only missionary effort — it had climbed into the mountains of Nepal and enveloped the Gurkha Kingdom.

The progress of Hinduism is not without a certain similarity to the spread of Christianity over Europe. There also, in a world of grim ferocity, a priestly organization grew up to direct the spiritual side of life, and continued its work unabated through centuries of racial and dynastic strife. It brought into its fold a great variety of different peoples — Latin, Byzantine, Goth, Teuton, Norseman, and Gael. It conceded to its converts, though always with some change of form, the retention within their new religion of rites, traditions, and festivals belonging to their more ancient faiths. It aimed, and the Roman Church preserves the goal, at a community which would transcend all national boundaries; and in a large measure it succeeded, though it has not been generally successful in composing national animosities. We cannot, however, push the parallel much further. The community at which Hinduism aims is not a *Civitas Dei*, but a highly complicated and

stratified human society. The religion for its guidance is not a system of faith or belief, or even philanthropy, about which Hinduism cares little, but a close observance of ritual determined for every step in men's daily lives. Its object is not so much the well-being of men or the care of their souls as the strength of the social strata, in which are involved the reward of right living and the penalties of wrong living. In maintaining the structure of society and in performing the ritual, the Brahman is indispensable. Consequently, in all circumstances must the position of the Brahman be respected. Whatever storm may rage in the ocean of Hinduism, the ark of Brahmanism must ride in safety.

With the decay of the Mogul Empire and the rise of British power, Hinduism had a new situation to face. The terrors of forcible conversion were over, but only to make way for the attractions of a new type of civilization. Its very novelty was stimulating: India got a glimpse of new commercial customs, of new systems of law, and ultimately — when missionaries received their begrudged licenses to work in the country — of a new religion. None of these were enforced on her, and a healthy interest in them was consequently aroused. In Calcutta, the centre of the most emotional and artistic of the Indian peoples, this interest bore its first fruits. A society for the reform of Hinduism, the Brahmo Samaj, was started in 1828 by a group of learned Brahmans. It aimed at getting back to the Vedas, the primitive Sanskrit scriptures, and ridding Hinduism of many intermediate accretions. Bearing very definite marks of Christian influence, it soon encountered the hostility of Hinduism proper; and though some of the most eminent Bengalis of the last century were its adherents, the sect now makes little headway and its energies are spent.

More formidable, however, than any specific movement of reform was the spirit of curiosity and questioning which began to stir when English education was adopted as the policy of the East India Company a century ago. The exact and experimental methods of Western science crashed into a realm of vague speculation. The teachings of the utilitarian school, then in vogue in England, fell like a cleansing douche upon the musty mysticism of orthodox thought. Political doctrines of personal freedom and equal opportunities had all the fascination of a delightful heresy. There grew up a young school of educated Indians who received with genuine enthusiasm these breezes from the outer world.

VI

At this point India suffered at the hand of destiny its most grievous blow in modern times — the Mutiny of 1857. How far this upheaval was what it professed to be, a military rising; how far it was a protest against the imperialistic policy of Dalhousie; or how far it sprang from a general reaction against the new spirit, still remains for the historian to decide. Whatever its causes, it left two deplorable sequels behind. On the one hand, racial bitterness was its legacy; the treachery and cruelty which characterized the outbreak poisoned the minds of Englishmen; the severity with which it was crushed evoked a parallel resentment in the Indian mind, at least in later years when the provocation was forgotten. On the other hand, the promise of a new Hinduism moulded by Christian influences was shattered. The thirst for Western education continued, but mainly as a passport to official and professional occupation rather than as a desirable thing in itself. And about

1870 a series of movements took shape in defense of the old faith and in direct antagonism to the attempts that had been made to reform it from within or from without. Chief among these was the Arya Samaj, a militant organization which, while disavowing caste and calling for a return to the simplicity of the Vedas, has concentrated on attacks upon Christianity and Islam, and has adopted the mission of reclaiming converts to those religions back into Hinduism. Other movements were more orthodox; but the whole trend was a protest against the attractions of Western thought and the seductive freedom of its outlook.

This, however, somewhat anticipates the sequence of events. What we seem to see from the seventies of last century onward is a steady march of India's fate along three lines. Most obvious was the forward movement in administration, the extension and elaboration of the machinery of efficient government by British officials. For half a century that process went on untiringly. Lawmaking, the strengthening of the magistracy, improvements in the police, the building up of a powerful bar — all made for the securer enthronement of justice in the land. The establishment of universities, and the multiplying of colleges and schools, brought education to the doors of the people. The rapid expansion of railways, coupled with the construction of vast irrigation reservoirs and canals, increased the products of the land and enabled them to be mobilized, thus turning the flanks of those terrible famines which used to decimate the population. Material prosperity was enhanced, and all the executive paraphernalia of the modern State were imposed upon the country. This was the first and most impressive line of advance.

The second line was somewhat parallel. It marked the magnetic influence of Western thought and ideals upon a small but notable section of the educated classes. It drew them into the study of utilitarian philosophy and of Christian ethics. It touched chords in them which vibrated to the liberty preached by Cobden, Gladstone, and John Bright in England. It shook them out of their bondage to the rigid observances of orthodox Hinduism, especially when they crossed the ocean and left caste behind. And it set them speculating on political emancipation. It was a fine type, the dignified learned Hindu of that period, who was equally at home in the classics of his own faith and in the concepts of Western culture, and equally tolerant of both; but it has almost disappeared.

The third line of change ran an oblique course to the other two. It was in effect a revulsion against them. The old Hinduism was distrustful of the new outlook which British rule was bringing into men's minds and resentful of the defections of the younger generation. Recovering from the stunning blow of 1857, it began its long, patient, tortuous striving for the restoration of its dominion, of which we are witnessing some of the results to-day. The revival of orthodox Hinduism and its struggle against the heresies of new thought are dominant features in the last half century of India's psychology.

Out of these three movements has emerged what, for want of a better word, may be called the Nationalism of modern India. Nationalism is a word which many writers have striven, and not with complete success, to define. There is, however, a consensus that it involves a sentiment of unity in race or language or religion or tradition or some combination of the four. No such sentiment exists in India. The country has been torn by every conceivable form of dissension within itself, but

through all its agonies one constant influence has been at work, the influence of Brahmanism and caste. At intervals and for lengthened periods the country has been pressed into a common mould by alien government; and the result has been a hardening of the tissues and a toughening of the crust of the same enduring social system. Dynasties have risen and fallen, kingdoms have been formed and dissolved, invasions have swept the land, centripetal and centrifugal forces have alternated; but one power has grown through it all — the power over men's minds and lives which is inherent in brahmanical Hinduism.

Thus it comes that the battalions which face us to-day, and which we call the army of Indian Nationalism, are the forces of Hinduism; the sentiment which the Indian extremist would have us accept as a subjective nationality is the sentiment and tradition of the orthodox Hindu. The power and the sentiment have a reality, an intensity, a dominion, to which there are few, if any, parallels in the world; but they have not that binding force which welds nations into solid units of fervent patriotism. What we call the Nationalism of India to-day is something radically different from, to take three familiar types, the nationalism of England under Queen Elizabeth, or of Italy under Garibaldi, or of Czechoslovakia under Masaryk. It is not the movement of a people united by some common danger or intolerable burden or all-consuming ideal—a movement driving them forward to some definite form of political organization which will enable them to express themselves or to achieve their common purpose. It is rather the revolt of a privileged class against modern influences which are threatening its social predominance. It is the struggle of an ancient civilization, which has drawn into itself many races and cultures in its time, to absorb now whatever in Western civilization suits it and to reject the rest.

There is much in the movement with which we can sympathize, or which at least we can understand. On the other hand, it is disguised and overlaid by masses of artificial sentimentality and false analogies, as well as often by the gravest misstatements; and we must get rid of all such top-hamper before we can squarely face the peculiar complexity of the problem of gauging and handling the demands which are now being advanced in India's name.

'SAID THE SOVIET TO THE TOURIST'

BY OWEN TWEEDY

I

RUSSIA is an odd country to visit — odd from the very moment when the traveler decides to visit it. For Russians are quite as suspicious of outsiders as outsiders are of them; and if the traveler wishes to enter the country as a normal visitor he will find that the filling up of an application for a normal passport involves a revelation of his past, which may or may not bear revealing, and that he is at once on the defensive and regarded as an international spy or, at best, as an over-inquisitive and unwelcome Nosey Parker. But a tourist visa is a far simpler matter, since, for reasons connected with economics and remote from politics, Russian policy to-day is to encourage tourists. 'Only,' says the Soviet, 'no tourist visa unless you take our tourist excursions.' It is, maybe, polite blackmail: there is no private enterprise in Russia, and the Soviet manages its own tourist trade and makes state revenue out of tourists. But there is no alternative; and I was one among four hundred other inquisitives on a Baltic cruise who accepted the Soviet terms. All of us got in, save three unfortunate parsons who were described on their passports as 'Ministers of Religion.' 'Ministers' are highly political in Russia and religion is taboo. Three other clerics were wiser in their generation. 'Clerks' work in offices; what 'Holy Orders' conveys to a Russian, goodness only knows. Anyhow, the three 'Clerks in Holy Orders' sailed in — and I with them.

Once ashore, I might have been back in a war-time atmosphere of red tape and regulations; at the same time, I might have been back at school. But it was a Bolshevist Dames' School. For the official guides in Russia are all women, — girls of the university type with a leavening of matrons, — and their guide curriculum for the education of tourists follows with tense concentration the school syllabus laid down by the Soviet Government.

In Leningrad, I came under the wing of a pleasant, plump, middle-aged lady, who had had a pre-war education in England and whose family had been rich under the old régime. In her altered circumstances she was, first of all, a housewife, and secondly a politician. But in Moscow my guide was too young to have clear memories of Tsarism, and had grown up entirely as a Bolshevik of the new régime. Both were extremely pleasant, extremely forthcoming, and extremely efficient. Both spoke English fluently, and their different outlooks gave me a wider view. For in Leningrad I listened to lowbrow domestic details; in Moscow conversation was on a highbrow political level. It was a good combination.

Mrs. Leningrad had a husband, two children, and one servant. They all lived in four rooms, in a house which had once belonged to a court chamberlain. They had not chosen it, she told us, and their quarters were most in-

convenient. But in Russia man proposes, and the State disposes. The house hunter applies to the local commissar, with details of his salary and of his family, and the State must produce something; but he must accept what is produced. The rent is according to his salary, and the number of rooms according to the number and the ages of his family. Mrs. Leningrad asked us whether foreigners like ourselves could still move easily.

'Here,' she said, 'it is terribly difficult. In fact, if a family is not comfortable, the only way to secure a change is to have another baby, after which one can return to the commissar to fill up a new form.'

Her husband worked as a state doctor and she as an official tourist guide and dressmaker, and they could just afford a servant, at twelve dollars a month, with an extra dollar, paid by Mrs. Leningrad, for health and unemployment insurance. Domestics, surprisingly, can go on pension at the age of forty-five.

But when we hinted at sympathy with her altered circumstances, Mrs. Leningrad was not at all sorry for herself.

'Oh, no,' she said, 'even if there were luxuries none of us would want them. We get all we need from the State and everybody works except the ill and the superannuated. And as for money, according to the way we live now, we need next to none, as the little we want to buy can be bought with next to none. Nor has anyone to save — indeed, it is illegal to hoard. There are state pensions for everyone; and after all, savings are only for one's old age.'

Money, indeed, can be dangerous in Russia. One of my tourist companions had been asked to bring a hundred and fifty dollars to a Russian living in Leningrad. But the man, instead of being pleased, was terrified. 'For goodness' sake, put it away,' he said. 'What use is it to me? Luxuries? It's a crime to hoard and I should be caught at once if I suddenly appeared with unaccountable money to spend. But I should not be the only one to be punished. You smuggled the money in, and if you were caught you would quite likely be an unwilling guest in Russia for a very considerable period.'

From the moment we arrived, we had been aware of this Soviet control of foreigner's money. There are no State Banks in Russia, but a Soviet Exchange Bureau was established on board ship before we landed. Our money was changed at the rate of two rubles to the dollar, and we were given certificates, which we had to sign, containing particulars of the transaction. And whenever we bought anything, this certificate had to be produced before we were given possession of our purchases, and on it had to be endorsed the amounts we had spent. Mrs. Leningrad told us we had no cause to complain. 'It is only self-protection,' she said. 'You capitalists refuse to recognize our ruble or to quote it on your foreign exchanges; and, as a result, outside Russia our money can be bought at very low rates. We watch every visitor to see that he does n't import cheap rubles to spend here. You will see the scheme working if you want to change your surviving rubles back into dollars when you leave. The Exchange Bureau will only pay you after they have verified, from an addition of the shop endorsements on your certificate, that you have not spent more rubles in Russia than you originally received when you exchanged your dollars on arrival.

'I suppose,' she went on, 'all this sounds very queer to you. But, as a matter of fact, our life is far easier than yours in its routine. Our State is responsible for every Russian in Russia

during the whole of his life. As a child he gets education and rations; as a worker, he gets pay and rations (and there is always work — we have no unemployment); as a pensioner, he gets pension and rations. And there is always cheap and good food for everybody. Into the bargain, housekeeping is easy, although I expect you would find it dull. Every householder has a series of ration books, covering both the essentials of life and luxuries; and only vegetables are an open market. The only shops belong to the State Coöperatives; and nothing can be bought without the production of the necessary ration book. We are only served if our books show that we have not already bought more than we are entitled to buy, according to state rationing regulations. I know exactly what I can have and cater accordingly. But my family only get the second scale of rations. We are sedentary workers. Manual workers get twice as much as we do. You see, it is not so complicated after all, and we understand rationing now and accept it because it suits us. And it applies to everything; not only food, but clothes, boots, soap, candles, oil — everything.'

Mrs. Leningrad was possibly speaking for many of her compatriots — but not for all. Another of my fellow travelers had an introduction to a professional Russian in Leningrad, and went to see him. His clothes were ill-fitting and worn; and in apologizing for them, he explained that three years ago he had had quite a good wardrobe, but that in 1927 the State had made an inventory of all the clothes in Russia, and had laid down by law what each person might possess. He had been left with only two suits and, according to ration regulations, he was not entitled to another for twelve months.

We told the story to Mrs. Leningrad, who shrugged her shoulders. 'He is not used to it yet,' she said, 'and probably does n't see what value this rationing has for the State. We buy what we need at cheap state prices, and the State provides without foreign imports. And as no one can buy more than his ration, money loses its point and the State can keep wages and pensions low. The scheme only hits me in one way. I should like to travel again as I did as a child. Of course, I can have a passport for abroad, provided I promise to return; but what should I do in Paris or in London or in New York? I could not buy my cheap Russian rations in the Rue de la Paix, or in Piccadilly or on Broadway. And I certainly know that the little money I have would not last me one meal according to your restaurant prices.'

II

Mrs. Leningrad was timid in her comments on the State and Church issue. She had certainly been devout before devotion went out of fashion in Russia. But the more politically-minded Miss Moscow was bluntly expansive on the topic. It was raised fortuitously. Sight-seeing over three weeks destroys all contact with time; and in Moscow one of us, surprised, after the emptiness of the Leningrad streets, to see crowds thronging the pavements, assumed that they were Sunday crowds enjoying their day off. The suggestion greatly entertained Miss Moscow. 'Those people *are* enjoying their day of rest; but it's not Sunday,' she said. 'We don't go in for Sundays or Mondays or, for the matter of that, for weeks. We work on a five-day cycle — four days' work, one day's rest. Thus the factories never stop and the shops never close. Sunday with everybody off together is out of date. It would interrupt our progress.'

'But what about church?' we asked.

'Of course the priests keep Sun-

day,' she answered, 'and everybody can go to church who wants to. But very few do.'

We carried the war into the enemy's camp.

'That is, if they can find a church open,' we countered. 'Have n't you closed most of them?'

'Not a bit of it.' Her voice was very metallic. 'We don't close churches; they close themselves. It is only when the priests and their congregations fail to keep them in good repair that the State intervenes. Churches with special claims to interest then become museums; otherwise, they are converted into warehouses and factories, of which Russia has far more need. The State has no objection to religion and tolerates every religion — but only so long as religion does not clog the machinery of our social and economic development. Under the old régime, our Church as a malevolent agency in Russia was second only to Tsarism. And the two worked hand in glove.'

The scene of our discussion moved to the Church of the Redeemer, which celebrates the French defeat in 1812. Miss Moscow brought us to a small dais on which were two thrones. 'While the common herd stood at worship,' she said, 'the Tsars alone sat, and this dais was to raise them above their subjects and nearer the Almighty, whom they claimed to represent on earth. As such, they could do and did what they liked without control or criticism — and the Church fostered the fiction. Now we have disestablished and disendowed it. It must never again have temporal power.'

In Leningrad, we had had a foretaste of how the Soviet is teaching the proletariat to regard religion. We had stopped opposite the Blue Mosque by the Peter-Paul Fortress. 'It,' said Mrs. Leningrad, 'was built by the last Tsar to conciliate his Moslem subjects. In the mornings it is still open for Mohammedan prayers; but in the afternoons there are daily antireligious meetings for all and sundry.'

But Moscow is the headquarters of the movement, and there we were shown the Soviet Antireligious Institute, where students qualify as antireligious teachers in the government schools. 'The next generation,' said Miss Moscow, 'will have been trained to regard religion purely as a spiritual force; and this knowledge will make it impossible, for all time, that the Church in Russia should again thwart the rights of the people.'

The Soviet has already in twelve years made great headway. On our peregrinations we overtook a tawdry, white-painted trolley, clattering briskly over the cobbles. On it was a coffin; it was unattended and, from the pace at which it was being carried, I assumed it was empty.

'Oh, no,' said Miss Moscow, 'it is going to the cemetery. The family has paid the driver to fetch the corpse from the house, and someone else has been paid to dig a grave. The two between them will bury the body and that will be all.'

'But,' I said, 'won't there be any religious service?'

'Maybe yes, maybe no — but most likely no.'

And there was a sequel. Later in the day the same trolley passed us clattering in the opposite direction. The coffin was still on it. 'Corpses,' said Miss Moscow, 'are no longer buried in coffins. Coffins are far too expensive.'

III

There were repeated indications that the Soviet wished us to take a good impression of Russia away with us, and it positively pandered to our physical needs. Our meals were Gargantuan

— but strongly *à la russe*. I met one elderly North of England merchant who expressed himself forcibly. 'Sturgeon!' he said. 'Never want to see the stuff again. I thought I was eating horse.' Personally, I enjoyed my meals extremely. I contrived always to seat myself at table opposite the caviare, and in three days ate at least ten dollars' worth. Only the Soviet waiting was poor. 'Buttling' as a profession is out of date, for New Russia lives on state rations and waits on itself.

And Soviet attentions could also be delicate. In our train from Moscow, we were brought *free* early morning tea in glasses and *free* rusks; and just before journey's end, the *doyen* of the Lady Guides, a lovely creature just like Pavlova, toured the whole train, like a hospital matron on her morning round. Speaking particularly for the men among us, we were charmed when, with a sweet smile, she asked us individually whether everything had been all right and whether we had had a really nice sleep.

But the Soviet Government, despite its solicitude for tourists, ostentatiously and, at times, pretentiously parades its belief in the maxim that charity should start at home. There are scores of canteens in the industrial quarters, where workers can queue up for their meat and bread rations and eat on the job, instead of having to go back to their homes for meals or bring food with them; there are *crèches* for workers' children; and, on the Neva and Moskva Rivers, there are workers' Lidos with swimming pools and water chutes and punts and skiffs and sun bathing. After we had seen the Moskva Lido, Miss Moscow showed us a full-blown Fun City with a fine helter-skelter, swing boats, roundabouts, and an ornamental lake. It was a pleasant and harmless, if slightly vulgar, resort; but Miss Moscow, whom we were coming to consider as being something of a prig, did not call a spade a spade. 'We have christened this place The People's Home of Culture and Rest,' she said pompously. The idea was really comic, and it was not the only incident which betrayed a Soviet lack of humor. In Moscow and Leningrad, we were shown old music halls, riding schools, closed churches, and the like — only to be told that they now pass under the most wonderful high-sounding titles as 'Institutes of this,' 'Seminaries of that,' and 'Symposiums of something else.' And even in the cinemas, nearly all the films are improving in tone or propagandist; hardly any are even vaguely amusing. There is a similarity between this Bolshevist pretentiousness and that of suburban commuters, who will call their semi-detached villas 'Sans Souci,' 'Quirinal,' 'Versailles,' and even 'The White House.'

In pleasant contrast, the Workers' Rest Home which we visited on the Neva Islands had the spontaneity and unassuming simplicity of a mixed summer camp. These homes are all through Russia, and are established in the suburban and country houses of the *ci-devants*. Workers are entitled to a fortnight's free holiday a year, and they run the homes themselves with one Soviet restriction only — prohibition. The home we saw had belonged to an imperial general and the grounds had been lovely. In ten years they have been allowed to fall into unlovely decay. But near the mansion there were badminton courts and gymnasium apparatus, and we met party after party of holiday makers returning from boating and swimming in the Neva.

Mrs. Leningrad gave us her set piece, standing beneath a huge picture of Lenin crudely frescoed on the wall of what had been the general's hall. 'Formerly,' she said, 'the house was

open for, at most, three months in the summer, and then only for the benefit of the general, his wife, and his son; to-day, it accommodates 270 workers and is open all the year round. Under Tsarism there was nothing but work, work, — day in, day out, — for the workers. And now I will show you how jolly this place has become.'

In the kitchen, 'duty-men' were cutting bread and chopping meat for *rissoles;* in the four dining rooms, 'duty-women' were laying the tables; the dormitories, where they slept by sexes, were tidy and well, if simply, furnished; in the recreation rooms — the old drawing-room, library, and boudoir — groups were talking and reading; finally, in the music room, a large party was listening to a long-haired impresario, who only broke into bourgeois jazz when we appeared. But Lenin was everywhere, the fairy godfather, as it were, of the holiday makers.

The Soviets are past masters of propaganda. We, as tourists, expected to be propagandized; but to all of us it was a surprise to realize the intensity of Soviet propaganda among their own people. Wherever we visited — in churches, in museums, and in palaces — we met scores of other touring parties — Russian parties of soldiers, sailors, and workers, each in charge of an official guide of the Soviet Educational Corps. In the Hermitage, I saw Mongols from Turkestan gaping at a Rembrandt; a spectacled girl of eighteen was explaining Velasquez to a group of bucolic soldiers; a class of children tittered over an overdeveloped nude by Rubens.

To watch them was to be moved to mirth; but in Tsarskoye Selo, the last Leningrad home of the last Tsar, I was moved to inarticulate wrath. In the imperial bedroom, we overtook a group of sailors standing round a blackboard, on which was pinned a photograph of Rasputin. It had been placed opposite the Tsarina's bed by the Soviet, and the sailors' guide was tense and fanatic in her explanations. What she said I could only guess; but I saw the sailors grinning and nudging each other. The presence of that photograph in that room was an outrage to common decency.

And on two occasions I had cause to marvel over the thoroughness of Soviet psychology. These propaganda visits are wearying and promote hunger. In the Hermitage, I came across a peasant workers' group, enjoying a ration lunch of garlic and black bread on a silk-covered Empire sofa, placed specially for their repose; and in the Hall of the Winter Palace, where formerly the Imperial Guard watched imperial departures, a long snack-counter now provides workers, who have completed their educational tours, with fish and onions at a dime a plate.

IV

There was no suggestion in our guides' explanations of monuments of any tinge of apology for the past. We were bourgeois; as likely as not we were Imperialists; some of us might even be aristocrats. Offense is the best form of defense. So, in St. Isaac's Cathedral in Leningrad, we were told that the building was crying evidence of the callousness of imperial squandermania. It cost mints, and thousands of serfs died in the digging of its foundations in the fever-stricken Neva mud. In the Hermitage, British Royalty was ridiculed. Mrs. Leningrad halted us before a Van Dyck portrait of Queen Henrietta Maria. 'In life she was ugly and squat. Here she is lovely and graceful. Queens always insisted upon being passed down to posterity as fair as Venus.' But she was crudely gruesome in her belittlement of the

beauty of the Church of the Resurrection, where Alexander II was murdered by Nihilists. 'All this grandeur is bourgeois vulgarity,' she said, 'and it was only to hoodwink the world that we Russians mourned the murdered man. As a matter of fact, we were delighted when he was killed.'

Finally, in the libraries at Tsarskoye Selo, she stressed the maps and the long rows of military books on the shelves. 'Tsars, after Napoleon's time,' she said, 'thought only of wars and Empire aggrandizement. Russia and its needs — education, hygiene, industry — were nothing to them, so long as they were the most magnificent monarchs in the world.'

As sight-seers, we were absolutely under the thumb of our fair guides; but as visitors we became more independent. And my party of four wanted to shop. There was no objection; and, with Miss Moscow, we learned how shopping is done in Government 'Loot' Shops. They are stocked with the débris commandeered by the State after the Revolution from the houses of the aristocracy and bourgeoisie. But the one we visited might have been a jumble sale. We were at least two hundred tourist clients, and there were, at most, six saleswomen, and they spoke English indifferently. We snatched and grabbed like bargain fans at a summer sale; but eventually I succeeded in earmarking six imperially crested Wedgwood plates. And then the queues began. First, I had to queue up for my bill; then, in a different place, for another official to check the bill; next, farther down the shop, to settle the account; finally, with my receipt, I started again at the bottom of my first queue to get possession of my plates. Four officials were doing the work of one efficient salesman.

That experience taught us all we wanted to know of 'loot' shops. But we had not yet sampled 'queue' shops. We had seen scores of them; but in discussing them our guides had betrayed no irritation with the system. 'The people can only go in one by one,' they explained, 'as each ration book has to be checked individually before anyone can buy anything.' Miss Moscow, however, was less calm when we suggested joining a long queue outside a candy store. 'It is impossible.' 'Why?' 'It is impossible.' 'We don't see why.' . . . Five minutes' *poste* and *riposte* before she capitulated. Ten minutes later, we had our invitation from the Soviet shop manager to make some purchases 'privately.' 'Privately' in Russian does not mean 'privately' in English. With us in her wake, Miss Moscow bullocked straight through the queue. Thank goodness Russians are stolid. A low-town pit queue would have murdered us. But once inside we might have been buying candy at home, save that my two ounces of chocolate creams were filthy and cost half a dollar. But while we bought bourgeois fashion, the queue carried on Bolshevist fashion. Candy, it turned out, does not need ration books, and in turn the shoppers demanded at the cash desk whether the candy they wanted was in stock and at what price. If both answers were satisfactory, they passed what they wanted to spend over to the cashier, who gave them a coupon. With this token, they bought their candy at another counter. It all seemed a futile 'much ado about nothing.' But in answer to our torrent of questions, Miss Moscow's replies were masterpieces of feminine evasiveness.

'We have got used to them,' she said. 'To these people candy queues are no more irksome than theatre queues to you. In fact, many workers pass all their rest days queue-ing up. They only buy enough at one time to last

them to the top of another queue; then they buy again and go back to the bottom of the next one — and so on and so on. After all, queues are grand places for gossip. Some, of course, buy to resell at a small profit; and others on commission for those who are too lazy to go for themselves. I, personally, never stand in a queue.'

I felt exactly like Alice talking to the White Queen; and although I have seen a Russian queue in action, all I can say about its working is that it is a good thing that the New Russian has such a strong queue complex.

During our three days, the Soviet fed us well and guided us brilliantly; but transport was not so uniformly satisfactory. We started well in Leningrad in a well-sprung government car, — there are neither private cars nor taxis in Leningrad, — and presumably, while we toured, some commissar who normally rode was, to his deep disgust, walking to his office. But in Moscow our cruel fate was one of the few private taxis in Russia. It had no springs, the windows would not open, and the engine functioned on the principle of dot-and-carry-one. Miss Moscow gave us no sympathy. 'You are spoiled,' she said, 'with your money and your luxury. Here, taxis are utter luxury. We Russians never use them. We either walk or ride in trams which are run by a Department of State with very low fares.'

And further shocks awaited us on our last day in Leningrad. It was pouring with rain, and presumably the weather had given the commissars an excuse to demand the return of their cars. Anyhow, our last excursions in Russia were made in a hard-sprung bus, which was not only an agony but a peril. But our railway experiences were happier. The whole two hundred of us for Moscow had clean and roomy sleepers; the linen was fresh; and all the stories of things walking and crawling in our mattresses proved to be moonshine. But one lady had believed them disastrously. At Hels ngfors, she had bought a kill-me-quick insecticide, the whole of which she at once broadcasted over her cushions. The liquid was a virulent form of tear gas, and she and her very indignant daughter wept all the way to Moscow.

V

While I was in Russia, I found myself listening rather than looking; what I saw was of less interest to me than what I heard. Leningrad was the more depressing of the two towns we visited. The streets, mainly empty, were in shocking condition, with potholes as large as shell holes and mud inches deep. But they were in keeping with their surroundings. Slums succeeded squalor; genteel poverty succeeded slums; and over all brooded melancholy and despair. It was a tenement town. Plaster was peeling from dingy walls; drainpipes were rusted and broken; the glass in the windows was cracked and dirty; nothing had known the feel of paint for years. Shops were boarded-up caverns gaping on to the road; and in street after street those queues propped themselves patiently against the walls. 'Ichabod' was written black over Leningrad.

The centre of the town was less dead. There were trams; there were policemen and policewomen, both smoking; there was some horse-drawn traffic; and there was movement on the pavements. But, though the people looked sturdy and well-fed, my depression deepened. Their clothes, though possibly warm, were subfusc and ill-fitting, and I longed for a splash of color to relieve the general drabness. And there were no advertisements. Here, gaudy or crude, they would have been actually welcome. And it rained continuously,

and the street walkers had no umbrellas. Leningrad was ghastly.

Moscow, after Leningrad, seemed alive — almost impudently alive. The streets were as bad, if not worse, and the houses cried as loudly for paint and plaster; but the pavements were crowded and so were the trams, the shops made some show of window display, and there were signs of building activity. Above all, the people seemed less drab and more virile. Many were in summer whites, and their linen was well laundered; and the inevitable crowd outside our hotel seemed somehow to convey almost a sense of superiority in their looks. 'You may have fine clothes and any amount of money; but now, we can get on quite well without you, thank you.'

In one respect only did Leningrad take the palm from Moscow. The Oktober Prospekt is the only modernly paved Russian street we saw. Our first view of it was at night, as we were going to our Moscow train. It was brilliantly lit all down its three miles of straightness; it was crowded, and the shops, being closed, did not betray their nakedness. 'Only at night,' said Mrs. Leningrad, 'when the lights are on can I remember that this Prospekt used to be the Nevsky Prospekt of my girlhood.'

I had been told for years what a terrible place Russia was, and having seen it, I do not at all want to live there. But when I am now asked how Russians behaved toward us . . . well, you might as well try to analyze the feelings of one cow toward another cow.

We were incidentals, not features, in the Russian landscape. Only once was there an incident of articulate hostility. We were standing harmlessly round Mrs. Leningrad listening to some explanation of a monument, when a country cart rumbled past. No sooner did the carter spot us than, in uncontrollable fury, he began to shout himself black in the face, and the air became so thick with invective that our chauffeur leapt from his seat and tore after the cart and took its number and the carter's name. What the sequel was, goodness knows. Mrs. Leningrad confined her comment to the statement that such incidents gave tourists a bad and a wrong impression of Russia.

But another incident, in which I was the hero, completely blotted out all bad impressions of the carter and his oaths. When I got up to dress in the train from Moscow, it was streaming with rain and the carriage was cold. Drowsily, I seized what I thought was the lever of the heating apparatus. Instead, I pulled the communication cord, and, with a hiss from the Westinghouse brake, the train stopped. I was horror-struck. What would be the Russian penalty for 'improper use'? Archangel? But in the end I thanked my lucky stars that I was in Russia, and that the guard looked and was as paternal as Hindenburg, and had a sense of humor. Although our only language was by signs, my pantomime, as I reconstructed the crime in my flannel pyjamas, was so ludicrous that the Hindenburgian traits relaxed and suddenly, to my great relief, the old Field Marshal was roaring with laughter. He whistled the train on and went to tell some colleagues the joke. When I was safely back on board our good ship, I wondered to myself what would have happened to me had I pulled one of Mr. Mussolini's communication cords.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

What's behind the name

The stories of family names have proved of wide personal interest. The pioneers in the field found that every yard of the ground over which they traveled was beset with obstacles in every way as great as those that impede the advance of students in the field of etymology. We have names that are supposed to be derived from the seasons of the year, such as Christmas, Easter, Lammas, Noel, Pask, and so forth, yet when one discovers that there exists in a certain English county the parish of Lammas, and that the Rolls of the County contain the name of Richard de Lammas, one may be justified in believing that the name is derived from the place where the said Richard lived, rather than from Lammastide. Noel may have to do with Christmas, but it has been suggested that it is a mere Anglicism of the French name Noailles, and not an appropriation of the French *Noël*, Christmas.

Perhaps a more interesting example is afforded by the name Leach, unquestionably one of a physician; but the surname Blackleach is not derived from it. In the *Hundred Rolls* for 1273, William de Lèche is described as a physician, but in 1397 the name Henry de Lache indicated a man who lived by a lake or pool, and the name Blackleach means a man living by a black pool.

Our personal and family names have been derived from many languages and from many sources — Anglo-Saxon, Scandinavian, Danish, Celtic, Gaelic, Teutonic, Norman, French, Flemish, Dutch, and so forth. When Julius Cæsar landed in Britain in B. C. 55, he noticed that the natives were painted in woad with signs and symbols. These symbols designated the members of the different tribes that opposed him. After this form of tattooing passed out, distinctions of costume took its place.

The origin of the family name is explained as follows: A man who founded a family had the personal name Adam; his sons became Adamin. The families multiplied; they spread over the land, and the head of each branch became the ancestor and gave his name to the sept or group of related persons who claimed descent from him. We may get an idea of how this worked from the Book of Genesis, in which we read: 'Now these are the generations of the sons of Noah, Shem, Ham, and Japheth: and unto them were sons born after the flood. The sons of Japheth: Gomer, and Magog, and Madai, and Javan, and Tubal, and Meshech, and Tiras. . . . And the sons of Javan: Elishah, and Tarshish, Kittim, and Dodanim. By these were the isles of the Gentiles divided in their lands; every one after his tongue, after their families, in their nations.'

Later, to the individual name, terms descriptive of personal peculiarities were added. If the descendant settled in some other part of the country, the region where he settled was added to this name, and so, in due time, characteristics, emotions, relationship, occupations, location names, dignities, common or official positions, pursuits, skill, natural phenomena, birds, beasts, fish, and other creatures, weights,

measures, characteristics of locality, and even of disease, were used.

Every Roman had three names: the first, his individual name, as Cornelius; the second, one designating the family to which he belonged, as Scipio (a stick or staff, because this particular Roman served as a stick and might be used in guiding his blind father, and so the name was handed down as a family name to his descendants); the third, indicating his gens — Cornelia — that is, the house or tribe of which he was a member. All of the members of a gens were one people. Sometimes an agnomen, or name associated with some place of achievement, or the manner of achievement itself, was added — as Africanus, or Asina.

When the tribe or clan name was given up, only the personal name was left. The clan is a body of kindred having a class name and a tribal organization, usually ruled by a hereditary chieftain, as among the Highlanders of Scotland; a tribe, family; as, the 'clan Campbell.' Differing from the family, kinship in the clan is traced by only one line of descent. The clan is distinguished from the tribe in that the latter may consist of several classes of brotherhoods. It differs from the village in that the villagers are bound by territorial obligations rather than by ties of kinship.

Personal names were found to be insufficient to differentiate one man from another, and there were not enough names to go around. Consequently, descriptive appellations were introduced. These were strictly personal, and expired with the death of the bearer. Ultimately surnames became hereditary, and in due time laws were passed requiring persons who traveled around without surnames to assume them.

In ancient Ireland the sept was a group of related persons claiming descent from a common ancestor, and subject to the paternal rule of a hereditary chief, especially in a branch of a race or tribe. These family names have come down the years with practically no corruption, and so, in their pristine purity, we have a galaxy, from Brian Boru to William T. Cosgrave or MacCosgair, the like of which cannot be matched by any other nation — the Scots included, for in the latter there has been so much crossbreeding that in some cases the original family name has been displaced by a later patronymic.

The history of proper names affords an interesting chapter to the etymologist, for it mirrors the progress of society, and it casts side lights upon the customs and pursuits of the people. We have borrowed names from everything, good and bad. Of the names on the London Stock Exchange of a century ago we have the following record: —

A Raven, a Nightingale, two Daws, and a Swift.
A Flight and a Fall!
Two Foxes, a Wolf, and two Shepherds.
A Taylor, a Collier, a Mason, and a Tanner,
Three Turners, four Smiths, three Wheelers.
Two Barbers, a Paynter, a Cook, a Potter, and five Coopers.
Two Greens, four Browns, and two Greys.
A Pilgrim, a King, a Chapel, a Chaplain, a Parson, three Clerks, and a Pope,
Three Baileys, two Duns, a Drab, and a Hussey!
A Hill, a Dale, and two Fields.
A Rose, two Budds, a Cherry, a Flower, two Vines, a Birch, a Fearn, and two Peppercorns.
A Steel, two Bells, a Pulley, and two Banisters.

This list contains the names of birds, beasts, occupations, callings, colors, officials, flowers, and so forth.

A name, no matter how insignificant, invariably brings to mind the person who bears it; the personal appearance, moral attributes, or some event with which he or she is identified. Its mere mention may cover with blushes the cheek of a maiden who believes her

secret about to be revealed, or increase the heart throb of the man who loves her, fire with rage the eyes of an enemy, or awaken the deepest emotions of one separated by distance from a beloved friend. This is the power that distinguishes a proper name from a common one. So many of our common words have been used to form proper names — to wit: Goodfriend, Greatheart, Dearborn, Love, Darling, and the like. With 'love' alone we have formed ten names, from Loveday to Lovethorpe.

Originally all names were significant. The father of a family would call each one of his children by some distinctive term, and they in return would give him a name by which he was distinguished from other men. At the outset a single name was assigned to each individual, and that name was given to him in allusion to some circumstance connected with his person or relating to his birth, or some hope that sprung from the heart of his parents. Color and complexion are responsible for a number of these, such as Fairchild, Lilywhite, Blackhead, and Whitelock. Sometimes the form of the head was used, and so we have Greathead, Longhead, and Littlehead; then again, the size of the man was taken into account, and so we have Longman, Longfellow, and Longshanks, Short and Shorter, Slight and Small, and Tallman. The name of a well-known lexicographer, for example, is to be traced to a physical characteristic — long sight. It is a corruption of the Italian *visiatello*, a word that means farsighted. The name was spelled Visiataly in old English registers; an ancestor, the first Henry Vizetelly, was buried in the parish of Saint Botolph's, Bishopsgate, London, in 1691. Early forbears left Italy for England in the days of Mary Tudor.

When only given names were common, and they were too few to go around, some distinguishing characteristics were added, and so we got Black Barnabas, whose family, by transposition of the given name and assumption of the characteristic, later became known as Black. Timothy Blunt was once Blunt Timothy. Dignities and the priestly offices gave us King, Prince, Duke, Marquis, Earl, Baron, Lord, and Knight; Pope, Cardinal, Bishop, Dean, Archdeacon, Fryer, Monk, and Priest. The habits of persons were sometimes responsible for patronymics. From this source we get Allwork, Careless, Drinkwater, Godliman, Goodchild, Greatheart, Pert, Reckless, Quickly, Stiff, Still, Slowman, and Whistler. Sometimes property owned was used, as in the case of the names Chisel, Chicken, Leatherbarrow, Birdwhistle, Appletree.

In time the localities where men dwelt supplied their names. In this way place names became personal names, whether of hamlet, village, or town, pond or lake, forest, wood, or green, hill and dale, ferry, bridge, or stream.

This was a most prolific source and includes, among names beginning with *At-* alone, A*thill*, At*moore*, At*bridge*, Att*ridge*, Att*water*, and Att*wood*. Then there are such others as Bath*gate*, Ba*thurst*, Bel*combe*, Beech*am*, Bird*brook*, Black*burn*, Bos*well*, Bodi*cote*, *Bridg*man, By*wood*, By*water*, and *Burn*side.

Next in number were, and still are, the occupational names. Among these may be cited Abbott, Aleman, Archer, Arrowsmith, Ashburne, Blacksmith, Butcher, Carder, Carpenter, Caterer, Chapman, Constable, Cooper, Ditcher, Farmer, Ferrier, Webster, and many more. The elements were represented by such names as Dawn, Fairweather, Fineweather, Freeze, Frost, Sky, Shade,

Summerfield, Sunshine, Spring, Fall, and Midwinter.

Bird life has provided names through nearly all the letters of the alphabet, beginning with Bird and ending with Wren. We have to this day Corbett from 'corbie,' and Cranes, Crows, Drakes, Daws, and Doves; Fowles, Finches, and Falcons; Grouse and Goslings; Hawkes and Herons; Jays, Kites, Nightingales; Peacocks, Partridges, and Parrots; Rooks and Swans; Sparrows and Swifts; Tealls and Turtles. From quadrupeds we have drawn Badger, Bullock, Beaver, Catt, Fox, Hart, Hare, Lion, Lamb, Stagg, and Tiger. The fish have furnished a number, too, such as Bass, Chubb, Grayling, Herrington, Ling, Pike, Perch, Ray, Roach, Salmon, and Whiting.

Another source of personal names is that derived from weapons, as Gunn, Dagg, Spear, Spearman, Spareshot, Pike, Pickering, and so forth; and from utensils, such as Spooner and Spoon, Pitcher, Ewer, Jug, Napkin; and in connection with the last the following story is told. In the County of Sussex, England, there once resided a farmer from Lewes, one of its two county towns. He bore the name of Napkin Brookes. Both of these names he inherited from his grandfather, a foundling, who had been exposed at some place in Surrey, tied up in a napkin, and laid on the bank of a brook. As no trace of the child's parents could be found, it was named Napkin Brookes. Another Sussex family bears the name of By-the-Sea, because, according to tradition, the first member of the family was discovered, when an infant, abandoned on the sandy beach.

All that has been said here applies not merely to the names of the English-speaking races, but to the names of the other races of Europe and elsewhere. For example, the French names Charpentier, Delair, Lesueur, Parfait, Rameau, and the like, are all occupational names; so, also, are the German names Bauer, Dichter, Lehrer, Kaufman, Schmidt, and so forth, and such Spanish names as Carpintero, Carnicer, Herrera, and Zapatero.

Cock o' the walk

At dusk, it began to spit snow out of the northeast through the ragged remnants of a fog that for weeks had inundated the Puget Sound country like a soft Lethean tide. In the morning, the half-dozen chipping sparrows that I had been feeding through the fall came to the cherry tree in front of the dining-room window as usual; but when I raised the sash and threw out to them their regular allotment of broken bread, it disappeared in the soft snow. Each bird turned a cheerless eye upon the pitted white surface into which its breakfast had vanished, but did not stir. Then I scattered more crumbs over the narrow strip of bare ground protected by the eaves. These they fell upon greedily, each grabbing a fragment and heading for its usual retreat under the fence. But they were not snow-wise as are Eastern birds, and promptly sank out of sight into this strange new something that had buried all their familiar runways among the rank grass and stark, overtopping weeds. Presently they fluttered out, bedraggled and breadless, and did not repeat the blunder, eating the remainder of their meal upon solid earth under the window.

On the third day of the snow a fox sparrow, all bunched up with the cold, dropped casually into the cherry tree during the morning meal, and after a few moments of deliberation slid quietly down among the cheery company of chipping sparrows at breakfast. But his lordship would not condescend to eat with common folk, and, ruth-

lessly assailing his humble cousins, scattered them in a panic.

As the corner under the dining-room window was sheltered by two walls and faced the southwest, a crust soon formed over the snow, and upon this spotless tablecloth the food for the birds was thrown. On the fifth day, just as the lordly fox sparrow was hustling away the vulgar proletariat from the festal board, a towhee appeared. For a few moments he stood beside the cherry tree, head high and white-edged tail jerking spasmodically; then with three jumps (you know how he jerks along double-footed) he fell upon the fox sparrow with such enthusiasm that that thick-necked bully scurried away to the neighboring thicket, shedding every vestige of his dignity as he gathered speed.

Toward evening the towhee was joined by his less conspicuously colored helpmeet, and after all the 'small fry' had been driven off these two proceeded to enjoy the good things vouchsafed to them. But hunger is no mean stimulator of courage, and in a few moments all the sparrows were back, hastily grabbing what fragments they could behind the backs of the two tyrants, who, like the little Corsican, could not be everywhere at the same time.

On the sixth night more snow fell, and in the morning the thermometer on our back porch stood at ten above zero — cold weather indeed for Puget Sound! Desperate with hunger, a flock of Californian quail ventured up within a rod of the food thrown out. But there they halted; looked as long and wishfully at the tempting titbits as did ever Moses at the Promised Land; then, at a warning cluck from their alert leader, who had spied me at the window, ran back to the shelter of the grove as only quail can run. Later they discovered the manure pile under a shed at the rear of the barn, and there they would sit by the hour about the smoking litter, like marooned and downcast sailors about a beach fire.

That afternoon a pair of flickers, which for several years had frequented a huge Douglas fir stub beyond the cherry orchard, warily inspected the food supply from the roof of the house, but contented themselves with drumming a resounding tattoo upon the shingles. In summer, by the way, the male flicker, while the female is nesting in the fir stub, drums lustily upon a five-gallon oil can that I have nailed to the top of a post at the pasture bars as a shelter for the cow's halter in wet weather. Throughout the cold snap these two old aristocrats never joined their feathered neighbors at the common board. They did not go hungry, either; for they discovered a pile of refuse apples under the wide eaves of the barn shed, and upon these they dined sumptuously every day, delaying their meal, though, until the afternoon sun had somewhat softened the frozen fruit.

One day I noticed a third bird upon the pile of discarded apples, which, upon closer inspection, proved to be an unusually large cock robin. For a time he hung about the barn with a red squirrel that had taken up its quarters there and was shamelessly feeding upon my choicest Wagener apples, gaining access heaven only knows how to the root cellar in which they were stored.

One afternoon when the sun failed to soften the frozen fruit, Father Robin sauntered over to the cherry tree by the dining-room window, halting and cocking his head to one side several times along the way, as if the habit of listening for earthworms was ineradicable. Flying up into the tree, he watched for some time the feasting below him with an air of apparent indifference; then he dropped leisurely

down among the feathered diners, whose number had so greatly increased that dear old Ann, the officer in immediate charge of our domestic commissariat, declared that if the cold spell continued our bread bill would bankrupt us.

The number of pensioners had indeed multiplied. There were now a score of chipping sparrows, three towhees, three voracious and pugnacious varied thrushes, a sizable flock of small orange-crested birds that I could not identify, and a solitary Western evening grosbeak that would sit in the cherry tree by the hour solemnly watching the food over its exaggerated and grotesque beak, but never, so far as we knew, deigning to sample it but once.

One morning the regular boarders were joined by a trim visitor about the size of a robin, whose entire plumage was a pure rich buff, suggesting England's historic Ross-shire Buffs. It was shy and restless, alighting and realighting almost continuously, not venturing near enough to taste the food, and remaining not longer than a couple of minutes. It was so serenely, assuredly beautiful that, had not other members of the family seen it, I might regard it as an illusion. Thus far, my fascinating caller remains unidentified.

When Father Robin finally decided upon more substantial fare than frozen apples, the situation under the window was about as follows. When the sash went up, the sound brought all the birds with a rush, and the feasting and quarreling promptly began. The chipping sparrows always arrived first, on smooth and even wing, the embodiment of modesty and good manners. The fox sparrow always ran the chipping sparrows a close second. When he had charged them with a fury that admitted of no compromise, he would select the choicest titbits and, fluffing up his rufous feathers until he looked positively odious in his self-esteem, proceed to eat in a most leisurely manner. But his sangfroid was usually of brief duration; for the three towhees would follow close upon his heels, their beady black eyes greedily aglitter. After a rapid survey of the edibles, they would dash in upon the solitary diner and put him to ignominious flight; then each would seize a substantial chunk of bread and scamper round the corner of the house to the shelter of the honeysuckle, where he could eat with his back to the wall, thus preventing any feline surprise from the rear. Often before the towhees had made good their retreat the three thrushes would swoop down and scatter all the birds in sight, the sad old grosbeak watching the whole unmannerly performance from the top of the cherry tree with an air of utter disgust.

On this particular occasion the thrushes had just alighted, cutlass in hand, so to speak, when Father Robin decided to join in the game. He slipped indolently down from a near-by branch, stood for a few moments as if contemplating another nap, and then rushed at the larger of the male thrushes with a verve that made that colorful gentleman depart precipitately. The towhees, returning for another snack, took one look at the sturdy warrior in red, and then discreetly withdrew to the shelter of a bristling hardhack that guarded the nearest fence corner. Father Robin, with head high, breast out, and his short, straight back set pridefully at nearly right angles to the snow, hopped leisurely about until he discovered a beef bone. This he proceeded to strip clean, while the lesser birds dined upon dry bread snatched as best they could from behind his back.

The table etiquette of these birds was interesting. The chipping sparrows daintily severed crumb after crumb from the larger pieces of bread,

working their tiny jaws with great rapidity. The fox sparrow went solemnly and formally about the ceremony of eating, reminding one of an Englishman at dinner. The towhees evidently knew nothing of Lady Macbeth's advice to her guests on the night of the tragic banquet, but bolted their food in truly quick-lunch fashion. The three varied thrushes were just plain gluttons. It was difficult indeed to associate those greedy and rowdy-like varied thrushes with one of the most remarkable bird songs heard on the Pacific Coast. For the song of the male during the nesting season, as he tarries among the moss-draped cedars high up on the side of Mount Rainier, would touch the hardest heart that ever lay in human breast. The single long-drawn note, uttered in varying keys by scores of invisible choristers, kindles in one 'those thoughts that wander through eternity,' and makes one feel the mood of Keats as he listened to his beloved nightingale.

Perfectly natural

There are certain types of behavior that we ordinarily explain as perfectly natural. We are so constructed that behavior of this sort is inevitable, we say. Because we behave in a particular fashion, we assume that all men do. I hope to demonstrate otherwise: that there is no more overworked excuse for our peculiar ways than to say that they are 'perfectly natural.'

I remember distinctly a frosty morning in the White Mountains of Arizona. Saddling my horse, I jammed my finger in the latigo strap. I hopped up and down with pain and, of course, stuck the finger in my mouth. When the paroxysm was over, I looked up to find my Apache guide leaning over his saddle. 'What for you do that?' 'Do what?' 'Why does a white man stick his finger in his mouth?' 'Don't you?' 'No, Indians never do that.' (Apaches alone, he meant.)

Here was a new twist of human nature. I suppose I have always stuck my finger in my mouth, just as everybody does; or at least so I thought until Friday, my Apache, brought me up short. One does not have to be taught the habit: it is just natural. A rational enough explanation can be given: the warmth of the mouth mitigates congestion in the blood vessels, and the sucking, acting on the pressure buds in the skin, substitutes another feeling for pain. But Friday's observation makes me think that this explanation is not so much the reason for the reaction as a rationalization of it. For certainly an Apache's crushed finger hurts quite as much as ours and he has surely had as much experience in sticking it into his mouth. The act is habit with us, not with him.

The next Indian tribe I lived with that summer was the Havasupai, and I took occasion to inquire about this. No, no one ever stuck his injured finger in his mouth there — it was unheard of. How far this prevails generally among Indians and other peoples I do not know, but I am convinced that sticking a crushed finger in the mouth is by no means the perfectly natural reaction I had thought it.

Among the same Havasupai we were playing a game — rolling a hoop and casting poles after it. While waiting my turn, I balanced one of the poles on the tip of my finger. No trick at all, especially with a heavy pole. But there were my Havasupai pop-eyed with astonishment. They had never seen it done before. Not that they could not do it: in fact, their hands were steadier than mine, and within a few minutes all the young men were more or less adept at a new and fascinating game.

Years ago, at Zuñi Pueblo in New

Mexico, Dr. A. L. Kroeber called my attention to the way the Zuñi sneezed. They stuck their tongues out, or at least popped the tip between the open lips. One would suppose they would bite it off, but somehow they manage not to. It is certainly different from our way of sneezing, but it comes to the same end. For no one but a boor among us allows a sneeze to go loud and unrestrained. We cover it with the hand or stifle it by sheer might. Whether we constrain the muscles of throat and mouth to react against the spasmodic ejaculation in our fashion or follow Zuñi habit, it comes to the same thing: good taste demands that the paroxysm be repressed, and habits condition how it shall be done.

We do have to learn that. We admonish our children to cover up a sneeze and we usually tell them outright how it is to be done. But whether we are deliberately taught or as children imitate our elders, we learn more or less unconsciously to follow the stereotyped behavior of our kind.

Yet another example to make this learning of behavior patterns clear. Some of us use a wink significantly; by this I mean that we signal someone or call attention to a hidden meaning. I discovered that the Havasupai simply did not understand a wink. Here is another 'perfectly natural' action which 'everybody would understand,' but which with this Indian tribe simply did not take effect.

The fact is that a deliberate wink is by no means natural. I have watched my own youngsters learning to wink; yes, *learning*. As babies they could imitate a blink, and when old enough to understand they would blink on command. But wink with one eye — not a bit! At first when they closed both eyes they opened their mouths. A little later they controlled that. But it was not until they were four that they could manage to wink with one eye without screwing up the other side of the face. As a matter of fact, if my gentle reader will try it at this moment, he will discover that with one eye he is adept, while the other cannot be used quite so well. We develop a set of muscular habits for one eye quite different from those for the other.

The situation is quite analogous to learning to tie a knot or fasten a button. We have to learn how. So far as I am aware, every people in the world, primitive or civilized, knows how to tie knots. It is by no means obvious that this should be so, for knot tying is not natural in the sense of being inborn; it must be learned. A knot is a simple enough construct, but manipulating the fingers to tie it is a complex series of coördinated movements. Knot making may well be part of the ancient heritage of man, carried over the globe as he settled the outlying lands. At any rate, someone discovered the manipulation and others followed suit, but only by deliberate learning.

Fastening a button is of the same order. Little children have difficulty in managing it. Their hands are all thumbs. Their clumsy attempts to get the button through the stubborn cloth are only gradually transformed into that skillful thrust of the thumb that drives the button through the hole, as the fingers swiftly manœuvre the edges. These habits, as with tying knots, become automatic, and being automatic are swiftly executed, and executed without thought or watching. Given an unfamiliar situation and the process requires concentration — don't those of us who are accustomed to four-in-hands have a devil of a time managing bow ties? And, as a matter of fact, the mirror does not help much; we rather fall back on the automatic movement of the fingers, only checking the result in the mirror or the eyes of a wife.

We recognize that all these cases are complicated enough to demand training. The little child is plastic in its activities: all sorts of random movements are presents to be trained, moulded, into set forms. The particular personal habits that develop are those that are customary in the social group in which the child grows, and these vary widely the world over. But this is no less true of seemingly simple actions, such as walking, posturing, gesturing. Again, what is 'perfectly natural,' 'the only possible way,' turns out to be fixed by convention — that is, by learning.

Let us take a simple problem: we wish to point out something. The 'natural' way — the 'only' way, we might say, is to lift the hand and stretch out the index finger. But the Zuñi, for example, solve the problem otherwise; for them, pointing with the finger is in the grossest taste, as too ostentatious. They protrude the lips, barely turning the head; a swift, fleeting gesture, but enough. This is a common behavior pattern among Indians generally, although varying conventionally from the rather prominent protrusion affected by the Zuñi.

Gestures in general follow conventional forms. Northwest Europeans and Americans make far less use of gestures in conversation than southern and eastern Europeans. It is nonsense to hold an excitable Latin or Slavic temperament responsible. Italians growing up in thoroughly American communities show none of this. We too indulge in gesticulation under set conditions, and that always of a stereotyped sort. Compare the flamboyant gestures of a spread-eagle speech with the restrained movements of a man in a business conference. Not only is their general character fixed by the occasion, but the particular motions are a matter of convention. There is nothing more amusing than to read in an old-fashioned manual of public speaking how by waving the arms the 'future,' 'abnegation,' 'resignation,' 'on the one hand and on the other,' are to be indicated.

What of posture and gait? Here are traits that should be fixed by anatomical structure and physiological limitations, if any. But let us see. When a Pueblo Indian woman sits on the ground, she stretches her legs out straight before her. For a plains woman such a position would be the height of indecency: she sits with her legs drawn back under her to one side. Adult Americans cannot easily manage either, because of our chair-using habit. The position of ease of one people is intolerable for another. At the command 'At ease!' our infantryman slouches, leaning on his gun, shifting his weight from one foot to the other (and, watching the R.O.T.C. drill at this moment from my window, I observe that the student rookies are deliberately imitating one another). In Africa the comparable position is for the warrior to stand stork-like on one leg, leaning on his spear, with his lifted foot resting behind the other knee. Curiously enough, Dr. F. G. Speck came on this posture transplanted among the Nanticoke Indians of Delaware, where an appreciable admixture of Negro slave blood is known.

How old are such conventional habits is difficult to say. They are old enough at any rate to have become characteristic over wide areas and to be unconsciously assumed. That an Indian of both Americas, so far as I am aware, always whittles toward himself like an east Asiatic is suggestive that this trait goes back to that remote time when the ancestral Indians migrated across Bering Strait. This brings to mind a painting in the American Museum of Natural History in New

York, which depicts a group of neolithic hunters resting. Some of these stone-age European ancestors of ours are shown seated on logs; others stand about slouching as we should. Apparently it never occurred to the painter, Mr. Charles Knight, nor to Dr. H. F. Osborn, under whose direction he worked, to inquire whether neolithic men would have held just these poses. We do not know. It may well be that our present-day habits are as old as neolithic times (some ten thousand years). But we cannot assume that what we do to-day is the 'natural' way, which we must have followed since time immemorial.

If postures are fixed by customs, so are gaits. They tell me that college professors 'clank' when they walk. I see for myself that business men affect a quick, choppy stride, although it differs enormously in New York and Oklahoma City. Just as the budding engineer invariably wears a bow tie and demonstrates with a pencil, while the embryo medic takes on a bedside manner, the young lawyer the flapping characteristics of his guild, the dude-ranch cow-puncher the get-up of the real thing, so gaits are assumed. Among ourselves they are all variants of a single style. It is not easy to define how we walk in so many words, but the manner is clear if we contrast it, for instance, with the curious heel-to-ground shuffle of the Japanese. One can almost always spot in our streets a Japanese born on the islands, despite his American garb, by the way he strikes his heels to the pavement. American-bred Japanese do not have the trick. Gaits are learned, imitated in early childhood.

Motor traits of the type we have been discussing are as much the subject of learning as the acquisition of the alphabet or the Lord's Prayer. By little children these acquired skills are learned perhaps largely unconsciously; in later life, the modification to a new habit may have its inception in a more deliberate attempt, but even then, it seems to me, the subject is usually only vaguely aware of his imitation. It is quite disconcerting to discover the youngster in the corner imitating my laugh or other mannerism. He does it spontaneously and adopts it wholeheartedly. When he walks beside me he more self-consciously attempts to match my stride. In a thousand and one things — habits, attitudes, modes of thought and expression — he soaks up unconsciously what is set before him.

The essential point is that our common activities are fixed by the social mould just as our ideas, our language, and our use of things mechanical. No one doubts that we go to church, keep a bank account, join a service club, because we are members of a particular society. But to find that common bodily actions are also culture-conditioned is eye-opening. It looks very much as though culture made serious inroads on the core of personality; little is left which is surely natural in the sense of being inborn.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

FEBRUARY, 1931

THE GREAT AMERICAN BUREAUCRACY

BY LAWRENCE SULLIVAN

I

In the mad haste to procure war supplies it escaped the Quartermaster Corps that there might be little or no demand for triple-A shoes in the A. E. F. As it turned out there was a great scurrying for enough 10-D's and 11-F's to go around, but when the shooting was over there were in stock at the Washington General Supply Depot some 30,000 pairs of triple-A's, in all sizes. The shoe manufacturers had allocated sizes and lasts to the army according to the accepted trade scale of normal distribution, forgetting for the moment that the United States Army was a highly selective group in which big feet were a pride and joy.

Under a provision of the new Budget law authorizing the transfer of surplus supplies from one branch of the government to another, General Charles G. Dawes, in 1923, assigned 200 pairs of the triple-A's to the District of Columbia Training School. But it is not the triple-A feet, apparently, which stray from the straight and narrow path into such institutions. The surplus stocks were in lighter demand there than in the Army.

Quite by coincidence a railroad yardman in Springfield, Massachusetts, heard of the midget shoes, wrote that he could wear a triple-A last, and offered to pay cost and express charges on half a dozen pairs. Because the situation was a bit unusual the Chief of the Division of Surplus Supplies, Quartermaster Corps, presented the knotty problem to the office of the Judge-Advocate-General. There was, it transpired at length, no provision in law for the sale of surplus materials save by public competitive bids.

Two months ago George S. Wilson, Director of Public Welfare, who administers all correctional institutions in the District of Columbia, appealed to the Secretary of War to have the shoes formally condemned, so that they might be ripped apart and the leather used in his occupational-therapy shops. The processes of condemnation, however, are unusually complex, requiring reviews, O.K.'s, approvals, and countersigns on every floor of the War Building. The triple-A's, consequently, still are on hand. Once a year they are dusted, counted for inventory, appraised, recatalogued — against that glorious day when a third of the United States Army shall step up en masse to demand their Cinderella boots. The oldest of the lot have been on hand thirteen years, but the newest only eleven.

Nor is this instance of complete bureaucratic stagnation the exception

to the rule. It is, rather, symptomatic of the wasting disease which is upon the entire Federal establishment, particularly virulent in Washington, but dangerous in such far-away places as the Governor-General's office in Manila, the Assay Office in Nome, the Post Office in New Rochelle. Wherever encountered, bureaucracy is always the same — governmental functions administered without human imagination, without flexibility, shamefully deficient in those qualities of ingenuity, accommodation, and energy so necessary to accomplishment of the work of the world. It is, however multitudinous or widely scattered its manifestations, that form of government which moves by the letter of hundreds, even thousands, of laws until administrative functions become ridiculously and inextricably involved — and then collapses. It is a form of institutional creeping paralysis, all the more insidious because it does not strike a staggering blow, like a heart attack, and thus summon the physician; but instead slowly devitalizes the body cells of the administrative organism in myriad Divisions, Bureaus, Sections, and Offices, until there remains only the emaciated hulk of the Civil Service rolls, stimulated to a new lease on life every winter by the activities of the House and Senate committees on appropriations.

II

How the bureaucratic system takes the minds of vigorous, well-educated men and numbs them with regulations, formalities, and disciplinary patterns was strikingly revealed last winter by an incident aboard one of Uncle Sam's battleships on the high seas. When the parrot-fever epidemic became alarming, the Chief of Naval Operations, at the suggestion of the Surgeon-General, issued a General Order to all ships and shore stations that pet birds — and every ship carries from one to a dozen — should be jettisoned.

It so happened that aboard a certain man-o'-war was a 'guest parrot,' a costly bird with a most unusual vocabulary. The property of a well-known Boston society matron, the parrot had been farmed out to a young commander for the cruise, while its owner sojourned in Florida.

The General Order to sink all parrots without trace presented the question whether the Navy should throw overboard the property of a most estimable citizen. Approaching his captain with this nice point of law, the young commander was referred to the Senior Medical Officer, who was persuaded to disinfect and inoculate the bird and isolate it on the ship beyond all possible routine contact with the crew.

As a matter of form, the captain reported this solution to the Bureau of Navigation. Next morning, in far-away Washington, the wireless report was carried promptly to the office of the Surgeon-General. There officers immediately challenged the efficacy of the method. With a long report from the Surgeon-General the case was submitted to the Chief of Operations. Consternation reigned among the admirals. At length the Judge-Advocate-General was asked for a ruling. Whereupon the best legal minds of the Navy hastily concluded that there was no precedent under which the government might be held responsible for damages should the parrot be thrown overboard for the benefit of the service.

A curt, summary order flashed instantly from the great radio station in Arlington (copy to Commander in Chief of the Battle Fleet) directing the insubordinate captain to proceed at once to the execution of the General Order. But before this momentous decision had been reached in Washing-

ton the battleship had put in at the Canal Zone for oil. There the custodian of the hapless bird deposited his charge with an Army Sergeant, until he should cable directions for shipment to Boston. When the captain flashed back to Arlington (copy to Commander in Chief of the Battle Fleet) that the parrot had been landed, the admirals curled their moustaches with wonted poise. Once more they breathed easily as they waited, in expectant mood, for the next instance of someone down the line who had been slow, dull, stupid, or inefficient about Orders.

A first-hand account of this incident was contained in a personal letter from one of the battleship's officers, but subsequent inquiry at the Naval Intelligence Office brought forth the answer that diligent search failed to disclose record of any such communications.

More often than not, the hierarchy of bureaucracy thus is able to conceal from the public gaze the more grotesque postures of its General Orders, but occasionally even the most ridiculous incidents find their way into the record, through the annual House of Representatives' committee hearings on departmental appropriation bills.

There was, for example, the case of Frank H. Lovette, Assistant Secretary of the Federal Radio Commission, who appeared before the Appropriations Committee last February to ask for additional stenographic help in the Personnel and Supply Section. The official transcript of his testimony on the point reads in part as follows: —

> They need stenographers and typists, as they are much behind with their work. I might cite the case of an eleven-cent item that could not be paid because of the Comptroller-General's decision. In that case at least six or seven letters were exchanged in reference to the question of what should be done. There was no way around it.

Why, the citizen inquires, did not the Chief of Section, before he wrote the fifth or sixth letter to the General Accounting Office, scrape up eleven cents in postage stamps, pay the bill, and so end the discussion? Ah, yes; but the citizen does not know the systems of bureaucracy. He overlooks the fact that before the Chief of Personnel and Supplies could get five twos and a one from the Finance Division he would have had to present a voucher, approved by the Chief Clerk and countersigned by the Commissioner charged with direct supervision of the Supply Section. This voucher, in turn, would have been rejected by the General Accounting Office. There was, as Mr. Lovette so naïvely put it, 'no way around it.'

As the Radio Commission blindly stumbles through with its unauthorized eleven-cent expenditure, so does the gigantic Veterans Bureau, largest single unit in the Federal machine, muddle along with its $500,000 general hospital project at Indianapolis.

President Hoover signed the bill authorizing this hospital on December 19, 1929. The Federal Hospitalization Board thereupon took up the labor of selecting a site. Hearings were held in Washington on February 7, 1930. Ten days later the Hospitalization Board announced it would select a site 'within fifty miles of the city of Indianapolis.' On February 27, Colonel J. J. Phelan, engineer for the Board, left for Indiana to inspect all proffered sites. On April 24 a subcommittee of the Board was appointed to view the four best sites inspected by Colonel Phelan. On July 14, a few days short of seven months after the authorization had been signed at the White House, the Board formally announced that Indianapolis had been selected.

The sordid picture of political wire-pulling behind this inhuman delay is suggested by the fact, developed in the

Hospitalization Board's hearings in February, that every Republican member of the Indiana Congressional delegation opposed the selection of Indianapolis, which is represented in the House by a Democratic Congressman. Not until Congress had adjourned for the summer, it will be noted, was the award announced. During all those months of political jockeying, the Veterans Bureau had on file hospitalization applications from more than three hundred service men throughout Indiana. When completed, the new hospital will provide a hundred and fifty additional beds.

But six months were yet to pass before ground should be broken for the hospital. After approval of the site, the project was turned over to the Construction Division of the Veterans Bureau. Plans were drawn. They were sent to the Indianapolis Regional Office, back again to Washington. Changes were made at the suggestion of the Hospitalization Board. New sketches were prepared and shipped to Indianapolis. Finally approved, the blueprints went to the Specifications Section. The Construction Division called for bids in December, one year after the Congressional authorization, and ground will be broken in January or February. Because work will be retarded during the winter months, the hospital will not be completed until November or December 1931. Two years thus will have elapsed on a sorely needed hospital, construction of which will require nine months. Written by the dead hand of bureaucracy, the final tally on the project will be, 'Construction work, nine months; administrative functions, fifteen months.'

III

In October 1800, when the seat of the Federal government was transferred to Washington, a weekly journal in the new Capital chronicled that 'the whole force of office clerks, totaling 54 persons, and all of the books and papers of the government, in seven small and five large boxes, were transported from Philadelphia.'

The new Federal venture under the Constitution then was a few months more than eleven years old. The population of the territory under its jurisdiction was approximately 5,300,000. The executive branch of the government consisted of the Departments of State, Treasury, War, Navy, and Justice and the Post Office, only three of which — the War, Navy, and Post Office — maintained establishments outside of the capital city.

To-day, with a population increased twenty-three times, the Federal machine is a maze of 10 Departments, 134 subsidiary Bureaus and Divisions, and 35 independent establishments, employing at home and abroad a few more than 800,000 men and women, not including some 160,000 enlisted men and officers in the Army and 90,000 more in the Navy and Marine Corps.

Including the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, there are to-day well over one million names on Uncle Sam's monthly pay roll. Counting the families of married men and women in the Federal service, Treasury actuaries estimate that slightly more than 2 per cent of the population live directly off the national government. This, of course, does *not* include some 300,000 pensioners of all wars who are maintained in part by the Treasury at Washington.

Whereas in 1800 only the Customs Agents of the Treasury were empowered to make arrests, there are to-day more than twenty-five different grades of Federal police officers, scattered through seven departments. Then, the national government touched the peo-

ple only remotely, through State officers. To-day, the Federal bureaucracy reaches into the basement with a booklet on wood storage, into the nursery with a pamphlet on infant care, into the farmer's barn with instruction on cleaning the cream separator.

Had the Federal organization expanded since 1800 precisely in step with the increase in population, the Civil Service rolls to-day would carry less than 2000 names, instead of more than half a million. Had the government establishment expanded ten times as fast as the population, the Civil Service list to-day would carry 12,000 names. Had it expanded one hundred times as rapidly, the rolls would carry 120,000 names. It has, in fact, expanded *more than four hundred times* in relation to the population.

Whereas in 1820 there was one Federal employee for every 1173 inhabitants, the ratio stood at one employee for every 180 inhabitants in 1920. In the decade 1890–1900 population increased 20.7 per cent and the Civil Service rolls by 54 per cent. In the following ten years population increased by 21 per cent and the Civil Service lists by 47 per cent. Between 1910 and 1920 population increased by 14.9 per cent and Civil Service by 58 per cent. Since 1920 the number of Federal employees, classified and non-classified, has grown from 597,000 to 800,000, or at the rate of one added worker for every 85 additional population.

What do these figures mean in money? In 1800, Federal appropriations for all services, including postal operations, were $11,000,000, or about $2.08 per capita. In 1850, expenditures were $44,756,000, or approximately $1.93 per capita. By 1900, expenses had advanced to $621,395,000, about $8.20 per capita. For the fiscal year 1930, which ended last June, expenditures, again including the postal service, were $4,710,377,376, which is equal to $38.42 for every man, woman, and child enumerated in the 1930 census.

And the 'seven small and five large boxes' which accommodated 'all of the books and papers of the government' have expanded until the Department of Commerce alone requires to-day a building which cost $17,500,000, which is approximately $2,500,000 more than Thomas Jefferson paid for the Louisiana Purchase. Three months ago the Bureau of Internal Revenue, one branch of the Treasury Department, moved into a new $10,000,000 edifice just off Pennsylvania Avenue. Ground was broken recently for a new Supreme Court building, on Capitol Plaza, to cost $12,000,000. The General Accounting Office, the only function of which is to audit Federal expenditures, is to be housed in a building to cost $4,500,000. During the current fiscal year bids will be asked for a new home for the Post Office Department, to cost $10,000,000. A like amount has been authorized for new Washington headquarters for the Department of Justice. Notwithstanding the recent completion of a $6,000,000 Administration Building for the Department of Agriculture, that agency of the government still maintains Bureaus and Divisions in twenty-four separate establishments throughout the District of Columbia and near-by Maryland and Virginia.

The Treasury Department occupies a four-story building a block square. The home of the Interior Department, also a block square, is five stories high. The State, War, and Navy Building spreads over a third city block, and the Navy occupies a second building near by which is a quarter of a mile long, with wings, and three stories high. The Labor Department bulges out over the top of an eight-story office building; the Interstate Commerce Commission fills one ten-story building and five floors of

another; the Veterans Bureau Building is a nine-story structure so large that the long façade cannot be encompassed by the human eye from any one vantage point. The Government Printing Office occupies more floor space than any of these departments, save the Navy and Bureau of Internal Revenue. There remain, then, only the Capitol, the Senate and House office buildings, the Library of Congress, the White House, Tariff Commission, Patent Office, Federal Trade Commission, and Naval Observatory.

Yet beneath all of these heaps of stone and mortar up and down Pennsylvania Avenue and by-streets there are housed only about two thirds of all those on the pay rolls of the Federal Government.

A statistical expert in the Bureau of the Budget estimates that the seven small and five large boxes which encompassed all the papers in 1800 would not hold to-day sufficient paper clips to run the Federal establishment in Washington for ten days.

IV

The most conspicuous product of the bewildering multiplicity of bureaus and overlapping of so-called governmental functions in Washington to-day is the neo-lobbyist, or Contact Man. Embodying the capacities of sight-seeing guide, house detective, and automobile salesman, this comparatively recent addition to the Capital's professional directory lives well by his ability to penetrate quickly the maze of red tape and petty bureaucratic formality surrounding every government official. He has at his finger tips such priceless, and otherwise unobtainable, information as that the Weather Bureau is a function of the Department of Agriculture, instead of the Department of the Interior.

Consider the case of the President of the Duluth Chamber of Commerce, who once ventured to Washington to obtain from the Weather Bureau the average rainfall in the Duluth trading area since 1900. Unacquainted in the city, he looked in the telephone book under 'W' for 'Weather Bureau.' No listing. Happily he remembered the Bureau was in the Department of Agriculture. He turned to 'A.' But it was not there. Perhaps it would be under 'G' for 'Government,' or 'B' for 'Bureau, Weather.' Wrong again! By calling a bell boy he found the Weather Bureau listed under 'U,' for 'United States Government,' subhead 'A,' for 'Agriculture, Department of,' second subhead, 'W.'

'A lobbyist,' an irate witness snapped across the table during a Senate committee investigation last winter, 'is a person who can taxi down to the Navy Department and walk straight to the Hydrographic Office. He is paid well because he saves time and money for anyone who has business to transact with the government.'

Theoretically it still is true that an ordinary citizen may pack his bag, hop a train for Washington, and transact his own business with the Departments. As a practical matter, however, the foremost business men of the country seldom attempt to do so. The best minds have learned from bitter experience that it is much cheaper to retain a Contact Man in Washington at, say, $10,000 a year, plus office expenses.

The Washington City Directory lists more than three hundred offices of national trade associations, social movements, economic leagues, labor groups, and financial organizations. Every major industry, even unto moving pictures, baseball, and horse racing, maintains its Washington representative. All of this group, naturally, centre their attention on Congress when legis-

lation affecting their respective industries is under consideration; but far from being the sinister monsters depicted in the newspaper cartoons, the lobbying craft is, by and large, an assemblage of astonishingly mediocre men, whose principal stock in trade is an up-to-the-minute knowledge of the physical geography of the capital of their native country. As an influence upon legislation or administrative procedure they are, considering their number and the amount of money they spend, amazingly ineffective. Rather, they serve the Duluth Chamber of Commerce by picking up a telephone, asking for Branch 731 in the Agriculture Department, and pleading: 'Say, Phil, my boss out in Duluth's got a big idea. He wants the rainfall statistics in the Duluth industrial area since 1900. Will you have your girl copy 'em off and mail 'em to me to-night? I'll send 'em out by wire first thing in the morning. . . . Yeh, sure, by months, if you got 'em that way. . . . Sure. Thanks, Phil, old man. . . . I'll be seeing you. . . . S'long.'

The operation is the same if a washing-machine manufacturer in Mason City, Iowa, wants to know how rapidly public laundry equipment is increasing in relation to domestic machinery. It is the same, again, if the President of the American Association of Short Line Railroads wants to know the status of the project in the Interstate Commerce Commission to consolidate the Jerkwater, Landsend, and Walla Walla Railroad with the Northern Pacific System.

More important even than the saving in time and energy from the standpoint of the lobbyist's employer, however, is the consideration that under a bureaucracy one man, one section, one division, — but only one, — has, on a given day, immediate authoritative knowledge of the precise status of a given project. Unless the inquirer has the intuitive faculty for finding the one door among all the doors in Washington which shelters the particular information he seeks at the instant, the knowledge is forever lost. Even Senators many times have tried in vain to trace the whereabouts of specifications for river-dredging projects between the time they left the House Committee on Rivers and Harbors and the time they were returned by the Corps of Engineers, United States Army, approved or rejected. Only a Contact Man who knows the special mechanics of the War Department bureaucracy backward and forward ever could hope to catch a blueprint at any given phase of this brain-splitting process.

On one occasion, some two years ago, it took the Secretary of the Navy four days to find out from his Rear Admiral in charge of the Bureau of Construction and Repair the precise type of engines installed on a certain war craft. When the Secretary's simple request came back to him it was a packet of papers almost half an inch thick, endorsed, transmitted, noted, and O.K.'d from bureau to section to division and back again. The Admiral's confidential answer which summarized all this tremendous activity was three lines to the effect that 'the aircraft carrier . . . is powered by . . . engines of . . . horse-power capacity, manufactured by . . . and installed under Contract No. . . . by . . . & Co.'

Anyone who is personally acquainted with the foremost Navy Contact Man in Washington will testify that he could have got this information over the telephone within ten minutes.

If you ever have occasion to call on the Secretary of the Navy you will be greeted at the top of the central stairway on the second floor of the Navy Building by an armed Marine guard with fixed bayonet. As you approach

he will bring his rifle to parade rest, stiffly and with great ceremony, and direct you to Room No. 2054. Here you will be greeted pleasantly by an elderly Sergeant of Marines, in parade dress, who will take your card, inquire your business, ask if you have an appointment, and instantly rate you as important, fuss-budget, chronic complainant, or mere vagrant.

Moving mysteriously across the spacious room, the sergeant will disappear through a doorway, transmit his conclusions to a clerk, who will take the message to the Secretary's private secretary. If the Secretary is not in a Cabinet Meeting, a Congressional hearing, in conference with the Secretary of State, or reviewing the situation in Haiti with the Commandant of the Marine Corps, he may see you. The chances are ten to one against you, however. More likely the Secretary of the Navy is not the man who has your interest in charge; you want to see the Commissioner of Customs. Or else the Secretary of the Navy is engaged and will see you day after to-morrow at four. Thus, if you happen to be, say, president of a Philadelphia shipbuilding company, you have your choice of sitting in your hotel for two and a half days, or going back to work for a day and returning for the appointment. If you are accustomed to finding an armed guard pacing up and down in front of the offices at which you call you may return day after to-morrow. But if you have not seen a fixed bayonet since training-camp days you will hire a Contact Man, at any cost.

When the garrulous, true-story Contact Man enters the Navy Building, he greets the armed guard with a half-salute and a smile, walks past the white-haired sergeant, and demands bluntly of the Secretary's secretary: 'Is the boss in, Jim? Could I get in there for just a second? I got a question here about . . .'

'Yes, he's in; but don't take long, will you? He's working on the budget and wants to send it to the Finance Office before three o'clock.'

The caller uninitiated in the ways of bureaucracy is stymied before he enters the doorway of any government department, for he must explain precisely what he wants before he may pass the information desk or the special departmental police. If he happens to be in search of information or public record which the department or bureau is not anxious to release at the moment, he is dished from section to section by guards, stenographers, switchboard operators, information clerks. He lands in the office of a gentleman who is 'gone on an inspection trip to the Coast.'

If, upon returning to Philadelphia, the ineffective caller writes indignantly to the Secretary of the Navy to complain that he found it impossible to transact his business with the Government during his recent visit to Washington, he will be honored with a prompt and courteous reply asking why he did not come directly to the Office of the Secretary.

The average citizen drops the correspondence at this point rather than admit the shameful truth — namely, that he found the official corridors of Washington, with their trimmings and adornments of swords, bayonets, rifles, model battleships, and air bombers, slightly more frigid, mysterious, and terrifying than the Grand Caverns of Luray or the Moorish side streets of Andalusia. His reluctance to communicate this truth to the Secretary of the Navy does not alter the citizen's conviction, however, that the machinery of government to-day, in the terms of normal business intercourse, is beyond the reach of the people of the land.

(Mr. Sullivan will continue his discussion in March)

MR. ARLISS MAKES A SPEECH

If in the past anyone had told me that I was likely to be awarded a gold medal for diction, I should probably have first screamed with terror and then retired to my study to find out what was the matter with my method of speaking.

This I suppose is because I always imagined that people who got medals for diction were those who spoke beautifully. It used to be so in my early days. When I was a very obscure member of an elocution class the students who got medals for diction spoke wonderfully. Their diction was so unmistakable that you could almost see the medal moving towards them of its own volition; and before they were halfway through 'The Dream of Eugene Aram' the medal was firmly between their teeth. It is hard to eradicate these early impressions. But I am bound to conclude, and I do so with great satisfaction, that those Directors of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, this world-famed institution, who are responsible for this award have a far different appreciation of the art of the actor from the judges of my student days. When I reflect that amongst those who have already been similarly honored by this Academy are Otis Skinner, Walter Hampden, Julia Marlowe, and Wynne Matthison, I realize how vastly public taste and judgment have changed. These actors and actresses speak so easily and naturally that I doubt whether any of the judges of the past would have dared to grant them an award for diction.

It is difficult to overestimate the service that the honorable judges of this Academy have done to the stage in acknowledging the splendid diction of those ladies and gentlemen I have named. I don't believe that any ordinary theatregoer listening to Otis Skinner would say, 'Is n't his diction perfect!' He would be far more likely to say, 'Gee! Ain't Skinner great!' And that is precisely the reaction we want.

If an actor speaks particularly well, and knows it, he should at any rate conceal from his audience the fact that he does know it. Indeed, it is part of his art to render them if possible entirely unconscious of it. There are actors of whom we say, 'He has a beautiful voice, but he is always listening to it.' That means that he is not only conscious of this superior quality, but wishes the audience to be aware of it also. It is, in my opinion, a great mistake for an actor ever to appear to rise superior to his audience. Such an attitude annoys them and distracts their attention from the subject matter.

When I am rehearsing a part and meet a word about which there may be some difference of opinion as to pronunciation, I do not consult a dictionary in order to find out which is right; I endeavor to discover which is the most general way of pronouncing it, and I adopt that way. I always try to avoid teaching an audience anything — or at any rate I make a great effort not to be found out. For it is well known in my business that the public will run a mile from a theatre if they think there is going to be any attempt made to teach them anything.

That is why plays written as propaganda are always failures. An audience resents being corrected or coerced or in any way 'done good to.' If, for instance, the American Academy of Arts

and Letters said, 'We are interested in a campaign for better spoken English, and, regardless of expense, we will form a company of actors which shall comprise all our gold-medalists for diction'; and suppose they did it, and sent the company round the country, with such advertisements as 'Come and hear how English should be spoken' or 'Listen to the silver-tongued gold-medalists' — do you think the people would come near the theatre? I assure you I should be very sorry to be on sharing terms.

There is no doubt that good diction is far too rare. By 'diction' I mean the speaking of words correctly and easily. That is what we are concerned with at the moment, although I suppose the word 'diction' means a good deal more than that.

Of course we are handicapped, because English is the language of a diversity of people scattered in many parts of the globe. But there are only three kinds of English that I am familiar with — the English of England, the English of America, and the English of the telephone operator. This last I do not propose to consider, because it is almost a language of its own, and is, moreover, spoken more or less in confidence. But the difference between the English of England and the English of America is mainly one of diction. It is futile to assert that the English of the two countries is not one language. There are some differences in pronunciation of certain words and occasionally a given word will have a different meaning. But as a rule it is only the difference between the English of England of to-day and that of one hundred and fifty years ago. America has frequently maintained the purity of the language which in course of years has become vitiated in England. We all know that many Old English words and phrases are now regarded in England as Americanisms.

The chief fault in speech in America I should describe as sloppiness, and the outstanding defect in England as snippiness. The English of England has been distorted by people who really ought to know better. Oxford University, for instance, rather prides itself on the fact that you can always tell an Oxford man. It reminds me of those 'Distinctive Styles for Men' which the tailors advertise and which the well-dressed man tries so steadfastly to avoid. The only reason why one can always tell an Oxford man is that his diction is not absolutely pure. It is by no means bad, but it has certain distortions for which there is no excuse. Unfortunately the less educated class, particularly in the suburbs of London, in an attempt to ape their betters become so refaned that at times they are hardly understandable.

The American is never guilty of this straining after superiority. But in my opinion he errs on the other side. He is so afraid of being meticulous in his speech that he allows himself to become careless. I have noticed amongst the youth of to-day that there is frequently a decided objection to speaking well, a feeling that there is something unhealthy in good articulation. I know nice parents — well-spoken parents — with children who speak vilely. Frequently when a boy speaks very badly the mother looks at him with pride and says, 'Is n't he a little man!' I can see no good in this. There is nothing clever in speaking badly — anybody could do it with a little practice. One can speak well and still be a little man — or a big man.

I say nothing against slang. I rather admire it; it enriches the language. But I can see no excuse for a lazy and careless delivery of words. Laziness in diction leads to laziness in phraseology — to the perpetual use of the words 'fine' and 'grand' and 'sure' — monosylla-

bles which can hardly be said to be a healthy stimulus to conversation. If we are going to have better spoken English we have to work from the bottom. Schools and colleges and parents have to take a hand. Where bad diction is a matter of ignorance it is excusable, but in the case of people who have all the advantages of education and decent environment it is little more than culpable negligence and laziness.

I have said that actors must never appear to be making an effort to teach anything. But what we should do is to set a worthy example which the youth of to-day may be inspired to follow. And with the advent of the talking pictures our responsibility becomes far greater than ever it was before. For every person who sees an actor in the regular theatre, a thousand see him when he appears in a 'talky.' I worked for thirty years and more as an actor and remained practically unknown to a very large section of the public; now that I have made two or three talking pictures I can seldom walk many blocks without someone coming up to me and saying, 'Excuse me, ain't I seen you in the movies?' I recently opened a new cinema in London, 'in person,' and when I appeared a young lady looked me up and down and then turned to her friend and said, 'Is n't he like him?' I mention these facts to point out how much more far-reaching is the influence of the talking pictures than that of the stage.

In my opinion the value of the talking screen in the improvement of the diction of the masses cannot be overestimated. Not that the masses would go to the movies to learn how to speak; but young people are inclined to be very imitative, particularly of those actors and actresses whom they especially admire.

I am not familiar with the working of other studios, but it may interest you to hear of the care which is taken in recording the voice in my own studio — that is, the Warner Brothers — during the making of one of my pictures; and I have no reason to suppose that the same serious attention is not devoted to the work by others.

A scene in the studio seldom lasts more than six or seven minutes without a break — sometimes it is longer, but not often. Immediately after we have finished acting one of the scenes before the camera I go to what is called the 'play-back' room. With me come the director, the recording mechanics, and the actors who are concerned in the scene. We cannot, of course, see the picture of the scene we have just done, — that takes many hours to develop and print, — but we can hear the 'play-back,' which is the record of our voices precisely as it will be heard in the theatres when the picture is finally exhibited. We sit in perfect quiet; the lights are put out, in order that our sense of hearing shall be more acute; there is a grinding sound, and then out of the darkness come our voices reproducing the entire scene which we spoke only a few minutes before.

When it is finished the lights are put up and the director says to me, 'Well, what do you think?' If I think I was particularly good I say modestly, 'Not so bad. What do you think?' 'Well,' says the director, 'it seemed to me great, except — you know where you say, "I heard him mutter"?' 'Yes.' 'Well, it sounded to me like "butter."' 'Did it? I did n't notice it. Did you notice it, Miss So-and-So?' 'Well, it did n't sound to me like "butter," but I thought it a little muffled.'

And then, after some further criticism, we say, 'We'll hear it again.' If at the end of the second hearing there is the slightest difference of opinion, we all troop out and do the whole scene over again — which of

course has to include photography as well as voice in order to get perfect synchronization.

This same inquest is held after every scene throughout the entire picture. Nothing is ever hurried or left to chance. Unfortunately, when the picture goes through the country we are in the hands of mechanics who can do to one's voice what the passport photographer can do to one's face. But there is no doubt that it is quite possible to reproduce, almost perfectly, the voice and diction of an actor, and it would be a great satisfaction to me if the stage and screen could be so far improved that they could be regarded as the recognized standard of pure English.

It is unfortunate, in this respect, that most of the plays to-day are concerned with characters which compel the actors to reproduce in their speech the worst faults of the average man. But I have reason to hope that the time is approaching when we shall have more and more classical plays. I believe that the detective play has about had its day, and that we shall have plays that will at any rate give the actors an opportunity to speak better English.

Although I have said that I do not think it would be a commercially sound venture to send a company on the road with the object of teaching the masses, I can see no reason why some talking pictures should not be made with the object of using them in schools and universities as examples of perfect English and desirable diction. I commend the idea to your directors as being perhaps worthy of their consideration.

GEORGE ARLISS

A MATTER OF PRONUNCIATION

BY FRANK H. VIZETELLY

THOUGHT moulds the language that we speak, and exalts it or degrades it according to the degree of culture that we attain. Therefore it reflects our lives more exactly than any other thing, and no finer example of this truth has been left us than the sublime address delivered by Abraham Lincoln on the occasion of the dedication of the cemetery at Gettysburg on the nineteenth of November, 1863. Its simple language, its plain common sense, its worldly wisdom in homely phrase, reflect sincerity of thought unapproached by any other of the orators of his day. It is a model of compassion and tenderness that mirrors the character of the great heart that gave it utterance — a model of which we are justly proud. Our standard of written English has always been based on the best work produced by the cultured writers of our time, and our accepted standard of correct speech rests on the pronunciation of those members of our community who speak the language with accuracy, clearness, elegance, and propriety. They do not all speak in the same way. God be thanked that they could not if they would.

There is not merely one cold, hard, uniform method of utterance that

everyone should observe who wishes to become an expert in expression — practice has provided us with much variety. Some American speech is delivered in monotone, pitched to the musical note of B flat or of F sharp; other speech crackles on the ear, like electrons crashing through air waves to reach a particular radio receiving set; and other still is mere cacophony. But, even at that, we are not so badly off, for the London pronunciation of English has varied as frequently as different sovereigns have ascended the throne. Why? Because the Londoner is influenced by the idiosyncrasies and vagaries of the people with whom he comes into contact. For one thing, he abuses and misuses the *r*, so that in standard English the trilled or vibrated *r* is almost absent, but this is not so when words containing that letter are spoken by the Irish or the Scots, or by the people of Tyneside. The English practice of eliding the *r* has led to this near suppression, or, rather, to the introduction of a substitute sound.

The best people of England to-day talk with the cockney voice that, leaving the purlieus of Limehouse, has reached the purlieus of Mayfair. This is the aftermath of the war, during which the spirit of democracy prevailed, and the pronunciation of the common people left its impress indelibly on the so-called best people, with a few languid drawls, terminal *aws*, clipped *g*'s, and feeble *h*'s thrown in for good measure, which, later, acquired the name of the Oxford voice. It is well known that races which habitually pronounce their *r*'s are easily heard, while races that habitually do not pronounce their *r*'s are inaudible. For clearness of tone production, the enunciation of the Glasgow Orpheus Choir has proved as great a revelation to the majority of English actors and actresses as that of the choir of the Mormon Tabernacle in Salt Lake City has to the people of the United States. Why? Because its members never fail to pronounce their *r*'s. The late Henry James, who lived in England for nearly half a century, found out, while on a visit to the land of his birth, that the letter *r* got 'terribly little rest among great masses of our population in the boundless West,' and condemned us for lack of taste for uttering it when present. He had lived in England so long that it jarred on his ear when he heard it spoken by a vir-r-rile race.

Mispronunciation abroad is due largely to the influence exerted by the people of Oxford, who have steadily debased the coinage of English speech with emasculated voices and exaggerated idiosyncrasies. They cannot ask you to dinner; they ask you to 'dinnah.' They do not come to a lecture; they come to a 'lectchah.' They believe in 'cultchah,' and instead of saying, 'Oh no,' they say, 'Oo noo,' or 'Aw naw,' or even 'Ow now.'

There has steadily spread from the East End of London to the West End a slovenly way of speaking. This way of speaking has even reached the pulpit and got on to the stage, where the players are steadily becoming inarticulate. Go into any church and listen to the clergyman reading the service or preaching. Few can hear what the man is saying; fewer still can understand him. How very different it is over here! Nowadays in England members of audiences and critics complain that actors and actresses — especially since the war — have become so infected with what the English themselves term 'the abominable Oxford voice' that they are no longer audible on the stage.

There are many persons who will disagree with the claim that the standard of speech for England is the standard set by the educated people of London; for standards vary according to local-

ities. We have a standard of speech for New York which, in my humble judgment, is superior to the stilted standard of speech of Pall Mall, St. James's, or Mayfair in the English capital. Apart from this, the population of London is less than ten million. How many persons does one meet in the course of a lifetime who were born and bred in London? Not many. After all, London is as cosmopolitan a city as New York — made up of people from every part of the United Kingdom and adjacent islands, as well as of other countries, and the standard of speech varies there in different districts even as it does in the city of New York. Those who have lived in Washington no doubt realize that the standard of speech in our national capital differs greatly from the standards of speech that prevail in various of our state capitals.

Among ourselves there is a growing but vicious tendency to emphasize the first syllables of words beginning with *ad-* or *de-* — ad'dress, ad'ministration, de'lude, de'monstration, de'ny, re'search. The words are ad-dress', ad-min''is-tra'tion, de-lude', dem''onstra'tion, de-ny', re-search'. Deaf, now still occasionally heard 'deef,' is the result of error, for the Early English spelling was *def*, and the *e* had its Early English value — that of *e* in net. Such words as appreciate, appreciation, associate, association, negotiate, negotiation, have been repeatedly mispronounced before the microphone during the past six months. The *cia* or *tia* in these words is correctly pronounced *she*, not *see*. Exit is *eks*it and not *egz*it; incognito is not incogneeto. The name of the street that leads from Trafalgar Square, London, to St. James's Palace, is Pall Mall, not Pell Mell, nor Paul Maul. The building in which grand opera is given in London is situated on Bow Street, of Cŏvent, not Cō'vent, Garden — formerly the word was *Con*vent.

We should say ac-clī'ma-ted, not ac''li-mā'ted; a-mē'na-ble, not a-men'a-ble; ap''pa-rā'tus, not ap''pa-rat'us; bī-og'-raphy, not bē-og'raphy; dep''o-zi'tion, not dē''po-zi'tion; in-com'parable, not in''com-pare'a-ble; in'vento''ry, not in-vent'o-ry; I'oway, not Io'wah; irrep'a-rable, not ir''re-pare'a-ble; irrev'o-ca-ble, not ir''re-vo'ca-ble; lē'sure, not lĕs'ure; vā'grant, not vag'rant; hwich, hwot, hwen, hware, not wich, wot, wen, ware.

Words beginning with *sc* have peculiarities of their own, as scene, scenario, schism, schedule, and sceptic prove. Then there are pian'ist and pat'ent — English pē'a-nist and pā'tent; hos'til and hos'tyle; nef-ew and nev-ew. The Englishman persists in 'shedule,' although he says 'skool,' while we say 'skedule' and 'skool.' The fruit of the banana tree he calls ba-nah'na, whereas we speak of it as ba-nan'a.

Then there are three other words the pronunciation of which has frequently been discussed between the nations — quinin, tomato, and vase. To the English the first is kwi-neen', the second is to-mah'to; but to the American they are kwin'in and toma'to, and he bases his pronunciation of the last on analogy with potato. The latter word may at one time in its career have been pronounced pah-tah'tē, but never po-tah'to. As for quinin and vase — well, there are five pronunciations of the first and four pronunciations of the second: kwin'in, kwi-neen', kwin'īn, kwī'nīn, ki-neen'; vāz, vās, vahz, and vez.

If you must say 'extrord'inary,' and so suppress the medial *a*, please remember that whenever you do so you are not expressing the idea that the word itself was coined to convey, — 'out of the ordinary,' — the sense that the

word 'extra' gives to it when correctly pronounced, as when you say 'extra-or'dinary.' To our friends across the sea, immediately is immee'jetly. Misplaced stress is frequently responsible for mispronunciations, and this is particularly noticeable in such words as agg'randize, a'pricot, cement', com'bative, discern', inquir'y, gov'ern-ment — the last a word which many speakers pronounce incorrectly. It is not 'guv-verment.' Another word is programme — some programmes are *grum* enough to be in perfect keeping with the absurd pronunciation one hears so frequently. Thirty years ago Italian was frequently mispronounced Eye-tal'-yan in our Eastern states; then there are lev'er, lab'oratory, — five not four syllables (lab'o-ra-to''ry, not lab'ra-to-ry), — and pa'tron.

In such words as often, chasten, fasten, and hasten, the *t* has been as silent as the *b* in tomb, comb, crumb, and dumb, when spoken by persons of culture. For some reason that I have not been able to fathom, unless it be due to a dread of posing as punctiliously correct, the letter *u* has been the butt of derision for some years. This letter has several inseparable sounds, and we should be careful to distinguish them whenever the occasion presents itself. The *u* in use and in tune is correctly pronounced as if written *yu*, but while the first word, use, is never mispronounced, tune has been corrupted to 'toon,' and all music knocked out of it.

And now may I refer to the digraph *ew?* Why should persons who utter dew, few, hew, with care, and are ready to acknowledge that 'The cat will mew and dog will have his day,' hesitate when they face the word new, and fumble it so that it becomes 'noo' when in New York, but 'niu' when in New Haven? Prel'ude should not be rendered pray'lude. The word con'cert should be stressed on the first and not on the last syllable; the medial *h* in philharmonic should always be aspirated, although we do not sound that letter in forehead; and the first *r* in February should never be suppressed.

To anyone who looks squarely at the subject of pronunciation, and has noted the variety of speech that filters through the air, it is amazing that so little preparation is made by some of the public speakers before they face the microphone. In England the very sources from which correct information on the pronunciation of words may be obtained — the dictionaries — are neglected. American radio announcers have solved the problems of pronunciation that they have had to face practically by selecting one authority as their guide, and abiding by it. English announcers, who sought expert opinion on pronunciation, learned to their cost that experts disagreed, and so turned to their broadcasting company for help. The help they got was still more experts, who are not altogether certain of their ground, because in Great Britain the standard of pronunciation is that of the individual himself. Did not George Bernard Shaw tell us that there were 47,000,000 ways of pronouncing English in the United Kingdom? Indeed he did, and he meant it. There are more now, because the population has increased; but, may the cat never 'moo' even when the dog hath his day!

BRAINS WIN AND LOSE

WOODROW WILSON

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

I

It would not be just to speak of Wilson as all brains. There was plenty of emotional life also. Yet you feel always that the intellect was the driving, the controlling force, and the defects of brains are as obvious in him as the excellences. For brains can do the greatest things in the world, — they can develop ideals, they can build up states and civilizations, — but they can also mislead and ruin and shatter an individual who puts a too blind trust in them.

Thomas Woodrow Wilson was born in Staunton, Virginia, in 1856. He came of that Scotch-Irish stock which gave America Andrew and Stonewall Jackson and so many other stubborn workers and fighters. His ancestors were teachers and ministers and the hereditary taint was in his blood, but always he wanted to manage men as well as to instruct them. He did not shine in his early education or in the attempted practice of law. But when he began to teach at Bryn Mawr, at Wesleyan, and at Princeton, he showed the stuff that was in him. His success as a teacher and his evident energy and initiative made him president of Princeton, and his efforts to democratize education in that ancient university made him a conspicuous figure to the whole country, though circumstances prevented him from achieving his ideals. What he had done — and said — at Princeton brought him the governorship of New Jersey in 1910 and this was merely a stepping-stone in his sudden and astonishing passage to the Presidency in 1912, when the split in the Republican Party gave the Democrats an easy victory.

Wilson was first interested in domestic reforms, the reshaping of the tariff and the universally lauded establishment of the Federal Reserve System, though these were more or less interrupted by disturbed conditions in Mexico. Then in 1914 came the Great War, and Wilson was faced with heavier burdens than had come to any President since Lincoln, while the strain was made much more severe by the loss of his wife, who for years had been his beloved companion and most intimate adviser. After struggling vainly to remain a force for peace rather than an agency of destruction, the President was finally compelled to join the Allies, and victory was achieved largely by American brains, money, and valor. Wilson then went to Paris to make over the world by the League of Nations. After a gigantic struggle with all sorts of contending passions and selfishnesses he returned with the world imperfectly made over in the shape of a League and a Treaty which the Senate refused to accept. In a passionate effort to persuade the American people to reverse the Senate's

verdict, Wilson shattered his health completely, and the last year of his Presidency was passed under a tragic cloud of physical feebleness and political failure. He died of a brain disease in 1924.

To begin with, it is interesting and curious to gather some of Wilson's comments on the general subject of brains, for it is evident that he had an immense, instinctive esteem for them, felt that they were the prime agency for moving the world — at any rate his agency. And to this end he wanted them positive, sweeping with swift efficiency to conclusions which should make themselves felt as well as accepted.

The play of brain, the activity of brain, energetic, exhaustless intellectual labor, seems to him the thing in life that is really worth while. 'There is a sort of grim satisfaction in tiring one's mind out, if it be only to prove one's mastery over one's natural disinclinations.' And the lack of brain, which is for the most part a mere indolent unwillingness to use it, always merits his infinite contempt. 'I overheard two men one day talking about a third man, and one of them referred to his head. "Head," the other said, "head! That is n't a head — that 's just a knot. The Almighty put that there to keep him from raveling out!" And we have to admit there are such persons.'

As Wilson appreciates the power of brains, so he fully understands their dangers, at any rate as he perceives them in others. There is the danger of mistaking a head-load of facts for the power of using them: 'Some of the best-informed men I ever met could not reason at all. You know what you mean by an extraordinarily well-informed man. You mean a man who always has some fact at his command to trip you up.' There is the even more serious danger of mistaking theories for facts and so endeavoring to impose them upon the world: 'Life is a complex thing. No theory that I ever heard propounded will match its varied pattern; and the men who are dangerous are the men who are not content with understanding, but go on to propound theories, things that will make a new pattern for the universe. Those are the men who are not to be trusted.'

Yet, to the Scotch-Irish Wilson, brains in the abstract, theorizing for the curiosity and pleasure of it, seemed a vain and futile affair. When people try to relegate him and confine him to the academic cloister, he rebels and protests: 'It has always seemed to me an odd thing and a thing against nature that the literary man, the man whose citizenship and freedom are of the world of thought, should ever have been deemed an unsafe man in affairs.' What are thoughts for if they are not transmuted into deeds? What are brains for if not for an illumination and a guide in making a better world to live in? 'There are times,' he cries, 'when words seem empty and only action seems great.'

So much for brains in general, and Wilson on his own mind is even more interesting. When he is cool and detached, he is aware of the limitations and defects of the intellect — no man more so. It is apt to lead to subtle and ingenious insincerity, as he suggests in a comment on Jefferson, 'the sort of insincerity which subtle natures yield to without loss of essential integrity.' It is apt to lead to pride and willfulness, as when he says of himself, 'I am proud and willful beyond measure.' And in Wilson's case, at any rate, it is apt to lead to intense concentration in one field of view to the exclusion of other solutions and important considerations, which is what he meant by the widely quoted description of his 'single-track mind.'

On the other hand, it requires but little acquaintance with Wilson's life and words and work to appreciate his immense enjoyment of intellectual power and his constant and implicit reliance upon it: 'It is not men that interest or disturb me primarily; it is ideas. Ideas live; men die.' This reliance upon the intellect was much enhanced by the fact that he did not suffer from the evil that it works to some of its followers, that of dissolving, disillusioning, bringing skepticism and consequent cynicism in its train. Wilson had his moments of doubt, perhaps; but in the main the Scotch assurance in his blood made him magnificently confident in the conclusions to which his reason led him.

One evil of the intellectual life Wilson was fully aware of, and stated and reiterated with that peculiar clarity of self-revelation in which he was so often a master — that is, the isolation of it. The mass of mankind do not want to think for thinking's sake; perhaps they cannot. Hence the habitual, turbulent thinker is left to himself, and he cannot but feel it: 'The intellectual life is sometimes a fearfully solitary one. . . . The man devoted to that life is more than all other men liable to suffer from isolation, to feel utterly alone.'

II

Thus, having emphasized the importance of brains in general in Wilson's case, it becomes of interest to make a more detailed study of the swift and brilliant instrument which wrought so largely for good and evil in the world.

How much did he owe to education? Apparently not much in the ordinary sense. Like so many other men who have done great things, he educated himself: 'The rule for every man is, not to depend on the education which other men prepare for him — not even to consent to it; but to strive to see things as they are, and to be himself as he is.' Hence in his various schools and colleges he was not conspicuous and would not condescend to busy himself too much with concerns which he felt not to be his. The boy quietly went his own personal way, learned what he wanted and needed, and stored it up where it would do the most good when the call for it should come.

As to the special elements of intellectual activity, it does not appear that he set the highest store by mere accuracy or thoroughness. When it was necessary to go to the bottom of things, he went, with secure, unwearied probing. But he was always justly accused of a certain impatience with detail. What appealed to him far more than scholarly drudgery was the instinct of system, or order, or arrangement. And in his teaching and in his own studies the love of clarity and lucidity was ever-present. No doubt this passion for orderliness sometimes degenerated into a plague. The teaching caste has its special defects, like others. A drift toward pedantry, toward the intrusion of academic method in the wrong place, is one of them. And Wilson was not free from it. In him there was sometimes a tendency to treat men of the world like unruly and inattentive students who needed to be made to see things as they are. But unquestionably the strong instinct of lucid arrangement, in thoughts and words and deeds, was one of the agents that carried him furthest.

What saved him more than anything else from the excesses of intellect and pedantry was the play of the imagination. You could not tie him down to dull research, because his mind was always soaring, always keeping an outlet into the region of splendid dreams and many-colored

ideals. He himself was inclined to attribute the imaginative side of his nature to an Irish element in his origin, meaning, I suppose, a Celtic element, and many of his biographers lay a good deal of emphasis on this. Just where the Celtic strain came into the solid Scotch-Irish ancestry is not clearly indicated. But in any case the imagination came in and the benefits of it were beyond question.

The play of it showed above all in the infinite ability and facility with words. This love for words and their exact and delicate uses was inborn, and constant practice and exercise brought it to perfection. Wilson's father was a close and thoughtful student of style, and the son early imbibed his father's tendency. He studied style as an instrument in writing, he studied it even more in vocal expression, and he always looked upon oratory as the most effective means of influencing and controlling men.

At the same time Wilson was careful to avoid the errors and the attitude of the mere rhetorician. What counted above all was thoughts. Words were merely the vehicle and of little or no account without the profound and powerful working of the mind beneath them. Or, rather, the words and the thoughts were so inextricably and beautifully mingled that in using the one you were naturally and almost inevitably developing the other: 'You must immerse your phrase in your thought, your thought in your phrase, till each became saturated with the other.'

On this literary basis Wilson produced a very considerable amount of printed matter which hardly receives enough attention in view of his greater political prominence. His American History and his Washington are rather in the nature of potboiling, but the earlier critical and biographical essays and the political writing of all periods are notable and original work.

To return to some further elements of his intellectual equipment. One asks one's self how far he was subject to prejudice, to those unreasoning movements of the spirit which are always the greatest enemies of intellectual power. He admits that he was not free from such things: 'I have my due quota of prejudices and prepossessions myself and I hold even my untested convictions in a fighting spirit.' But he at least believed that he was willing and anxious to subject such prejudices to the test of argument, and it seemed to him that he kept an open mind and welcomed objection and clear-cut presentation of an opposing point of view. However his convictions were arrived at, there is universal agreement that, once set, they were extraordinarily fixed and unchangeable. Having gone through his intellectual processes to the end, the man was certain he was right, and all his physical and spiritual energy must be directed to carrying his conclusions into effect.

As to the special manifestations of the intellect in varied forms of application, what mainly strikes one — at any rate if one comes, as I do, from the minute study of Roosevelt — is the lack of versatility. Wilson's intellectual field was narrow from the beginning to the end. He had little command of languages, was strangely ignorant of the general great literature of the world. To science, which interested Roosevelt so immensely, he was quite indifferent, and indeed resented its intrusion into the more speculative emotional fields. For abstract philosophy he cared little and his knowledge of it was slight. Even in religion his interest was not intellectual but practical. He imbibed and retained a vivid and animating orthodoxy, carrying it into a sure practical

belief in divine interposition in the affairs of this world and an individual survival in the future. But in all these matters he rather avoided discussion and intellectual probing and contented himself with the practical application.

Even in the fields which might be thought peculiarly his own his information was singularly limited. He by no means kept up with the modern movements of political economy. His acquaintance with history did not approach the broad familiarity with different epochs and nations which is so notable in Roosevelt. Only in the detailed analysis of the working of government was Wilson thoroughly and minutely at home. Yet even here his thinking seems to me greater in extension than in intension. He did not go to the very bottom of things in the science of government any more than in the science of mind. His intellect was not profoundly penetrative or creative. What did characterize him as a creature of brains was an enormous and constant intellectual activity. He was always thinking, always fertilely, ingeniously designing and contriving new mental processes leading to new practical ends. It was the working of this activity which distinguished Wilson among contemporary statesmen and which makes the study of him so interesting.

III

But all this emphasis on brains must not be understood to imply that Wilson was lacking in nerves and sensibility. On the contrary, he was quite as well provided with these things as the average person. It was only that the brain activity was in excess and produces the greater impression. He was sometimes annoyed and exasperated by the charge of emotional deficiency. And he goes out of his way to proclaim the fires of emotional experience that burn him up: 'If I were to interpret myself, I would say that my constant embarrassment is to restrain the emotions that are inside of me. You may not believe it, but I sometimes feel like a fire from a far-from-extinct volcano, and if the lava does not seem to spill over, it is because you are not high enough to see the caldron boil.' Yet all the time note just the suggestion of intellectual arrogance which the last sentence implies.

If the nerves appeared in no other way, the constant strain of ill health would tend to foster and develop them. Wilson was all his life physically delicate. There are hints of unrevealed maladies which persecuted him. At any rate he had repeated nervous breakdowns, and at all times he was more or less a martyr to indigestion and to the remedies he employed to meet it. Nerves so stretched and tormented would be expected to be frequently unstrung. It does not seem, however, that the general melancholy and depression so often associated with such physical conditions were especially present in this case. Perhaps the absence of these things was partly due to a superb and watchfully cultivated intellectual control, which shows in the ability to put aside the most colossal cares in the world and sleep whenever the chance came: 'I am not often subject to the dominion of my nerves, and it requires only a very little prudence to enable me to maintain that mastery over myself and that free spirit of courageous, light-hearted work in which I pride myself.'

It is, of course, with any individual impossible to measure exactly the nice balance of nerves and intellect in the great emotional experiences, but still it seems to me that in the two greatest of all, love and religion, the overswaying

element in Wilson's case was intellectual. He loved intensely, he felt the power and the presence of God intensely. Yet the feeling is always interpenetrated with an intellectual, analytical clarity. Take the minor aspect of nerves, temper. Wilson had a quick, fierce temper. Read Mr. Thompson's account of the outbreak against an impudent camera man in Bermuda. But the temper was restrained and held down with an almost superhuman control, and there is constant testimony to his gentleness and courtesy even when worn out by public and private distress. Take again the aspect of pity and sympathy and sensitiveness to suffering. Among many illustrations there is the story of the woman who appealed to the president of Princeton to reinstate her erring son. She was on the eve of an operation, she said, and her life might depend on the president's clemency. 'Madam,' was the quiet answer, 'as between your life and that of Princeton — the institution — it is better that you should die; for Princeton must live.' And he refused, but he was almost prostrated afterward. The nerves and the intellect also appeared in the same nice adjustment in money matters. It would seem that Wilson was always generous by impulse and ready to give where he had anything to give. But he had also a Scotch canniness and thrift, and the pestilent plague of his early career was the clinging bane of poverty. This shows in Mrs. Wilson's gentle, half-humorous complaint: 'How I hope all this "limelight" will make the new edition sell *enormously*. It is very inconvenient for a public man to be penniless.'

Again, with all æsthetic concerns. Mrs. Wilson practised and loved painting and tried to initiate her husband, but his mind turned in other directions and he deplores it: 'It has been one of the few grave misfortunes of my life that I have hitherto known least of the two things that move me most, poetry and painting. My sensibilities in those directions seem to me like a musical instrument seldom touched, like a harp disused.' And so they largely remained to the end. He liked the outdoor world, but mainly as exercise and diversion. He read certain poets over and over and especially enjoyed reading them to his friends; but his equipment in this line was astonishingly limited for a man who loved words and praised the benefits of literature so highly. He did like to sing and sang well, but even with music I find no indications of large acquaintance with the classical composers. He immensely enjoyed the theatre; in the earlier days more serious Shakespearean acting, Booth and others; but in later time he turned more to the frivolous, the movies and vaudeville shows, to which he was devoted to the end. Very characteristic is his own analysis of the use of such things: 'There are blessed intervals when I forget by one means or another that I am President of the United States. One means by which I forget is to get a rattling good detective story, get after some imaginary offender and chase him all over — preferably over any continent but this, because the various parts of this continent are becoming painfully suggestive to me.' And here obviously we have brains seeking oblivion by the most immediate and swiftly efficient means.

IV

The most important aspect of nerves is in relation to men and women. When it comes to politics, the tangle of brains and nerves is apt to be conspicuous in Wilson's case, but in ordinary life his human relations mainly involved ordi-

nary feeling. As regards human beings at large and taken in the mass, he had at any rate an unfailing curiosity and interest, though it does not seem as if he ever quite touched them or quite loved them. With his remarkable gift of elucidation he makes the curiosity and interest singularly effective: 'I like human beings. It is a pretty poor crowd that does not interest you. . . . A crowd picked up off the street is just a jolly lot — a job lot of human beings, pulsating with life, with all kinds of passions and desires. It would be a great pleasure if unobserved and unattended I could be knocked around as I have been accustomed to being knocked around all my life. . . . I have sometimes thought of going to some costumers . . . and buying an assortment of beards, rouge, and coloring and all the known means of disguising myself, if it were not against the law.'

In ordinary social intercourse Wilson was shy, remote, and difficult. He himself admits it and others agree. On the other hand, when the ice was once broken and the barriers down, the President's charm was unusual and almost unfailing. The ungraciousness of the harsh features and stiff manner was forgotten in the winning, sympathetic smile and especially in the vivid ease and insinuating charm of the varied and piquant speech. As Colonel House says: 'When one gets access to him there is no more charming man in all the world than Woodrow Wilson. I have never seen anyone who did not leave his presence impressed. He could use this charm to enormous personal and public advantage if he would.'

And under circumstances that were at all intimate the charm flowered into an astonishing and spontaneous gayety. There were jests of all sorts, there was an inexhaustible fund of entertaining stories, the Celtic strain asserting itself in all its magic freedom. Wilson was at one with Roosevelt in his love of Lewis Carroll. He was always quoting *Alice in Wonderland*, and he relished nonsense verses and limericks. When, as Governor of New Jersey, he attended a Senatorial dinner, he astonished the legislators by singing darky songs and joining Senator Frelinghuysen in a riotous Virginia reel.

When it comes to intimate friendships with men, Wilson once more is delightfully human, though perhaps Mr. Baker in emphasizing this protests a little too much. Such relations as that with Robert Bridges were by no means unusual, and where there was no question of politics they endured to the end. What is impressive in these matters of affection is Wilson's own almost desperate longing to have people love him. Yet what strikes me most is that all the emphasis is not on loving, but on being loved. The truth is that these great people who do great things are too absorbed to waste much life on loving. And always there is the subtle disillusioning play of brain as Mr. Baker himself depicts it: 'He wanted love, but must do his own thinking. All his life he was trying to keep his emotions apart from his thoughts — his friendships apart from his convictions. He would love without reservations; he must think coldly. Few men can do that or understand it in others: much tragedy is likely to flow from the attempt.' Assuredly it did in Wilson's case.

But in this matter of human relations Wilson is most interesting in his dealings with women, though naturally one cannot probe them to the very bottom. He took to women, liked them socially and intellectually, poured out his heart to them, tried to think they understood him. There is nothing more bewitching than to have an agreeable woman discover that you are a genius

— especially when you have already surmised it yourself. Therefore Wilson wrote endless self-revealing letters to all sorts of ladies, and this not unnaturally got him into trouble and filled Washington with utterly baseless scandal. Those of the letters to Mrs. Peck that have been published are as innocuous as they are intellectual, and we are assured that the unpublished are no different.

Anyway, against these illicit complications Wilson was protected by his unswerving devotion to the wife whose incomparable tenderness and clear insight had gone so far to make him what he was. The reading of the letters printed by Mr. Baker shows how deep and lofty the devotion was and how persistent, and the testimony of Mrs. Wilson's brother and innumerable others proves the enduring beauty of the conjugal relation. Yet all the time, as in friendship, I am struck with a certain one-sidedness of that relation: 'It is n't pleasant or convenient to have strong passions. . . . I have the uncomfortable feeling that I am carrying a volcano about with me. My salvation is in being loved. . . . There surely never lived a man with whom love was a more critical matter than it is with me.' Still, still being loved, not loving! Oh, the egotism of men — almost equal to the egotism of women! But loving or loved, the women, the first wife and the second wife, played an enormous part in Wilson's career, both the private and the political.

V

And politics, the government of men, for Wilson as for Roosevelt, was all that seriously counted in life. When he was sixteen, looking at the portrait of Gladstone, he said: 'That is Gladstone, the greatest statesman that ever lived. I intend to be a statesman too.' Even when it seemed that circumstances had cut him off from a political career, he looked to it with bitter regret: 'I do feel a very real regret that I have been shut out from my heart's *first* — primary — ambition and purpose, which was to take an active, if possible a leading part in public life, and strike out for myself, if I had the ability, a statesman's career.'

Then when he was fifty-three years old, and actual politics seemed completely out of his range, he was thrust into the thick of it, partly by his success at Princeton and partly by his failure. It was his original, independent grasp of the educational situation that attracted the attention of the country, and if he had been able to carry through his educational and social programme at Princeton it is doubtful whether he would have left such prospects for the extremely dubious venture of the governorship of New Jersey in 1910. But from that turning point politics was the whole of him.

And first it is necessary to establish squarely the lofty ideal aims of Wilson's political life. To anyone who has followed him at all closely the slurs of Roosevelt, 'He is astute and conscienceless,' 'His lack of all convictions and willingness to follow every opinion,' are merely ridiculous. Wilson's aims may often have been unrealizable, but if so it was because of their loftiness. He wanted to govern, but it was because he saw the superb possibilities of government and fully appreciated the lamentable defects which had hitherto kept those possibilities unattained. He was not mad enough to say that he could remedy the defects, but he was man enough to say that he would give his brain and his whole soul and his very life to trying. Men had claimed too much for Democracy. They had dallied with Democracy and professed to have put it to the

proof and found it a failure, and they were beginning to laugh at it and throw it aside. He believed that Democracy, for all its failures and defects, held the future of the world, as Lincoln believed it. He believed that Democracy, rightly guided and interpreted, even perhaps through the dazzling conception of a world unity, held the only possible hope of the future, and he was ready to give all that was in him in every way to the attempt to realize that hope.

Nor was Wilson by any means a mere dreaming idealist. He had fixed and definite and largely elaborated theories as to how the ideal should become a reality. Even as a boy he was an organizer, and all through his career he was inclined to make systematic plans and frame constitutions of one kind or another. His first and perhaps his best book, *Congressional Government*, was an analytical study of the shortcomings of legislative administration in the United States, and from that point to the conception of the Covenant of the League he was always busy with governmental ideas, the weakness perhaps being that he was inclined to leap at once to larger outlines and to some extent disregard the patient working out of details. But always the theory of government was his passion.

Also, it is interesting to see how, with all his intellectual preoccupations, he did not have the intellectual's dread of decision and responsibility. When he had made up his mind and saw his way, he wanted to go right ahead and act, or thought he did and insisted that he did. He spurns men 'who are dried up at the source by the enemy of mankind which we call Caution. God save a free country from cautious men. . . . Caution is the confidential agent of selfishness.'

Yet, in spite of all this free vigor of theory, the old, lurking, critical, hesitating intellect could not be altogether escaped, and as you follow Wilson's political course you cannot help feeling the defects as well as the qualities of brains. How they stand out in a confession like the following! To think of all who are looking to him, he says, 'makes me tremble not only with a sense of my own inadequacy and weakness, but as if I were shaken by the very things that are shaking them, and if I seem circumspect, it is because I am so diligently trying not to make colossal blunders. If you just calculate the number of blunders a fellow can make in twenty-four hours if he is not careful and if he does not listen more than he talks, you would see something of the feeling I have.'

Cannot you see the brains working, working through it all? It was this that caused the delay and the apparent uncertainty in the dealing with Mexico and in the even more critical dealing with the Great War. It may have been wise policy, it may have been debating inefficiency. It unquestionably was the action of intellect rather than will, and it not only irritated his enemies but provoked dubious comment from his faithful supporters, so that one of the most judicious members of the Cabinet, Franklin K. Lane, cries almost in despair, 'We have had to push and push and push to get him to take any forward step. . . . He comes out right, but he is slower than a glacier, and things are mighty disagreeable when anything has to be done.'

Which brings us to the supreme problem of politics, at any rate for a temperament like Wilson's — the problem of dealing with human beings. He wanted to rule men, to work for their good, to manage them, but somehow he never had quite the tact or the touch to enable him to do it. As regards the

general mass of mankind, taken individually, we have already seen something of his attitude in his social relations. He was intensely curious about men and women, he wanted to understand their motives, their tastes, their habits, their traditions: 'The whole problem of life is to understand one another.' Yet there was something of the intellectualist's contempt for the ignorant prejudice and offhand bravado of the crowd. As one not unfriendly observer says of him: 'He mostly saw man the individual in his littleness and was intolerant, impatient, and disgusted with him. . . . He wanted to speak for the common crowd, but in private he frequently found it difficult to tolerate them. "He has a bungalow mind," was a favorite description. "I sometimes wish they were not so damned honest and had just a little brains."'

On the other hand, when it came to the masses collectively, he had immense, magnificent power over them by his gift of eloquence, could sway them hither and thither as he chose. Here also, as I pass from his earlier speeches, with their simple, sincere, scholarly earnestness, to the later political oratory, I feel a certain descent, as of a man who was striving to put his thoughts into a dialect unfamiliar and somewhat distasteful. But in spite of this he got magnificent effects and effect. From his boyhood he loved oratory and practised it, appreciated its defects and dangers, but also its incomparable magic. And the outcome of his pains and study was the crystallizing of those tremendous phrases, some of which, like the 'too proud to fight,' went far to ruin him, while others, like 'making the world safe for Democracy,' echoed and resounded with a strange animating glory in the ears of millions of weary and war-worn men and women.

Somebody has said that Wilson's phrases did more to win the war than anything else. At any rate, borne on the swelling tide of them and the superb ideals they embodied, he went to Europe against the advice of his wisest counselors, and achieved a triumphal progress such as has perhaps never come to any one man before. Alas that it should have been possible to say, even with rhetorical exaggeration, that when he went to Europe he was the greatest man that ever lived, and when he returned he did not have a friend.

For when it came to handling men as individual co-workers, Wilson's weaknesses became apparent. He wanted to get near them, to conciliate them, to work with them, above all to understand them. But something in his make-up made the contact difficult, if not impossible. His heart was approachable, his head was not. The most striking element in this matter of Wilson's dealing with individuals is the long, profoundly tragic series of wrecked friendships that he left scattered behind him in his political career — West and Hibben at Princeton; Harvey, Garrison, Page, Lansing, and finally even the long-suffering Tumulty and Colonel House. In every single case no doubt Wilson had his good reasons. In every single case no doubt he had to choose between a principle and a friend, and the friend had to go. But it makes a record that is not pleasant to look over, and one is reminded of the harsh criticism of Sainte-Beuve, that he deserted all his friends in the name of truth and in the end truth deserted him. Wilson would certainly never have admitted anything of the kind for himself, but at any rate he did not conform to the saying of a very wise person, that the law of love is higher than the law of truth.

Another significant and closely connected point in Wilson's human politi-

cal relations is the constant drift to inferiors. His apologists deny this. They say that he readily consulted experts. He did, in their special lines, as in his admirable turning over of the entire military management to Pershing. Moreover, he sought information from many sources until his mind was made up. But the fact remains that he instinctively surrounded himself with men who were his intellectual inferiors, who looked up to him and flattered him. It is true, he insisted that he was not under the influence of anyone. But all men are influenced, and when your inferiors are closest to you, it is they who do the influencing. If you read Tumulty's book, you see what Tumulty was, and you also see how Wilson turned to him. The same is true of Lansing and of Daniels, and the Commission that Wilson took with him to Paris forms the harshest of all comments on him in this regard. To be sure, there is Colonel House, perhaps the most extraordinary figure in all the extraordinary aggregation; and who will venture to call Colonel House, that curious, subtle, flexible, insinuating, dominating spirit, inferior to anyone? Yet, in his extreme submission and loving devotion to his chief, Colonel House's influence was perhaps much of the same nature in its working as that of the others.

Then when Wilson emerged from this unwholesome atmosphere of comparative inferiority, when he came into bitter life-and-death conflict with those who were his equals or superiors, not perhaps in character, certainly not in ideals, but in energy, in resource, above all in political experience and political unscrupulousness, — with the Wests at Princeton, with Lloyd George and Clemenceau at Paris, with Cabot Lodge at Washington, — he was beaten, not in his ideals, but in his effort to put the ideals into effect.

VI

So we have considered the man's political career externally. Now let us turn to the lining of it, as it were — to his own view of that career and of himself. It is evident that there was a clear, persistent, dominating, controlling force of ambition guiding him from the beginning, and as to the nature and extent of such ambition he has words as illuminating as his words always are. Of the significance of ambition in general, of its larger purport, he says: 'It is for this reason that men are in love with power and greatness: it affords them so pleasurable an expansion of faculty, so large a run for their minds, an exercise of spirit so varied and refreshing.' And even in early years he analyzed clearly and subtly the working of this passion in himself: 'Those indistinct plans of which we used to talk grow on me daily, until a sort of calm confidence of great things to be accomplished has come over me which I am puzzled to analyze the nature of. I can't tell whether it is a mere figment of my own inordinate vanity, or a deep-rooted determination which it will be within my power to act up to.'

In the formative period the ambition was naturally vaguer and more indeterminate in its character. It never seems to have taken any legal aspect, though law was his chosen profession. But before he came to controlling men directly he cherished the desire to influence them by written words, gave the closest attention to all the secrets of style and the use of them to make an enduring impression on the world. Yet it does not appear that the ambition was ever purely literary in form; there was no mastering desire to produce imaginative beauty for its own satisfying excellence.

To the literary ambition succeeded

the academic, or the two went hand in hand. But here again the passion was not for pure scholarship, but rather to use learning as well as literary gift to arouse and stimulate his fellow men: 'I have no patience for the tedious toil of what is known as research; I should be complete if I could inspire a great movement of opinion, if I could read the experiences of the past into the practical life of the men of to-day and communicate the thought to the minds of the great mass of the people so as to impel them to great political achievements.'

Yet neither in writing books nor in teaching lay the real field of this eager, ardent spirit. Almost from childhood, as we have already seen, he burned to have a hand in the ruling of men, as he early wrote to a friend, 'to mould the world as our hands might please.' As the years ran on, he became more secure, more hopeful of the possibilities in this line: 'I seem to myself to have become . . . more confident, steady, serene — enjoying in a certain degree a sense of power, — as if I had gotten some way upon the road I used so to burn to travel, — and yet fairly restless and impatient with ambition, as of old.' And in his discontent with the academic routine he murmured to his brother-in-law: 'I am so tired of a merely talking profession. I want to do something.'

Then he got the chance to do something with a vengeance. What man in the world ever had a bigger? And can it be doubted that he thoroughly enjoyed it, enjoyed the prominence, enjoyed the distinction, enjoyed the publicity? Mr. Baker says, no doubt justly, that he had never the habit, so marked in Roosevelt, of dramatizing his own doings. Yet over and over and over you have the sense of his rich appreciation of standing where he did: 'From the messages I get I realize that I am regarded as the foremost leader of liberal thought in the world.' Do you suppose that the obscure writer, the humble teacher, did not relish that position to the full? The relish was all the keener from his perfect understanding and vivid memory of the struggles he had had to go through, of the difficulties he had encountered in getting where he was. Take such moments as that when he seemed to have lost the nomination in 1912 and said to his sympathizing wife, 'My dear, of course I am disappointed, but we must not complain. We must be sportsmen.' Crises like that bring out the burning essence of a whole life. The same alternations of triumph and failure appear in his confession to Colonel House: 'I spoke of his success, and he said his Princeton experience hung over him sometimes like a nightmare; that he had wonderful success there, and all at once conditions changed and the troubles, of which everyone knew, were brought about. He seemed to fear that such a dénouement might occur again.'

Yet, with all the ups and downs, there seems to be less of discouragement and depression than might have been expected. Such moments will come, in one form or another: 'Complete success, such as I have had at the Hopkins, has the odd effect upon me of humiliating rather than exalting me; for I can't help knowing how much less worthy and capable I am than I am thought to be.' But in the main there is the stern, firm, unshakable persistence which comes with a gaze forever fixed upon a remote object that must and will be attained.

Something of the same grit and vigor shows in the attitude toward criticism. Wilson did not like it, but he endured it grimly. The curious point in this regard is the working of the intellectual temperament. His friends insist that

he did not bring in the personal side and was thinking only and always of the truth and the right. But, precisely because he was so absolutely convinced that he was right, it came to seem to him that those who criticized him and opposed him were actuated not by conviction but by malevolence, and the very loftiness and earnestness of his ideals infused a peculiar element of bitterness into his personal animosities.

Thus, out of such a strange tangle of ambitions and ideals sprang this extraordinary and almost unparalleled career, a career in which triumph after triumph seemed only to lead in the end to tragic defeat so that one realizes the direct significance of Wilson's words: 'A man may be defeated by his own secondary successes.' But through the dream-like quality of it all, and through the complicated web of seething passions and thwarted aspirations, there runs that lofty sweep of noble idealism which must never be forgotten and which rings in Wilson's own words of the very last years: 'I would rather fail in a cause that I knew some day will triumph than to win in a cause that I knew some day will fail.' Yet, even here, how eminently characteristic is the reiterated *I knew!* He knew, he knew, he always knew, for he was a creature of brains.

TALENTED MEMORIES[1]

Genius in the Nineties

BY WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN

I

One day a young American came up to me at some party. He had a letter; he was told I knew everyone in Paris; would I introduce him to Whistler, and to some of the French writers? He was handsome, richly dressed, and spoke as though he were a famous writer. I knew nothing of his writing, but he was clearly a robust flower of American muscular Christianity — healthy, wealthy, and, in America, wise. His particular friend was Charles Dana Gibson, the popular creator of the type of which Davis himself (it was he) was a radiant example.

Richard Harding Davis had never met any artists like Conder and me; he was respectful of our dazzling intellects, but he regretted that we were not, like himself, noble and virtuous. We puzzled him sadly; he even at times had doubts in regard to himself; but these doubts, when in the morning before his glass he brushed his rich, shining hair and shaved his fresh, firm chin and called to mind the sums his short stories brought him, proved fleeting as last night's dream. I liked Davis; I was touched at his wanting to make me a better and seemlier person,

[1] This record of intimacies in the world of genius began in the January issue. — Editor

a sort of artistic Boy Scout, springing smartly to attention before embarking on the good, wholesome work of art I was to achieve each day. He knew Basil Blackwood, and encouraged my going to Oxford; to mix with healthy young aristocrats would do me all the good in the world; but when later he heard I was seeing Walter Pater, he lost hope.

I also had a visit from a young journalist, Grant Richards, secretary to W. T. Stead, who had managed for the first time to come to Paris. Unlike Davis, he was frankly envious of the life we led, of the company we kept, of our familiarity with a world from which he was shut off. Some day he would get away from the obnoxious Stead, a man with no feeling for beauty, a kill-joy, a fusty-musty Puritan. To make up for the dreary letters he must copy during the day, he read with avidity the most venturesome books he could get. He was full of *Dorian Gray*, which he admired more than I did — he had never read *À Rebours*, and did not know how much Wilde had taken from Huysmans. He was enthusiastic in his appreciation of my drawings and paintings and Conder's fans, and begged me, when I came to London, to stay in his flat. How hospitable English people seemed, I thought, compared with the French!

About the same time came D. S. MacColl, the protagonist of Whistler and Degas in England. He was visiting Paris. Meeting Conder, he at once fell in love with his painting, with which he never fell out of love. He knew Whistler, had dined with him at the rue du Bac, and afterward called on him at his studio. Whistler came to the door, palette and brushes in hand, and declared he was hard at work. MacColl ran his fingers across his brushes, which were dry and devoid of paint, and Whistler, laughing, let him in.

I spent a pleasant week at Balliol, and met many people, among them York Powell, at Christ Church; on one occasion I scribbled some caricatures of Verlaine and Rodin and other people whom Powell knew, which seemed to amuse him. A day or two later he met John Lane and showed him these scraps, suggesting that Lane, who was on the lookout for fresh talent, might get me to do a set of Oxford portraits. Lane wrote to me, and I saw him on my way through town. The upshot was, he agreed to publish twenty-four drawings of prominent Oxonians, for which he would pay me 120 pounds.

This was an exciting commission; I was to begin work at the commencement of the autumn term. Returning to Paris, I told Whistler of my good fortune. I thought of making pastel drawings. Whistler said, 'Why not do lithographs? Go to Way; he will put you up to all the tricks.'

Before I left Paris I heard that Verlaine was in hospital, and more than usually miserable. Though Verlaine was universally admired as a poet, his habits proved too much even for his friends. Latin Quarter poets, who were not over-particular, had helped him again and again, but he had become impossible. Still, it seemed hard that a man of his genius should be deserted by all, unaided and wretched. I loved his poetry, and, knowing him to be ill, I wrote and told him how much I cared for his verses. A message came — would I go to see him at the Hôpital Broussais?

Verlaine was pleased, I could see, at my visit. We spoke about England, where he had been, and of his memories of London and Brighton. His talk was amusing, with a childlike kind of humor. He liked being in hospital; he was clean, and, in addition, perfectly sober. He had a Silenus-like head; his

baldness made his forehead look higher than in fact it was, and his small brown eyes with yellow lights, and with their corners turned up, looked queer. He was very pale. His eyes had a half-candid, half-dissipated look, the effects of drink and of white nights; but they also had at times an engaging candor. Beneath were broad cheek bones, a short Socratic nose, heavy moustaches, and an untidy, straggling beard, turning gray. One almost expected to find tall pointed ears under his thin locks.

He begged me to come and see him again, and I went back to the hospital several times. He talked much of his illness, and of his poverty, complaining bitterly of the miserable sums Vanier paid for his poems — and of the trouble he had to get paid. Lately he had been able to make a little money by giving some conferences in Holland and Belgium; but the money had all disappeared. Why not give some readings of his poems in England? I suggested. I was sure he would meet with a cordial reception. The idea of going to England pleased him; he talked again of the days spent at Brighton, where he had been a schoolmaster, and of visits to London with Rimbaud. The doctors and nurses, he said, were all kind to him; he had nothing to pay, and lived like a fighting cock. It was his leg that troubled him; but he would soon be out, and then I must come and see him, and meet his friend Eugénie. She was a good creature, he said, 'but sometimes a bit of a jade.'

I heard from him when he came out of hospital; would I come and see him at the rue Descartes? I found him living in a single room, poorly furnished and not very clean. A short, shapeless, coarse-featured woman with dark hair dressed close over a low forehead, with the hoarse, throaty voice of the *banlieue* — could this be she to whom Verlaine had written so many passionately amorous verses, and to whom, despite infidelities, he returned again and again? Eugénie treated me with humiliating respect; she was on what she thought was her best behavior. Verlaine must have told her of English editions, or possible conferences, which to her meant, quite frankly, her bread and butter. On subsequent visits the Krantz resumed easier ways and a more homely manner. She threw out hints that anything coming to Verlaine should pass through her hands; she whispered terrible things into my ears as to what would happen otherwise. Verlaine, with his shrewd and unashamed frankness, taunted her with her greed. She continually robbed him, he cried; he never had a sou — had n't even enough to buy himself a shirt and collars. As for drinking — why, he did n't want to drink, but still, *nom d'un nom*, sometimes one wanted to offer a glass to a friend. There would be fearful abuse, and then, like two cats in a yard, they would walk away from each other, and Verlaine would quietly resume his talk about literature, other poets, and plans for new poems. There was a queer mixture of ribaldry and delicacy in his talk, and something childlike and ingratiating in his manner.

II

In the autumn I prepared to migrate to Oxford. Basil Blackwood had asked me to stay with him at Balliol for a week or two, while I looked for rooms. York Powell offered to put me up later at Christ Church, and Mrs. Woods had asked me to Trinity College. So there was plenty of time to look around before I settled in lodgings.

Grant Richards was still acting as secretary to Stead, a task he much disliked. He had literary and sartorial ambitions; neither one nor the other

received encouragement from Stead, nor indeed from Richards's own family. He, too, looked with envy on my frock coat, on my freedom and my reckless ways. Meeting Stead in London, I sympathized with Richards. Stead, journalist, mystic, reformer, rescuer of fallen women, imperialist, and goodness knows what else, did n't impress me. He had the typical nonconformist presence: the way his hair grew suggested nonconformity; so did the rather obvious piercing eyes. A strong, plain man, whose mission was naturally wasted on me.

Others of Richards's friends were more to my taste, especially Le Gallienne, whose appearance was fascinating. He looked like Botticelli's head of Lorenzo. I at once itched to draw him, and spent a week-end with him and his young wife at his house at Hanwell. A charming person he was, every inch a poet, with long hair, wide collar, and high ideals. He had recently published his *English Poems*, which helped to revive the fashion for reading poetry — a feather, truly, in his cap. He had attracted the notice of Oscar Wilde, by his poetic appearance as well as by his verses; at the same time he had caught some of Oscar's mannerisms, too. I remember his showing me a photograph of Yeats, of whom I then knew nothing, nervously asking what I thought of it. He evidently thought much of Yeats, but he was not displeased at my ignorance of who he was. We parted swearing eternal friendship. I was to make a drawing to appear in his next book, and would soon return for the purpose. Each had flattered the other, as young men on the threshold of life are eager to do.

I went with Richards to see *A Woman of No Importance*, Oscar Wilde's new play which had taken the town by storm. Oscar was delighted, as he had been on the success of his first play, *Lady Windermere's Fan*. At last he had achieved a popular success. In addition, he was making a great deal of money. In Paris he had been rather apologetic about his first play, as though to write a comedy were rather beneath a poet. When I saw it I thought, on the contrary, here is the genuine Wilde, making legitimate use of the artifice which was, in fact, natural to him; like his wit, indeed, in which his true genius lay. I know now that the money his plays brought Wilde did neither him nor anyone else much good.

He was offended with me when I met him in London; he had heard I took sides with Whistler against him, though there was no need to listen to Whistler to hear disagreeable things about Wilde; there were plenty of people who disliked and mistrusted him, I was finding out. I reassured him, and went to see him and his wife at Tite Street, where I also met his two charming boys, Vyvyan and Cyril. I liked Mrs. Wilde. She was n't clever, but she had distinction and candor. With brown hair framing her face, and a Liberty hat, she looked like a drawing by Frank Miles, or, to name a better artist, by Walter Crane. I knew little of the difficulties which were beginning between Wilde and his wife; they seemed on affectionate terms, and he delighted in his children; only I felt something wistful and a little sad about Mrs. Wilde.

One of Mrs. Wilde's intimate friends was Mrs. Walter Palmer, who was a close friend of George Meredith and of his daughter Mariette, afterward Mrs. Julian Sturgis. One eventful evening, George Meredith came to a party at Mrs. Palmer's, at which I was present. What a noble head, I thought, as he sat on a sofa, and how like one of his own characters he talked! This was the only occasion on which I met Mrs.

Wilde at a party with Oscar. I went down with her to supper, and later, when she discovered me to be, like herself, a whole-hearted Meredithian, she took me up to the great man. He was still on his sofa, surrounded by a bevy of fair ladies, and we joined the group and listened to his scintillating talk.

III

When I had sufficiently practised drawing on stone at Way's, I proceeded to Oxford, to begin work on the portraits for Lane.

MacColl had given me a letter to Walter Pater. Pater's appearance was most unexpected. He looked like a retired artillery officer: a thick moustache, hiding rather heavy lips, gray eyes a shade too close together, a little restless, even evasive, under dark eyebrows. He had a habit, disquieting to young people, of assuming ignorance on subjects about which he was perfectly informed. He questioned me closely about Mallarmé, Verlaine, Huysmans, and De Goncourt, and the younger French writers. Guarded in his talk, careful of expressing his own opinions, he was adept at inviting indiscretions from his guests. I naturally wanted to hear his own views on things and people, but young men obviously cannot ask older men what they think of their contemporaries. He asked much about Whistler, for whom he had no great admiration. I did try one day to get his opinion of Oscar Wilde, who regarded Pater as his master. 'Oh, Wilde — yes, he always has a phrase.' I told this afterward to Oscar, who affected to be delighted. 'A perfect thing to have said of one,' he murmured, '"he always has a phrase."' Just as certain intellectuals affect a passion for detective stories, so Pater made a practice of entertaining the football- and cricket-playing undergraduates, while he rather ignored the young *précieux*. He gave regular luncheon parties on Wednesdays; each time I was invited I met very tongue-tied, simple, good-looking youths of the sporting fraternity. But Pater's close companion, Bussel, was always of the party, to share Pater's slightly malicious enjoyment.

I wanted to include a portrait of Pater in the Oxford set, but he was morbidly self-conscious about his appearance. He had been drawn as a youth by Simeon Solomon, and was reluctant, later in life, to be shown as he was. Still, he seemed interested in the drawings I was doing and hesitatingly suggested I should try Bussel first. Bussel sat, and Pater approved of the result. Perhaps Bussel added his persuasion to mine; at any rate he said that Pater was no longer averse to sitting. A drawing was duly made, and sent away to be put down on the stone. When the proofs came I showed one to Pater. He said little, but was obviously displeased; according to Bussel he was more than displeased — he was upset. He had taken the print into Bussel's room, laying it on the table without comment. They then went together for their usual walk; but not a word was spoken. On their return, as Pater left Bussel at his door, he broke silence. 'Bussel, do I look like a Barbary ape?' Then came a tactful letter from Pater: —

OXFORD
March 11th

MY DEAR ROTHENSTEIN,

I thought your drawing of me a clever likeness, but I doubt very much whether my sister, whom I have told about it, will like it; in which case I should rather not have it published. I therefore write at once to save you needless trouble about it. Put off the reproduction of the drawing till you come to Oxford again, and then let her see it. I thought your likeness of Bussel most excellent, and shall value it. It pre-

sents just the look I have so often seen in him, and have not seen in his photographs. I should have liked to be coupled with him, and am very sorry not to be. I think, however, you ought to publish him at once, with some other companion; and I will send you four or five lines for him soon.

With sincere thanks for the trouble you have taken about me, I remain,

Very truly yours,

WALTER PATER

Pater duly sent me the note on Bussel — the last words, I believe, he was destined to write for publication. Some time afterward I heard from Tom Way, the printer: 'We have just had a visit from Mr. Lane before your note came. He came expressly to say that no more proofs were to be pulled from the Pater. I understand Pater has used great stress as to what he will do if it is published. It is very small for these people to go on so, I think.'

I usually found that each of my sitters thought twenty-three of the twenty-four drawings excellent likenesses; the twenty-fourth was his own. Had I paid too much attention to my sitters' feelings, few of my portraits would ever have seen the light. Any record sincerely made from life has a certain value; this fact, I felt, was my justification.

But, imperfect as my portraits were, I know my case was a common one. Was n't it Sargent who said that a portrait is a painting in which there is something wrong with the mouth? Even the great Sir Joshua Reynolds had a large number of rejected portraits on his hands — three hundred, I read somewhere. I remember Neville Lytton telling me, when I was speaking with particular admiration of Watts's beautiful portrait of his mother, that, though they had a chance of acquiring it at the time it was painted, it was rejected by his mother's family; and many years later, when Lady Lytton was an old lady, she paid a visit to Little Holland House and, seeing the portrait again, was moved to tears at the thought that she had once been as beautiful as she appeared in the painting. But Watts would not now let the portrait leave his studio.

But alas, before the Oxford book was finished, Pater died; and when my portrait was finally included in the volume his friends were glad, as so few records of Pater existed. Besides the early drawing by Simeon Solomon, there was only a not very satisfactory photograph.

IV

I insisted, much against John Lane's wishes, on including a few portraits of undergraduates among those of the dons, arguing that, in a record of contemporary Oxford, undergraduates should have a place. So I drew C. B. Fry, the greatest all-round athlete of the time; W. A. L. Fletcher, the leading oarsman; Hilaire Belloc, and Max Beerbohm. I owed my introduction to Max Beerbohm to Viscount St. Cyres, a Merton man who had taken his degree and was now a reader at Christ Church. A baby face, with heavily lidded, very light gray eyes shaded by remarkably thick and long lashes, a broad forehead, and sleek black hair parted in the middle and coming to a queer curling point at the neck; a quiet and finished manner; rather tall, carefully dressed; slender-fingered, with an assurance and experience unusual in one of his years — I was at once drawn to Max Beerbohm and lost no time in responding to an invitation to breakfast. He was living in a tiny house at the far end of Merton Street — a house scarcely bigger than a Punch and Judy show. His room, blue-papered, was hung with Pellegrini prints from *Vanity Fair*. Beside these, there were some amusing

caricatures which, he said modestly, were his own. 'But they are brilliant,' I said, and he seemed pleased at my liking them.

We met frequently. Though we were the same age, and in some ways I had more experience of life than he, his seemed to have crystallized into a more finished form than my own. So had his manners, which were perfect. He was delightfully appreciative of anything he was told, seizing the inner meaning of any rough observation of men and of things, which at once acquired point and polish in contact with his understanding mind. Outside Merton only few undergraduates knew him; all who did know him admired him. His caricatures were sometimes to be seen in Shrimpton's window in the Broad; and in time, through these, he acquired some reputation outside his own small circle; for he was fastidious in the choice of his friends. My Balliol friends scoffed when I spoke of him as the most brilliant man in Oxford.

Max played no games, belonged to no college society, never went to the Union, scarcely even to lectures. While aware of everything that went on in Oxford, he himself kept aloof; going nowhere, he seemed to know about everyone; unusual wisdom and sound judgment he disguised under the harlequin cloak of his wit. He always declared he had read nothing — only *The Four Georges* and Lear's *Book of Nonsense*, and, later, Oscar Wilde's *Intentions*, which he thought was beautifully written.

Wilde came regularly to Oxford during the year I spent there. He and Beerbohm Tree were friends, so Max knew him already. Max the man appreciated to the full Oscar's prose and his talk; he thought him, in his way, a perfect writer; but nothing escaped the clear pitiless gray eye of Max the caricaturist, and Oscar Wilde winced under the stinging discharge of Max's pencil. Pater, Max knew only by sight; he attempted more than once to caricature him, but could n't hit on a formula. I tried to show him where he had gone wrong, offering to fetch the lithograph I had recently made of Pater. 'No thanks, dear Will; I never work from photographs,' was Max's reply.

I implied that Max took no exercise. I did him an injustice: he shared a canoe with a Merton friend, L. M. Messell, and did sometimes strike the water of the Cher with his paddle. Perhaps it was merely a gesture; at least it was made in the Cher. Farther afield I never knew him to go. He boasted once that he had never worn cap or gown; I swore I would see him in both before he left Oxford, for he spoke of going down without taking his degree. I managed to get hold of a Proctor's notice, had it copied by a London printer, and sent out the copies to Max and a dozen others; they were to present themselves before the Proctor at Balliol College at nine o'clock on a certain morning. I took care to be at Balliol betimes, and saw them all arrive in trouble and uncertainty, and, Max among them, in cap and gown. Then I watched them disappear up the Proctor's staircase. At Christ Church in the evening I found the other Proctor furious over the hoax. I told York Powell about it privately; he was in fearful terror lest I be found out, staying, as I was, with him at the House. He tried to be solemn about it, but I think he was secretly amused. But not a word must I breathe to anyone about the unpardonably wicked thing I had done.

V

I had to go up to London from time to time to take my drawings to Way,

and there, meeting Arthur Symons, I told him of Verlaine's readiness to give some readings in England. He too had heard from Verlaine, and was warmly in favor of the project. He promised to make all the arrangements and to look after Verlaine while he was in London; and York Powell offered to arrange for a lecture at Oxford.

Verlaine wrote from more than one address. He had been giving conferences in Holland, at Lunéville, and in other places, and was still obliged to return to the hospital from time to time for treatment. 'Forgive me, my friend, for not having answered your kind letter sooner. But my illness — grippe, influenza, bickering, devil knows what — has got hold of me again and laid me literally on my back.' He complained that he had n't yet been paid for his Dutch lectures. 'My intention is to talk about French Poetry in this part of the century (1880–93), with many quotations, including some of my own,' he writes of his coming conference in London. And again: 'Have you any ideas on the subject of a lecture in London and elsewhere, if it comes off? Please let me know. I hope to be out soon, but you will have a line from me before then. Waiting for a new order — fifteen days, about twenty francs. M. Lane gave me four pounds for two poems — very fair of him. I am still waiting for news of our friends. Yours ever, P. V.'

A few days later he is back in hospital: 'Will you let me know the times of departure and of arrival? Must I go through London? And when will the lecture take place? Also, the prices of trains and boats, and about what they will pay me at Oxford and London.'

He was n't long detained by the doctors, and reached London safely. Here he stayed with Symons at Fountain Court. He gave two readings in the Hall of Barnard's Inn, which were well attended. I heard from both Arthur Symons and John Lane about the lecture. Lane wrote: —

Verlaine was a great success last night. He, so I learn, leaves Paddington to-morrow morn: for you. He called at the Bodley Head this afternoon — but I was out. Meredith sent a message to me that he would like to have Verlaine down to his place for a day and this morn he wired in reply to me that he would be delighted to have him on Sunday night if I would take him down, but Verlaine is not feeling very well and he is not sure how long he will remain. Perhaps you will consult York Powell about it, and anyhow I am free to take him down on Sunday. Will you write to me and let me know the joint wishes of Verlaine, Powell and yourself on the subject. Let me know on Friday per letter or wire so that I may let Meredith know finally.

What prevented the visit to Meredith I don't remember. From Symons I had an equally reassuring letter: —

My dear Rothenstein,

I hope you duly received my telegram, and Verlaine after it. Please write and tell me how things have gone, and if the lecture was a success; also if Verlaine goes on to Manchester or not. And I want you to remember to get from him, before he goes, my copies of *Sagesse* and *Amour* that he borrowed from me, and please remind him to write his name in them, as he said he would. As you see, I am already far away, within sight and sound of the loveliest sea in the world, and in my native country, which I have not visited for years and years.

I bought the P. M. B. on my way down. Your portrait is excellent, one of the very best I have seen.

Verlaine's visit, to me, has been most delightful, and I think we ought all to congratulate ourselves on ourselves for having brought him over, and on our luck in getting him. I hope he will get a decent amount of money in Oxford: the London sum will be, I think, about £30.

Yours very sincerely,

Arthur Symons

Symons put Verlaine into the train at Paddington. I met him at Oxford station. A strange figure he looked on the platform, as he limped along in a long greatcoat, a scarf round his neck, his foot in a cloth shoe. I took him at once to Christ Church, where Powell had a room for him.

Verlaine gave his lecture in a room at the back of Blackwell's shop, and read a number of his own poems. As a conference it was a poor affair: he spoke indistinctly in a low, toneless voice; he had brought nothing with him, and he knew but few of his poems by heart. Fortunately, York Powell and I between us provided the books, from which he read. There was only a sprinkling of persons present, — probably few people in Oxford knew much about the poet or his poetry, — but Verlaine was tickled with the idea of having lectured before what he believed was an audience of doctors and scholars of the ancient University of Oxford.

He was delighted with Oxford — with the beauty of the colleges, with the peace of the quads and gardens. He showed no sign of wanting to leave, — he was gay and talkative, and wished to be taken everywhere, — but York Powell, admirer of Verlaine though he was, was in terror lest the poet should get drunk while staying at Christ Church. What would the Dean, what would Dodgson,[2] say? So far, nothing untoward had happened; but after two or three days Powell suggested that I should give poor Verlaine a hint that guest rooms were only to be occupied for a short period at a time. This was not easy, for Verlaine, in spite of a certain childishness, was yet shrewd enough, and surmised that York Powell was nervous; but he by no means wished to leave Oxford. He needed a good deal of gentle persuasion before he was put into the train again for London.

[2] Lewis Carroll, of course. — EDITOR

VI

When the summer term ended I went over to spend some weeks in Paris. William Heinemann, who was preparing an English edition of the De Goncourts' *Journal*, was also going to Paris, and he proposed I should make a portrait of Edmond de Goncourt to be reproduced in the book. I jumped at the chance, not only of drawing De Goncourt, but, as I hoped, of seeing his treasures.

De Goncourt made no difficulties about sitting, and I lost no time in paying my respects to the great man, who through his and his brother's influence on the modern novel had become almost an historical figure, and who with his brother had done so much to draw attention to the importance of the eighteenth-century painters in France. I had read more than one volume of the famous *Journal*, and I knew something of the house at Neuilly. Ushered in and shown up a staircase hung with fascinating-looking prints and drawings, I at once received a suggestion of good things to come. I was shown into Edmond's study, lined with books. There sat the white-haired veteran I had long admired from afar — a big, powerful head, wax-like in its pallor, with two great velvety eyes looking out. His clothes were of an old-fashioned French cut; he wore a handkerchief carefully knotted about his neck, as in the Bracquemond portrait. Reticent at first, studiedly, before I left he had become much more genial. He appeared surprised at my youth.

When I returned to the house for a first sitting, he was much interested at my drawing directly on to the stone. I was the first person he had seen work in this way since Gavarni died. He

talked much of Gavarni, with whom he and his brother Jules had been long and intimately associated. When later I mentioned Daumier, he became bitter at once. 'Ah, fashion,' he said. 'How stupid she is! Gavarni had a hundred times Daumier's talent.' And then, in the same breath, he assailed Villiers de l'Isle Adam and Barbey d'Aurevilly. 'Yes, it's the fashion to-day to admire all the dead, who were n't worth a cent when they were alive.' When he came to look at my drawing, he did not approve of the hair; to show me how he would like it, he went to the glass and, with his old trembling fingers, carefully untidied it.

That Whistler was a great artist he was unwilling to hear. 'He bores me — he's a clown.' With Degas he was annoyed, because Degas had told him that modern writers got their inspiration from painters. He had replied that in *Manette Salomon*, before Degas had begun to paint in his present manner, he and his brother had written that ballet girls and laundresses were subjects made to an artist's hand. 'Degas is too clever,' he said, 'and is sometimes scored off. For instance, the other day, at Alphonse Daudet's, he remarked that our writing was twaddle, that the only man of real talent among us was *le père* Dumas. To which Daudet: "Yes, my dear Degas, and the only modern artist of genius was Horace Vernet."'

I made two lithographs of Edmond de Goncourt during the short time I stayed in Paris. He liked talking about painting and drawing, and showing his treasures. He had marvelous eighteenth-century drawings and Japanese prints; many of these last were pretentiously framed. I wondered at his valuing his drawings by Boucher as highly as his Watteaus, of which he had some admirable examples. But what books and manuscripts he possessed! He showed me the original account books of the Pompadour, giving the prices she paid, among other things, for furniture and bibelots. I was astonished how costly these were, when new. What admirable faith these people had in their own contemporaries!

De Goncourt, too, had not altogether lost this faith. He knew little of any but French culture; like Degas, he was intensely conservative and nationalist. But his taste was very uncertain; round a room at the top of his house he had glass-topped tables where he kept presentation copies of books from his friends, bound in vellum, with their authors' portraits painted on the covers: Zola by Raffaëlli, Montesquiou by Gandara, Rodenbach by Alfred Stevens, Daudet and another by Carrière; a charming one, and the only drawing which appeared to me suited to a book cover, by Forain; and many others in more dubious taste and badly painted. How strange that the sensitive biographer of Utamaro, of the Pompadour and *Les Femmes au 18me siècle*, should indulge in such doubtful fancies! He said, when I last saw him, that he was undecided about his next Japanese monograph — whether it should be on Harunobu or on the better-known Hokusai. He was anxious I should draw Madame Daudet, as well as Saint-Victor, Zola, and Daudet; also the Princesse Mathilde. I wrote to the Princesse, who did n't reply, perhaps because I began my letter 'Chère Madame.' I had little experience in writing to royal princesses. De Goncourt seemed very devoted to Alphonse Daudet, and to his wife. He said I must draw them both; he would write and tell them so. He also gave me a letter to Zola.

Daudet received me cordially. Of course he would sit, since his dear friend Edmond de Goncourt wished it.

He was exciting to draw; very pale, almost glistening white, with long black hair and beard just beginning to turn gray. He looked terribly ill. His hands were white and bloodless. Very sensitive hands they were, closed on a black ebony stick, his support when walking. I had read Daudet's *Tartarin* at school; it was almost a classic, as well known to boys as Mark Twain's *Tramp Abroad*. Other books I read later; but Daudet was now less in favor among the élite. I think he knew this, for he complained loudly of the newer writers, much as the older men do to-day. 'Ah, you young men of to-day, you came into the world with all your teeth fully grown — you are so bitter, so unkind! Men of my generation sympathize with old and young. I try to find good in all.' He was anxious to get Whistler to paint his daughter.

When my drawing was done, Daudet was so flattering about it that he made me uneasy. How old was I? Wonderful; what a future before me! I must show it to Madame Daudet. 'Has n't he caught me to the life?' Madame Daudet was flattering too, but with a shade of ennui. She must have tired at times of Daudet's meridional superlatives. True, he had great charm; but there was something in him that did n't ring true, that was slightly embarrassing; perhaps one felt he was too well aware of his fascination.

For Edmond de Goncourt he expressed unbounded admiration. He asked much about Meredith's position in England. Lord Dufferin, he said, often came to him in the evenings to read to him. He had just translated, *viva voce*, *Modern Love*. I asked him if he found it difficult to follow; he said, no, he understood everything perfectly. As Lord Dufferin was not reputed a perfect French scholar, and as *Modern Love* is difficult to read, even for English people, this was surprising. I had just been reading *Un Caractère*, by Léon Hennique. Daudet was delighted to hear his friend Hennique praised; he agreed that he was an exquisite writer. Speaking of Verlaine, he told me that Verlaine had once tried to stab him at dinner just after the publication of one of his books.

I met their son Léon[3] several times at the Daudets'. I thought him very clever, but too cocksure. He told his father that he had made up his mind, that his opinions were finally settled, on every aspect of life. He had inherited the meridional temperament of his father, with the latter's tendency to exaggerated praise and blame. His mentality was clearer cut, but he lacked his father's charm and grace. His wife, Jeanne, a granddaughter of Victor Hugo, was a handsome blonde, rather like Saskia. I went to lunch with them at their luxurious flat, where they lived in more state than the older Daudets. He gave me two of his books, which I have not reread; but lately I came across a book of his reminiscences, dealing with this particular time, which was brilliant, I thought; his prose portraits are sharp and convincing. The book recalled very clearly this period of my life in Paris.

VII

I was rather embarrassed one day when De Goncourt told me he had lately made a great discovery: the life of a courtesan written by an obscure English author in the seventeenth century — a wonderful book, the precursor of the modern realist novel. He then began to describe *Moll Flanders*. I did not like to tell him that this was a kind of classic in England, well known to everyone who knew Defoe's work.

The ignorance of French writers and painters of all but their own art

[3] Afterward the notorious Royalist. — Editor

and literature used to surprise me. De Goncourt had heard vaguely of Swinburne and Rossetti, and I told him about the beauty of Rossetti's early work and also of Swinburne's poetry.

That Edmond de Goncourt would write down any scraps of my chatter I had never imagined. He asked me many questions about England — about the Pre-Raphaelites especially. I suppose I told him the little I knew, and mostly through Whistler's stories; what young man would n't do his best to be informing with an old man of De Goncourt's eminence? Whistler had given me very funny accounts of the Rossetti household at Cheyne Walk, and I must have been indiscreet enough to repeat them. Two years later, when the last volume of the De Goncourts' *Journal* appeared, I received a rude shock.

De Goncourt gave me a letter to Zola, whose portrait was to appear in the English edition of the *Journal.* I was rather taken aback by Zola's house in the rue de Rome. I had scarcely expected to find the author of *L'Œuvre* and *L'Assommoir* in such luxurious surroundings. His study was filled with expensive-looking antiques, rich carpets and hangings, bronzes and caskets — no armor I think, but it was the kind of room in which one expected to find suits of armor. On the wall hung his portrait by Manet, in Manet's early dark manner.

Zola's personality did not impress me; he was not at all amiable — in fact, rather sulky. I suspected that there was little love lost between him and Daudet and De Goncourt. Perhaps it was because I had come from Edmond de Goncourt that Zola was not very cordial. Lately I read that in the De Goncourt *Journal,* which was to have been published thirty years after Edmond's death, the references to Zola are so libelous that even now it cannot be published. I felt at the time that there was something ungenerous about De Goncourt and Daudet — that they were both rather jealous, perhaps of the phenomenal success of Zola's work, not only in France, but throughout Europe.

Zola wore a kind of monk's dress; he was writing his book on Lourdes, and getting himself into the right frame of mind; though, not knowing this at the time, such a costume on him was rather startling. He was not in a mood for talking. I had my drawing to make, and as this was the only occasion on which I met him, my impression of his character was of course superficial.

I had not forgotten Verlaine. Verlaine's room looked more forlorn still after Zola's palatial *hôtel;* and he was, as usual, in the depths. 'My dear friend,' he wrote, 'I'm counting on you for Wednesday. . . . Are you willing and able to contribute a little to the expenses of our frugal orgies for that luncheon, and to bring me the *Figaro* and its supplement? In any case, be sure to come, won't you? . . .'

Verlaine was not well enough to come out to meals, so of course, since he often asked me to join him and Eugénie at lunch or dinner, I usually procured some addition to their larder from the restaurant below. But Verlaine must indeed have been poor to have asked for the *Figaro;* and lately he had been in hospital again, this time at the Hôpital St. Louis, where he had had to pay for his keep. 'My dear friend,' he had written me, 'what has become of you? I am still here. Better, but slow to mend; there is no end to this foot! And six francs a day! etc. etc. Also, I should be very grateful to you if you could hasten the advance or the balance from the *Fortnightly,* which would help me so much. Won't you see about it quickly? Symons is in

Paris. He has been to see me twice already in my hermitage, where I am really very comfortable; a room to myself; free to smoke, and to receive visitors every day. Good food. But it is n't freedom. When will that really come for me — definitely? Saw Mallarmé yesterday (who is waiting for word from York Powell). So am I, and of the book — and from Lane.'[4]

Then again complaints about the *Fortnightly:* 'I need that cash so badly! There are also verses in the *Athenæum*, for which I expect something. About that you could see Gosse, to whom I have written without getting a reply.'

'I need that cash so badly!' — not he alone, for his needs were few; but Eugénie was greedy, and there was someone else, too. For, soon after, I heard from him again: 'I have a recurrence of my illness, which I am looking after carefully, and which prevents my writing much. On account of this relapse, I have n't yet been able to go to Belgium, and still less to Switzerland. I'm living elsewhere, and even divorced. Write to me at 187 rue St. Jacques; and be so good as to send me two or three copies of the *Pall Mall Budget*, which contains your portrait of me. Be sure not to send anything to the rue Broca.'

The last sentence is significant. When I saw him again he said he had got rid of *cette harlot.* But soon afterward the Krantz was sharing his new room in the rue St. Jacques; and Verlaine wrote: 'Our ménage is flourishing. We are expecting baby — canaries! And we are the richer by an aquarium, with two little fish.'

[4] John Lane was to publish a selection of Verlaine's poetry, with an introduction by York Powell and a portrait, but the book never appeared. — AUTHOR

Before I left Paris I heard from Beerbohm.

2 CHANDOS SQUARE
BROADSTAIRS

MY DEAR WILL:

I made my entry into Broadstairs quite quietly last Sunday. I find it a most extraordinary place — a few yards in circumference and with a population of several hundred thousands. In front of our house there is a huge stretch of greenish, stagnant water which makes everything damp and must, I am sure, be very bad for those who live near to it. Everyone refers to it with mysterious brevity as the C. I am rather afraid of the C. And oh the population! You, dear Will, with your love of Beauty that is second only to your love of vulgarity, would revel in the female part of it. Such lots of pretty, common girls walking up and down — all brown with the sun and dressed like sailors — casting vulgar glances from heavenly eyes and bubbling out Cockney jargon from perfect lips. You would revel in them, but I confess they do not attract me; apart from the fact that I have an ideal, I don't think the lower orders ought to be attractive — it brings Beauty into disrepute. Never have I seen such a shady-looking set of men in any place at any season: most of them look like thieves and the rest like receivers of stolen goods and altogether I do not think Broadstairs is a nice place. Are you in Paris? How charming — I am sending this to your publishers, who know, probably, your address. By the way, did you remember when you saw that poor fly in the amber of modernity, John Lane, to speak of my caricatures? Do write to me and tell me of anything that you are doing or of anyone you have seen. . . .

Photography — what a safeguard it is against infidelity. If Ulysses had had a photograph of Penelope by Elliot and Fry in his portmanteau, the cave of Calypso might have lost an habitué. . . .

Yours ever,

MAX

Have you entered any Studio yet? I would recommend you to draw from the life: nothing like it.

(*The concluding installment takes Mr. Rothenstein to London*)

SHEEP

'WHAT ails your sister, Ben?' the fiddler asked
As they were washing at the pump one night.
'Pa killed her sheep to-day. Two years ago
Dogs killed a ewe and Lissy took the lamb
And kept it in a box behind the stove
And fed it milk all winter through. It growed
Up big; she called it hers. To-day when Pa
Was makin' fence, it muzzled him, like it
Does Lissy. When he chased it off, it come
Right back. He hit it with a club — it's dead.'
'I'll get my violin and play to-night,'
Was all the fiddler said. He played gay tunes
And dancing tunes and sprightly lilting songs;
He told of how he rode a circus mule,
How he cut lumber up in Michigan,
And floated down the Mississippi once,
And how he lived with hoboes on the road.
And then he took his violin again
To kind of fool with strains of 'Money Musk.'
It was a tune to which a lamb could dance,
And Lissy, hearing, wondered if there were
Far-off green meadows where a lamb would dance
And maybe hills with tender weeds to crop,
Or if there was a leader with a bell
To lead lambs home at dusk to some old barn.
(The sound of sheep bells tinkled through her dreams
That night.) And all the while the fiddler watched
Her dark blur at the window sill above.
'I would not have knowed you had it in you;
I thought you was a long-faced cuss,' said Jake.
'Laughter and tears were second cousins once,'
The fiddler said and started for the barn.

SOPHIE TUNNELL

THE SON

BY SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

I

She had been its sole occupant for so long that she had come to think of the house as her own. Its lofty echoing rooms did not abash her; no terrors disputed her right to mount the grand staircase which through the height of the five stories circled above the marble-paved hall. With her candle — for she was conscientious in her trust, and the little light of a candle seemed more economical than the electric light — she went her last round, peering at the shutter bolts, tweaking the curtains to make sure that no moth lurked there, opening the deep empty wardrobes, turning up this switch or that to see that the bulbs had not perished, sniffing for damp, pausing sometimes to rub a fly stain off the gildings or to lift the dust sheet from a couch and beat up its cushions; and then, descending to the basement again, with its warm inhabited smell of gas, and cooking, and yellow soap, and vinegar, she would scrape together the last coals in the grate, recertify herself of the back door fastenings, stroke once or twice the sleepy cat, and go to her bed — contented, knowing that all was well, all in good order.

For they might come back at any moment, back to the house so long ago and so sweepingly abandoned that now they only existed there as a possibility, as a something of which it had been said, 'They might come back.'

Twenty-one years ago Lucy Abbott had stood before Mrs. Henriquez, receiving her last instructions.

'Our solicitors, Cox and Thompson, will pay you your money quarterly. If anything goes wrong, let them know. And if any repairs are necessary, have them seen to and send the bill to them. Here is the address. And get the parrot's food from the forage department at Whiteley's.'

Lucy Abbott, a widow, who went out charing by the day and sometimes looked at a magazine in the evening, was too grateful for her good fortune to speculate as to how and why it had come to her. To be a caretaker — to have a certain wage, and a certain roof over her head, and a position which freed her from the scoldings of cooks and housekeepers, the attentions of butlers and footmen — this was an ambition which she had never even attempted; for as a rule a caretaker is expected to have a husband — and she was a widow, and resolved never to marry again.

'Very good, madam,' she had said, too respectful to say more, though afterward she had reproached herself that no word of gratitude had escaped from her reserve. And so she had left the room. Three days later the family started in a fog for the south of France, and she saw no more the figures at all times but obscurely seen — through opening doors, or moving below on the marble pavement while she polished the stair rods high above them: Mr. Henriquez and Mrs. Henriquez, and Mrs. Ezra with her three little girls,

and young Mr. Henriquez, dark, florid, romantic — though not quite so young as, imbedded in that family life, he appeared to be, since the glossy head seen from above was beginning to go bald.

She had never been one to gossip with servants; thus, though she had been the charwoman at No. 51 for three years, — indeed, it was from scrubbing the back area there that she had crawled home, one glittering May afternoon, to have her miscarriage, — she knew little of her employers beyond their names and the sound of their voices. Their belongings were more real to her than they.

With the superb nomadic improvidence of their race, they had left the house almost as they had lived in it. The plate and the more valuable knick-knacks were sent to the bank, but the pictures still hung on the walls, the medicine bottles crowded the shelf in Mr. Henriquez's dressing room, the nursery cupboard was full of toys, strings of beads and used kid gloves lay jumbled together on Mrs. Ezra's bureau, the fifteen divers-colored cushions billowed on young Mr. Henriquez's divan, and above them the cigar cabinet was still half-full of cigars. The linen press held linen fine and plentiful enough for a palace; in the wine cellar Château Lafite and Château Yquem matured and dwindled from their secret primes. A perambulator stood in the back lobby, and every night the parrot's cage was covered over with the remains of a wadded satin dressing gown which had been worn by Mrs. Henriquez. A dim, musty, whispering scent still touched the air as the heavy folds settled into place over the silent, gaudy bird.

In London, does one wish it, one can lead as nowhere else a life perfectly separate and unknown. Lucy Abbott did so wish. She was afraid of mankind; but it was mankind in the guise of some close fellow creature who might make her unhappy that she feared — a fear which rendered her insensible to the ordinary womanish terrors of living alone. By the end of six months she had so ordered her life that for days together she was under no obligation to exchange a word with any human being. Her train of life was so regular that even when she went shopping in the back streets that crouched among the mansions of the quarter there was little need for her to open her lips. The woman at the dairy knew that, if it was Tuesday, half a dozen eggs were what she required; if Friday, half a pound of butter. The butcher, the baker, the grocer, the fishmonger, the greengrocer, could tell beforehand when she would appear and what she would want; and, being so regular a customer, she was well served, for all the modesty of her purchases, so that she was seldom obliged to rebuke or remonstrate.

Once a fortnight she visited the forage department of Whiteley's for the parrot food, and on her way thither she would give threepence to the blind man at the corner; and twice a year she had in the sweep for the kitchen chimney. She never went to church, for the experience of life which had taught her to fear man had not taught her to love God. Sometimes on Sunday afternoons in winter she would walk as far as the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens, where she threw a week's accumulation of crusts and bacon rinds to the ducks and sea gulls and watched for a minute or two the toy yachts lying over under the wind. From these excursions she would walk briskly home, her thoughts gone before her to the clear kitchen fire where, since it was Sunday, she would make toast for tea; and running down the area steps, as the accustomed bulk of the great house reared and darkened

above her, she would rejoice with an obscure gladness that she was home again. The gas lit, — for there was no electric light in the basement, — the parrot would begin to sidle toward her on his perch, shrieking and flapping his wings, and the cat, rising with dignity, would stretch itself, and proceed to the corner where its saucer of milk was always set down for it.

In summer she did not even go so far as the Round Pond, for with her regular life she had grown stout, and walking upon hot pavements made her feet ache. Instead, she would go upstairs to the drawing-room and sit by the open window with her crochet lace. The sparrows chattered on the balcony, across the road in No. 46 someone would be playing the piano, and presently the church bells would ring. Behind her the room would begin to darken; in the houses opposite, this window and that would light up, and from the open casements sounds would come of knives and forks rattling against plates, and after that, from the basements, the sounds of washing up. She could see to work no longer, and from the area, where his cage was set out, she could hear the parrot shriek for company.

'I must go down,' she would think, making no move. For now the room behind her was completely dark, and the languid voluptuous evening flowed into it like a caress, like an enchantment, so that she seemed to be no longer Lucy Abbott, the caretaker, but some grand sad lady whose satin skirts lay silent around her, whose mind was filled with lofty and impalpable regrets. All was lost, but all was well. Footsteps sounded on the pavement beneath; sometimes the smell of a cigar floated up; sometimes soldiers marched by, for it was war time. The parrot shrieked again, his cry piercing the air like a shaft of light piercing water. There she sat, Lucy Abbott, alone in her great house, hidden, solitary, unsurmised as a thought, waiting for the moon to rise, waiting for them to come back, waiting for she knew not what.

II

So twenty-one years had gone by. The first cat had died, and after a while she had adopted a kitten; and when the kitten had grown to be a cat, and was dead in its turn, another kitten was adopted. During the war she had given up crochet and knitted socks instead; and once a policeman came about the lighting regulations, and the bread was dark, and shopping had been complicated with coupons; and after the war there were fireworks in Hyde Park, but she had not gone to see them. Once she had had influenza, and twice the pipes had frozen. That was all. To look back on, it was not much.

But now it was all over, and she knew not what was to come. For the twentieth time she reread the telegram: —

RETURNING TO-NIGHT.
ALBERT HENRIQUEZ

Albert. That was young Mr. Henriquez. The overheard voice of Mrs. Henriquez traveled out of the past, saying contentedly: 'Albert is a good boy. I have never had any trouble with him.' Crumbling bread through a sieve for the bread sauce, for a partridge seemed the best thing to buy for a gentleman dining alone, she tried to recall him, but nothing came back with certainty except the aspect of that glossy head with the little bald circle on its crown. Yet, though she could not recall him, it was he whom she remembered, it was he whom she had expected. He had stood behind her in the obscurity of the drawing-room; it was the smell of his cigar which had

floated up to her; dark, florid, and romantic, it was he whom she had waited for all these years, knowing that he would come back. They were all a lovely family, but he was the loveliest of them. Once, when she was scrubbing the front steps, he had come out of the house and, seeing her, he had raised his hat and said, 'How do you do, Mrs. Abbott.' And now, for one night at any rate, he would be hers, and she should minister to him.

The impulse seized her and, though she was tired with running about ever since the telegram came, she left the crumbs and hoisted her aging body up the three flights of stairs to his room. It was all in readiness — the fire burned nimbly, the curtains were drawn, the fifteen cushions were plumped up, the shaded reading lamp threw a deeper shadow into the lap of the marble woman with no clothes on. It looked just the same as ever; it looked as though he had been there all the time. A thin tarnish of fog was in the warm room — perhaps the windows were not quite closed. She pulled aside the curtain, and the light, striking obliquely upon the pane, showed her a word written in small silver characters close under the crossbar. *Infelix.* She had never noticed it before, and what did it mean? He must have written it, scratching the glass with his diamond ring; for she could remember now that he always wore a diamond ring. Perhaps it was the name of a lady.

Oh, but she could recall him perfectly! From that diamond ring a whole recollection flowered. Only he would not look quite like that now. Twenty-one years are bound to make a difference, even to a man.

But when he came, bringing the fog into the closed house with him, he was so greatly changed that no expectation of change could have prepared her for what she saw. He was pale and corpulent, he had false teeth and wore a wig, and his clothes — he who had used to be such a dandy — were slovenly put on, and did not seem to fit him. Under the dark melancholy eyes were great pouches of discolored flesh, such as one sees on the faces of certain birds. But that was not all. Young Mr. Henriquez had been affable and debonair; he had not been the sort of gentleman to trouble himself about anything; an air of sheltered ease, of feline well-being, had clothed all his movements as it clothes the movements of a prospered house cat. But this Mr. Henriquez had a cold in his head, he shivered, and kept on his overcoat, and the match, which he struck to light another cigar, fell from his fingers and charred a hole in the doormat, while he stood glancing about the hall as if something lay in wait there.

'Well, Mrs. Abbott. You see I remember your name.'

'I'm sure I'm much honored, sir.'

'After all these years, what? How long is it?'

'Twenty-one years, sir, almost to a day.'

'It's cold. This floor ought to have a carpet on it, a thick Chinese carpet.'

'I've lit a fire in the dining room, sir, and in your sitting room and bedroom. And I have prepared some dinner, sir.'

Three fires and a dinner — in the stress of the last few excited hours it had seemed to her that she was preparing a most lavish and splendid welcome, but now she doubted and was abashed. Three fires could not do much to warm the empty house, and of course a dinner like hers would be no novelty to him. It was a sad home-coming, poor gentleman! It was not to be wondered at if he looked cowed and ill-content. After twenty-one years he had come back alone to the house of his splendid days, and there was no one to welcome him

but the caretaker. Her little taper of remembrance, how could it lighten him? How should he warm himself at such a welcome as hers? No wonder he seemed loth to go forward. For he still stood on the large mat, glancing about the hall as though something lay in wait there, peering up at the darkened skylight so high above, following the ascent of the stairs as though he waited for someone to come down them.

She, who for all these years had dwelt alone and unafraid, suddenly began to feel oppressed by the house, opening out its vistas of solitude all around them. It was as though with his coming fear had come too — his fear, his melancholy. And she called back the being of the house in the old days, full of people, full of doings, flowers, lights, company, music and laughter, no expense spared; a glorious order, sustained and dominated by the imperious commands, the untiring, unyielding sway of Mrs. Henriquez — moulded, as it were, and propelled onward by the impulse of her sweet heavy voice. If she, the servant, thus recalled the mistress, how much more acutely must he now be recalling the mother! And he was always such a devoted son — the only son, the apple of her eye. He had never married, he had never broken away as most sons do, he had always retained the dependence and biddable ways of a child. Once more she heard the heavy voice saying contentedly: 'Albert is a good boy. I have never had any trouble with him.'

'How is Mrs. Henriquez, sir?'

Oh, she should not have spoken! For he looked wildly at her; for a moment she thought he would strike her. Then, as though he would wipe out her question, drown any echo of it that might still be lingering in the empty house, he walked over to the gong and struck the metal disk a blow which weighed on the air like the toll of a bell.

III

Back in her kitchen, Lucy Abbott tried to fasten her mind to the business of cooking and dishing up. Gravy soup, fillet of sole, the partridge with bread sauce, fried potatoes, and a cauliflower, tinned pineapple, and sardines on toast. When she had ladled the soup into the tureen she climbed on a chair and fetched down from its hiding place on the top of the dresser a bunch of keys. It should have been taken upstairs on a salver, but as all the plate was in the bank she must make shift with a saucer.

He had pulled one of the leather armchairs to the fire and was reading a book. He did not look round as she entered, but at the faint clatter of the keys sliding together as she set down the tray he started.

'What's that noise?'

'I have brought you the keys, sir. This is the cellar key. What will you be pleased to drink?'

'The keys.'

He took them from her and weighed them in his hand, clinking them together and listening attentively to the sound. Then he went back to his chair, and dandled them in the firelight.

'Dinner is served, sir.'

'Oh! Here, take these things, and get me a bottle of whiskey.'

During the meal he did not speak, except once when he asked her if there were any olives. 'He has eaten nothing,' she thought, staring at the dishes which covered the kitchen table. Such food was not to be wasted; she must carry it to the larder, and to-morrow she could make *rissoles* from the partridge and fish pie from the sole. But before she was aware what she did she had shoveled all together and thrown it into the fire. When she had washed up she came back to the kitchen and fed the cat. Then, leaning heavily upon the table, she began to read the

newspaper, greasy and blackened with pot marks, which was spread over it. The smell of good food was still in the room, the partridge bones crackled in the flame. She could hear the cat's tongue rasping against its dish. Poor pussy, she would have enjoyed those bones, and the sardines would have been a treat to her, too.

'Better the cat,' thought Lucy Abbott. 'Then someone would have enjoyed it, at any rate.' And, rocking her weight upon her hands, she was beginning to cry from weariness and disheartenment when she heard his voice.

'Mrs. Abbott, where are you? Damn these stairs! They're as dark as Egypt.'

Before she could wipe her face and run to the door he had come in, carrying the whiskey bottle in one hand and his glass in the other.

'I've come down for a chat, Mrs. Abbott. I can't sit alone all the evening. Fetch yourself a glass, and we'll hobnob down here, where it's cheerful.'

He sat down in the old broken basket chair and stretched out his hands to the blaze. The diamond ring flashed on the twitching hand. It had not aged. Had a lamp been lowered into the sepulchre, those blue and green and scarlet eyes would have been found wakeful among the corrupting flesh.

'Well, now. Tell me how you've been getting on all these years.'

'It's been pretty quiet, sir.'

'Quiet. H'm. No rats?'

'No, sir. I've never seen any rats.'

He raised his melancholy glance and stared at her, as though he were considering her words.

'Of course there were the Zeps, sir. But they did n't do any damage here.'

'Zeps?'

'Yes, sir. In the war, sir.'

'Oh, yes, yes. The war. But no rats, you say?'

'No, sir. No rats.'

He turned again to the fire, and she looked at the whiskey bottle.

But he had drunk very little.

The clock ticked, no word was said. At last he lifted his weight out of the creaking chair and began to wander round the room.

'There's the parrot!'

'Yes, sir. He's never ailed. But he's quieter than he used to be.'

The bird woke up, and started to tweak among its breast feathers for lice.

'Why do you keep it in a cage?'

He spoke with vehemence, but even if she had been able to think of an answer he would not have heard it, for, brushing past her, he was gone from the room. She heard him going up through the empty house, switching on all the lights as he went. A door banged, and then there was silence.

She sat down and leaned her head on her hand. She believed herself to be thinking, but no thoughts came. She sighed, and stared at the cigar ash on the hearth, and sighed again. It seemed to her that she must be going mad. No woman in her senses could feel so daunted and bewildered, so castaway from the common assurances of life. 'I've overdone myself,' she said, speaking aloud so that her own voice, at any rate, might be real and known to her. 'That's what it is — I've overdone myself, getting things ready, and the dinner, and all. And then there was that telegram. I've got out of the way of such doings, living so humdrum for all these years. And then I'm not so young as I was.'

But her words fell away from her into the silence, and soon she forgot that she had spoken them, wandering in such a maze of bewilderment that when she heard the music she was even for a moment at a loss as to who could be playing the piano upstairs.

But the music lulled her, and she listened with a kind of drowsy pleasure, too coarse of ear to know that the instrument was all untuned and frantic, too ignorant to be fretted by the aimless reiterations of the performer. Her eyelids pricked and her body nodded forward. 'I must n't go right off, in case he rings,' she thought; and the next thing she knew was that the music had ceased and the noise had begun.

'Let me out! Let me out!'

He was shouting at the top of his voice and hammering on the door. She ran upstairs, stumbling and sick, and because all the lights were turned on she seemed to be running through a strange house. 'I'm coming, sir.' But even when she stood at the door, and knocked on the panel, and spoke through it, the shouting and the hammering continued. It seemed to her that she dared not go in, and at the same moment she turned the knob and the door yielded exactly as usual. She heard him catch his breath and leap back.

'Oh, Mrs. Abbott! It's you, is it? Come in.'

He was standing behind a chair, as if to guard himself. He panted, and his wig was awry, but otherwise he appeared to be no way discomposed, and his amicable smile forbade any questions on her part. He said no word to release her; and, holding to the door for support, she waited, dazed and blinking before the violent light which streamed down on them from the chandelier. The cut-glass prisms flashed blue and emerald and scarlet, and she knew that they reminded her of something she had seen before. The lid of the grand piano was open, as though after all these years a secret in hiding there had come forth. The room was icy cold, the empty grate glittered like an armory, the marble mantelpiece looked as though no fire could ever warm it again.

Above it, set in the wall, was the portrait of Mrs. Henriquez, smiling and triumphant, holding a fan and wearing a white satin evening dress with a tight waist from which, like a flower from its calyx, her bosom and shoulders rose full and glistening. She must be an old woman now, if she was not dead; but the former will lived on in the portrait and looked forth its assurance that a servant would observe its bidding. Lucy Abbott felt herself to be under her mistress's eye. Her glance waited upon it, her faculties refuged themselves in the old stronghold of submission; she was ready to forget, in obedience to the dead, her fear of the living.

But he had seen the direction of her gaze, and started forward with a shout — the furious outcry of one who at long last beholds and recognizes his fatal enemy, his tyrant, the usurper of his soul, and hails him with such an explosion of malice as abolishes the memory of fear. Shaking and retching, he snatched up the heavy steel poker, and took aim, and shivered the glass. And then with blow after blow he began to batter and demolish the painted face, the indifferent bosom, till the canvas fell down upon the hearth in shreds; and even then in his hate he struck on, beating at the wall behind it, as though he could never come to the end of his hatred.

Lucy Abbott had fallen upon her knees. She pressed her hands over her ears and shut her eyes, but still she could hear the blows and the snarling breath dragged through his nostrils as he struck, and still she saw the reeling figure, and the veins that stood out on the clenched and livid hand, and the hairy wrist that shot forever from the shirt cuff.

At last she knew that he had ceased to strike. Slowly she raised her head

and opened her eyes. His back was to her; but, as she watched, the madman turned and showed her a face leeringly triumphant and contented — the face of a child that had gained its will. Once or twice he nodded, smiling mischievously, chuckling to himself and pursing up his lips; and then, steering a wide circle as though he would keep out of her reach, he ambled from the room.

Still on her knees, she heard him descending the stairs and crossing the hall, and fumbling with the catch of the front door. And then the door closed behind him, and she heard his shuffling footsteps die out along the street.

BIRD HEART

BY JULIAN S. HUXLEY

I

THERE comes a time in the career of the most ardent bird watcher when his first enthusiasm begins to wane. The regular birds of the country have been recognized, their songs and call notes learned, their tricks of flight caught and memorized; a good many of the uncommon species have been seen, and even some of the rarities. From the point of view of what one may call the 'collector of birds seen and recorded,' the law of diminishing returns has set in; only very seldom is he rewarded by the sight or sound of a species new or little known to him.

I had reached this stage about the end of my university career, when a lucky accident set me off on a new tack. I was spending some of the spring vacation with a reading party on the coast of North Wales. The farmhouse we were in stood all alone at the end of a peninsula; between the peninsula and the mainland was a bay, full at high tide, a glistening sweep of sand and mud at low tide. This place was the haunt of hundreds of birds — ring dotterel and sheldrake, curlew and various small waders, redshank and oyster catchers. They went on calling — even through the night, especially when there was a moon. I spent some time watching them, and soon saw the redshanks courting. It was one of the most entrancing of spectacles.

Redshanks, cock as well as hen, are sober-colored enough as you see their trim brown bodies slipping through the herbage. But during the courtship all is changed. The cock bird advances toward the hen with his graceful pointed wings raised above his back, showing their pure white undersurface. He lifts his scarlet legs alternately in a deliberate way — a sort of graceful goose step — and utters all the while a clear far-carrying trill, full of wildness, charged with desire, piercing and exciting. Sometimes as he nears the hen he begins to fan his wings a little, just lifting himself off the ground, so that he is walking on air. The hen will often suffer his approach till he is quite close, then shy away like a startled horse and begin running, upon which he folds his wings and runs after. She generally

runs in circles, as if the pursuit were not wholly disagreeable to her, and so they turn and loop over the gleaming mud. Then she pauses again, and the tremulous approach is again enacted.

I did not, of course, manage to see or grasp all this at once. It had to be pieced together as the result of several spells of watching, day after day. Other things I saw too: violent encounters between rival males, which generally resolved themselves into interminable pursuits, the one seeking to chase the other away from his own domain, the other continually turning and running back; the beautiful song flights of the cock birds, when they mount with one clear, melodious note to descend with another, and so on. And I discovered that here was a whole new world of watching to be undertaken, rich in sights fascinating in themselves, and full also of meanings which had to be puzzled out and unraveled. And watching and studying the courtship of birds have been a never-failing hobby to me ever since.

As showing some of the interest behind bird courtship, I will take another sight I first saw in this Welsh bay. Oyster catchers frequented the rocky beach at the bay's outlet; and here I used to hear them make a penetrating piping. Watching them at this, I saw that sometimes two birds and sometimes three were piping together, running round each other in short curves in an excited yet formal way, their heads pointed down so that the just-open bill was almost touching the ground. Or on other occasions three birds would be together, but only two were piping. What did all this mean?

I had not much time to watch them then, and did not find out till over fifteen years later, when I went to Holland with a party of bird-watching friends deliberately to study the courtship habits of various wading birds. Oyster catchers were very abundant and could be easily watched; and I made up my mind to make them one of my special studies. A Dutch ornithologist who stayed a few days with us could not understand my spending so much time watching them. 'But they are such common birds,' he said, 'and you can see them anywhere!' However, I persevered, and was, in my own estimation at least, amply rewarded. I found that, apart from a special kind of flight with formal stiff wing beats, this piping appeared to be the only method which the oyster catcher possesses of expressing his or her emotions, whether of love, jealousy, or hostility. It was used when a single cock was paying court to a hen; when the hen's emotions were well tuned up, she might use it too, so that there was a piping duet; it was used by a mated pair when another pair trespassed on to their territory, or when an unmated bird trespassed into a pair's family circle.

Further complications arose owing to the fact that, as with many other birds, excitement is infectious. If one bird begins piping around a female in the middle of a flock, for instance, a number of others are almost certain to join in, and you may see regular 'piping parties' of ten or a dozen birds. These are interesting, for they are halfway to being social functions like dancing. And finally, since piping is the sole expression both for jealousy and for love, when both emotions are present, as when two rivals are courting a single female, either emotion reënforces the expression of the other, and the piping becomes exceptionally vigorous. This is what seems to be happening when you see the trios of two birds actively piping to a third. They are two cocks courting one hen — often one of them her rightful mate, the other a rival who came to join in the fun when he

saw the other begin piping. As they twist and turn, each sees first the desired hen bird, then the hated rival; and each sight stimulates to renewed piping. So the frenzied piping dance goes on; and sometimes it may arouse the female so that she too begins to pipe.

II

This curious restriction of the means of expressing emotion is another reminder of the much greater fixity of the behavior of birds as against that of human beings. An extremely entertaining result of this limitation was recorded recently by Dr. de Haan for an argus pheasant in the Amsterdam Zoo. The male argus pheasant has a long tail, but his chief adornment is a beautiful decoration along the quills of his wings. In courtship, he throws his wings up and forward, making a bell like the bell of some great flower, behind which his head and neck are completely hidden. This he directs toward the hen, while putting his head so that he can peep through the feathers and judge of the effect on her. In the species of argus pheasant to which the Amsterdam male belonged, the hen generally stands quiet for a little before the cock when he gives his display, even if she does not always show great interest.

But at Amsterdam they only had the hen of a second species of argus pheasant; and she would not stand still when the male began his courtship, but wandered erratically about the cage. The cock bird threw up his wings, peeped through — and the hen was already almost out of his field of vision. He furled his great pinions, ran round until he thought he saw another opportunity, threw himself into the flower attitude again — and was again disappointed. This went on for a few days, the cock wearing himself out in his hectic efforts, until finally he gave up in despair, left the restless hen to her own devices, and proceeded to display before an object which, if unresponsive, was at least stable — namely, the trough in which his food was put out!

It is worth noting that in this perverse transference of his attentions he did not select just any casual object, but one which already had pleasurable associations. And indeed, this linking up of emotionally charged objects with courtship is in other birds often seen as part of their normal behavior. The most frequent of such associations is between courtship display and the handling (or rather 'beaking') of nest material. Male warblers posture before the female with leaves in their mouths. Herons and egrets build nests out of sticks; after they have been relieved at the end of a spell of incubation they present their mates with sticks, to the accompaniment of an elaborate display ceremony. Crested grebes build with sodden water weeds, and have a wonderful joint ceremony in which both birds of a pair dive for weeds and then, holding them in their bills, swim at each other and leap up to meet, breast against breast. Adelie penguins lay their eggs in a little depression bordered by stones, and the male, as part of his courtship, fetches stones to lay at the hen bird's feet.

The Adelie penguin also provides an illustration of the linking on of courtship activities to objects productive of other emotions. Dr. Levick, who was camped during a whole breeding season next door to an Adelie rookery in the antarctic, records how the birds used to come up with stones and ceremoniously present them to the sledge dogs and the human members of the camp. In this case it seems that the large and unfamiliar creatures excited some feeling of wonder or interest in the breast of the birds; and they expressed it by the only means at their command.

Penguins introduce us to another interesting fact — much of their courtship is mutual, male and female simultaneously posing or displaying to one another. The display is rather ludicrous to our eyes, as it consists in pointing the beak straight up with a very sentimental, languorous expression, at the same time drooping the body, spreading the flippers, and emitting a soft humming noise. But it is a pose charged with tender emotion, as evidenced by the term used by Dr. Levick to describe it — 'the ecstatic attitude.' Sometimes a bird on the nest would be overcome by emotion and would go into the ecstatic attitude all by itself.

As a matter of fact, in a great many birds such mutual display is the sole or the usual method of courtship. When we consider a large number of birds, it soon becomes clear that there is a general rule: namely, that mutual courtship is usually found where both sexes share more or less equally in the reproductive duties of building the nest, sitting on the eggs, and feeding and guarding the young; whereas purely masculine display is usually found where the cock bird does not help brood the eggs, and it is at its height — as among pheasants, peacocks, ruffs, or blackcocks — where the male never comes near the nest or young at all. Apparently in the former case the necessity for making the sexes similar in respect of their brooding and parental instincts has overflowed, so to speak, on to their other characters, and made them alike in plumage and in display as well.

A striking example of mutual courtship is seen in the albatrosses. The courtship of several species has been described, and is in each case essentially as follows: the two majestic birds stand fronting each other, spread their wings, throw back their heads, and finally end by both stretching their necks and heads vertically upward and together emitting a repeated, ringing, trumpet-like cry.

The grebes, which I have already mentioned, also have wonderful mutual ceremonies; it is an illuminating fact that though their courtship is as beautiful and as strange and fantastic as that of any gaudy tropical creature, and though they live and breed in reasonable numbers in England, even within forty miles of London, no one had taken the trouble to watch and record it thoroughly until the present century.

I have not the space to describe it here, — besides, I have set it down in print elsewhere, — but I must refer to one interesting side issue. The commonest form of courtship ceremony among grebes is for the two birds to front each other with their slender white necks raised to the full, their chestnut and black ruffs and ear tufts partially spread, and then to shake their handsome heads at each other, first rapidly, then slowly, and so on in alternation, to the accompaniment of excited little barking noises. Now where courtship is mutual, it takes two to make a display; whereas it is doubtless very enjoyable to head-shake together, it is no fun, it seems, to do so by one's self or to an unresponsive mate. Sometimes you will see a pair dozing on the water; one bird — let us say the cock — wakes up, approaches the hen, and shakes his head ever so slightly at her, as if to say, 'Come on, old thing.' She, perhaps, just takes her beak from under her wing, but speedily puts it back again — too lazy to respond. He may try once or twice again, and still find her unresponsive. If now, swimming restlessly up and down, he spies another hen grebe, unmated or temporarily alone, on the water, he will swim up to her and start his head-shaking advances, to which she will almost invariably respond. Here, coupled

with strict monogamy during the season, we see the existence of what can only be called flirtation. The flirtation is quite innocent — it never seems to lead on to anything more serious than the excited head-shaking; but none the less, it always has the effect of waking up the rightful mate, however lethargic she may have been before.

As an example of the puzzles that beset the bird watcher, I will record an actual instance of what happened in such a case; it was in the first day or so of a fortnight which I spent watching grebes, before I had any inkling of what it was really all about. I saw a male grebe halfway between two females. He swam to one, shook his head a little, then swam to the other fifty or sixty yards off, and there followed a vigorous bout of head-shaking between them. Suddenly there was a great commotion. The female of the head-shaking couple flew off with a squawk; from below the surface there emerged another bird; and, after some splashing and rapid turning, she proceeded in her turn to indulge in a bout of head-shaking with the cock.

At the time, this was all Greek to me. It was only after another week or so of frequenting that grebe-haunted sheet of water, turning a telescope on to every happening that seemed interesting, taking copious notes, and thinking over my notes at night, that it became clear. The cock bird was flirting; the hen had woken up and dived to the attack in the way characteristic of grebes, who attempt to spear their rivals in the belly from below the surface with their sharp-pointed beak; the odd bird, thus painfully reminded that she was an interloper, flew off; and the rightful mate, instead of attacking her errant husband too, as might have been logically expected, was excited by his misdemeanor to a vigorous outburst of that head-shaking expression of affection which only a few minutes before she had refused him. It was a subtle and interesting working of the avian mind.

III

The study of courtship, indeed, would be expected to throw light on the minds of these winged and feathered creatures, so like ours in some respects, so very unlike in others — more light, perhaps, than the study of any other single aspect of their behavior. For here we have an exceedingly strong impulse at work, often without the opportunity of immediate gratification; we have rivalry, jealousy, and all the other complications of sex; we have the sexual motive interwoven with the instinct to defend the territory round the nest, and with the brooding and parental instincts; we have the mental association with nest building and nest material. It is not enough to study animal behavior by means of experiments in the laboratory. That, of course, is absolutely necessary to understand the precise way the brain machinery works in this or that particular situation; but in order to know the range of situations normally open to the bird, and the variety and richness of the behavior with which they are met — for that we must go to nature, and rely primarily upon patient watching.

Besides throwing light on psychology, the watching of bird courtship can throw light on evolution. Much of the posturing and displaying of courtship may be simply the direct outcome and expression of the intense excitement of the breeding season and of unsatisfied sexual desire. But this cannot apply to the many cases of special plumes, like the train of the peacock, which only come into use during courtship, or even, like the feather frill of the ruff or

the crest of the crested grebe, are only grown in the breeding season as well as only being employed for display. These, according to our present biological knowledge, cannot have been developed and fixed in the race because of any excitement in the individuals of each generation; and they are much too elaborate and adaptive to have any merely accidental origin; they can only have been evolved because they were in some way useful, and have been developed through a slow process of selection, individuals which happened to be endowed with better adornments having an advantage over others, and accordingly bearing more progeny. It was Darwin who first reasoned this out; in the case of birds with brilliant-plumaged males, he argued that their adornments must serve to secure success in winning mates, and that it was through this means that the best-adorned specimens would gain advantage, by having more chance of perpetuating their characters in their offspring. To this process he gave the name of sexual selection.

And, as a matter of fact, in one or two cases bird watching has given confirmation of Darwin's bold and far-reaching theories. The ruff, for instance, is a wading bird which in the winter is very much like half a dozen other kinds of medium-sized waders. In the spring, however, the male grows round his face the astounding frill or ruff of feathers from which the species takes its name. Not only that, but every male is a law unto himself. Some grow black ruffs, others ruffs that are white, sandy, brown, gray, pepper-and-salt, and half a dozen other shades. In addition, the tufts on the head may be of different color from the main ruff. These brilliantly adorned males assemble on what is generally called a 'hill' — a slightly raised spot of ground where they dance in exuberance of excitement or spar and duel with each other while waiting for the hens. The hens visit these masculine assembly places solely for the purpose of choosing mates. When one appears on a hill, the males flop down to the ground with ruffs fully erected and wings often outspread, and wait her pleasure as if hypnotized. She has complete freedom in choosing, and signifies her choice by tapping one of the cock birds with her bill.

Now Edmund Selous, that indefatigable watcher of birds, built himself a hide close to a ruff assembly place in Holland, and watched there almost every morning throughout the major part of the breeding season. As each ruff on a hill is differently colored from every other, the individuals can be told apart; and so by patient and prolonged watching and taking of notes Selous was able to establish the simple but vital fact that different cock birds differed very much in their success with the opposite sex. Some never succeeded in winning a single mate all through the weeks he watched. One secured more mates than all the others put together; and it was notable that this bird had a very finely developed and brilliantly colored ruff. Thus for ruffs at least the essence of the Darwinian hypothesis seems proved; and, by the way, the bird watcher was needed to give this proof, for we could never have been sure from observation or experiment on captive birds that the same processes were at work in a state of nature.

It is probable that the same influence of female choice makes itself felt in other polygamous or promiscuous species, of which the blackcock is a good example. But when we come to the common song birds, we discover that matters are much more complicated. In warblers, for instance, and buntings and finches, which Eliot Howard has watched so thoroughly, real courtship

display does not begin until *after* the birds have paired up for the duration of the season or the brood, and so can have nothing to do with the selection of mates. And the same seems to be true for the elaborate mutual courtships of grebes, herons, and other birds. It would take too long to go into the complicated question as to where the utility and function of this kind of courtship lie; it must suffice to point out the interest and difficulty of the biological problems which intensive bird watching has raised, and which can only be solved in full by more watching.

IV

To watch birds is delightful enough in itself; but most people like a background against which they can set their observations.

These feathered creatures, what are they in the economy of Nature? What is their history, what may be their future? How do they compare with other kinds of living things?

The master key here is the idea of evolution; it unlocks the door through which alone our biological backgrounds become visible. There are no other animals built in at all the same way as birds. How did they come to evolve into their present condition?

The first thing that evolutionary study teaches us is that birds were not always so different from other creatures as they are to-day. The few fossil birds known from the upper Cretaceous age, seventy or eighty million years back, all had teeth, like any lizard. When we reach the Jurassic period, near twice as long ago, the only two specimens of birds so far found were so unlike any ordinary bird in their construction that, if it were not for the lucky accident of their having been embedded in such fine mud that the imprint of their feathers is still preserved to us, we should have been in doubt as to whether they were birds at all. They might almost equally well have been exceptionally agile reptiles, for they were toothed, had long jointed tail bones, and big claws on their fore limbs. And before this time in the world's history, for all the hundreds of millions of years since life began, there were no birds at all.

Birds, in fact, are the offshoot from one kind of very active reptile, probably related to some of the smaller dinosaurs. They became birds through the evolution of feathers out of scales, which first, by acting as a heat-retaining blanket, allowed their temperature to be kept at a high level, well above that of their surroundings, and, secondly, made flight possible. The other peculiarities of modern birds, such as their using their high body temperature to brood their eggs, the transformation of their originally long and awkward tail, like a kite's, into an efficient rudder fan, or the lightening of their dead weight by the substitution of horny beaks for heavy teeth — all these came later. By about forty or fifty million years ago, all birds had become of the essentially modern type; nothing has happened since then save a perfecting of the different branches — duck, or hawk, or song bird — for particular modes of life.

There have been three other groups of animals to achieve true flight: one, the flying insects, arose from a wholly different stock; two, from the same backboned stock to which the birds belong — the flying mammals or bats, and the flying reptiles or pterodactyls, the latter all long extinct.

The great advantage which the birds had over their vertebrate competitors in the art of flying was that they, possessing feathers, could make a wing of these; while the skinny flight-membranes of bats and pterodactyls had to

be stretched taut and so demanded attachment to hind as well as to fore limb. Bats cannot run or hop, nor could pterodactyls; their legs are subordinated to their wings. But birds kept their legs clear of this entanglement, as the ancestors of man kept their fore limbs clear of running; and so birds were free both of the air and of the earth, having one pair of limbs for each element.

Insects are the equals of birds in this respect; but they are inferior in another. They can never grow big. It would take too long to go into the reason why, but the fact remains; an insect as big as a swan or even as a thrush is, luckily for us, unthinkable. Small size is in itself a disadvantage; it brings the further disadvantage in its train that it prevents an animal from having a constant temperature higher than its surroundings, for its bulk is so small in proportion to its surface that the heat generated by the chemical combustion in its muscles all leaks away in no time.

So insects are not only small, but the whole tempo of their lives goes up and down with the temperature of the outer world. They cannot achieve the constancy of living possible to a bird or mammal, and are at a great disadvantage in winter, being put out of action more or less completely by the cold.

However, though birds can grow big in comparison with insects, they are limited in size in comparison with other vertebrates. This comes from the fact of flight; the laws of aerodynamics make it very inconvenient for a flying bird to weigh much over fifty pounds, and quite impossible for it to weigh as much as a horse or even a leopard. It is only the birds which have given up flying, like the ostrich or cassowary, or the extinct moa or dodo, which have even begun to grow big according to mammalian or reptilian standards.

The stock size for birds, in fact, is from something under an ounce to about ten or fifteen pounds; their construction forces them to play their rôle in the world within these limits of weight.

V

The next valuable light which evolution throws on birds is that they do not in any way represent a past stage in man's evolutionary development, but have developed divergently along their own lines. Birds and mammals, in fact, represent two quite distinct branches of the tree of life, which developed quite independently from reptiles. And they developed from two quite distinct reptilian stocks, so that if we want to find a common ancestor for furry mammal and feathery bird, we must look for it in the most primitive kinds of reptiles, and must go back at least to the very beginning of the middle ages of life, about two hundred million years back. Their special resemblances, such as the uniform and high temperature, have been independently evolved in the two stocks, and in some cases, as with the division of the heart into two quite separate sides for more efficiency in circulation, though the result is the same, the evolutionary method followed has been dissimilar.

Birds have kept reptilian-looking scales on their feet, and have stuck to the reptile's method of reproduction by large-yolked eggs contained in a protective shell. In some ways, however, the bird branch has evolved beyond their rivals, the mammals, and in these respects must be regarded as at the very tiptop of the tree of life. Birds have the highest temperature, and therefore the greatest speed of vital chemistry, of any creatures. They have the greatest activity, the greatest emotional variety; they show the highest extremes of beauty in color and pattern,

they have the most striking and highly developed courtship of any group of animals, and their songs are by far the most beautiful and elaborate music that the world knew before the coming of man. They are the most mobile of creatures, and so are at a great advantage over every other kind of land animal in high altitudes; for they can breed there and take advantage of the riches of the arctic lands and still more of the arctic seas during the summer, and then migrate to temperate climates, leaving a few wretched foxes and reindeer to eke out existence over the inhospitable winter.

There are two lines in which mammals have beaten the world — in brain development and efficient methods of reproduction. As regards reproduction, it seems clear that the fact of flight discouraged any adoption of the perfected mammalian method of nourishing the unborn young within the mother's body. Extra weight is a severe handicap to a bird; and when it can mature and lay its eggs one at a time, and yet hatch them out all at once by putting off incubation until all are laid, it would be a disadvantage to handicap itself by the weight of half a dozen embryos at once. And it is perhaps just because of the birds' very success in the matter of flight and of high temperature that they failed to progress further in regard to brains. So many avenues were thrown open to them through their mobility and their activity that no pressure lay on them to circumvent fate by means of intelligence.

Possibly, too, their relatively small size had some say in the matter. Intelligence depends on making new combinations of nerve paths in the higher centres of the brain; and for this a much larger number of nerve cells and fibres seem to be required than for even the most elaborate equipment of the fixed nerve routes by which instincts operate.

One thing at least is certain and significant: whereas, in the general stock of mammals, progress was being made and new specialized lines budded out up till a mere five or ten million years ago, and in the line of man's descent evolutionary advance has continued up to the present and may well be prolonged into the future, the birds settled down to stability about halfway through the Tertiary epoch, about twenty or thirty millions of years back, and since then, though they have doubtless sprouted out innumerable tiny side twigs of new species and genera, do not seem to have made any real evolutionary progress.

Nor are they in the least likely to achieve any in the future. Like the insects, whose most advanced types, such as the ants, have been living the same kind of lives, endowed with the same kind of structure, for an even longer space of time, they appear to have reached the limit of perfection attainable, in the circumstances prevailing upon the earth, by the kind of creature which they are. They have attained the limiting speed of flight possible to living flying machines operating with feathers and one pair of wings; their temperature is as high as it can profitably be made; their migrations take them to the extreme end of habitability in high latitudes; their ability in nest building is as great as could be attained by instinct alone.

We must remember, however, that evolution is never all progress. Progress, it seems, there has always been, but it is progress in the upper limit of life's achievements, not in the great bulk of her productions. Indeed the impulsion to progress comes from the very fact that there already exists this great mass of animals and plants which have already reached a more or

less final and stable relation with the world about them, and have already adequately filled the lower and more obvious places in life's economy. It is just because there exists such competition in the old ways of life that it is an advantage for any creature to push forward and adopt new and improved methods.

Each group that has reached stability is thus filling a very definite place in the elaborate system of exchanges which constitutes the balance of Nature. Looked at from this point of view, as regards what they do rather than how they do it, birds take on a new interest. The great majority of them are eaters of other animals, either throughout life or, in the case of small grain-eating birds like various finches, throughout their greedy nestling period. For this they have stuck to the ancestral predilections of vertebrates, which were all in origin flesh eaters; a herbivorous diet only came in late in vertebrate evolution, with some of the big reptiles, and later and still more efficiently with some of the bigger mammals. Among birds, on the other hand, very few are herbivorous; such are some of the geese and ducks.

The birds as a whole thus stuck to a meat diet; but their average size determined the average size of their prey. The great majority of them are so moderate in bulk that they can only eat small creatures; and these small creatures, though they will include worms and snails and spiders, will by the nature of the biological world be for the most part insects. Some of the larger birds eat creatures up to the scale of frogs and mice, or are carrion feeders, or prey on other, smaller birds; and there are of course numerous water birds which live on Crustacea, the aquatic equivalent of insects, on molluscs, and on fish. But if we could take statistics of the food of all birds, in especial of all land birds, we should find that insects headed the list.

Now insects, in contradistinction to vertebrates, are in the great majority vegetable feeders, both by ancestral predilection and by modern practice. So that in regard to what we may call biological trade — the complicated circulation of matter through lifeless forms in earth, water, and air, through green plants, animal bodies, and microscopic scavengers like moulds and bacteria, and back into lifeless forms again — the net effect of birds is to be a check upon insects in their consumption of green plants and their products. In this way they are obviously the allies of man: remove every bird in the world at one stroke; the biological balance would be tilted, and it would be much harder even than now to protect man's crops and trees from the ravages of their persistent insect consumers. Birds, in fact, are one of the few groups of animals whose activities as a whole are useful to man.

VI

But do not let us run away with the idea that economics is everything. There was a letter in the *Times* one day apropos of Sir Hilton Young's bill for safeguarding some of the beauties of the countryside. The writer, after pointing out that the bill, if it became law, would involve in certain cases some financial sacrifice for individuals or for the country, continued, 'And after all, the aims of the measure are merely æsthetic' — and therefore, in his estimation, not to be weighed against even small quantities of pounds, shillings, and pence.

It is just this point of view — the attitude embodied in that word 'merely' — which I want to combat. Economics is the foundation of everything, and money is money and must be made.

We may know that elementary truth well enough and yet be permitted the reminder that the really important thing is what we are going to ask of our money when we have made it. And one thing that some will want to ask for is the refreshment of unspoilt country and the delight of wild birds.

The bird watcher and the bird lover ask for more birds, and more different kinds of them, and more opportunities of quietly watching and studying them. In the last thirty or forty years there has been a welcome change in the attitude of the general public about birds. They are more interested in them, fonder of them, delight to see photographs and read accounts of them in their wild state, but deprecate the killing of them or the wanton taking of their eggs much more than they used to. The bird watcher can help the growth of this changed attitude. We have gone a long way, but could go much further. In some American towns there are now bird boxes everywhere, in city parks and private gardens, and bird tables and bird baths — and naturally an enormous increase in the number of birds to gladden the eyes of city dwellers. In Germany before the war I went once casually into the city park at Würzburg, and found an astounding plenty of birds, and people feeding them. One man had a couple of tits on his hand, chaffinches and blackbirds at his feet; he told me he once had a spotted woodpecker swoop down from a tree and take a nut from his fingers. And the hawfinches, those fantastic huge-billed birds, so shy that many country people do not know of their existence even where they are not uncommon — they were sitting about in the trees like sparrows; I even saw a pair of them courting over a public path and in full view and sound of the trams and traffic in the street beyond.

We could encourage and tame birds like this in our own garden and our cities and our parks if we wanted to.

The bird lover can help to see that the Bird Protection laws are enforced. He can try to get the law changed; to take an example, the law which permits the discharge of waste oil from oil-driven ships at sea, to drift about and foul our shores and in doing so to smear itself on the plumage of hundreds of guillemots and divers and puffins and other sea birds, prevent them from opening their wings, and so condemn them to death from starvation.

And he can help by supporting the societies which are saving wild bits of country from being built over or otherwise developed; or reserving them as actual sanctuaries, inviolate to the birds; or providing bird rests at lighthouses to prevent dazzled migrants from being drowned; or paying watchers to see that protected birds are not shot or robbed of their eggs.

For — and this is my last word — in considering the birds' place in Nature we must remember that they have a place in civilization as well as in wild nature, and that even if we be busy mechanizing so many aspects of life, or rather, just because we *are* mechanizing them, there is all the more reason to reserve to birds — shy birds as well as tame, rare birds as well as common — a place in our civilized scheme of things, and to see that that place is kept for them, and so for our delectation and that of our posterity.

BENNETT AND HIS TIMES

BY WILLIAM A. CROFFUT

I

I WAS born in the ancient town of Redding, Connecticut, just before I can remember. I conceived an early aversion to the stony pastures and bleak hills of the locality, and did not appreciate the great honor of first beholding daylight in the same town that had given to the world Joel Barlow, poet, diplomat, and friend of Washington, and had furnished headquarters to General Putnam in the times that tried men's souls. Nor did I foresee the interesting fact that if I tarried permanently there I should have Mark Twain's company in curling up and spending my second childhood in this sequestered nest. Not comprehending my patriotic inheritance or my illustrious environment, I was probably delighted when my father resolved to try a change and moved the family to Orange, near the learned town of New Haven.

For the first year or two I was educated at home, and my favorite aunt often assured me that if I would be good and tried hard I could get to be President of the United States. Very likely I could have been, but having a lot of other things to do, and early learning how much worry the office involves, I have never sought the nomination.

My life before the age of fifteen seems to have been rather purposeless and colorless. While visiting at my ambitious aunt's in Birmingham, I was fond of playing with the bright children next door. There I first saw phonography. A sedate and scholarly but ingenious and enterprising man their father was — Mr. George Kellogg. He took a most kindly interest in the curiosity which the strange characters excited and told me what they were for. He even lent me an English book of phonography, one of Isaac Pitman's earliest, and, though a busy man, he gave me some suggestions and practical hints which I afterward made useful.

About this time one Thomas Ranney began a desolating campaign of pothooks and trammels in Connecticut. My father encouraged all my vagaries; phonography to him was always a wonder and delight. He arranged that I should enlist under the Ranney banner, and I walked to Derby, four miles and back, three times a week to attend the evening classes. He used Andrews and Boyle's class book and reader. They were of the sixteenth edition and had just come out. The days took on a serious hue. I went around the house analyzing orally all the words I could think of and got the reputation of talking to myself. I made a feeble effort to report the sermons of our bucolic parson; but, as I did not wholly conceal my machinery, I excited his jealousy by attracting more attention than he did. Then I laid aside my pencil and followed the skeletons of words on my knee. Some of the spectators thought I was crazy, but my schoolmates considered me inspired. I persistently followed this habit of spectral phonography, if I may so call it, and it

greatly assisted me in mastering the art, which I pursued with avidity and which I early determined to practise for a living.

My next impulse took the form of a desire to 'get a job.' I was quite incompetent for any reporting position, but of this I was unconscious, and I thought I saw light ahead. In an adjoining town a good uncle of mine solaced his conscience and shriveled his pocketbook by keeping a temperance hotel. For the comfort of his guests he took a daily New York newspaper, and when they laid it down his nephew cribbed its substance eagerly. One day I found an advertisement stating that for one dollar a lesson Mr. Theron C. Leland, 'professor of phonography,' would in eight lessons prepare any young man for an amanuensis and would 'guarantee him a position.' From the dictionary I learned what an amanuensis was. My father immediately arranged to have me 'polished off,' as he called it, and I was not long in hunting up and finding Mr. Leland in the great city.

My training began at once, and it was severe. Mr. Leland gave his lessons in the editorial rooms of the *Herald of the Union* — a pro-slavery weekly newspaper, especially devoted to the interests of Daniel Webster. He received the editor's articles from dictation while his pupils looked admiringly on and followed with their tardy pencils. As the dictations were given in what was virtually a public room, the organ of the great Expounder could hardly be said to have a secret policy. This building was where the tall Western Union towers have since risen on lower Broadway, and the distinguished editor was accessible only after a climb of four flights of stairs.

One morning I got there before any of the office staff, and was busily writing when I heard the clump of heavy boots coming up the stairs, for in those days everybody wore top boots who could afford them. The owner of the boots paused on the upper landing, balanced himself a moment at the newel post, looked around through the empty rooms, and said, 'What! Mr. Leland abed yet?' I answered that he would probably arrive very soon and pushed an armchair toward the visitor. He was a portly man, with thin hair, a lean, wrinkled face in need of the razor, beetling brows, and unfathomable gray eyes. He seemed weary. Conspicuous articles of his apparel were a very tall silk hat, a blue coat with flat brass buttons, nankeen vest, and a high inflexible stock that looked like a ring of cast iron around his neck.

'No,' he said, 'I will not wait. Tell him that I called — that Mr. Webster called. And I want to see him at once.'

Mr. Leland came in shortly and said, 'Ah, yes; Mr. Webster is in town, then. I must go over to Number Eleven. Don't you want to come along?'

It was Mr. Leland's generous and amiable custom to invite his pupils to accompany him when he called to report, and of course I went with him gladly. The Number Eleven he had mentioned was a large parlor on the second floor of the Astor House which the Expounder of the Constitution occupied whenever he was in the city. And there we presently found him. He walked leisurely up and down the room as he spoke. The dictation seemed to be the outline of a law speech which he was about to deliver, — perhaps the last he ever did deliver, — I have forgotten where or in whose interest; but as he mentioned 'dollars' frequently, I have since fancied that it perhaps had something to do with the tariff, then a foremost topic of discussion. Mr. Webster folded his hands behind him as he walked, and between his sentences

emitted a slight buzzing or humming sound from his lips — a peculiarity which I have never seen referred to. I had my notebook and was very much astonished at the extreme slowness of the orator's dictation. He spoke on that occasion not more than fifty or sixty words a minute, and it could not have been difficult to follow him in longhand. The 'mighty Daniel' looked the sick man that he was, and his various infirmities were emphasized by the deep disgust that had taken possession of him when General Taylor was nominated over him at Philadelphia in 1848 and when General Scott was given similar precedence in the nominating convention at Baltimore in 1852. To have two 'ignorant frontier colonels' preferred to him was more than his proud soul could endure.

II

At the end of my prescribed course Mr. Leland promptly said, 'Very well, sir, your term is ended. What next?'

'Work,' I said, 'if I can.' His question seemed to lack positiveness. I inferred that he was quite as doubtful about my competency as I was myself, but he added, 'There's nothing like trying, is there? I have spoken to a man named Pray who sometimes has work for a phonographer, and I will give you a note to him.'

He wrote a few hasty lines, enclosed them, and handed them to me. I was not long in finding the handsome residence of Isaac C. Pray, No. 23 Irving Place, close to the great Academy of Music. It was a bashful and awkward boy who rang the doorbell and handed in an improvised card and the note. Bridget reappeared presently and said briefly, 'Folly me!'

I did. My disqualifications seemed mountainous as I walked through the hall and presented myself to Mr. Pray, who wheeled in his cushioned chair as I went in, looked surprised, and exclaimed, 'Dear me! A mere stripling!'

This was discouraging, but in lieu of something more sensible I said, 'I have grown quite a little this last year, sir.' He laughed, took me by the hand, and said, 'However, young man, it is n't age that always tells, is it?'

Not thinking of anything better to say, I answered, 'No, sir, it is n't. I am older than I look.' Thinking it over afterward, it occurred to me that this was malapropos, but he laughed again, as if I had said a very bright thing.

'Can you report?' he suddenly asked.

I have admired myself very much since because I had the self-possession and mendacity to look him straight in the eye and answer, 'Yes, sir.'

'How many words a minute?' And I ventured audaciously, 'A hundred or a hundred and fifty.' I ought to have said fifty or seventy-five.

I must have turned scarlet, for I felt myself a guilty thing whose sins were about to be exposed.

'Let's try it,' he said, and motioned me to a table. He spoke five or six minutes, perhaps, and then stopped to take breath. 'Now read it,' he said.

How I ever got through it I cannot now conceive, but he remarked approvingly, — or reprovingly, — 'Ah! You remembered it, you rascal!'

I felt now that my doom was just as good as sealed. He had guessed right, for at least half of the paragraph was attributable to a good memory. I was greatly relieved when he continued, 'Perhaps you'll do. Can you earn eight dollars a week? Suppose you begin by running errands!'

'Yes, sir,' I answered. 'It will give me pleasure to be of use to you.'

'You will board with me,' he resumed. 'Breakfast, eight; dinner, six — be punctual! Meanwhile you can

take this down to the *Herald* office and deliver it to Mr. Bennett in person. In person. Be sure and leave it!' And he handed me a large sealed envelope from his desk. I took it, bowed myself out, and in a few minutes found my way to the den where the elder Bennett forged his thunderbolts. It was at the top of a building adjoining the American Museum at the junction of Broadway and Park Row, and Underhill had pointed it out to me as a fearsome cavern where ambitious reporters were tortured. I trembled as I handed the great man the parcel.

The Scotch editor who terrorized New York at that time was, as I recall him, rough-hewn and bony, six feet high, with a harsh and strident voice, a crescent of white whiskers under his chin, and so terribly cross-eyed that when he looked at me with one eye, he looked out at the City Hall with the other.

'Who from?' he bluntly asked, without taking the document.

'Mr. Isaac C. Pray,' I answered.

'Nothing to do with Mr. Isaac C. Pray! Nothing to do with Mr. Isaac C. Pray!' he exclaimed angrily. But he took the parcel and tore off the envelope, disclosing a quantity of printed matter. With a savage gesture he flung it out the door into the hall, fixed me with one good eye, and shouted, 'I don't want it! I won't have it! Carry it back and tell him to keep his stuff!' And he turned his back on me.

I went out at once and collected the matter before it could blow away, but not before I had discovered it to consist of galley proofs. Notwithstanding the order, 'Be sure and leave it,' I made my way uptown again with it, bewildered and amazed at the reception, and wondering if my job depended on the singular performances and ungovernable temper of the master of the *Herald*. I was reassured by my reception at Irving Place, where the author pleasantly accepted the package, merely exclaiming, 'Yet that fool once got his living as a proofreader!'

Without more mystery or concealment, Mr. Pray now took me into his confidence.

'You must say nothing at any time to any person of anything you may hear in this house,' he said quietly. 'Or of my business.' He added, 'I have undertaken to write a life of Mr. Bennett, rather against his protest. He does n't like the idea wholly and gets angry about it. He is odd, but will come round all right. These are some of the early proof sheets, and I wanted to give him a chance to revise them and correct any errors. Bennett does not want his life written at all, and declares he will not contribute a word.' Hereupon the author handed me the rejected proofs to read, saying I had 'better get the hang of it.'

It was still a riddle to me, as week after week I went on making copy from his dictation, and the riddle was not wholly solved when the handsome finished book issued, the next year, from the press of Stringer and Townsend. In the introduction, as there printed, will be found the following illuminating paragraph: —

> The author of these pages has sought no person's counsel upon his theme or its mode of treatment. Neither Mr. Bennett nor any one connected with him has been consulted either directly or indirectly, with respect to the writing or publication of these memoirs. It would have been easy, had circumstances permitted and he been willing, for Mr. Bennett himself to supply some points in his career which he alone can justly elucidate; but the desire of the author has been to be free from influences which might arise from personal inquiry.

It is obvious that Mr. Pray had imposed upon himself a terribly difficult

task: to write a friendly biography of an unfriendly man without the active assistance or even the passive sympathy and acquiescence of the subject of it, and even under his prohibition. The reader who desires to know how that herculean labor was accomplished is referred to the volume itself — *Memoirs of James Gordon Bennett and His Times*.

As a manuscript maker I managed to give satisfaction, for Mr. Pray was fortunately very amiable and not very exacting, and he had many callers to occupy his time. I was repelled once more in a second visit to the *Herald*, but I always suspected, though I never knew, that while the volume was in course of preparation Mr. Bennett's wrath subsided, without being placated.

III

There were eight persons, if I remember correctly, around the dinner table that first night at Mr. Pray's. I talked as little as possible, for I immediately discovered that silence was my rôle.

It was far the most brilliant company I had ever met. The conversation ran on the latest books, the latest plays, the latest songs, the new magazines, and, generally, what was going on in Bohemia.

The second or third day Mr. Pray pushed across the table to me a little brown envelope containing two tickets to hear the great Forrest, asking me, 'Have you heard him?'

'No, sir,' I said, delighted. 'I have never been to the theatre but once; that was to hear Mr. Burton the other night as "Toodles."'

'Good thing! Good thing!' he exclaimed. 'And you'll be delighted with Forrest in *Macbeth*. He is having wonderful success at the Broadway, you know.'

I did n't know, but I kept that to myself.

By this time I had come to harbor a respectful curiosity concerning the people with whom I was breaking daily bread and to whom I had been barely presented. I asked Underhill who they were.

'Well,' he answered, 'they are lots of things. They are literary "fellows." They are theatre sharps. I have done some work for Pray, myself.'

'He gave me some tickets to Forrest the other night,' I said.

'Well he might!' he exclaimed. 'He has the entrée of all the greenrooms in the city. He used to edit the *Journal of Commerce*, and, later, the *Ladies' Companion*. Now he writes for the *Sunday News*. He was manager of the Park Theatre for years. And, bless your soul, he's a highly successful actor himself. Before 1850 he played Hamlet, Othello, Sir Giles Overreach, and Shylock at the Queen's Theatre in London. Did n't you know he wrote the farce entitled *Here She Goes and There She Goes*, also several serious plays like *The Hermit of Malta?* Oh, he's a great boy! And don't you know that it is his sister, Miss Malvina Pray, who has made such a hit at the Broadway?'

I was astonished. I felt that my genial friend had pumped me full of information and I sat up late that night receiving dictation, the better to qualify myself for my work. Mr. Pray himself later expanded this information by telling me that in 1850 and '51 he was the musical and dramatic editor of the *Herald*, and that he resigned that position to become manager of the National Theatre. I drew some inferences and kept still.

It now seemed to me as if I had struck a permanent job, and it certainly was an agreeable one.

The front parlor was the workshop.

It was small and frequently crowded. When my presence for any reason was undesirable, Mr. Pray would toss a bit of blank paper to me across the table, saying, 'Take that to Harris.' He had reminded me that Mrs. Harris was the authority of Sairey Gamp. 'And,' said he, 'this is a Dickens household and these were Dickens's headquarters. He went from here to the banquet in 1842 on Washington Irving's arm. And there probably never was so much embarrassment round a dinner table as when Irving, the chairman, broke down in his presentation speech.'

Mr. Pray sometimes kept me up late by dictating dramatic reviews for the city newspapers after a play, and I soon learned that he not only was a regular critic, but was considered an authority on actors and acting. He often gave me a ticket to some theatre, and I heard Junius Brutus Booth as Richard III.

One morning the great American tragedian, Edwin Forrest, stepped in. I recognized him immediately without the masquerading make-up of Macbeth. He had now attained not only distinction but, unfortunately, notoriety, for through jealousy of the great Englishman Macready, then acting in New York, he had fomented the Astor Place riot, resulting in the death of twenty-two exasperated citizens and the wounding of a hundred more. Also, Mrs. Forrest had sought and obtained her divorce after a long contest. Both the divorce and the riot seemed to increase his audiences.

All his life Forrest longed to be a comedian, though he had the very face of Melpomene, the frame of Virginius, and a voice of thunder. No man was ever more obviously fitted to his rôle and his environment. Capable of great tenderness and genuine emotion, he was turbulent and aggressive in expression and giantesque in stature. I saw him many times during those months, and sometimes, at Mr. Pray's request, received from him the dictation of a letter. But his quarrel with Macready had soured him and he was already past the meridian of his powers.

Forrest had cavernous eyes, and a magnificent head, topped with a wealth of dark, tousled hair. He was a very handsome man. I recall hearing a prolonged conversation, or rather a monologue, about his congressional ambitions. 'You can and you shall go to the Senate!' exclaimed Pray. 'See what incredible idiots this state has sent there!' 'Thank you — thank you for the classification!' said the actor, and they both laughed heartily.

Another of the royal line of monarchs of the American stage I met here about this time. One evening came a violent and aggressive rubadub in the vestibule like a volley of musketry. When the door was opened it admitted a grotesque inebriate who staggered to the sideboard and grabbed the decanter. His coat was much too small for him, his necktie was erected under his left ear, and he spoke with an inimitable stutter as he clutched the empty air above his smashed white hat and took up the rôle which he had rendered so familiar. Yes, it was verily the same old 'Toodles,' as which he had appeared more than seven hundred times.

I was of course immensely interested in the personnel of my temporary domicile. It was unique. One evening the partition of the dining room slid noiselessly aside like a piece of stage scenery, and the table was drawn out to seat twenty persons instead of eight. It was a theatre party. I was not invited, but I had met several people who were there. Voices that penetrated my room proclaimed a convivial evening and a jolly assembly of the devotees of the sock and buskin.

IV

I was not long in discovering that well-defined hostilities still existed between Mr. Bennett and his biographer. In the 'moral war' which had been waged for years against the *Herald* by almost all the newspapers of New York, the object of which was its suppression and annihilation, Mr. Pray had defended Mr. Bennett, but not in that exclusive and whole-hearted manner which the editor claimed as a right. Pray, a highly educated and refined man, insisted that the assailants, whom he called 'assassins of character,' were indeed a disgrace to journalism and to the city, but he also insisted that in the battle of invective and vituperation Mr. Bennett had placed himself upon their level. This is a sufficient explanation of Bennett's repudiation of the volunteer biographer. But Mr. Pray did not shrink from his self-imposed task. He said in the book: —

> While censuring the indiscriminate attacks made upon Mr. Bennett, where the most indecorous treatment was used towards those connected with him without regard to sex or to those chivalrous restraints which subdue passion and malignity even in their most fiery moods, be it not understood that any recriminations by the *Herald* are justified. They are just as censurable as the assaults of which complaint is made. All such personalities are disgraceful, spring whence they may, and provoked by whatever injustice and wrong. No mind cultivated by taste and education can view them with anything less than loathing and contempt.

As a specimen of the prolonged battle of indecency, a hand grenade from the enemy, with only a portion of its powder remaining, may show what vile combustibles were used by the 'moral' editors: —

> Stigma on the city — obscenity and profanity — vicious and depraved — corrupting influence — vice and vulgar licentiousness — hypocrisy, ignorance, and bloated conceit — most diabolical and execrable — double apostate and traitor — liar and poltroon — political Iago — half crazy, uneducated wretch — slipshod, ribald style — profligate ridicule and impious jests — immoral and blasphemous monstrosity — a vagabond who fled his country — wretch — pest — villain — forger — blackmailer, &c.

To such a broadside of envy, hatred, and malice, Mr. Bennett replies: —

> These blockheads are determined to make me the greatest man of the age. Newspaper abuse made Mr. Van Buren chief magistrate of this republic, and newspaper abuse will make me the chief editor of this country. Well — be it so. I can't help it.

The first years of the *Herald* had been years of desperate poverty, disappointment, and failure. Mr. Bennett made it inoffensive and even prudish. He was without money and without friends. Frequently he could not pay for paper for the next edition. But he was determined to succeed, and at last found that he could do it only by constantly piquing curiosity and exciting alarm. He tried and adopted a decent and dignified course at first, and pursued it until it was obvious that if he persisted in it the paper could not exist for a single month. He then became the father of sensational journalism — the 'yellow' product of the times. He assailed the character and impugned the motives of distinguished citizens with a result that might have been foreseen, and perhaps was. He was assaulted upon the street with clubs and knocked down three times in as many weeks. After one of these assaults he made a humorous report of it, saying, 'My damage is a mere scratch,' and adding: —

> As to intimidating me, or changing my course, the thing cannot be done. I tell the honest truth in my paper and leave the consequences to God. I may be attacked, I

may be murdered, but I never will succumb. I never will abandon the cause of truth, morals, and virtue. To me, these attacks, lies, are as the idle wind. They do not ruffle my temper. Conscious of virtue, integrity, and the purest principles, I can easily smile at the assassins and defy their daggers. My life has been one invariable series of efforts, useful to the world and honorable to myself, to create an honorable reputation during life, and to leave something at my death for which posterity may honor my memory. I am building up a newspaper that will take the lead of all others that ever appeared in the world, in virtue, in morals, in science, in knowledge, in industry, in taste, in power and influence. My whole private life has been one of virtue, integrity, and honorable effort in every relation of society. I mean to make the *Herald* the great organ of social life, the prime element of civilization. I shall mix commerce and business, pure religion and morals, literature and poetry, the drama and dramatic purity, till the *Herald* shall outstrip everything in the conception of man.

When Mr. Bennett married and returned from his honeymoon with his bride, the newspapers of New York leagued together to compel the manager of the Astor House to refuse to entertain them on the ground that they were immoral persons! He did not resent the dastardly conduct except to say: —

Praise and dispraise — abuse and condemnation — are equally thrown away on me. Born in the midst of the strictest morality, educated in the principles of the highest integrity, inclined, from the first impulses of existence, to be a believer in human virtue, I have grown up holding with a death grasp to the original elements of my soul, while every new discovery has but revealed a deeper depravity in every form both in this country and Europe. I have seen human depravity to the core. I proclaim each morning the deep guilt that is encrusting society. What is my reward? I am called a scoundrel — a depraved wretch — a vile calumniator — a miserable poltroon — these anonymous assassins of character are leagued and stimulated by the worst men in society — by speculators — by pickpockets — by sixpenny editors — by miserable hypocrites, whose crimes and immoralities I have exposed, and shall continue to expose as long as the God of Heaven gives me a soul to think and a hand to execute. Slanders the most vile and dastardly that blackness of heart can conceive are circulated against the *Herald* and my personal character — a character that has never yet been stained either in the old world or the new.

When forecasting the destiny of the *Herald*, its master speaks like an inspired prophet on some mountain of vision. The *Herald* before 1840 is full of these predictions. For instance: —

When I started on my own hook last spring I could not, to save my soul, get credit from friend or foe for five dollars. With industry, talent, and reputation acknowledged on all hands, I was cried down by some secret influence, attempted to be trampled on, and even audaciously assailed in the open street by the very persons I had spent years in supporting and raising in the scale of society. I never quailed — I never feared — I never saw the man I dreaded to meet face to face, or the obstacle I would not attempt to surmount.

I go for hard work, just principles, an independent mind, a name that will last for ages after my death, and a place in the glorious hereafter, side by side with the greatest master spirit and the purest benefactor of the human race.

My ambition is to make the newspaper press the great organ and pivot of government, society, commerce, finance, religion, and all human civilization. I want to leave behind me no castles, no monuments of marble, no statues of bronze, no pyramids of brick — simply a name. The name of James Gordon Bennett as one of the benefactors of the human race will satisfy every desire and every hope.

I mean to link my life, character, fortune, faith, all with the *Herald*. If I live, I know I shall succeed in my purpose, for I never yet set my heart upon a thing that I did not accomplish it.

The other newspapers shake their sides with ribald laughter at this exhibition of egotism and effrontery. The braggart is set upon by Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart; but they have serious moments, too, these scoffing editors. They wish they could guess the riddle of this Sphinx of journalism.

He calls upon God so often that they hail him blasphemer; he protests his own personal virtue with an earnestness that is very comical, and they call him hypocrite. But above the racket of their railing is heard a complacent voice venturing to prophesy that the *Herald* will be the leading champion of truth, honesty, and virtue after they are all dead, and they know not what to think. They had seen this magician establish the *Herald* with less than five hundred dollars in his pocket. They had seen him repeatedly knocked down and rising from the prostration as if refreshed, merely remarking the next day, 'The *Herald* is producing as complete a revolution in the intellectual habits of daily life as steam power is in the material. If a splendid fortune shall result for myself, that may be a matter of complacency, but it is a matter of course.'

To this magnificent forecast the unanimous press of the city would belch forth its volley of abuse. It called the offensive editor 'virago, vixen, Xantippe, public scold.' One of his adversaries erected a gallows to hang him on, and another prepared a ducking stool at the Battery. The hostility of the large and rich papers to this impudent intruder knew no bounds.

He gave his enemies as good as they sent, 'and worse,' as Sir Boyle Roche might say. Bennett was not a gifted writer, but his columns bristled with exclamations, interrogations, sneers, lampoons, reprimands, sardonic grins. The combatants flung at each other billingsgate and the argot of thieves, till all were in danger of being suffocated in the reek and effluvium of their unsavory battlefield. The *Herald* was small and lively. The big papers were chagrined and maddened past endurance to see its jocose, scandalous, and quizzing paragraphs sought for and laughed over while their own brilliant essays were ignored. His motto was 'Never be more than a day ahead of the people, and never an hour behind.'

I, an unsophisticated youth in my teens, and quite unacquainted with the great world's ways, had but a vague comprehension of the dreadful tumult, and only a shadowy conception of the singular character of Mr. Bennett and his relation to the public. It was only when I absorbed the spirit of the book by a re-perusal that I became thoroughly acquainted with the curious controversy.

While condemning Mr. Bennett for the *Herald's* bad manners, Mr. Pray could not help adding in extenuation:—

> The dark character of journalism was necessary to educate the people into the enjoyment of a higher style of art, just as Negro minstrelsy was necessary. Persons of fashionable habits and wishing to be esteemed patrons of the arts and admirers of literature would not support Mr. Bennett while the *Herald* was in its infancy, modest, prudish, and daintily fashioned. He tried them, and they sorely tried him. He could not prosper. In other words, he could not attract public attention till he caricatured himself physically and morally, mentally and editorially, and became, to all outward appearance, that which he had never been. He must be a mountebank. He must blacken his face, or the public would not look at him. Mr. Bennett might have written in prose or verse, with the force and elevated fervor of a Milton, yet, in the city of New York, he would not have sold newspapers enough in the year to furnish him with shilling dinners, provided he honestly paid, as was ever his wont, his printers and paper-makers.

To the obloquy and reviling of the current newspaper press resounding through the country, Mr. Bennett calmly answered: —

I have been a wayward, self-dependent, resolute, freethinking being from my earliest days. Yet there were implanted in my burning soul those lofty principles of morals, honor, philosophy and religion, that the contumely of the world cannot shake or all the editors or bankers in Christendom intimidate. I feel myself, in this land, engaged in a great cause — the cause of truth, public faith, and science, against falsehood, fraud, and ignorance. I would not abandon it even to reach the glittering coronet of the extinct title of the Duke of Gordon.

I bear a charmed existence. Neither fire nor sword nor steel nor competition nor hate nor abuse nor falsehood nor slander nor indictment nor persecution in a thousand forms can quench my spirit or impede my movements. I do sincerely believe that some superior power watches over me.

How gentlemen of taste, refinement, and education could carry on so absurd a warfare for ephemeral notoriety is indeed surprising. But it went on and on till every vestige of character seemed to be lost by every belligerent. The afflicted public appears to have regarded the combatants only as tragedians who die on the stage at night and come to vigorous life in the morning. And so the campaign of swashbucklers persisted, the garrulous scolds persuading themselves that they were dealing with brother bandits and that the safety of society required that they should be deemed bestial and despicable.

It is not necessary to call attention to the tremendous improvement in editorial courtesy since the days of the elder Bennett. If editors of the New York newspapers of the present day should conduct themselves towards each other as did Weed, Bennett, Greeley, Raymond, Webb, and their contemporaries, they would not survive the derision with which they would be greeted.

V

While in New York I saw the poet N. P. Willis a good many times. I had been delighted with his *Letters from under a Bridge*, and, boylike, sought every opportunity to get a glimpse of the brilliant author. There was a bookstore in Union Square which I had heard he was in the habit of visiting, and thither I went and lay in wait for him. About the third morning I saw him and shadowed him — followed him quietly around till I heard the proprietor address him by name. Then I was happy. I stole to his side and clandestinely inspected him. A pair of bright eyes, I remember, a graying reddish beard, long hair flowing almost in ringlets, a soft 'Kossuth' hat, with broad, wayward brim and crown irregularly indented, a vest of yellow cut velvet, and a large black brigandish cloak drawn around his trim figure.

I feasted on him. I gloated over the privilege with youthful enthusiasm. He went away. I moved along and stood exactly where he had stood. He vanished. I followed him. To the sidewalk. To the corner. To an omnibus. I thought his hands the handsomest man's hands I had ever seen. I was ashamed to follow him farther, but I went away radiant, and said to myself, 'I have seen another great man.' And so I had — one of the most remarkable of his kind.

At a later day I learned that the critics declared Willis's style artificial and affected. It always seemed to me exceedingly natural. It was not simple; it was complex and fantastic, but it was natural — to him. But I have always wondered how 'Absalom's Lament' and other religious poems which I had wept over at school could ever

have been written by such a dilettante, exquisite, and leader of fashion as this man became.

Willis was cordially loved, not only by his own family, in which he was a model husband and father, but by his employees and by everybody who came into intimate relations with him. He had a warm, buoyant, happy nature, which reflected its colors on all.

The reader can hardly guess how disappointed and distressed I was when my services as an amanuensis at Irving Place came to a sudden end. This was announced in a letter from my mother: 'We have concluded that it is best for you to come home and go to school.' The summons was a great shock.

In vain I pleaded that I was 'now at school' — the best school that any boy was likely to have, where I was being taught the mysteries of bookmaking and the methods of accurate composition, 'besides having important lessons every day in American history.' This was strictly true.

I did not go into details, but it seems that information had already reached my home that I had been inadvertently thrown into the company and under the influence of 'play actors' and that I was somehow involved in the immoral 'moral war' on the strange and incomprehensible editor of the *Herald*. In after years I discovered that it was the fear that I might drift to the stage that made my recall peremptory. The apprehension was entirely unfounded. I was interested in the curious life of the actors whom I saw, but not attracted to share it — partly, perhaps, because I never possessed the smallest dramatic talent.

MEDICINE AND STATESMANSHIP

BY LORD DAWSON OF PENN

I

To most of us, nothing is so personal as medicine. The lawyer, or even the theologian, may speak of his vocation with some chance that his hearers will accept his words impersonally. But when the doctor speaks, his hearers apply his words immediately to themselves. If the address is about disease, doubts and fears assail them. If he discusses appendicitis or duodenal ulcer, he will have his audience feeling about to see if they are afflicted with the ailments he describes. We all know to what extremes doubts and fears about disease can go. A distinguished friend once wrote to me: 'I am so much better. I have not had cancer for three months.'

But despite our habit of applying personally anything said about disease, medicine in its wider reaches far transcends the personal. In fact, at its broadest, it becomes a branch of statesmanship. Disease is not my present theme. I wish rather to discuss medicine in some of its comparative relationships.

There have been periods in history when statesmanship was great, but medicine was crude and little thought

of. I need only instance the age of Elizabeth, one of our great masters of statecraft. Throughout her reign she furthered peace and secured strength of government; but public health was a question she almost completely ignored. It is interesting to observe in passing that when she had the dropsy the Queen herself was treated with a prescription of numerous ingredients any one of which would have killed a man to-day in a very few minutes. There could be no greater tribute to her constitution than the fact that she was able to take it. Indeed, I have a shrewd suspicion that she never did take it.

I often think that a remarkable feature of the Elizabethan age was its contradictions. Consider her palace at Greenwich: the walls were hung with the most wonderful tapestries and carpets, yet the floor was covered with reeds. When one layer of reeds got dirty, it was not removed; others were merely placed on top, with the easily imagined result that a certain kind of life multiplied more profusely on the palace floor than we should think desirable. On his visit to England the great Erasmus complained of this kind of inconvenience, and only recently I came across a reference to wormwood as a valuable remedy for the condition he found so painful: —

> While wormwood hath seed
> Get a bundle or train,
> To save against March,
> To make the flea to refrain.
> Where chamber is swept
> And that wormwood is strewn,
> No flea, for his life, dare abide beknown.

II

Until the last part of the nineteenth century, statesmanship thought in terms of individuals. The fight was for freedom of conscience, equality of opportunity, self-government. The state was looked upon as an aggregate of individuals. During the same period doctors were concerned for the most part with people so entirely sick that they were detached for the time being from the stream of life, and in looking after this cloistered class the doctors themselves were apt to become cloistered in thought. The sick, for their part, regarded illness not as a natural product of their working or playing lives, but as something which had inexplicably fallen upon them, as a fate sent by Providence which could not be avoided.

Then came, toward the end of the last century, the wider appreciation of the importance of preventive medicine, and the increased study of ill health in its early beginnings, which in turn directed attention to the day-by-day life of people and the conditions that surrounded them. At the same time, methods of diagnosis increased in range and accuracy. Treatment became more precise in its objectives and resourceful in its means by the inclusion of such agencies as air, light, and food. With this knowledge came an awakening to the possibilities of constructive nurture.

Accompanying these developments in the art of medicine, statesmanship also made advances. Having achieved liberty and equality for the individual, it began to assume a parental function, and concerned itself more and more with constructive measures for the health, prosperity, and contentment of people generally. Thus the lines of development of medicine and statesmanship approximated.

Perhaps I ought to say here, by parenthesis, that some of the examples I am seeking to give may apply with greater force to an old country than to a new one. But I hope that this will not impair the general argument. It is, in fact, quite possible that the dan-

gers which an older country has already faced, and might perhaps have avoided, may point the way to those that are still young.

Certainly the parental rôle of the state is growing apace. In England and in many European countries it has reached an advanced stage. It provides help for those who are born, taught, sick, unemployed, for the hungry, and even for those who are thirsty. It regulates wages and hours of labor. True, it is prompted by a social conscience which inspires man's onward progress. At the same time it costs England a quarter of her national income to maintain the services which shepherd her people from the cradle to the grave. Other countries have found that the cost of the parental function of government steadily mounts.

It seems reasonable to pause and ask, Is the result of this tendency as good as its purpose? No one surely would contemplate a return to the haphazard methods of an outworn individualism. Everyone recognizes the desirability of a constructive social policy on the part of the state, although the rigid and standardized methods which these gigantic efforts involve create difficulties and doubts. The more the cost of social policy is centralized, the farther its administration removed from the man who receives the benefit, the more apt is that man to lean upon a prop, to become a creature of fate rather than a master of effort.

I suggest that a study of the governance of the human body prompts useful reflection. There is no attribute of the human being more notable than his individuality. Parade a thousand men, and each one will be distinct. Indeed, so definite is his individuality that his fingerprints are sometimes his undoing.

What makes diagnosis of disease the most difficult branch of the doctor's art is this very problem of individuality. No two men are ill in the same way. The statements in textbooks represent a very poor average of experience. They often represent a type which seldom occurs. Evidences present in one patient are absent in another. In the same disease, pain will be a feature of one case and not of another. Morphia will give rest to one patient and excitement to another. The effective dose of that valuable remedy belladonna may vary by 200 per cent. The application of radium under like conditions of disease will not produce like results. Moreover, the mind reactions of one man differ from those of another. The doctor has ever, by the exercise of his own intuition, to take stock of the personal factor. As the famous saying puts it: 'There is no sickness; there are only sick people.'

Should not personality and the rich variations of individual life be equally an object of care to the statesman? Is it not one of the problems of statesmanship to see that in its broad attempts at social legislation personality is not forgotten? Just as the doctor, in treating the individual, cannot neglect his social background, so the statesman, in treating the social problem, cannot neglect the individual. He must weigh in a just balance the rôles of the state and the individual. The varying problems arising from unemployment in different occupations illustrate this theme.

But is it possible for the large organization of the state to appreciate the varying needs of separate men? Is not the state compelled to postulate a man so standardized as to be virtually unreal? I recall the story of a railway company which tried to economize in its use of locomotives. In

order to utilize the engine for a larger number of hours, the officials duplicated the engineer and the fireman. The effort failed. It was found that more could be got from the engine in the long run by entrusting it to an individual engineer who looked upon it as his personal property and, as long as it was his, obtained the best from it. Personality told.

Again, physiology teaches that man's health depends upon initiative and effort. In some, such initiative and effort are inborn. In most, the stimulus of necessity is needed. The same amount of external assistance may help one man and damage another. This, I take it, is another of the difficulties of governments. Their problem is to apply their remedies in such a way as to prevent them from becoming rigid and mechanical, so that they may be adjusted to the infinite variety of human nature.

Of this kind is one of the problems of unemployment. In the modern state, work is more narrowed, more specialized, and it is more difficult to find a job for the unemployed man in his own kind of labor. If he is given help, the difficulty is to prevent his coming to regard what was meant as a temporary prop as natural and belonging to him by right. And the farther the cost of the benefit which he receives is separated from his own sense of responsibility, the greater the danger becomes.

I should like to offer an anecdote, and a true one, as illustrating this theme. In one of the outlying counties of England a farm laborer had been out of work for many months and had been living on the dole. He went to his doctor one day, and when he had received the required treatment he said: 'Doctor, do you know, I had an offer of work some days ago which would have given me five shillings more a week than I am getting from the dole, but after giving it thorough reflection I preferred to remain independent.'

III

Years ago the statesman was able to bring freedom — in a political sense, at least — to the individual, and it would be an irony indeed if, having achieved that, the state in turn should enslave the individual by a too close and controlling care. How to avoid this appears to me one of the great problems of modern life. A workman in a large factory which had grown from a personal business expressed a preference for the latter. When asked why, he replied: 'The boss used to excite us.' He was expressing the necessity of emotional interest, the demands of individual personality. The direct control and care by the state must, I suggest, become more rather than less mechanical, more seductive than helpful, and at a cost disproportionate to the results.

The world has moved ahead so fast as regards material civilization that man has almost, for the moment, got behind in his power of adaptation. This is certainly true of disease. Whereas we have got rid, to a large extent, of the diseases that come to us from without, in the shape of microbic infections and the like, we are now replacing them by illnesses which are — in part, at any rate — the result of man's constant struggle to adapt himself to the rapid advance of material civilization. In medicine we are familiar with the mind which deteriorates by retaining too much direction within its conscious and even conscientious self. It means increasing anxiety for itself and fretful misguidance of others.

The sovereign state is faced with problems economic and social so numerous and perplexing as to overtax

its capacity. In the realm of thought, new aspirations and discoveries crowd upon the statesman's attention so fast that there is no time for them to crystallize into clarity of purpose, and so they produce conflict. Medicine is always teaching that diagnosis must precede treatment, but democracy is impatient for treatment. In his attempt to prescribe treatment for the problems of the day, the statesman is confronted with a task almost beyond him. It is characteristic of our contemporary difficulties that, more than ever before, they require specialized knowledge, and those who possess such knowledge show a tendency to hold aloof from political life. The result is that governments by their very burdens are forced into mechanical methods. Parliaments become intensive rather than deliberative, for institutions, like individuals, can suffer from high blood pressure. And peoples lose confidence in government.

Once more, personality needs valuation and free play. Would this not be obtained by smaller groupings in which the skilled helper, inspired by human interest, would play a part? Let me turn again to physiology for an illustration. It seems as though some rearrangement of function were needed — a rearrangement which would harmonize quite well with the layout of the human nervous system. In the nervous organization are the supreme centres of the brain, but with certain powers delegated, and with certain parts of the nervous system semi-autonomous. Would not the state, like the higher centres of the brain, sometimes fulfill its function better by direction rather than administration, and by encouraging variations within its general control? While retaining the reins of policy and securing adequate responsibility, could not statesmen delegate many of the great problems that come before them to other bodies, small in number of members and containing experts endowed with the necessary skilled knowledge — bodies sufficiently independent to be uninfluenced by political exigencies and to be able to take the long view as regards public policy?

Such experiments have been tried. They are in force with regard to certain public utilities, and to broadcasting. As for agencies of social welfare, these bodies, in addition to expert knowledge and disinterestedness, would require humanity. Admittedly this is a more difficult quality to secure, if it is to be the pure juice of the grape of human understanding, and not mere sentimentality. One of the dangers of democracies is that they so often mistake sentimentality for sensibility.

Fortunately the polities of the English-speaking nations seem to produce citizens who understand human needs and have an aptitude for ministering to them. That has been the secret of much successful voluntary work — the recognition of personality and a genius for spontaneous rather than prearranged organization. What we need is unity of purpose with scope for diversity of expression. What we seek is men, not a massive organization, however admirable in design — men with the impulse to think and to strive, and to solve the problems of life and health conformably to knowledge and each to his own way of searching. For citizenship should be a recognition of mutual dependence and the value of service. The state claims from each citizen a positive allegiance, not a negative acceptance.

MOUNT BERMUDA

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

I

It was half-past four in the afternoon of the Second Day of Creation, and in a drowned world I was wet and cold and hungry and idle and bored. Then things began to happen inside my mind, and at 4.45 I was still wet, but neither cold nor hungry nor idle, and hence not bored.

At the very tip of the long, southward-pointing finger of Nonsuch is a small cliff jutting out to sea between two little gorges, and on the uttermost point I was perched in a deluge of rain, hugging my knees and wishing for the sun. Only the day before I had been desirous of knowing something of the beginning of Nonsuch and of Bermuda, and now, suddenly, I realized that my wish had been answered, and instead of squatting, disgruntled and bored, I focused all my imagination on making the most of this cosmic opportunity. There must have been a moon in existence somewhere in the firmament beyond all this dampness, for the tide was high, although the horizontal water was quite hidden by the vertical downpour.

The isolation of my perch was such that not a particle of land — dry or otherwise — was visible. I should not have been surprised if a school of active fish had dashed past, and twice I glanced obliquely upward, half expecting to see the keel of a boat, as when I am submerged in the diving helmet. I could breathe only by keeping my head well down. Every portion of my body was wet, so, having nothing for comparison, I was not conscious of moisture. At first I had been aware of dripping and splashing and the slap of waves, but these, by interminable repetition, had become part of underwater silence. I might have been the last of the evil pre-Noahites, about to slip into oblivion. And then even this conceit left me, and I attained a damp Nirvana; hunger, cold, wetness, boredom, were forgotten, and I was an utterly inadequate but appreciative mind looking on at the birth of Bermuda.

Students of the planets and of our jolly, round, whirling earth have given us an estimate of cosmic evolution considerably longer than that of the Bible. I have known days, indeed, which seemed like an eternity, and Einstein tells us that space annihilates both ether and time. Still the human mind likes to mumble definite figures, even though they are far beyond actual appreciation. So I recall with moist satisfaction that the birth of the seven seas must have been somewhere around a billion years ago. This seemed ancient even to me on my oceanic pedestal, and my mind flew ahead to the time, twenty or thirty millions of years ago, when the volcanoes of the western Atlantic began to push and boil upward. Unlike the usual cluster of such outbursts, that of Bermuda was solitary in mid-ocean. In the West Indies and Antilles, seven or eight hundred miles to the south, there were scores of neighborly outlets which nosed their way up from the bottom into light and air, and far across

the Atlantic, twenty-five hundred miles east, the volcanic constellation of the Azores broke surface.

Here in complete isolation, at the bidding of some deep-hidden geological whim, the lava began to ooze forth, and, after an inconceivable chemical battle with the icy waters two miles down, piled up the scarlet, molten rock from the very vitals of Mother Earth, pitting its three thousand degrees of sheer heat against the all but freezing water, backed by two tons pressure to the inch. As far as we know to-day (and this knowledge barely creeps across the line from the illimitable Land of Minus), this mountain reached the surface with one peak, to a southernmost particle of which I was now clinging. But on the slopes of this great submarine massif two mighty side cones stretched themselves up — so high that they almost made of Bermuda a trio of island centres. To-day they are known as the Challenger and Argus Banks, flat-topped peaks, fifteen and thirty miles offshore and only a few fathoms beneath the surface. I have dredged the former from the *Arcturus* and gleaned a great mass of seaweed and reef animals, and I have fished it from the *Gladisfen* and found it aboil with sharks. This is Bermuda Mountain as we know it to-day.

But, to go back, here was I blinded and surrounded by water, and all I knew of the world was that I rested on a hard bit of crag — so Bermuda must be above water. The Third Day of Genesis was yet to dawn, for early therein is a mention of dry land, and that was, to my senses, yet to come. Shifting my cramped limbs, I slipped and slid down the rivulets and waterfalls until by the mere cessation of liquid sound I knew I had reached the level of most of our globe. The downpour had long ago flattened whatever motion the ocean might have had of its own. I dipped still farther — the rain ceased to pelt my knees and shoulders and I knew I was neck-deep under sea. I reached out and swashed the water back and forth, and something stuck between my fingers. I plucked at it and palmed it, and climbed back upon the only material in the world which was not water. Bracing my toes into convenient crevices, I shook the water from my eyes and gazed mistily at what I had salvaged from the waves.

Vague messages traveled from eyes to mind — strangely from a forgotten world, a world which held such qualities as sunlight and dryness, an unwatery world. I held a grape in my hand, — that idea persisted for a long time, — and I looked steadily at it between drops, trying to picture the necessary dryness which was required to make of a grape a reality. I had almost succeeded when a spark of accessory memory made it plain that this could not be a grape. It might have been several other things, but its actualness burst upon me and for a few moments I experienced the joy which has come only twice before in my life, when I have been playing a silly game with myself and my mind (as at present hugging the idea of the Second Day of Creation), and suddenly have had Earth or Sky or Cosmos take a hand, lean down, and play with me. I felt like Ord when he glimpsed the hand of the Player enormous in the sky, over the heads of the gods. Only in my case it was nothing but a little green sphere, which, if very hard, might have been an emerald; if sheltering a cluster of small seeds, would most assuredly have been a grape.

My second memory was correct and I knew that my fingers had closed upon a Halicystis floating in this waste of waters. And the knowledge that it was this made me shout aloud into the world of drops that the Third Day of

Creation had dawned, and I was here to see! But if I am to be a consistent surveyor of the evolution of Nonsuch I must keep my Halicystis shut away for a while in my closed fist and pretend I have not yet seen it.

II

Bermuda has two nicknames which to us on Nonsuch are gross misnomers. One is 'The Isles of Rest.' This slogan comes stamped across our envelopes and for the average tourist it is doubtless very true. To us, whose work day is measured only by our physical being's absolute limit of energy, it is only comic. The second is 'Coral Islands,' when as a matter of fact there is not a particle of coral in the inorganic make-up of Bermuda. Living coral, in small and large heads, is indeed abundant on the submerged reefs, although even here it is only a veneer of encrusted life.

Bermuda is undoubtedly the apex of a mighty volcanic mountain. A recent deep boring, made in the hope of finding fresh water, failed completely in its purpose, but provided absolute proof of ancient volcanic activity. The first three hundred and sixty feet showed limestone such as we find to-day everywhere in Bermuda. For the next two hundred feet yellowish clay-like rocks represented decomposed volcanic tufa. From here down to the extreme limit of boring, fourteen hundred feet, there was nothing but black volcanic rock, and this undoubtedly extended down to the very ocean floor. The only lava I have seen is a bit from the gizzard of a sandpiper, freshly arrived from Greenland. Everywhere, on all the islands, are crags and cliffs and outcroppings of stratified rock, soft where newly exposed and hardened to the consistency of steel where lashed by breakers. The multitudes of superimposed leaves of stone do not mark past lava flows or deposits on an ancient sea bottom, but sheets of wind-blown sand swirled over prehistoric dunes.

As long as my watery world reigned supreme I could well make my date millions upon millions of years B. C., but when the low afternoon light began to sift through the rain, and I could dimly see the fissures and crags of the hardened, wind-blown rocks of Nonsuch, then eons of time passed quickly and I again came down the scale to, geologically speaking, almost contemporary times — say in early Pleistocene, about two millions of years back.

Here we have a geological conundrum. At this time — twenty thousand centuries ago — let us suppose we have a potential Bermuda submerged a little distance beneath the surface of the ocean. How can we make this into isles of rest without raising the crest of the submerged volcano or adding coral or other material to its summit? The only logical remaining possibility appears to be absurd — the lowering of the ocean itself; and yet this is exactly what happened. If a pail of water is allowed partly to freeze overnight and the ice is then removed, the level of the remaining water will be considerably lowered. So, many years ago in the Pleistocene, great windstorms carried away vast quantities of water, drawn up into clouds from the oceans, and deposited them as snow over all the northern lands of the world. The snow then turned into ice and pushed southward, and the first glacial epoch began. Little by little, as more water was piled up on land, the level of the Atlantic Ocean sank, and Bermuda Mountain came nearer and nearer to the surface. Finally, when over a half-mile thickness of ice had formed, the level of the sea was lowered more than two hundred and fifty feet, leaving Bermuda high and dry.

Dry Bermuda at this time was of considerable extent, and the terrific windstorms probably prevented the growth of any vegetation. But snails, uncounted hosts of snails, barnacles, sea urchins, bryozoans, and other shelly creatures found the shores excellent for existence and thrived. Generations died and their homes were smashed by the waves and ground up into sand, and this was blown into high dunes and cemented by the rain. 'And so, Dearly Beloved,' was written the second chapter of Bermuda. When I stand upon the summit of Nonsuch and look eastward toward Coopers, or south to Gurnet or west to Castle, I see everywhere the paper-thin records of past wind-borne sand (more euphoniously, æolian), once fine as powder, now hardened into limestone or very marble. And when I dive four or five fathoms down to the bottom of Nonsuch Bay, or farther out on the edge of the ocean abyss itself, there again are everywhere the fixed records of ancient dunes.

The first time I drove across Bermuda I noticed in the sheer limestone walls, where the road cuts deep into the hills, an occasional stratum of rich red loam, many feet beneath the present surface. It remained for Dr. Sayles, when on a visit to me on Nonsuch, to make plain the meaning of the several layers of earth lying between the numerous records of ancient wind-swept sand. They represent the successive interglacial periods of warmth, when the water would rise, reducing the exposed surface and curtailing the wind-blown dunes whose formation necessitated considerable areas above water. During periods such as these, the conditions would be much like the present, when the cessation of constant movement of shifting sand would permit the establishment and growth of plant life and the slow accumulation of earth and mould. In the course of time there would come another glacial period, with a reëxposing of great extents of surface, and the whirling sands would quickly destroy and bury the plants and the collected soil. And so on, until Dr. Sayles believes he can recognize no fewer than four distinct soils representing as many interglacial times of windless warmth.

III

As the rain slackened and the afternoon sun grew stronger I saw, from my semi-aquatic seat, the gray and black crags about me. Beneath my hand was a thickened slab with six delicate layers, the fourth twice the depth of the others. I fingered this particular layer, crumbled its edge into sand grains, and flung a handful into the air. And then I tried to imagine the mighty wind which last had swirled these over the dunes and into that other air — hot or cold — which blew over this spot at least fifty thousand years before the first glimmerings of historic human life. And I and my work and my opinions seemed, like Kim, to be very small and of very little account and of no real importance whatever.

I began to muse on what was the use of it all, and why bother about anything any longer, and because this, like charity, is only an inverted form of egotism and conceit, my partner in my silly game of long ago sprang another surprise. I noticed that there was a mist of sorts between me and the stratified sand near by. I looked up, and, as far as emotional effect went, a full charge of high explosive might have gone off at my elbow. I experienced a visual shell-shock, for high overhead there was etched the strongest, most materialistic rainbow I have ever seen, one end of which began in mid-air, and the other curved down, down, down,

holding true from red to violet, to the rock beside me. Once before, on a Guiana jungle river, I had been actually at the end of a rainbow, when, at my very side, one colored the bulwarks of an Akawai canoe.

As I stood up I dropped my Halicystis grape, but swiftly salvaged it again as it bobbed about on the water, not because of its great rarity, but by reason of its part in my game. For on the Third Day of Creation, somewhere about seven hundred millions of years ago, when the waters and the sky and the earth had been running satisfactorily for a while, there appeared the first living organisms comparable with my pseudo-grape. For several reasons the round, green Halicystis is the most appropriate of modern living beings to play the part of one of the earliest of organisms. First of all it is a plant, an alga, and plants certainly preceded animals. And, secondly, it is a single cell, and unquestionably the Protophyta are the most accurately named of all groups. Again, many creatures of ancient times amaze us with their astounding size; pterodactyls, dragon flies, brontosaurs, titanotheres, moas — all exceed any corresponding organisms living on the earth to-day. In Halicystis we have a contemporary miracle, no whit less wonderful than would be a living six-foot ant, or a fifty-foot dog, or a hundred-foot man. When we think of a single cell we think automatically of something microscopic, such as the cells in the human body which have an average diameter of a fraction of a millimetre. In Halicystis, however, we have a large green marble, probably the largest cell in the world.

Aside from its interest so germane to my present mood, Halicystis is a very remarkable organism. The Bermudians call the little plants 'sea bottles,' and after storms they are sometimes found in dozens washed ashore along the south beach on Nonsuch. They have great resiliency, and when fresh and alive will bounce five or six feet from a smooth surface. When the sun shines brightly upon a group on the sand just as they have been left by the waves, their beauty is that of polished emeralds — the sunlight passing through their translucent, green substance and deeply staining their thin shadows.

They may be round or pyriform, and no one knows where they begin life, whether hidden beneath some rock near shore or, as is more probable, farther out in the mysterious mid-zone. Unlike related forms, when freed from their slight attachment they float buoyantly. In an aquarium they will live for a week or more, then gradually pale out until they are like ghosts of grapes, and, little by little, settle to the bottom with only a few jade-colored granules in place of the nucleus and all the complex vital mechanisms of this 'simple' plant of the sea. I have measured a Halicystis one and one-half by two inches, and some have been reported to grow as large as a hen's egg.

The ease of collection of this and related sea bottles, and the extraordinary size of this single cell, have led to the detailed study of the effects of electricity and various chemical compounds and elements upon them — experimentation which may conceivably lead to better knowledge of cellular health and disease in the human body.

To-day when I walk the beach, with the storm's aftermath pounding on the sand, the small green globes not only appeal to me with their intrinsic beauty, but they recall the delight that one of them gave when it so fittingly ushered into my imagination the dawn of the Third Day of Creation — a matter of more than half a billion years gone by.

AN INTERRUPTED CONVERSATION

BY ARTHUR FIELD

I

LATE on a summer night in 1915 a hospital train lay in railway yards on which war had imposed one of its times of alert inactivity and a hush intensified by the panting of a locomotive at a standstill. On the steps of the last Red Cross carriage lounged a marine, a tall young German with a good-humored face. He yawned at the stretcher on the ground at his feet, gazed across many lines of metals at the distant station, and envied the sentry pacing the platform under the lights: that soldier had only a rifle to carry.

At a pattering of footsteps along the vestibule he glanced up. A medical orderly, about twenty years old, under medium height, fair, with candid features and a quick manner, was beckoning to him to bring in the stretcher.

'Make a prisoner walk this far anyway,' protested the marine.

'He is badly hurt. Hurry up!'

'Is he heavy, Martin?' groaned the marine, as he pulled the stretcher into the vestibule.

'Heavy enough. He is an Englishman, a captain. You must be careful.'

'Cattle trucks should be good enough for prisoners,' grumbled the marine, thrusting the head end of the stretcher at Martin. For nearly two hours they had been carrying wounded to and from the operating car, but Martin, without demur and seemingly without fatigue, had always borne the greater share of the weight. At first the marine had thought that the little orderly was too stupid to notice the trick, but with misgivings he had begun to suspect that perhaps Martin fancied himself the stronger of the two.

They passed down the corridor between bunks in two tiers, occupied by bandaged forms with discolored eye-pits, whitish lips, and jaws patchy with stubbly hair: all in that carriage were prisoners from the last battle. Of the few who were awake one only paid any attention to the Germans. He was a solidly built man over forty, with a round head, thick black hair, and brown eyes. Loss of blood had made him less rubicund, but he had recently been shaved clean and was manifestly one who had spent most of his life in the open. Expectantly he watched their approach.

'Captain,' said Martin in English, 'this marine has come to help carry you to the doctor.'

'Thank you,' answered the captain, and nodded to the marine, who grinned in spite of his determination to remain impassive toward the enemy.

After they had placed the captain on the stretcher, the marine volunteered, 'Let me take the head end.'

'No!' returned Martin. 'This is an important case, and I understand better how to carry him.'

'Very well, "doctor"!' the marine said mockingly, and wondered why the orderly flushed.

'Lift slowly and be careful,' said Martin curtly.

They carried the wounded man out of the carriage and trudged beside the

train. After they had passed four carriages the marine grunted, 'He is the heaviest yet.'

'He may understand you,' cautioned Martin.

'I hope he does.' The marine, who considered that wounds did not make anyone less an enemy, felt that this Martin, whose acquaintance he had made on the arrival of the train at midnight, was somewhat ladylike in his view that all sufferers were entitled to the same attention; and in his opinion the marine was almost justified, for Martin belonged to that group of men who have much of woman's tenderness without her relapses into primordial ferocity — men who are active in trying to make the world better.

Captain Reynolds looked at the station. 'Antwerp,' he thought. 'Antwerp it must be. And a new view of it. Clément's place will be full of these fellows. When it's over I must look him up and tell him that the last time I was here the German marines found me heavy. I'll bet he finds them heavy. But the little orderly is a prize. Blushed at being called "doctor."'

His bearers lifted him up steps and into a railway carriage equipped as an operating room. After they had placed him on the table, the orderly stood at attention and the marine withdrew to the door.

On entering, Reynolds had seen that the two nursing sisters were nice-looking brunettes under thirty. The surgeon was spare, red-haired, about fifty, with pleasant eyes behind rimless gold spectacles.

'How do you do, sir,' said Reynolds, and thought, 'Pretty good man. Everything shipshape and looks modern. No sour faces at his elbow.'

'Good evening,' answered the surgeon in precise English. 'Captain, I understand.'

'Yes, sir.' Reynolds wore a coarse white shirt, and over his hips and legs had a blanket; of his uniform there remained only his cap, which was in Martin's care.

At a sign from the surgeon Martin rolled up the captain's shirt and unwrapped wide bandages at his waist. After he had examined the wounds, the surgeon asked, 'When was the operation?'

'About ten days ago — I think.'

'Shrapnel, eh? How do you feel?'

'All right, sir.'

'No trouble?'

'Not to speak of, though sometimes I wonder if they found it all.'

'Why do you think that?'

'At times I feel there's a bit about here,' — Reynolds pointed to the left of his navel, — 'but it may be only my fancy.'

'You feel it now?'

'No, doctor.'

'Often?'

'Only when I think about it, and not always then.'

'To-morrow night you will be in hospital. Tell them. They will take an X-ray.'

While they put on fresh bandages, Reynolds stared at the ceiling. His patient's calmness and breeding, the healthy appearance of the wounds and other signs of a successful operation, pleased the surgeon.

'You have only to be careful, Captain, and all should go well. If they have to operate again, you have an abundance of strength.' The surgeon had seldom seen so fine a torso on the operating table; this Englishman, who had followed the laws of health, would in time recover from lacerations which would have crippled for life an ordinary man. 'You have remarkable strength,' he commented in an appreciative tone, and studied the great chest; his hobby was collecting statuary, his passion personal hygiene, and

he used the scalpel only as a last resort.

Martin, who idolized the surgeon, was glad that they both liked this foreign captain.

Reynolds, whose one pride was his body, for some moments was silent under their admiring gaze, but at last glanced feebly toward his legs.

'A piece struck my thigh.'

Martin drew up the blanket and unwound bandages: from hip to ankle the right leg was spotted with shrapnel, but the holes were shallow and the joints untouched; and on the left thigh was a wound larger than a man's hand, as though a hoe had slashed away skin and flesh.

'The second shell,' Reynolds explained, 'burst farther off.' He had taken a liking to his courteous enemy.

'You received your share of metal,' remarked the surgeon.

After they had rebandaged his legs, Reynolds said as nonchalantly as he could, 'I suppose, sir, the left will be all right?'

'I can promise you that you will recover practically full use of it. The army is your profession?'

'I have n't any.' He knew that the German was inquisitive about the old scars a bullet had left on his thigh. 'They once tried to make a lawyer of me.'

The surgeon surmised that his patient was one of those Englishmen of means who in time of peace wander about the world in search of sport and, probably, of information, but in war prefer to serve their country on the battlefield. He persisted gently, 'But once before you have been unlucky, and lucky, with that thigh.'

'A present from a Boer gentleman.'

'I may have guessed as much,' rejoined the surgeon with a touch of self-satisfaction, and went on in a kindly tone, 'You will be all right, Captain, for more adventures, if for a while you are quiet. Remember. You must rest.'

'Thank you, sir. I had been worrying about that leg.' Reynolds made an attempt at a bow which included the sisters. Throughout they had worked in silence, but from their glances he had inferred that they understood part of the conversation. At his bow they smiled faintly; and the surgeon, as though unwilling to end the interview abruptly, raised a warning finger: —

'In time you will be well, but for a while you must be quiet.'

'I'm rather of the opinion,' came with a smile, 'that your gunners made sure of that.'

'You must do as I say,' enjoined the surgeon gravely, 'and remain quiet.'

'I will, sir. Thank you. Good night.'

While they carried him back along the metals, Reynolds felt almost elated. After he had recovered somewhat from shock, he had begun to fear that the abdomen and one thigh had been permanently weakened; but now he looked forward to complete recovery. 'As for keeping quiet,' he mused, 'I could sleep for another week or two. Doctors always say things like that.'

They laid him on his bunk and carried out another patient. On the way Martin volunteered, 'He is a nice man, that captain.'

'A nice Englishman!' drawled the marine.

'What a physique he has! Wounded in South Africa also, and yet not a professional soldier!'

'A nice Englishman?' repeated the marine, who had heard enough praise of an enemy and, to lighten the distasteful and unexpected task of carrying stretchers, diverted himself with teasing his chance comrade.

'He is polite to everyone,' retorted Martin, 'even to you.'

'He's a prisoner,' goaded the marine, 'and knows what's good for him.'

Martin disregarded the sneer. Some-

thing of a gymnast, a patriot who preferred healing to killing, he admired the composure of one with severe wounds, of an athlete who became a soldier in time of war only. 'Though he understands how to be strong,' he thought uneasily, 'he may not know the danger.' A dread had seized him lest a clot in the blood stream might suddenly kill the Englishman. 'I will give him special care, and he will be strong again, that fine man.' As he plodded on, in the glow of feeling himself a disinterested benefactor he forgot his aching arms. Perhaps the captain, a superior man, would ask him his name and after the war write and thank him.

Each time that night he passed along the corridor he paused to make sure that the captain was only sleeping.

II

The following afternoon Martin found the captain wide awake and much refreshed. As his other patients needed no attention, he might talk for a very short while with this Englishman who was willing to be friendly, appreciated any little service, and would be grateful to the Medical Corps for having saved his life. How boldly this captain must have lived, and how coolly he accepted whatever happened! Though seriously injured, from his air he might have had merely a broken leg.

'Is there anything you wish, Captain?' he asked, hovering by the bunk.

'Nothing at all, my lad.' Reynolds observed that this young man with the engaging manner was interested in him; conversation would help to pass the time. 'Don't run away.'

'There is something you need?'

'Why, yes! If you're not busy.'

'No, sir!'

'Then stay and talk to me. Your English, you know, is very good.'

'I have been in London.'

'You were long there?'

'Two years.' As he spoke, Martin recalled the warning against spies, but at once dismissed the idea as ridiculous: his personal affairs were of no importance to governments and might entertain his patient. 'My father was willing,' he went on, 'that I go later to America, and to improve my English he sent me to work for a friend of his in London, a chemist.'

'And when you were on a visit home war broke out.'

'No, no!' Martin decided that it was better he should do most of the talking and let the captain rest. 'My father died, and I came back to be with my mother, who was alone. We went from the hills into München, but work with chemists was scarce and I became a hospital orderly. My mother had always lived in Bayern and would not leave, so I could not go to America. Then, when she saw how much I wished to go, she was willing to leave; but war came, and so —'

'And so!' echoed Reynolds sympathetically.

'But I am glad to be here, glad to give a year to my country. Later we shall go to America. In New York there is a cousin of my father. We should live near him. I know chemistry and English. I should work and make money.'

'And —' suggested Reynolds.

'And — and I should go to college.' Astonished at having admitted this ambition to a stranger, he hastily changed to: 'Naturally we like to live here, in a civilized land, but in America there is more opportunity for me.'

'Then you consider America uncivilized.'

'Their machines are good, but for other things I think it must be a sort of Russia, except that in America many are rich and few of the upper classes have culture. What culture they have,

they have copied from Europe: their best doctors come to us to learn.'

'That's interesting. What countries would you call civilized?'

'England, of course, has had great minds,' admitted Martin, 'but her time is past. We can improve her. The Latin nations are decaying.'

'That's a bad outlook.'

'We shall make things so much better! After the war one of the Kaiser's sons will be King of France and another King of England. That is settled.'

'I see.' Reynolds gazed at the intelligent face and with a grave air asked, 'What about the Russians?'

'From Russia we shall take some provinces, and Poland. From there we can civilize the rest of their land.'

'And America will like all that.'

'They will be glad to become our allies,' said Martin earnestly.

'That would be very convenient for you when you go to America, and to college.'

'Yes, to college,' affirmed Martin, with the quiet obstinacy of one who has been often laughed at.

'You will be a good surgeon.'

'You — you have guessed!'

'That was easy. You will be like the surgeon on this train.'

'I cannot hope for so much. But how did you know?' He was astounded and delighted. In the hospital at München and in the Medical Corps he had with increasing zeal regarded his surgeon as the exemplar of noble living.

'You watch closely what he does, and you look after us so well.'

In an effort to conceal his joy Martin fumbled at a pocket and drew out his watch.

'I must leave you, sir. Soon we put off the Frenchmen. You will leave the train later. You will go to a very good hospital where they can do more for you than we can here.' Reluctantly he went away.

Reynolds turned to the window: the train was crossing a bridge over the Rhine, and soon was entering a city which he guessed to be Düsseldorf. He looked at the quiet streets, at the people in Sunday clothes. Everything seemed much as it had been three years ago when he had passed through on his way to fish in Southern Germany. Except for the fascinated stare of the citizens as the train crept into the station, he might have convinced himself that the war was a dream and that his injuries had been caused by an accident. While the grim and painted caravan glided past, couples and family parties, respectably dressed, stood in silence. Reynolds, a bachelor with distant relatives whom he regarded with tolerance but avoided as much as possible, felt a touch akin to pity for those burghers, stout or scrawny, who were awed by a glimpse of the humane side of war. 'Just as well they don't know what's coming,' he thought.

His had been years of physical adventure, and, though the timid would have called him reckless, he was shrewd through experience and daring at need. In his travels he had acquired for most of mankind, except for the young, an indolent contempt, a contempt hidden under affability, under an ease of manner which made subordinates eager to serve him. Having foreseen that war was possible, he had retained his commission in the Territorials as a duty expected of a man of his class; and when Great Britain had declared war, with a shrug of his shoulders he had canceled a hunting trip abroad and had volunteered for active service. In its first engagement his regiment, thrown hurriedly into a battle, had been almost annihilated. After he had been struck down, the German battalions had flowed past him. He had waited for his side to advance again, but to his disgust had been picked up by the enemy.

Then he had cheered himself with the thought that he was yet alive. For the present his business was to recover his health; later he would escape, for he knew the country fairly well.

III

The train was far out from Düsseldorf when Martin reappeared.

'How's the fishing this year?' asked Reynolds idly, remembering his last visit to Germany.

'The fishing! You like fishing?'

'Of course! How is it this year?'

'I do not know. I have had little time.'

'Had any luck at all?'

'Only twice I have been,' whispered Martin excitedly. 'The one time nothing, and the second time little ones. It is better in Bayern. But to think that you fish!'

'All sensible fellows do,' answered Reynolds, amused, but attracted by the unexpected enthusiasm. 'I had some good catches in England, but not much in France.'

'It is so funny you also are a fisherman. But I might have known. Yet, it is funny. You see, the other Englishman was one also.'

'The other Englishman?'

'Yes! It is funny — you both are fishermen. I met him also by chance. That was long ago, but I have always remembered.'

'Will you tell me about him?' prompted Reynolds.

'He was very different,' began Martin, with the ardor of one who would be completely understood, 'but he was very nice. He was the first Englishman I had met. That was long ago — while I was at school. We lived then in the country in Bayern.'

'I have heard it is good fishing there.'

'You also should have come. I know all the water about my home. But the other Englishman — it was so. One morning I was fishing, and a gentleman on a motor cycle came along the road on the other side of the stream. Some distance from me he stopped and fished. I was vexed that a stranger should have chosen one of the best pools, which I had not yet reached. I had caught several that morning, and was in no hurry; but that a stranger — I knew that from his clothes — should take my fishing vexed me. So I watched him. He was short, very thick. When I saw he could put the flies wherever he wished, I was not quite so vexed. Soon he had one, a large one. He danced about, and I went near to tell him where the weeds were, but I saw he understood. Twice he had the trout close, but let him run off again. After the second time I shouted, "Use the net! Use — "'

'You will disturb the others.'

'I forgot.' Martin glanced up and down the corridor and went on in a low voice, '"Use the net!" I called. Without looking at me he said damns, and I guessed he was an Englishman. But I wanted him to have that trout, and I threw my net across. He picked it up, and soon he had the trout. I thought he was angry, he looked at me so. He had a crooked moustache and yellow teeth. He looked at me and twisted his mouth till his moustache was more crooked and I saw all his teeth. How could I know he was pleased? He thanked me and said that he had left his net on the motor cycle. He liked to talk, and that whole day we were together. I knew where the fish were, and we rode on his cycle. He was crazy, but very kind.'

'Crazy, was he? Ah, yes! An Englishman.'

'I do not think that, Captain,' protested Martin. 'Some English are not. But,' he went on hurriedly, 'he talked

only about fish and about himself. He had many illnesses, he told me, and the doctors for years had said he must die soon. Yet he was very kind. I think he was a hypochondrist. But, sir, is that the English word?'

'Hypochondriac,' suggested the captain.

'Hypochondriac. I must remember.' He repeated the word twice. 'Yes, he was a hypochondriac and he himself said he was crazy — fish-crazy. He had boxes of flies and things of metal and rubber I had not seen before. They must have cost much money. At lunch — he had food for six men, but we were hungry — he looked at my rod and flies and swore. "Why don't you make your own flies?" he asked. "You have the hands." The afternoon was warm; we sat under a tree, and he showed me how to make them. I tied and tied, and for some time he said only, "Rotten"; but with the last he was pleased and still pretended to find fault. "Now that I have taught you," he said, "you must never use a bad fly." He gave me three old ones to copy and said he must go. When he had stopped that morning he was on his way to fish in a place he had heard of. That was his habit, to go to some new place he had heard of. I told him that many kilometres away there was a stream that few knew of, but I would take him to that secret place. He said he liked that. We went, and there he lent me one of his rods. I had never held such a rod. The line went out straight and fell so.' He dropped hand and arm lightly along the edge of the bunk. 'I am tiring you, Captain.' He stepped back. 'I must go away and let you sleep.'

'Nonsense! I've been asleep all day. What was the stream like?'

'Very good.' As he came back to the side of the bunk he studied his patient's features and was satisfied. He would talk a while longer and go at the first hint of weariness. If he left now, the captain might be annoyed, might again fret about the possibility of a piece of shrapnel being yet in his abdomen, and might even imagine he had detected pessimism in the orderly's precautions. To worry was bad. Often he had noted how his surgeon had talked an anxious patient into calmness of mind. 'Very good,' he repeated quietly; 'one you would like. Little waterfalls and pools. We went up a long way, and he said it was the best fishing he had had for the year. We were there till the moon was shining. Then I remembered that my father would be vexed at my being late. The crazy — the Englishman saw that I was nervous, but he laughed when he knew why. "We shall go home together," he said, "and have fish for supper." He rode his motor cycle so fast that I thought we should be arrested, but we reached home. Before my father could speak, the Englishman said, "I kept your son out late, but see the fish." Now my father seldom fished, and, though for the Socialists, he suspected the English; but this Englishman went on talking until he had persuaded my mother to let him go into the kitchen and clean the fish for supper. For a time my father was vexed with me; but, as I said, he was very much for the Socialists, and after supper he began to like this rich gentleman who answered, "Yes, yes!" and agreed with his opinions. But I think he cared only for fish and did not always understand my father's Socialist speech. Perhaps also he thought of me, of my being late. He went suddenly. He was leaving early next day for the place he had heard of.'

'Did you meet him again?' asked Reynolds, and from the lad's rueful face knew the answer.

'No. And I wished to so much! I told you he was kind. In the morning my mother found, under the bench

outside, the rod he had lent to me. Tied to the winder was a paper with the words, "For my good friend Martin Wullenweber." That is myself. But he had not told us his name, and we could not ask him. You see, I could never thank him. He liked me because he was crazy about fish.'

'Possibly,' said Reynolds with twinkling eyes. 'And he made you also fish-crazy.'

'Perhaps. But my work is with the people, to make them well again. The fish were his people. He had many laws for them and he obeyed the laws. About young fish and mother-fish and times he forbade much. He forbade more than the Government. You may smile, Captain, but you and I know that, as he said, the fish do not read the almanac. He told me so much, and I should have wished to thank him for what he told me and for the rod. He may have come back when I was in München.'

'So you tie your own flies.'

'I try to.' Martin hesitated, then blurted out, 'May I show them?'

'You have them here? Rather!'

'I bring them.'

Martin darted along the corridor and soon returned with an old-fashioned fly book.

'Raise me a little, please,' demanded Reynolds.

'It is better that I hold the book for you,' advised Martin, without realizing that he was imitating his surgeon's manner and tones.

IV

While the train ran its smooth course and the afternoon sun threw splashes of light on the bunks, Martin displayed a succession of neat rows of flies, of which Reynolds recognized all the varieties except one.

'These I did not make,' admitted Martin, and pointed to a single row. 'A friend gave them.'

'But you tied the others. Then you are a fisherman,' said Reynolds in a tone of admiration.

Martin flushed.

'What are those in the top row?' inquired Reynolds. 'I never saw that kind before.'

'I made them from one he gave me. He himself had invented it.'

'It looks good. What luck have you had with it?'

'It is good,' replied Martin emphatically.

'What did he call it?'

'He said it had no name, but I —' He paused and became very red.

Reynolds looked at him with a smile.

'But you call it "The Crazy Englishman."'

'I — I did not know his name. I — I was young then.'

'The best name you could have given it,' observed Reynolds with a serious air, 'and a fine lot.'

Martin, still pink in the face, pulled out and offered a 'Crazy Englishman' with, 'Will you please take this? I have others. Some day — perhaps —' With boyish eagerness he gazed at his patient.

Reynolds looked at him curiously, opened his lips, turned pale, and gasped. Martin let the book fall and caught the captain's head as it fell to one side. Desperately he held the head straight. The captain gasped a few times and became livid. Then Martin felt the body stiffen under his arms.

Some minutes later the doctor gazed critically at an erect and haggard orderly on whose white tunic hung a gay trout fly.

'What is the matter, Wullenweber?' he asked reprovingly.

'Sir,' reported Martin in a dull tone, 'the English captain is dead.'

SAUVETERRE

We have come to the end of the world, or the world's beginning,
Above the fields of lavender and thyme,
Above the stunted vines, the crouching, withered olives,
To ancient chaos, where the bare hills climb
In crags that cut the sky, and echo to the wheeling buzzards' cry.

And the feet that have come to the end of creation falter,
And the voice dies upon the wind that blows
From the abyss beneath the last sheer stony buttress,
The western bluff that hides — what no one knows
Of emptiness; for who will dare
Look over the edge of life, and find nothing there?

We have come to the end of the world, and have dared the venture —
The fields of Paradise are spread below.
Chaos is put behind and to the far horizon
The level, sun-steeped fields and vineyards go,
With neat array of willow trees,
Like small, round, emerald hives to house celestial bees.

Freda C. Bond

EPISCOPALIANS AND THEIR NEIGHBORS

BY HOWARD CHANDLER ROBBINS

I

On November 16, 1930, thirteen ministers of the Protestant Episcopal Church, eleven of whom were rectors of parishes in New York City, issued and distributed among their congregations a statement that read in part as follows:

> We, whose names are signed below, deeply desirous of safeguarding the fellowship between our church and all vital elements of American Christianity, and conscious of our ordination promise to 'maintain and set forward quietness, peace, and love among all Christian people,' are moved to express a conviction which we fear might otherwise stand obscured.
>
> We share the reverence which is rightly held in our communion for our unquestionable Catholic heritage, and this we interpret as an unbroken fellowship in history and spirit with all the age-long faith and worship of the church since its beginning. But at the same time we so highly honor the connection of this church both in history and in fundamental sympathy with that spiritual rebirth which is known as Protestantism that we are not willing to see this church separated in word or work from its Protestant affiliations. We believe it is now, as it has always been, the glory of this communion to call itself not 'Catholic,' as distinguished from 'Protestant,' but 'both Catholic and Protestant.'

The reference of the thirteen presbyters to their ordination vows came as a surprise, for it is commonly supposed that in Episcopal churches the guardianship of doctrine is the prerogative of the highest order of the ministry and belongs to bishops exclusively. This, however, is not the case. At the time of the Reformation the Church of England showed its 'fundamental sympathy with that spiritual rebirth which is known as Protestantism' by entrusting to the priest or presbyter (the terms are used interchangeably) the same guardianship of doctrine as had hitherto devolved upon the bishop, requiring from him at his ordination the same identical vow. 'Will you be ready, with all faithful diligence, to banish and drive away from the Church all erroneous and strange doctrines contrary to God's Word?' This vow is retained in the ordering of priests in the Protestant Episcopal Church and in every other branch of the Anglican communion. It does not appear in the forms for the ordination of priests in the Orthodox Eastern churches, nor in the Roman Pontifical. The only promise that is required of the priests according to the formularies of the Roman Church is that of obedience to the bishops; an absolute and summary right is vested in the bishop to 'restrain and censure them' at his discretion.

In *The Continuity of Christian Thought*, Dr. A. G. V. Allen observed that by this simple change the clergy of the Anglican communion ceased to be mere creatures of the bishop in their respective parishes, as had been, and still is, their position in the Latin Church; they became the spiritual representatives of the congregation, charged with the responsibility of inquiring for themselves into the nature

of the Christian revelation, and of presenting to the people that only which they believed had sure warrant of Holy Scripture. 'Thus the Church of England had secured, without discarding the episcopate, that which the reformed churches of the continent had only been able to secure by the abolition of the ancient order.'

From this brief historical survey it appears that the thirteen presbyters were not acting *ultra vires* in issuing their statement. Far from being 'rebels' against lawful authority, they were Christian ministers, conscious of the dignity and responsibility of their office, exercising a latent right, and by the very exercise of this latent right vindicating their assertion that the church of which they are ministers is Protestant as well as Catholic. Such a right is characteristic of Protestantism and rests ultimately upon the New Testament doctrine of the priesthood of all believers, of which universal priesthood the Christian ministry is representative. This doctrine is implicit not only in its ordination services but also in the constitution of the Protestant Episcopal Church. In this church the powers of bishops are strictly limited and defined by a written constitution. Neither a single bishop nor the House of Bishops, nor, for that matter, the entire episcopate of the Anglican communion, has the power to legislate apart from the other orders of the Clergy and the Laity in Convention assembled, or to change by one syllable the Book of Common Prayer, or to use as criteria of doctrine that which cannot be proved by the Bible — another instance of the Protestantism of the church. 'Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation; so that whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man, that it should be believed as an article of the Faith,' Article VI of the Articles of Religion.

As to the reason for issuing the statement in question, this is sufficiently indicated in the statement itself. The signers were 'unwilling to see this church separated in word or work from its Protestant affiliations.'

How was this church in danger of being so separated? By the promulgation in the name of their church, and as though it were its official teaching, of a theory of the ministry which, although held as a private opinion by many members of the Anglican communion, is no part of its official teaching. This theory is that, mediately or immediately, Jesus himself instituted the episcopal form of church government; that it exists by divine authority because of his appointment; that the bishops are the successors of his Apostles, and that only such ministers as have been ordained by bishops can exercise a ministerial priesthood—that is to say, a ministry not only of the Word but also of the sacraments of Christ.

Exaltation of the episcopal office is, no doubt, very ancient. It has behind it an age-long and tremendous weight of tradition, and for centuries it dominated the thought of Western Christendom. Support for it can be found in the writings of Church Fathers as early as the second century, in the epistles of Ignatius, in the writings of Irenæus, in Tertullian's *Prescription of Heretics.* Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage in the third century, taught it with so much emphasis that it may be called the Cyprianic conception of the Christian ministry. His treatise entitled *The Unity of the Church* has been described as the charter of the institution which was to be known in history as the Latin or Roman Catholic Church. The Roman Catholic Church has, however, modified the doctrine by progressive centralization so that now not the bishops as bishops but the Pope as

supreme pontiff is regarded as the centre of Catholic unity, and as such claims to rule the world by right divine. That this claim extends to far frontiers appears in the famous Bull, *Unam Sanctam*, where Boniface VIII in 1302 declared, 'Subesse Romano pontifici omni humanae creaturae declaramus, dicimus, definimus, et pronuntiamus omnino esse de necessitate salutis' (We declare, assert, find, and pronounce that it is entirely necessary for salvation for every human being to be in subjection to the Roman Pontiff).

Dean Inge points out that, on the eve of the Reformation, Alexander VI made over the New World to Isabella of Castile and Ferdinand of Aragon by the Bull, *Inter Ceteras*, in terms which are amusing to Americans. 'Acting on our own initiative, from pure generosity and certain knowledge, and with the plenitude of our apostolic power, we make over all the islands and continental lands which have been discovered or may hereafter be discovered, towards the West and South, by drawing a line from the North Pole to the South Pole . . . this line to be drawn a hundred leagues west and south of the Azores and Cape de Verde Islands . . . by the authority of Almighty God, granted to us in the person of St. Peter, and as vicar of Jesus Christ, which authority we exercise on earth, to be held by you, your heirs and successors forever.' Once grant the doctrine of Cyprian, *De Unitate Catholicae Ecclesiae*, and it will be difficult to find a permanent resting place this side of Boniface VIII and Alexander VI, where our late unpleasantness with Spain appears as a war of rebellion against our lawful king.

II

But Cyprian has not had the final word in this controversy, whereof the world-encircling Anglican communion is witness. A doctrine older than that of Cyprian, more primitive, more venerable, more scriptural, and far more Christian, is to be found in the writings of Clement of Alexandria, great doctor of the universal church and one of the noblest intelligences by which it has been illumined. According to Clement, the unity of the church depends upon fellowship with the living Christ; he does not mention unity with the bishop. 'The church has organic life; it is a community of men who are led by the divine Logos, an invincible city upon earth which no force can subdue. The church is like a human being, consisting of many members; it is refreshed and grows; it is welded and compacted together; it is fed and sustained by a supernatural life, and becomes in its turn, in the hands of the divine Instructor, a means of leading humanity into life. The bond of the church's unity, the secret of the church's life and growth, is the living, personal Christ, whose immanence in humanity is the only force adequate to its deliverance from sin, and its final perfecting according to the original purpose of its creation.'

With this doctrine of Clement of Alexandria, which is also the doctrine of the Apostle Paul, the official teaching of the Anglican communion and its official definitions of the Catholic Church are entirely in accord. The word Catholic is used in many senses; in its primary sense it means universal, and in this sense, and this sense only, is applied with propriety to the entire Christian fellowship regarded as one in Christ. An exclusive use of it by a particular denomination to unchurch fellow Christians is not only a contradiction in terms but is of the essence of sectarianism, the part calling itself the whole. This is recognized in the Anglican Bidding Prayer, which be-

gins, 'Let us pray for Christ's Holy Catholick Church; that is, for the whole congregation of Christian people dispersed throughout the world.' It is recognized in Article XIX of the Articles of Religion, where the visible Church of Christ is defined as 'a congregation of faithful men, in the which the pure Word of God is preached, and the Sacraments be duly administered according to Christ's ordinance, in all those things that of necessity are requisite to the same.' It was recognized by the episcopate of the Anglican communion in the Lambeth Conference of 1920, where 'all those who believe in our Lord Jesus Christ, and have been baptized in the name of the Holy Trinity,' were acknowledged 'as sharing with us membership in the universal Church of Christ which is His Body.' It is recognized in the Communion Office in the identification of the church with 'the blessed company of all faithful people.'

How uncatholic, in contrast with such definitions as these, appears any attempt to disown fellow Christians and unchurch them because they do not adhere to a particular form of ecclesiastical organization! Dean Swift's biting words are applicable to all such offenders against charity:—

> We are God's chosen few,
> All others will be damned;
> There is no place in heaven for you,
> We don't want heaven crammed.

The satire was directed against Calvinists, but it applies with equal force to all who oppose the tide flowing toward Christian unity, whether the offender is a Roman pontiff sending forth an ungracious encyclical, or a boisterous Senator stirring up religious prejudices, or a strident Klaxon of the Ku Klux Klan. Catholicism is positive and inclusive, not negative and exclusive. It is the recognition of the rights of the community. It possesses the authority of collective experience. It is what all Christians everywhere and at all times have believed concerning Jesus and the Father who sent Him. Even in a narrower use, with reference to the past, it is still a generous and inclusive term, indicating 'an unbroken fellowship in history and spirit with all the age-long faith and worship of the church since its beginning.'

On the other hand, Protestantism, generously defined, is also positive and inclusive. Protestantism, for want of a better word, may be regarded as indicating the rights of the individual, the authority of conscience, the priesthood of all believers, the right and the corresponding duty of private judgment, and the immediacy of the Christian's relationship to God. The nations which accepted 'that spiritual rebirth which is Protestantism' moved forward to higher levels of Christian civilization than had been reached in the past, and began to realize as not before their heritage of freedom.

It appears to the writer of this article that all hope of the ultimate union of Christians in one body rests upon an equipoise of these two equally definite, equally fundamental, and always complementary elements, *Freiheit und Treue*, the freedom associated with Protestantism, and the loyalty characteristic of Catholicism. What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder. The tide is flowing toward Christian unity; no outworn theory can impede it more than momentarily; no Canute in Rome or elsewhere can stay it by dogmatic declaration. But only those who perceive and value the unity in diversity existing among Christians of different denominations, and who regard their divisions as schisms within the one body rather than as separations from it, can move with the flowing tide toward the goal of

unity, set far beyond our sight, but not beyond our hope.

III

Let it be said once more, then, and with all emphasis: the Latin or Cyprianic doctrine that only such ministers as have been ordained by bishops can exercise a valid ministry of the Word and sacraments, and that the Catholic or universal church is limited to those ancient communions which have retained the episcopate, is not the official teaching of the Anglican communion, any more than is fundamentalism, or belief in the verbal inerrancy of the Bible. Both beliefs (or either), while tolerated as private opinions (Anglicanism is tolerant of wide diversity in private opinions), are and will remain private and unofficial opinions and no part of the teaching of the church. The Anglican communion does indeed adhere steadfastly to the 'Historic Episcopate' as a fact, but it does not couple with this factual adherence any theory of the origin of the episcopate. It accepts the Bible as the inspired Word of God, but it does not define the nature of its inspiration. This liberty of opinion has left Anglican scholars free to make tranquil and untrammeled research, and they have played a part second only to the indefatigable Germans in applying the methods of Higher Criticism to the study of the Bible, and second not even to Germans in studying the origins of the Christian ministry.

More than a generation ago, Bishop Lightfoot's famous *Dissertation on the Christian Ministry* struck a vital blow at the Cyprianic theory in its exclusive form. What the Bishop has to say about priesthood in the New Testament is strikingly in accord with Protestant opinion: 'The Kingdom of Christ has no sacerdotal system. It interposes no sacrificial tribe or class between God and man, by whose intervention alone God is reconciled and man forgiven. Each individual member holds personal communion with the Divine Head. To Him immediately he is responsible, and from Him directly he obtains pardon and draws strength.'

More recently the Bishop of Gloucester and Canon Streeter have administered the *coup de grâce*. In the words of the latter, 'In the Primitive Church there was no single system of church order laid down by the Apostles. During the first hundred years of Christianity the church was an organism alive and growing — changing its organization to meet changing needs.' Scholarly research has made it evident that at the end of the first century A.D. there existed, in different provinces of the Roman Empire, different systems of church government. 'Among these the Episcopalian, the Presbyterian, and the Independent, can each discover the prototype of the system to which he himself adheres.' Canon Streeter adds that, if his hypothesis is correct, then, in the classic words of *Alice in Wonderland*, 'Everyone has won, and all shall have prizes.'

Henry Drummond used to say that religious people are generally right in what they affirm and wrong in what they deny. The fundamentalist is right in maintaining the Bible to be the inspired Word of God, and wrong in denying the findings of science which oblige him to recast his definition of the nature of its inspiration. So, too, with the supporter of the doctrine of apostolic succession. To hold strongly to the positive values of the doctrine, to recognize the place of the episcopate in Christian history as a means not only of administrative efficiency and pastoral care but also of maintaining the unity of the church and the continuity of the Christian tradition, is clearly his

right and his duty, and persuasive and powerful appeal can be made for the episcopate, as at Lambeth in 1920, along these defensible and reasonable lines. But to go beyond this and deny the validity of non-episcopal ministries of the Word and sacraments of Christ leads to conclusions the absurdity of which should exhibit the falsity of the premises to any logical mind.

'By their fruits ye shall know them,' said Jesus. Is Christianity less fruitful, less zealous, less full of missionary ardor, less productive of saintly lives in Presbyterian Scotland than in Episcopal England? Would one willingly exchange the overwhelmingly Protestant civilization of North America for the overwhelmingly Catholic civilization of Latin America or for the episcopacy of the troubled Balkans? And who can question or deny the truth of what is said in the Scottish Presbyterian Service of ordination: 'In this act of ordination the Church of Scotland as part of the Holy Catholic or universal church — worshiping one God — Father, Son, and Holy Spirit — affirms anew its belief in the gospel of the sovereign grace and love of God.'

Furthermore, wrong theories are conducive to wrong practices. Belief in the exclusive validity of a single form of church polity has made bad neighbors and led to lack of sympathy between fellow Christians. This was notably the case in New England two hundred years ago when some missionaries of the Church of England wrote proudly home from America that during the year covered in their report they had been 'consistently offensive toward them that are without.'

John Checkley of Boston was preeminent in this respect. He set forth the historical argument for episcopacy, not in the mild and benevolent terms of Richard Hooker, but in terms which infuriated New England Congregationalists — quite naturally, in view of the fact that Congregationalism was essentially a state church, established by law, and that Episcopalians were tolerated as 'sober dissenters.' Checkley declared that 'ordinations in opposition to Episcopacy are not only invalid, but sacrilege and rebellion against Christ,' and threatened non-Episcopalians with the fate of Korah, who 'died without mercy for despising Moses' law.'

This in a community where Congregationalism was established, and its ministers reverenced as perhaps nowhere else in Christendom!

It was scarcely to be borne, but the temptation to tar and feather the offender was resisted; resort was had to the courts, and the attorney-general, with the help of Robert Auchmuty, a distinguished lawyer, drew up an indictment against Checkley's book. The order of council adopted March 19, 1723, gave among other reasons for the indictment that it had observed in said volume 'many vile and scandalous passages reflecting on the ministers of the Gospel established in this Province, and denying their sacred Function and the holy Ordinances of Religion as administered by them.' Checkley had Cyprian behind him, but Boston had the same opinion of them both.

Other times, other manners. The hapless Checkley has few followers to-day; and Episcopalians are no longer deliberately 'offensive toward them that are without.' If any are unconsciously so, let them be forgiven, and let the 'Appeal to All Christian People' from the Lambeth Conference of 1920 stand instead as the present claim of Episcopalians on behalf of the episcopate: —

We believe that the visible unity of the Church will be found to involve the whole-hearted acceptance of —

The Holy Scriptures, as the record of God's revelation of Himself to man, and as being the rule and ultimate standard of faith; and the Creed commonly called the Nicene, as the sufficient statement of the Christian faith, and either it or the Apostles' Creed as the Baptismal confession of belief:

The divinely instituted sacraments of Baptism and the Holy Communion, as expressing for all the corporate life of the whole fellowship in and with Christ:

A ministry acknowledged by every part of the Church as possessing not only the inward call of the Spirit, but also the commission of Christ and the authority of the whole body.

May we not reasonably claim that the Episcopate is the one means of providing such a ministry? *It is not that we call in question for a moment the spiritual reality of those Communions which do not possess the Episcopate. On the contrary we thankfully acknowledge that these ministries have been manifestly blessed and owned by the Holy Spirit as effective means of grace.* [The italics are the writer's.] But we submit that considerations alike of history and of present experience justify the claim which we make on behalf of the Episcopate. Moreover, we would urge that it is now and will prove to be in the future the best instrument for maintaining the unity and continuity of the Church.

IV

The foregoing statement from the Lambeth Conference may be regarded as indicating the present attitude of Episcopalians toward their neighbors. The Protestant Episcopal Church is the daughter of the Church of England, and, while ecclesiastically independent, is 'far from intending to depart from the Church of England in any essential point of doctrine, discipline, or worship' (Preface to the Book of Common Prayer). It is in closest sympathy and fellowship with its sister churches of the Anglican communion throughout the world: the Churches of England, Ireland, and Wales; the Episcopal Church in Scotland; the Church of England in Australia, Canada, India, Tasmania, the West Indies; the Church of the Province of South Africa; Chung Hua Sheng Kung Hui in China, and Nippon Sei Kokwai in Japan. In consequence of these relationships, whenever an essential point involving doctrine, discipline, or worship is at stake, the Protestant Episcopal Church, even where legally free to act independently, feels itself under a moral obligation to act with due consideration for the mind and purpose of its sister churches of the Anglican communion.

Furthermore, the Protestant Episcopal Church has inherited from the Church of England the comprehensiveness indicated in the claim that it is 'both Catholic and Protestant.' During the reign of Queen Elizabeth the church was reorganized on this basis of comprehensiveness, to include as many as possible of the people of England; at the time this meant as many Roman Catholics as could be persuaded to remain in the reformed church, and as many ardent Protestants as could reconcile its retention of ancient faith and order with their consciences and the teachings of the Continental reformers. Some of the Thirty-nine Articles were deliberately made ambiguous for this purpose, though there is nothing ambiguous about the first five Articles which define the Catholic faith, or Article VI, which expresses the Protestant doctrine of the sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures for salvation. But beyond these fundamental requirements no uniformity of doctrine exists within the Anglican communion any more than existed in the Apostolic age, and the rigidities of Rome and of Geneva are avoided. What is found

instead is unity in diversity: as a spectrum, Anglicanism breaks up the white light of religion into a band of colors. Or, to vary the metaphor, the tension between the 'Anglo-Catholic' and the 'Evangelical' is like the tension which exists in marriage, and which, according to Count Keyserling, is the glory and the dignity of ideal marriage, since only through some such tension can personality fully develop, free spirits exercising personal freedom to find a higher synthesis in love.

It is the existence of this natural tension which makes life within the Anglican communion interesting and colorful, and which imparts to it the character of a family, united by human relationships even when engaged in controversy, rather than of a club, where people begin by taking satisfaction in their unanimity and end by being bored to tears. In spite of occasional squabbles about ritual and other nonessentials, in spite even of more serious and radical disagreements, such as this between the followers of Cyprian and the followers of Clement, Anglo-Catholics and Evangelicals for the most part really do love one another within the fellowship which constitutes the Anglican communion, 'the roomiest church in Christendom,' to quote its prophet, Phillips Brooks.

Both parties are occasionally unruly. The Anglo-Catholic, who finds the centre of his devotional life in the Eucharist, is not always satisfied with the service in the Book of Common Prayer, and sometimes attempts to enrich it with quite unauthorized interpolations borrowed from Rome, the great treasure house of sacramental devotions. The Evangelical, who regards preaching as the sacrament of the Word, seeks edification by inviting ministers of non-Episcopal churches to occupy his pulpit, generally with the cordial permission of his bishop, but sometimes without tarrying for that necessary formality. Then whether there is to be peace or strife in the church will depend chiefly upon the character and personality of the bishop. If he is a just man, a true Father in God to his varied and sometimes turbulent family, endowed by Heaven with the saving grace of humor, he will rule with impartiality, either permitting freedom in both directions, as was the custom of the late Bishop Henry Codman Potter of New York, or enforcing the rules of the church strictly upon both, as did the late equally beloved Bishop Arthur C. A. Hall of Vermont. But if he shows partiality, enforcing rules against those with whom he differs in churchmanship and allowing laxity to those with whom he is in sympathy, then there is likelihood of a row. But the church can survive such rows, because, while one can indignantly resign from a club, one cannot resign from one's family, and does not wish to.

The following entry appears in the Journal of the Reverend Ammi Ruhamah Robbins, written as a chaplain in the American Army in the Northern Campaign in 1776: 'Slept well and feel greatly strengthened; was applied to, to baptize a child, whose father is of the Church of England, but a very kind, catholic man.'

May all members of the Anglican communion show themselves as kind as they are catholic, and as catholic as they are kind!

COMPETITION IN EDUCATION

The Facts and a Prophecy

BY WILLIAM WISTAR COMFORT

I

WITHIN the past few years since the war there has been developed a new form of competition which concerns vitally the education of the rising generation now in school. This competition has developed so noiselessly that it has escaped the attention of many parents who are not yet aware of the change affecting the chances of their children to secure a higher education in the college of their choice.

Competition in the business world has long been familiar in America, but now there has come into existence a form of intellectual competition which has long been felt in Europe, but which in this country has until recently been unknown. The fact is undeniable that little by little positions in this country have been filling up; in many cities there are more college graduates than there are enviable positions to be occupied. It is no longer a mark of great distinction to hold a bachelor's degree or indeed certain professional degrees involving a total of seven or eight years devoted to so-called higher education. The difficulty of finding positions to which they think their training entitles them is something of a disillusion to the thousands of young men and women who sally forth each commencement to look for a congenial job.

This situation was bound to arise sooner or later even in a country with such a capacity for absorption as ours. It arises sooner when business is depressed, when economy is practised, and when mergers in the business world are forcing even middle-aged men of large experience out into the cold. Let us see how the hard but irresistible law which dictates 'the survival of the fittest' is working in the field of education.

Only a few years ago, it was the colleges which were competing to secure certain desirable students, those who had outstanding scholastic records, who had attractive personalities, or who held promise of athletic prowess. Such students are of course still sought for, since they form desirable groups for specific purposes dear to the administrators of our colleges. But, except in the case of some football prodigy, there is not much strife among the colleges to secure any prominent schoolboy. Not much money is being offered, except in the form of open scholarships, to secure the attendance and services of the eighteen-year-old youth, male or female. Every reputable college and university knows that there will be no lack of applicants, no lack of grist for the mill, when the new year's work begins. No. The competition is now on the other foot. It is the applicants who are so numerous that the element of competition is playing an important and hitherto unrecognized part.

II

The trouble begins at the top of our educational system and works downward, with increasing, but more insidious, effect. The medical, law, and business schools connected with our best universities are all besieged by many more applicants than they can receive. The expense involved in offering certain types of professional education and the limited facilities available have compelled the establishment of a limit. Some of these professional schools receive from twice to ten times as many applications for the first-year course as can be accepted. Under the requirement of strict limitation, the scholastic record of the undergraduate course is carefully scanned, the character, ethical standards, and serious purpose of the applicant are diligently inquired into, and a personal interview is, if possible, arranged. Such scrutiny weeds out the unfit and also, unquestionably, a considerable number who are moderately fit and who would subsequently be a credit to the profession of their choice. But this is where the competition enters, and it is evident that an applicant should leave no stone unturned either at the last moment or for years previously to establish himself in a preferred class.

The next stage downward in the educational system affects the undergraduate colleges. To a large extent, sometimes to the extent of 50 per cent, these colleges send on their graduates to professional schools; they are the chief feeders of the professional schools; they naturally wish to see their graduates successful in entering the school of their choice; they wish 'to make their calling and election sure.' Where so much depends upon giving an unqualified recommendation for scholarship, character, and future promise, colleges again naturally seek students who measure up to the new and exacting requirements. So they in turn begin to pick their candidates from high and preparatory schools with far more care than ever before. They ask, 'What is the use of having a dull, unambitious youth or a clever dodger of hard work around the campus for four years, only to see him rejected by the professional school for which his parents have announced that they wish him prepared?' And so some thousands of boys who have not awakened to the effects which this new competition will have upon their careers are refused admission each September by the college of their choice. They have not made a sufficiently favorable impression in competition to prove a good risk; someone better will have the vacant place.

Those old colleges with a fixed clientele from generation to generation, which may be compared to family hotels or clubs, will continue to find place under a 'favored-nation clause' for the sons and daughters of their graduates, and thus ensure them of the degrees to which their birth and fortune entitle them. But the fact remains that an increasing number of youths who have the best intentions in the world to enjoy college and trade upon the degree are being turned away, while their place is awarded to someone who has shown more convincing evidence of ambition, capacity, and diligence. It is going to be in the future not so much a question of descent as of ascent which will be the deciding factor in admission to college. Some families are quite evidently running downhill, while others are mounting the grade, and it is candidates from the latter category who will be favored.

Below the colleges are the high and preparatory schools. Most of these are not yet in a position to be affected by the competition of which we are speaking. The public high schools are part

of our democratic system of universal education and by definition have to carry on heavy loads of mediocre students to the age of eighteen years. The preparatory schools have a financial interest in even stupid pupils, and in return for high fees will usually undertake to make a silk purse out of even a sow's ear. However, one could mention a considerable number of private schools which have so many applicants that they are able to select with a view to maintaining the scholastic reputation of the school.

III

Now what we must come to in our educational system is a better method of selecting early in the school course, perhaps in the grades, the boys and girls who give promise of profiting later by the expensive education offered in our best colleges and universities. There has been some effort made toward guidance of individual students by competent advisers, but much better methods and much wider application of them remain to be devised. There is too much disappointment at the eleventh hour, and too much wasted effort. Too many young people get into college who have no serious intention of working there, and too many fail to get in who might succeed very well. The whole question of selection is still settled in a comparatively hit-or-miss fashion at the last moment. A programme which in each individual case is going to cost from four to eight years and from five to ten thousand dollars is worthy of a more intelligent study on the part of the individual and a more complete understanding of the competition in which he will become involved as he rises higher in the educational scale.

This study can be fostered in several ways: intelligent parents can keep a careful watch upon the development of tastes and aptitudes in their children; they will confer with teachers regarding their children's capacity and insist upon their receiving the stern preparatory discipline which is the prelude to successful later work; they will make use of any skilled analyst available who will help them in a rational manner to diagnose the educational problem presented by each individual case. But, most important of all, they will seek by every means to make their child realize that his future rewards will be according to his deserts and that anyone seeking distinction in these days must start early to improve his opportunities.

Public education has been so watered in this country to suit the digestion of all our young citizens that this truth about the severity of competition will not be palatable in all quarters. It has so long been possible for anyone with two legs and a pair of arms to find work and a living that any discovery to the contrary is unwelcome. Our education for many years has been for decent mediocrity; social, physical, and intellectual development has all been blended into an innocuous whole by our schools and colleges; it has not been the fashion to work anywhere near to one's capacity for fear of being a 'grind' or of missing the team or the fraternity; some have thought it clever to 'get by' without work. But it is perfectly evident that under the exigency of competition, if for no other reason, our colleges are soon going to become institutions of learning in fact as well as in name. Those who are too clever to study and those who are too dull to learn will be excluded. A minimum of sincere interest in intellectual things will be expected and demanded of all students in reputable institutions. Self-development through study will be put first, and the physical

and social activities will take their normal places in a well-rounded education, instead of the exaggerated rôles which they occupy in the minds of many young people.

IV

As has been seen, this article deals partly with present fact and partly with prophecy. The latter is warranted by the former, and is based upon the whole treatment of gainful occupations in a country that is filling up as fast as ours. The experience of societies much older than our own has been in the same direction. There will be more attention given to the best students and less to the worst. We cannot afford the sentimental heresy of salvaging the incompetent. Happily, in our democracy a man can be master of his fate, and his fate will be dependent upon his native capacity and his application to work. In our educational system the poor boy has as good a chance as the rich boy, and that is something to be thankful for. Our business and professional world will continue to be built up constantly from beneath.

But what will become of the dull rich boy and the languid youth who do not think it is worth while to make an effort? The rich will undoubtedly be endowed by indulgent parents in a state either of innocuous desuetude or of constant menace to a long-suffering society; they will continue to run about at high speed, to patronize the golf courses, and to try to sell bonds. Except as they may become a nuisance, their existence will be a matter of complete indifference. People of moderate means who have aspired to see their children rich and highly educated must be satisfied with such rewards as their children can gain in open competition. Some of them will enter second-class or third-class institutions which will continue in the future, as in the past, to admit students whose capacity is mediocre or worse. The really poor who have no capacity for advancement will continue to do the manual work of society and to receive for it pay which is sometimes higher than the salary of the Doctor of Philosophy.

What has been said is not meant to be of a deterministic character as applied to any particular individual. Any individual may raise himself by a variety of happy circumstances, and each of us will continue to think of himself as that particular individual. But there is plenty of evidence that, after a very easy period of the first three centuries, when anyone could make a living in a continent with virgin opportunities, we have now arrived at a period when competition is being felt even in such an uncompetitive department of life as individual education. The biological doctrine of the 'survival of the fittest' is going to be felt in the social, economic, and intellectual prizes for which the next generation will strive. It is some satisfaction to suppose that the ruthless application of this law of survival will result in a far better equipped personnel in our liberal professions. There will always be plenty of room at the top, but it is going to be harder, as time goes on, to reach the top.

EUROPE

A Continent in Travail

BY WILLIAM MARTIN

I

NOTHING is more contagious than panic. Ten years after what was to be the last war, Europeans are talking of nothing but the next. Nations live in constant apprehension. No one desires war; everyone fears it. From what quarter it might spring no one knows, but people think of nothing else.

Curiously enough, it is not the defeated of yesterday, disarmed one-sidedly by the peace treaties, who live in terror. On the contrary, they inspire terror. It is the victors, who have preserved their arms intact, the strong, who fear the hostility of the weak. Indeed a law of history seems to be at work, a curse attendant on triumph, for previous to 1914 it was the Germans who were afraid of France.

The French state of mind is explainable on both psychological and practical grounds. The war of 1914 took France by surprise at the moment when she least expected it. She paid for it by ghastly devastation, and her people have not yet emerged from their fright. Our generation will be forever marked by the stigmata of those years, like men who have experienced some violent shock in their lives and tremble long afterward at every noise.

Practically the French, for better or for worse, feel themselves the only guardians of the treaty of peace. They perceive that their former allies no longer feel any enthusiasm in supporting this document, and they find themselves standing guard along all the frontiers of Europe, their 40,000,000 inhabitants and exhausted resources menaced by much more populous nations. Far from being dictated by an imperialistic frame of mind or an ambition for conquest, the concern for security which animates the entire French nation really springs from a sense of guardianship. Instead of revealing a conviction of strength, it really betrays weakness.

But even though the desire for security is pacific in nature and inspired by a profound hatred of war, it is dangerous for Europe. It is dangerous, first of all, because fear of war often in the course of history has led nations to catastrophe. It never would have been possible in 1914 for the Germans to be flung against France and Russia unless they had been previously persuaded that they were going to be attacked. In the second place, the sense of insecurity places a formidable obstacle in the way of confidence, of the reconciliation of peoples, of disarmament, of the destruction of customs barriers, of all the measures that might supply a foundation for durable peace, and without which peace is impossible. More than all else, it distracts at-

tention from the real dangers that beset Europe, and which are not international, but internal, not military and political, but economic and social.

II

Whatever may be the folly of the human race, a war presupposes a cause. At the moment it is hard to find a genuine and sufficient cause for war in Europe.

Without doubt our continent can show problems badly solved or not solved at all — for example, the question of Vilna, the Polish Corridor, the Hungarian frontiers, Macedonia; but none of these questions in itself is capable of precipitating war. Most of them are the consequences, and not the cause, of a state of international tension.

Suppose we take, for example, the question of the Polish Corridor. I am familiar with it, for I made a study of it on the spot last summer. If a solution is sought in any change of frontiers, the question remains insoluble. For not only is the corridor necessary to Poland economically as an outlet to the sea; it is also inhabited by a Polish population who before the war sent to the German Reichstag Polish deputies. To modify boundaries will not decide the question, but will only give it a new lease of life or create a fresh one.

On the other hand this question, insoluble by war, could be easily settled by the collaboration of the peoples involved. What makes the corridor economically insupportable to Germany is that its frontiers are hermetically sealed, not to traffic, but to trade. And it is insupportable also because the Germans claim the territory, and Poland is afraid of Germany. Open the frontiers, stop saying every day that Eastern Prussia is dying, and you will see capital flow back into this atrophied member and bring it life. Much the same can be said, *mutatis mutandis*, of Vilna, Hungary, and Macedonia. None of these problems can be solved by force, but they will yield easily to a régime of international friendship. Europe has solved such problems before, or has seen them solved, by understanding. But good will is required for that, and we shall hear it said that in this more than one nation is lacking. True, but there is no need to exaggerate.

The danger of a war springing from Soviet Russia is nonexistent. This is so in the first place because, if war were imminent, the Soviet Government would be incapable of mobilizing a Red army. The internal situation of Russia would prevent it. To distribute arms to the peasants would be enough to put an end to the Soviet régime. This is a danger which Stalin will not run, and the more so because he does not count on war to overthrow the world, but on revolution. His methods are not those of the capitalist governments. They are none the less formidable, but they are different.

Germany is no more in a condition to make war than Russia. No one knows how much of an army she has, but one thing is sure — it is by no means as easy to build up an army secretly as it is in the open. As for such irregular organizations as the Stahlhelm, everyone will grant that they are better for parade than for war, and that it is much easier to teach men to drill than to hold on to themselves in the face of a machine gun.

Moreover, the real reason why Germany is actually in no condition to make war is to be found elsewhere. It is the internal situation of the country, to which we shall return later. War in Germany, as in Russia, would signify an immediate revolution.

There remains Italy — here perhaps is the most genuine danger, and yet it is not the danger of war. The political, economic, and social condition of Italy is less distraught than that of Germany, but, in order to fight, still other things are needed: a cause, a will to fight, and, especially, powerful resources. None of these things exist at the moment in Italy.

Naval parity is not a real cause for war between France and Italy. Everyone understands that this is entirely a question of prestige on both sides. It would be inconceivable that France and Italy could serve up a little fight of their own in the Mediterranean — that is to say, on the principal line of communication of the British Empire — without interference from England. She would either put an end to the business or take part in it, and then the question of naval parity would become purely theoretical.

The real difficulty of the question is that Italy asks France to recognize that the course of centuries no longer counts, and that the two nations are perfectly equal, despite the fact that France is proud of her past and cannot admit in her heart that she is on a footing with this upstart. But nations do not take up arms for that.

The question could be easily solved were it not complicated, as so often happens, by the exigencies of internal politics. What Mussolini so vitally needs is moral prestige, not so much perhaps for Italy as for the Fascist régime. He wishes to convince his countrymen that he has been able to obtain more than preceding governments, and that under his direction Italy has become a great nation to whom others bow in homage. This is exactly what the French Government is unable to concede. It would never be forgiven by the Right for according naval equality to Italy, or by the Left for allowing Mussolini thus to strengthen Fascism. What might be possible under a different régime is out of the question while Mussolini is in power; a French Government which took the risk would be immediately overthrown.

The Franco-Italian quarrel is not without its inconvenience. It divides Europe in two, as before the war. It inflames the hopes of discontented peoples, hungry for a change, prevents tranquillity of mind, aggravates the uneasiness of the French, puts an obstacle in the way of disarmament, and complicates all the problems of Europe. But, granted all this, it would be a great mistake to imagine that the speeches of Mussolini are inspired by a real will toward war. Mussolini when he speaks in public is the reflection of the crowd whom he is addressing. Polemical in temper, a journalist at heart, he loves to be provocative. Especially, all his effort within his own borders consists in trying to galvanize the Italian people, in trying to give them an ardor which they have so often lacked in the past. In order to do this he must supply objects for the energy he seeks to arouse. At the same time Mussolini is a diplomat of the old school, for nothing is so reactionary as the international methods of a dictator posing as a revolutionist. He believes in the efficacy of the menacing gesture in negotiation, but he has no intention of putting it in practice.

This method is not without danger. But it can be said without paradox that the speeches of Mussolini are themselves a proof of the impossibility of war. If Europe were really sitting on a stick of dynamite no responsible statesman would ever speak in this fashion. He would fight or keep still. In the domain of diplomacy a man does not announce what he means to do. But Mussolini, knowing that war is im-

possible, and that his powder is damp, can talk of it with impunity, and so at small expense give to the Italian people the impression that he is a strong man, and that his courage is indomitable.

And this is not all. His speeches are really the product of a sense of weakness. All the principal European nations, beginning with Spain and ending with Germany, have tried at some moment in their history to exercise the hegemony of the continent. All have failed, but all have tried excepting only one — Italy, the latest comer. She to-day feels an eager blood stirring in her veins. The hour of glory seems at last to have struck for her, the hour to show what she can do; and she finds all outlets barred against her. *On ne passe pas!* War is forbidden; hegemony impossible. Too late! Reflections of this kind produce in the Italians that belligerent eloquence which masks a great historic delusion.

But, it will still be asked, why is war impossible in Europe? For a variety of reasons, judicial, moral, and political. People frequently compare our own times with Europe before the war and believe that they have found resemblances. But they overlook the fact that, while forces tending toward war are always in existence, the forces that oppose it are to-day infinitely greater than before. In 1914, war was still considered, under international law, a legitimate act. Pacifist propaganda had not penetrated all nations alike, nor had a number of them come to think of war with profound abhorrence. Moreover, no diplomatic machinery was at hand making it possible for statesmen to come together rapidly for deliberation in case of danger.

To-day war has been outlawed. It deeply repels all peoples without exception, and the League of Nations makes possible immediate measures to prevent it. If, in 1914, a place had been available where the various foreign ministers could have met on neutral ground, war would not have broken out, and this despite the fact that it was not at that time prohibited. To-day it is prohibited. The text of the Kellogg treaties is of a kind to place on any government which took the initiative of war a crushing responsibility, for no one could be sure that the treaties might not be applied to his own country, and if they were so applied the aggressor would be compelled to fight alone against the entire world. Not a single state in Europe is prepared to run such a risk. Not a political leader would think of taking the responsibility for it.

These are the reasons — and plenty of others might be adduced which we cannot discuss here — why the danger that war might again suddenly burst out 'joyous, fresh, and clear' on the model of wars of other days seems to me extremely slight. This is not to say that Europe is out of danger. It means rather that we must look in another direction and in a different order of ideas for the perils that threaten us.

III

Europe at the present hour is in a deplorable economic situation. The efforts toward recovery which she has made these twelve years past have seemed only to leave her in a worse pickle than ever. At the close of the war it was believed that an era of prosperity was at hand, but this was quickly interrupted by the depression of 1921, which lasted several years and brought to absolute ruin the currency of a number of countries. Once the monetary system had been purged in these countries, with the sacrifices which this process exacted, it was thought that

normal conditions would return. Now prosperity, barely recovered again, is once more interrupted by a crisis that shows itself in the decline of prices, unemployment in industry, paralysis of markets in agriculture, and the disorganization of credit.

It is impossible in this space to analyze in detail the causes of unemployment, which in Germany and in England has become truly alarming. Probably this phenomenon has been in part exaggerated, in the sense that many women are working in the factories in place of men. These displaced men swell the statistics of unemployment despite the fact that before the war the same women who are now working in the factories kept house, and no one thought of considering them unemployed. Probably also modern social legislation, — unemployment insurance in particular, — which has been rapidly developed in our days, has had the effect of increasing the evil which it was intended to cure. But this point matters little. Whatever may be the causes of unemployment, as soon as it is felt it becomes an economic and social fact with which the state has to reckon. Economically, because the unemployed live necessarily in one way or another on the collective reserve; socially, because discontent spreads easily among the unemployed and turns them into an element of social unrest — even, in extremity, of revolution.

The agricultural crisis is in certain respects less grave, and in others even more so. It is less alarming in that peasants themselves, if they are unable to sell their products, at least are not threatened with hunger. But it is more dangerous in that the peasants in most countries form the conservative element, the stable basis of society, and if discontent begins to spread among them the very foundation of the state is likely to be shaken by it.

The agricultural crisis is partly due to a series of exceptional crops which have brought down the prices of the products that farmers have to sell without affecting the prices of what they have to buy, so that the cost of agricultural production has remained unchanged. But it is also due to two other causes, one financial, the other political.

From the financial point of view the agricultural crisis is mainly traceable to an unsatisfactory organization of credit. A good harvest should not be a catastrophe for Europe. Indeed, it should be the opposite, if the peasants were in a condition to conserve their surplus production to provide against mediocre years. For this they need silos, and money. The silos would be built quickly enough if the money were available.

As a matter of fact, it is available. It is to be had so readily in certain countries — for example, France, Switzerland, and Holland — that the rate of interest there has fallen almost to nothing at the very moment when the borrower must pay 14, 16, or even 20 per cent in the countries of Eastern Europe.

One of the objects of the Bank for International Settlements is indirectly to come to the aid of countries whose capital is insufficient, and to regulate international credit. But this, with the resources which the Bank has in hand, is a long and arduous task which is only at its beginning. The one prompt and effectual remedy would be to make the capitalists of prosperous countries understand that their true interest is to help the poverty-stricken lands, and that their money runs much greater risks in their own countries if revolution breaks out across the border than it does in

the most unsettled region if it helps to avert revolution there. Unhappily, the world, which is beginning to be keenly attentive to the evils of national tariff barriers and to the defective circulation of goods, does not yet show signs of understanding that in the domain of finance the effects of nationalism are even more deplorable.

Another cause of the agricultural crisis on which a few words must be said is the recent dumping by the Soviets. Russia at the present moment is the only country in the world which can set its sales prices without regard to net cost, and which besides can sell abroad products of which it has not enough for its own normal consumption. These are altogether extraordinary conditions, due to a political régime brutal and arbitrary to a degree previously unknown in history. But then it happens that the Soviet Government, far from finding its interest, like other lands, in the stability and peace of the world, is concerned with revolution and upheaval.

From the first hour of the inauguration of the Bolshevist régime its leaders have taken account of the fact that they could not sustain the communist economy permanently in an altogether capitalistic world. Some day an adjustment must inevitably be made by one means or another. If Russia did not succeed in Sovietizing the capitalistic world, the capitalistic world must eventually overthrow Bolshevism in Russia. The Soviet leaders are apostolic by necessity, and it can be shown that each of the internal crises through which Bolshevism has passed has corresponded with a period of economic consolidation in other countries, while each of the economic crises in the world at large has coincided with a period of great activity in Soviet Russia. One can point in this way to the disturbances of 1921 in Germany during the crisis of that time; then the New Economic Policy when Europe had recovered from it. To-day the Bolsheviki believe that they have discovered a means of aggravating the present crisis by throwing, at the psychological moment, quantities of exports at cut prices on markets already saturated.

The effects of this method should not be exaggerated. First of all it has not yet been possible to develop it on a scale sufficiently large to play a decisive rôle in the present situation. Again, it has not been possible to apply it to all products and to all countries at once. But if excessive pessimism is unwise, excessive optimism is no less dangerous. For if the Bolsheviki are able at certain points and at certain times to disorganize the marketing of a number of staples such as wheat, they have the means of provoking irreparable catastrophes in a Europe which is already extremely unsettled.

IV

There is no doubt that of all European countries Germany is most severely threatened, both economically and socially. The risks that she runs are greater than elsewhere, and her forces of resistance much weaker. In England, where the social dangers are considerable, the forces of resistance are strong, and in the agricultural countries of Eastern Europe, where the forces of resistance are almost nonexistent, the dangers of revolution are much less great.

It is a serious mistake frequently committed by the press to consider the problems of Germany primarily from an international standpoint. It may be that for tactical reasons the German political parties at election times put this aspect of things foremost, which leads to demagoguery; but as a matter

of fact the international aspect of Germany's problems is secondary. The ordinary German, the man in the street, gives little thought to the eastern frontiers of Germany, or to the question of the war guilt. He is thinking of his job and his taxes.

Perhaps he believes, because there are interested parties to tell him so, that if his taxes have been raised and if he cannot find work it is because of reparations, or because the Young Plan imposes on the country an insupportable burden which raises the cost of production and prevents industry from exporting its products. This is false. The Young Plan does not represent 10 per cent of the German budget, and the total of arrears of the Debt do not exceed 24 per cent, while in France they rise to 51 per cent and in England to 56 per cent of the budget. The truth is that Germany, after the disaster of revolution, is in a particularly favorable situation in this respect.

But if inflation alleviated the public debt it also reduced the fortune of individuals, and here is one of the profound causes of the real trouble in Germany. Germany has survived two successive catastrophes such as find few equals in history — the war, with four years of blockade, then inflation. The result has been a social reshuffling which has destroyed from top to bottom the ancient bourgeoisie, the very prop of the state. To-day it is calculated that 70 per cent of the German population is proletarian, of which a part still has traces of a bourgeois consciousness, but finds its interests now identical with those of the workers. Indeed, by force of circumstance this is the class on whom unemployment has fallen with the greatest severity, first of all because they were not prepared for manual toil, and not apt in accommodating themselves to it, again because those who once belonged to the official ranks have found it very difficult to establish themselves again in economic life, and finally because the number of young intellectuals is disproportionate to the needs of the nation.

It is from this class that the National-Socialist Party is recruited; its lists are composed of intellectuals and former officials. Add the National-Socialists to the Communists and the Socialists, and it can be shown that 55 per cent of the deputies in the Reichstag are to-day hostile to the capitalist system and won to the idea of revolution.

Indeed the social unrest is doubly nourished by the economic crisis on one hand and the political crisis on the other. There is no need to be astonished that Germany should be the country most permanently affected by the economic crisis. In the first place, Germany, of all the European states, depends most for her prosperity on what she sells abroad. Her invisible exports are small, and she must send out large quantities of visible exports in order to preserve her balance of payments. This is especially true since her foreign debt is relatively important, and the payment of reparations can only be financed by means of her exportable surplus. Besides, Germany indulged, in her period of prosperity, in the luxury of social legislation, for which she suffered no inconvenience as long as things were going well, but which weighed heavily on production as soon as they took a turn for the worse. The cost of production was encumbered by a series of incidental expenses which, at a time when the margin of profit was necessarily small, made the life of German industry extremely difficult.

In the political domain the situation is no less hard. At the close of the war,

Germany improvised in an hour of madness a constitution in no way adapted to her traditions or her needs. The parliamentary system, which already does not function particularly well in other countries, does not function at all in a nation where parties are numerous, rigidly disciplined, with a majority in none, and where the only power of government is that which results from coalitions among adversaries equally determined in their programmes. The central government is, moreover, the more feeble because the constitution, by an inexplicable anomaly, makes it responsible for the receipts of the federated states without giving it any control over their expenditure, so that the German budget is scarcely balanced when a fresh deficit confronts the treasury, and everything has to be begun again.

Everyone in Germany acknowledges the defects of the constitution, but nobody sees any way to remedy them by legal means, and so it comes about, naturally enough, that the fomenters of dictatorships and revolutions win the ear of the crowd. If the government of Herr Brüning, which has no majority in the Reichstag and which depends on the good will of the Socialists, should collapse to-morrow, no one would know how to replace it. A dictatorship of the Right would be improbable, because it would precipitate a general strike. A dictatorship of the Left would run foul of the Reichswehr. As long as Marshal Hindenburg lives and exerts his energy, he may be able to preserve the balance of power. But the future is dark, because Germany, with her 4,000,000 unemployed, faces prolonged hardships. She vitally needs a powerful government and does not have it.

If we were at the lowest point of the economic crisis it would be possible to hope that the impending alleviation would be reflected in men's minds, but a number of portents show that we have not yet reached the bottom of the curve. A collapse of prices is always followed by a host of failures, which have not yet occurred. If the low price level continues, if the relief of credit is not accomplished soon, one can only wonder if the social structure of Germany will stand until the return of prosperity.

If it should not stand, what will happen in other countries? If the situation in Germany is exceptional in its gravity, it is not so in its nature. The Foreign Minister of a European state recently said to me, 'In all this part of the continent, there is only one sound government — my own.' This is not saying a great deal, yet one could question whether this gentleman was not more clairvoyant about other countries than about the one that he governs himself. As a matter of fact, it is not hard to see that the social condition of Austria is no more favorable than that of Germany, and for the same reasons. The political condition of Poland, governed by a fantastic dictatorship, presents no very great guaranty of stability. The other agricultural states, Hungary, Rumania, and Bulgaria, are plunged in internal troubles which are increasing, and Yugoslavia is already torn by national strife.

I am not engaged here in making predictions. It is impossible to tell in advance what effect on the rest of Europe the outbreak of revolution in some harassed country would have, and it is equally impossible to foresee what would be the nature and circumstances of such a revolution. But we cannot be self-deceived in declaring that any social disturbance arising anywhere in Europe would upset the entire continent and render it highly inflammable. For nothing is more con-

tagious than revolution, a fact which has just been freshly illustrated in South America.

V

The reader will ask, no doubt, if statesmen are not aware of so grave a situation, and if they have done nothing to alleviate it.

That most of them have, as a matter of fact, had their attention drawn to the dangers I have enumerated is past question. The statesmen of to-day are generally better than their reputation. Most of them are well-informed and well-meaning. The period of Machiavellian conspiracies and of plots looking toward remote fulfillment has passed, for no minister to-day can count on what to-morrow will bring forth, and all governments are compelled to live from hand to mouth. Every statesman sees individually what he ought to do, but most of them are without power, overwhelmed at once by the public opinion of those whom they represent and by the immensity of the problems which they face.

Public opinion in most European states lags noticeably behind the progress of government. We no longer live in the time when ministers had not caught up with ideas or facts. To-day, on the contrary, it is the journalists and members of parliament, and, generally speaking, all the educators of the people, who have not adjusted their minds to a world which is moving too rapidly. Public opinion has everywhere to-day a purely national character, while all economic problems have an international character, since the life of peoples rests on exchange with other peoples and every event reverberates instantly from one end of the planet to the other. When a problem arises it is envisaged solely from the point of view of national interest; no one seems to imagine for an instant that the solution adopted may have repercussions in other lands or that the prosperity of a neighbor may itself be to the national interest. When statesmen arrive at Geneva, it becomes obvious there that every problem has two sides, and often many more, and that in order to find its solution large sacrifices of national interest must be made. But they depend on governments who in turn depend on parliaments and who reflect a public opinion of exactly the opposite belief, with no thought except to resist all along the line, and to refuse every concession.

To this difficulty, the practical manifestation of which is found in questions of parliamentary majority, — that is, of the life and death of governments, — must be added the immensity of the problems to be met, which no human brain in our times can conceive in their entirety. For a dozen years past, governments harried by difficulties incessantly renewed and incessantly changing have tried to cope day by day with the most urgent. They have intervened in every domain of economic life. They have taken measures, passed laws, each one of which could be justified in itself, but which have had repercussions no one could have foreseen. We have observed that social legislation the best grounded in justice ends by working against the interests of the laborers it seeks to protect. It would not be difficult to find in the economic domain a hundred examples, beginning with customs barriers, to show that the protection of the state is no more than a momentary protection, and ends by enfeebling and disorganizing the whole economy. Economic nationalism, with its frontiers multiplied and hampered by customs, has been a formidable agent of division and disintegration in

Europe. Its effects are aggravated when measures of internal intervention are added, and to-day, when some means to relieve the economic crisis of Europe is sought, we make no end of investigations, we multiply findings, and all for the sake of arriving finally at new schemes of intervention, and so at a fresh aggravation of the trouble.

It would be unjust to end on such a pessimistic note. As a matter of fact, something has been accomplished in several directions, and we may hope that good will come of it. But all that has been done has been done slowly, and the situation is urgent.

First of all, the states most affected have gathered to discuss their common interests. They have sought to adjust them. The Conference of Budapest, followed by that of Sinaia, considered the creation of a customs union between Rumania and Yugoslavia. Czechoslovakia and Austria have asked whether it would not be to their interest to join this union. Hungary, where the conditions of production are similar to those of Rumania, no doubt would be unable to remain outside it. In this proposal, affecting a very important part of Europe from the political point of view, is a fermentation, a birth travail, the results of which cannot yet be appreciated, but which will probably form one of the essential features of the new face of Europe.

In a state of mind somewhat different, but on a larger base, Poland in her turn has summoned delegations of all the agricultural countries, and asked them to draw up a common programme for collective action.

This programme, as is generally known, looks to the establishment of a preferential treatment of the agricultural products of Europeans in Europe. But the bare announcement of such an idea immediately suggests a host of difficulties. First of all, what is Europe, and is England a part of it? Again, is it possible to reconcile preferential treatment with the most-favored-nation clause which appears in the greater part of the commercial treaties signed by European states? And this brings us back to Geneva, where for several years these problems have been studied and where for some time past there has seemed to be a real disposition to bring them to a head. The League of Nations has often been reproached with its failures in the economic domain. When this reproach is made categorical it is very unjust; for, if the League of Nations has not accomplished all that it might have wished, it is not the fault of the League, but of the governments of which it is composed. The League, indeed, has wrought well at many points, and more than is known. What is true is that its efforts have not been crowned with success in the essential field of international economic relations, the tariff. The conference on the customs truce last spring arrived at nothing but half-measures, and the Assembly of the League in September gave an impression of weakness.

We may hope that the recent and impending meetings at Geneva of November, January, and March will have a better result. Europe has felt in her bones the chill of death, and that perhaps will make her statesmen more accessible to the idea of radical solutions. But there is no use denying that the problem as it confronts them is by its very nature extremely difficult.

VI

Europe is composed, in fact, of two kinds of states. Those mainly industrial are grouped in the central part of the continent; the rest, mainly

agricultural, are distributed about the borders. At first sight this situation seems favorable, since it makes exchange possible between those countries which are industrial and consume agricultural products and those countries which are agricultural and consume industrial products. It would be only too well if all were as simple as this. The unfortunate thing is that the industrial states, for reasons of internal politics, are governed by the peasant class. The social revolution of the nineteenth century inspired the wealthy bourgeoisie with such fear that they allied themselves in every industrial country — except in, perhaps, England — with the agricultural class, and the latter, the most numerous of the enfranchised masses, saw to it that the political régime was directed entirely according to their own interest. The result is that the industrial states are compelled to set up an agrarian protectionism, and to shut their doors against agricultural products from outside. If they did not do this their peasant classes, which produce under difficult economic conditions, would no doubt be submerged. The social and political foundation of the state would be profoundly altered, and the nation would be drifting toward the unknown.

Conversely the agricultural states, while they have little in the way of industry, have a decided interest in developing it, because industry to-day, much more than money, is the 'nerve of war.' As long as nations do not truly believe in peace, as long as they must prepare for possible conflicts, they cannot give up developing their industries to the full extent of their power, and even beyond it, and making themselves as independent economically of other nations as they can. The upshot of all this is that for different reasons, but with the same result, the agricultural countries close their frontiers to industrial products and the industrial countries to agricultural products. The ideal basis of exchange which seems to exist is destroyed by its very perfection.

At bottom the problem does not seem insoluble. The quantities of products which agricultural Europe raises beyond what she can market without difficulty are small and probably not of a kind actually to threaten the existence of the peasant class in the industrial countries. In the same way the margin of production in these industrial lands is extremely limited, and a better-organized distribution of goods throughout Europe would probably suffice to put an end to a problem more serious in its nature than in its extent. But this presupposes an entente among European countries, and this in turn presupposes that the countries of other continents would not be opposed to such an agreement. These are conditions which have by no means been realized, and there is no sign on the political horizon that they can be realized in the near future.

To tell the truth, Europe as such does not exist either as an economic or as a political entity. It does not exist economically, because it depends for its subsistence in essential matters, for the replenishment of part of its food and for some of its industrial importations, on other continents, and cannot isolate itself from them. It depends on them especially for its exports, since Europe produces more than it can itself consume.

Politically also Europe does not exist. It is a geographical expression which does not correspond to any true sense of community, to any feeling of solidarity among countries which everything serves to divide, especially their history and their interests. The result is that the problems which

European countries face can be solved no better by the purely European plan through which M. Briand would deal with them than they can be within the larger frame of the League of Nations. The difficulties lie in the problems themselves; they belong to the European sphere, and nothing is to be gained by treating them separately. On the contrary, this would probably make their solution still more difficult.

Far from trying to settle European problems by isolation, it is proper to ask what influence could be brought to bear on them by the United States. I am not one of those who believe in isolation, and it is certainly true that a serious crisis in Europe would have its repercussions in America. Accordingly, the United States has an obvious interest from the beginning in gauging the importance of European problems.

In whatever concerns the sense of security, the United States could exercise on the European situation an altogether helpful influence, if it could be persuaded to let the world know what its policy would be toward an eventual aggressor. The efficacy of the Kellogg treaties, whose bearing is mainly preventive, would be considerably reënforced by this action, and its effect would be to make disarmament much easier and to facilitate a customs union among European countries.

But it is particularly in the economic region that the United States might exert a propitious influence in Europe. I am not thinking in the first place of the question of the debts. Whatever its moral importance may be, it is relatively secondary to the granting of private credits to the most exhausted European states. The most acute social danger, as we have seen, exists in those countries where capital is insufficient and money rates extremely high. The gravity of the agricultural and industrial crisis has at bottom no other cause. To facilitate credit in just those states which are most exhausted would be enough to relieve a dangerous tension in the situation. This would seem on the surface a dangerous undertaking for American finance, but in actuality no operation could be more sound, for what value have the shrewdest investments if revolution breaks out in some distracted land and spreads to others?

The American bankers who granted Germany at a crucial hour a loan of $125,000,000 rendered a signal service to all of Europe. They retarded the crisis; the future will show whether they prevented it. My own feeling is that this policy to be really effective should have been extended to other exhausted countries of Eastern Europe, and followed systematically for a time.

VII

To sum up, I believe that in the domain of international relations the situation of Europe is much less discouraging than is generally thought, while in the social and economic realm it is a great deal worse than it seems at first glance. But, to tell the truth, it is impossible to draw so sharp a distinction between the two realms, since any war would bring immediate revolution in its train, and any revolution would run the risk of provoking war.

Europe to-day is in this respect in the same situation as pre-war Russia. There is no country which could mobilize its troops without the danger of seeing them march back from the front with the Red flag at their head. But she is also in the same situation as the Europe of 1792, which the French

Revolution plunged into a long series of bloody conflicts.

Yet, if there is a kind of equation between war and revolution, it does not follow that they both represent dangers of equal urgency. It seems clear to my eyes that in constantly directing the minds of European peoples toward the danger of war, pushing them toward armaments, and talking on every occasion about security, their leaders divert their attention from what ought to be the object of their constant thoughts — the social problem. Thus they are not only kept from considering steps which might mitigate the economic crisis, the mother of discontent and social upheaval; in the attempt to make themselves economically independent, and to avert the danger of war, they are pushed into taking measures which, in the economic domain, go exactly contrary to these ends and inflame the difficulty. If industrial countries are unwilling to open their frontiers to agricultural products, it is first of all because they wish in time of war to supply their larders themselves, and if agricultural states keep their borders closed, it is because in view of war they too wish to be economically independent and self-sufficient. Thus the fear of war not only prevents military disarmament, it prevents also economic disarmament, which is a necessary foundation for the prosperity of Europe. It tends indirectly but surely to aggravate the danger of revolution — that is to say, of war.

I do not assert, because it is not my belief, that the German revolution, the preface to revolution throughout Europe, is foreordained. Nothing is inevitable in the world's history. The German revolution has not yet occurred. It threatens, it may break out to-morrow, but again it may not break out. That depends above all else on the duration of the economic crisis. We have already survived other crises, and have emerged from them. We shall emerge also from this — but when? Everything is contained in that.

President Wilson said one day during one of the sessions of the Versailles Conference, 'We are watching a race between peace and revolution.' Never have these words been more strictly true than at the present hour.

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

BY JOUETT SHOUSE

I

THE only excuse for the existence of a political party is public service. Of course it is true that very often there is departure from that principle. Unfortunately in many instances each of our major parties has been actuated by other and less worthy motives, and the acquisition and retention of mere office, with its emoluments, with its opportunity to plunder, have been the impelling force in the effort for political domination. Wherefore the American people have acquired a cynical attitude, not unnatural but none the less regrettable, toward both politics and politicians.

This notion has been cultivated in the popular mind by the politicians themselves. Too frequently there is the disposition in both parties to demonstrate that everybody and everything in the other party are wholly lacking in merit or dependability. The effect of such tactics, while perhaps at the moment beneficial to one side, has been to create distrust in parties as such and thus to begin to break down the party system. To-day in American public life are several striking figures who, though forced by the exigencies of our political system to run on one ticket or the other, give in only rare instances even lip service to the party with which they are supposedly allied, and in their practical actions prove themselves wholly outside the pale of party regularity or party responsibility. Without attempting to argue either the wisdom or the impropriety of such a position, attention is called to it here as one of the important present factors in American political life, one that may have a decisive bearing upon the course of legislation in the next two years.

All this aside, however, it is suggested that as long as the present party system prevails — and certainly the vast majority of our people believe in this system — the cause of good government requires that there be two strong parties, as nearly equal as possible, each compelling the other when in power to give the best possible administration. Then arises the question, What is the duty of the minority party? Obviously to watch with unflagging diligence the conduct of the government, to inspect with care measures the majority may offer, to approve those measures if worthy, to try to better them if unworthy or to offer constructive substitutes in their stead, and at all times to keep the country informed in every proper way as to the progress of its affairs.

Since President Wilson retired on March 4, 1921, at the conclusion of his second term, the Republican Party has been in undisputed control of both the executive and the legislative branches of the government. Indeed, it had captured the Congress two years before. In the by-election of 1922 there were marked Democratic gains, but not enough to upset Republican dominance, and in the Coolidge and Hoover landslides of 1924 and 1928, respectively, such Congressional majorities were

secured by the Republicans as to give them overwhelming power. The severe losses in the electoral college in the last presidential campaign, throwing strong Southern states into the Republican column, were so disheartening that there was serious discussion of the probable disintegration of the Democratic Party, and little disposition on the part of many leaders to continue the fight.

It was in this dark hour that a plan was evolved by National Chairman Raskob, himself new to politics but experienced as one of the notable executives of the country, to apply business principles to a national political party. With this in view he set up at Washington a permanent Democratic headquarters. There were two primary objectives: first, to build a competent organization in each state, giving to this important work the time that it actually requires instead of trying to crowd the necessary details into the brief space of three months before a presidential election; second, through properly directed publicity to furnish an adequate idea of what might be going on under a Republican administration, with the double purpose of educating the electorate and affording some proper understanding of the Democratic point of view. The activities of these headquarters have been carried on diligently, and undoubtedly they played an important part toward bringing about the results that were attained in the recent election.

It is true, of course, that numerous factors contributed: the unwise tariff bill foisted upon the people at a most inopportune time; the disappointment of the farmers in the outcome of the legislation for agricultural relief; the smash in the stock market, with the resulting severe and continued business depression under an administration that had made most extravagant and unnecessary promises as to its ability to maintain and even to increase prosperity if given the lease of governmental power; in several states and in numerous sections of others discontent with prohibition and resentment at the apparent attempt to shelve this widely discussed question through the appointment of one of the numerous commissions that have become almost synonymous with the Hoover administration. All of these things counted, but it is suggested that unless the Democratic Party through its Washington headquarters had been in a position to get its story to the people throughout the country there would not have been so definite or so widespread a Democratic victory as was witnessed on November 4 last.

As a matter of fact, that victory was far more sweeping than appears upon the surface. A New York newspaper compiled figures of the thirty-seven states where there were state-wide contests which show that these states gave Mr. Hoover more than five and a half millions of his 1928 majority and in 1930 went Democratic by more than two millions, an overturn in two years of over seven million, seven hundred thousand votes. In numerous Congressional districts, heretofore regarded as impregnably Republican and remaining in the Republican column now, Democratic nominees received unprecedented support. Many of the foremost Republican House leaders of the present Congress were returned by majorities so small as to have seemed unbelievable a year ago. With the reduction of the Republican Senate control from fifteen down to one, with the sweeping change in the Republican House majority from more than a hundred down to two, with Democratic governors elected in such states as New York, Ohio, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Colorado, Nebraska, Kansas,

and Idaho, with a return to the Democratic column of all the Southern and border states which left the party in 1928, with huge Democratic totals in even the strong Republican states which the party did not carry, — such as Pennsylvania, Minnesota, and Iowa, for example, — there can be no question as to the scope and the importance of the Democratic sweep.

It is true that the Democratic Party may not organize either house of the national legislature. The prediction is here made that if the final results place upon the party the duty of organization it will assume it without shirking or evasion, but it will not attempt through devious combinations to secure the few votes necessary to effect organization. Whatever the final Congressional situation, however, it is certainly true that the Republican administration will not be in control of the Seventy-second Congress. Thus the Democratic Party faces a new and a serious responsibility.

How will it meet it? Upon the answer to that question probably depends the outcome of the next presidential election.

The party is no longer in the minority. The scope of its duties and its opportunities goes beyond the point of mere opposition. It will hold equal legislative power in the ensuing Congress. It must have a constructive and an appealing programme. And, most important of all, it has been called to share in a very definite way, probably in a decisive way, in governmental responsibility at a time of panic. Without attempting to enter into a discussion of the causes of the country's present unhappy condition, it is indubitably true that the electorate has shown lack of confidence in the ability of the Republican administration to solve the problems which beset our people and in no uncertain voice has summoned the Democratic Party to assist in that solution. Thus is offered the opportunity for patriotic service.

II

Immediately after the election, with its doubt as to the party control of Congress, wide speculation was indulged in by the newspapers relative to the effect on business. Already in a condition of depression and discouragement unequaled in modern times, there was general discussion as to the possible further adverse influence on it of uncertainty as to the legislative course. It was a situation almost as serious as the crisis of war. It seemed an hour for necessary action. Imbued solely with the purpose of effecting something constructive, seven Democrats who occupy positions of party prominence promptly issued a statement to the people of the country. These men were the three living former candidates of the party for President, its elected leaders in the two houses of Congress, and the heads of its constituted national organization. It was not assumed that they could commit the party to a definite policy. It was recognized that only a National Convention could do that. Nor did these spokesmen attempt to specify how the chosen representatives of constituencies should vote on any question. It was known that individual conviction should and would govern.

But, in so far as they might speak for the party or suggest a course in the difficult and dangerous situation which confronts the country, the statement offered coöperation with the President and the Republican membership of Congress in the passage of beneficial legislation to meet the grave emergency. Further, it proposed that such action should be taken promptly and without attempt to seek mere partisan

advantage. To this end it was urged that there should be no delay in the granting of necessary appropriations, that there should be no rejection of fit appointees, that the business of government should go steadily forward, that legislation should be steered in a straight line toward the goal of prosperity, that every honest industry should be aided and not hindered in the necessarily slow progress back to profitable operation, that labor should be protected in maintaining a proper wage scale, that all possible means should be employed for correcting the appalling menace of unemployment which is sapping the very lifeblood of the people. The Democrats were pledged to public service in its broadest sense, not only because such a course is the righteous one, and the only one whereby the country can be rescued from its present plight, but also because it was realized that only by public service can the party hope to retain the nation's confidence. Beyond these non-factional fundamentals the statement did not go, nor was it intended to go.

No suggestion here of abdication. No remote thought of derogation of the party's ability adequately to perform the work that lies ahead. No promise either expressed or implied to accept unwise legislation or to abandon a proper party programme. Only the assurance to the country that in a crisis of extreme moment it might depend upon the Democrats to chart and follow a constructive and a patriotic course.

At the time this is written (December 8) Congress has been in assembly only one week. Little progress has been made toward even the routine business of the short session. Individual Senators have demanded that certain legislation must be acted on if the supply bills are to be allowed to pass. They are the crux of the situation. If they do not go through before March 4, an extra session of the new Congress becomes imperative. If they are passed, it is a question for presidential decision whether the exigencies of the situation require an extra session. Apparently the President is most anxious to avoid this contingency. The leaders of the so-called regular group of his party and most of the Democrats who have expressed themselves seem to share his view that in prevailing circumstances the country will benefit from a legislative vacation.

On the other hand, there are at least two measures that have passed the Senate and are pending before the House on which there is popular demand for a vote — the Muscle Shoals resolution and the proposed constitutional amendment doing away with the 'lame duck' sessions of Congress. The Republican leadership of the House, apparently with presidential approval, has throttled these measures. They should be allowed to come to a vote without further delay whatever that vote determines. An administration pursuing any other course is scarcely entitled to serious consideration when it seeks help from others to enact its supply bills. But, granted such vote is allowed, it seems within the realm of probability that an extra session can be avoided, though any persuasive prediction in that regard is impossible before the middle of February.

III

In the short session now in progress the responsibility of the Democrats, far outnumbered though they are, is yet very real. If they coöperate in pushing the departmental appropriations, they will have the approval of the country. But at this writing it looks as if they must do an even more important thing.

In his message to Congress the President dealt only in glittering generalities with reference to possible plans to meet the unemployment situation. True, there is the suggestion of appropriations for public works that will help to relieve distress. These should be worked out quickly in such a way as to assure an immediate beginning. However, it does no good to have Congress appropriate money and then have the Administration cover a considerable part of it back into the Treasury as was done at the close of the last fiscal year. Likewise it is folly for the President to call on leading business executives, as he has done, to maintain their pay rolls without reduction of personnel, and then to permit, perhaps even to order, the wholesale reduction of government employees in at least two important branches of the service. The country is not so much interested just now in the *details* as in the *fact* of governmental expenditures, and both Congress and the Executive would do well to bear that in mind.

But there is yet another duty which seems peculiarly to devolve upon the Democrats in the present short session. That is the passage of legislation following in substance the outline of the measures so sedulously pressed over a term of years by Senator Wagner of New York in his effort to have the government prepared to handle scientifically and intelligently just such a situation as has confronted us the past year. It was, perhaps, not unnatural, though extremely unwise, that this legislation should have been neglected during a long period of general prosperity, but it is almost unbelievable that when widespread business depression covered the land, when the Administration was floundering without facilities even to learn the extent of unemployment, when the very basic provisions of the Wagner bills would have been of inestimable value to the government, they still should have been frowned upon and defeated. They passed the Senate. It was in the overwhelmingly Republican House that they were emasculated and destroyed. They must be revived, expanded, and promptly passed. It is an important service for the Democrats to perform in the present session.

And may it not be suggested here that this incident has a very real psychological bearing upon events just ahead? Democratic leaders in good faith have attempted on behalf of their party to offer a programme of coöperation. It must be remembered that it takes two to coöperate. All of it cannot and will not come from one side. If the President and his Congressional spokesmen want coöperation, they must show that they endorse worthy legislation, no matter who may sponsor it. They may be assured that the Democrats will not accept unwise or improper measures merely because leading Republicans or even the President himself suggests them, nor will they consent to have their own constructive proposals shunted aside lest credit for their enactment go to a Democrat. Further, it may be presented that the President would be well advised to refrain from attempting to appoint as Democrats, where the law requires or custom implies bipartisan representation on important boards, men who have bitterly opposed the last Democratic national ticket and whose names are anathema to those constituting the vast majority of the party. Such action is a challenge and an insult.

But, to return to the central theme of this review, it is with the advent of the Seventy-second Congress that the real responsibility of the Democrats begins, whether the party organizes either or both houses or neither, whether the Congress is called in extra

session or does not convene until December of 1931. What shall be its course then? Obviously it must have a programme. Even more important, that programme must be positive, it must be timely, it must be patriotic. I almost used the word progressive. With the thought of a progressive programme I have the fullest sympathy, but the word has been so abused by charlatans as to have lost its real meaning. If progressive, however, then progressive in a broad and true sense; not merely a rehash of outworn sophistries or a polyglot of impractical and undigested isms.

Specifically, the party should cooperate in the later as in the short session in all worthy legislation that the Administration may originate. If, prior to March 4, effective means are not found to deal with unemployment, that should be a primary and an immediate concern. Federal work in the construction of roads and public buildings should be pushed and expanded. We appropriated money without stint to meet the demands of war. In the same spirit we should expend whatever sum is necessary to care for the present severe crisis of peace. And we should not be too much concerned over the possibility that there may be a deficit in the Treasury.

If there is any merit in the present Farm Relief legislation, it should be encouraged. But if, after a trial of two years or more, it is shown conclusively to be a failure, even with a half billion dollars of the taxpayers' money to carry out its provisions, some proper substitute should be found. And in this connection Democrats should not be unmindful that they embodied in the Houston platform the most comprehensive agricultural plank which any political party has yet written. They need not seek elsewhere. Incidentally, too, the position enunciated meets the registered approval of every important farm organization of the country.

IV

As to the tariff, might it not be well to take a leaf from the book which the Democrats of the House in the Sixty-second Congress so successfully wrote in 1911 and 1912? The Republicans of the Taft administration had passed the Payne-Aldrich Act, which aroused the serious antagonism of the country. As a result the Democrats elected a House majority in 1910. There remained, however, a Republican Senate and a Republican President. Obviously it was not possible to repeal the obnoxious tariff or to enact a comprehensive substitute. So the Democrats selected the most objectionable single provision, the item of wool, the famous Schedule K of unhallowed memory, and made their fight for its elimination. Of course they did not succeed. But their record was clear to the country, and an entire Democratic administration was the result of the subsequent election.

In the present instance, contrary to the expressed suggestion of their President, the Republicans have foisted upon the people at a fatally inopportune time the most inept and unwise tariff legislation which has ever been written into law. It was a serious issue in the last campaign — not the only issue, perhaps not entirely predominant, but beyond question important. The act contains certain schedules against which there is widespread popular resentment. Might it not be wise to select the most striking of these and concentrate the Democratic fire upon them? For be it remembered that, despite Mr. Hoover's message to the Congress of his party calling for a limited revision of the tariff so far as industrial rates were concerned, he

signed this enormity providing for the most general revision that might be well imagined. This, too, against the advice of more than a thousand of our leading economists, despite the protests of almost every foreign nation with which we have important trade relations, and regardless of the insistent opposition of the entire independent press and a considerable proportion of the Republican press. In view of these facts it may be inferred that, even if the Democrats could get through Congress a repeal of this law, the President would veto their proposal.

And then there is the impossibility of securing such action at the hands of Congress. Authority after March 4 will be almost evenly divided. The Republican excuse for the passage of the bill was the platform promise to increase agricultural tariffs. Of course all informed men know that most of the provisions of this character are wholly ineffective and carry no real benefit to the farmers. But some of them do. And if the bill were repealed such repeal would necessarily apply to the agricultural as well as the industrial schedules. In these circumstances it could not be gotten through Congress.

Then there is another consideration. The President keeps emphasizing the opportunity to improve the bill through the recommendations of the Tariff Commission, which he, unfortunately, rather than the Congress, is empowered to make effective. Regardless of one's individual opinion as to what may be accomplished in this wise, there is certainly a possibility, perhaps a likelihood, that the new Congress will not convene until December. The Democrats must deal with the tariff as it then is, not as it now appears, and must make their plans accordingly.

But there is a further thought that should challenge the attention of every interested citizen. Under the leadership of Woodrow Wilson the Democratic Party took the first long step toward treating the tariff as a scientific, economic question rather than as the football of politics. That was in the establishment of a Tariff Commission. It is true that the two succeeding Republican administrations departed very far from the original intent. It is true that under Mr. Harding and Mr. Coolidge this body, designed to be a most important free and independent agency, became but a feeble exponent of presidential pleasure, a disgrace to the original conception. But that was because there was improperly conferred upon the Executive as an emergency provision to meet the post-war conditions in Europe the power to raise or lower rates upon the recommendation of the Commission. This was done by a clause of the Fordney-McCumber tariff of 1922, and thereupon the fate of the Commission was sealed. Immediately it became a mere rubber stamp.

Now, in the recent tariff fight the Democratic Party offered a far-reaching substitute for the administrative provisions of the new bill. Through the so-called Simmons-Norris amendment it sought to restore to Congress the power to tax, it sought to re-create the Tariff Commission into a body of dignity and importance, it strove to do away with the swapping and trading that have disgraced recent tariff legislation. These vital reforms were to be obtained by providing that an authoritative and informed commission make to the Congress recommendations of changes in individual schedules and that consideration be confined to such recommendations as made, thus substituting for the general revisions which inevitably upset the business of the country a scientific manner of dealing with the most important of our economic questions.

Could the Democratic Party in the next Congress do better than to adhere rigidly to that plan? It had its origin in the Democratic administration of that practical idealist, Woodrow Wilson. Its wisdom is attested by every student of government. It offers a new and a better and a wiser method of dealing with one of the most disturbing subjects which have ever entered into American public life.

V

Of recent years there has been advanced more and more persistently the theory of a five-day week. At first the goal set by labor, it has been endorsed with increasing vigor by the captains of industry, who have come to recognize it as a just and a wise change, both social and economic, in the industrial life of America. If such a programme is to be inaugurated, the place to make the start is with the employees of the government itself. There is every justification for the experiment. The Democratic Party is the recognized friend of labor. What more upstanding work could be performed by the Democratic membership of Congress than to initiate legislation making immediately effective such a schedule to apply to the hundreds of thousands of men and women throughout the land who are rendering intelligent service to the United States in its various departments?

But with this change or without it, whether in government circles or in private enterprise, there must be no reduction in existing wage scales. The present basis of pay has been reached only after a century of effort. It represents a culmination of ideals that has meant the raising of American citizenship to a status that compels the admiration and envy of the world. No true prosperity can be reached by restrictions or retrogression that will cause a lowering of our standards of living or the attempt to reduce compensation to the basis of foreign employment.

There is another burning question which occupies the thought and challenges the discussion of a large majority of our people. That is prohibition. Upon it the Democratic Party has thus far taken no national stand. I am not attempting to speak for anyone except myself. But I do not hesitate to express the hope that in its next national platform my party may face this vexed problem with courage and without equivocation. That a large number of thoughtful people everywhere are seriously dissatisfied with present conditions there can be no doubt. The underworld has built up the illicit sale of liquor into the most profitable business which it has ever been allowed to propagate. Allied with it is every kind of crime and racketeering, and until some sweeping reform is accomplished there seems no possibility of a beneficial change in conditions. It is idle to suggest that prohibition is not a political question. Only through political action can its correction be had. And until existing provisions are repealed the contempt for law engendered as the result of present methods may be expected only to spread. A straightforward recognition of prevailing conditions and an honest effort to correct them constitute perhaps the foremost duty of good citizenship that confronts America to-day.

In the recent election the Democratic Party achieved a remarkable victory. But it is less a victory than an opportunity. The party faces a vital period in American development. With business prostrate, with millions of men out of work, with soup kitchens and bread lines in every city of the land, with the bitterness of winter exacting

its toll of want, with fear and discouragement in the hearts of our people, there is the demand for constructive and patriotic service. Let our party offer every proper coöperation to enact all measures that may redound to the welfare of the country. Let it father and perfect and conclude such legislation as will meet the present trying conditions. Let it earn and hold the confidence and the respect of the country. Then it will win a sweeping victory in 1932. But, better still, it will deserve to win.

A NATIONAL POLITICAL ARMISTICE?

BY EDWARD P. COSTIGAN

I

THE returns of the nation-wide election of 1930 reveal two almost equally matched political armies, preparing to contest through chosen leaders for national approval in the twin arenas of the Seventy-second Congress. That Congress, unless earlier summoned into special session by the President, will first assemble in December 1931. Its present indicated roll call discloses: in the Senate, 48 Republicans, 47 Democrats, 1 Farmer-Labor member; in the House, 218 Republicans, 216 Democrats, and 1 Farmer-Labor member. Allowing for natural shifts in votes, which may be expected from individual independence, not to mention death, it is obvious that Presidential leadership in that Congress, whether assembled in special or regular session, faces definite embarrassment and imminent danger of defeat on any legislative measures which lack the commanding wisdom and irresistible drawing power of statesmanlike constructiveness.

Confronted by this possible legislative deadlock, not in the short Congressional session now in progress in Washington, but in the next special or regular session, seven nationally distinguished Democrats — James M. Cox, John W. Davis, and Alfred E. Smith, former candidates for the Presidency; Joseph T. Robinson and John N. Garner, the present respective Democratic leaders of Senate and House; John J. Raskob, National Committee Chairman, and Jouett Shouse, Chairman of the National Executive Committee — issued on November 7, on the heels of last November's election, a sweeping declaration of Democratic purpose not to 'seek to embarrass the President of the United States, but . . . to coöperate with him and with the members of the opposite party in the House and Senate on every measure that conduces to the welfare of the country.'

Possibly controlling this announcement of national Democratic policy was the hope that, by advocating cooperative action in the session of Congress which normally will not meet until the end of the better part of another year, the fires of partisan rivalry might burn low during the present short session. This being done, noncontroversial legislative measures for 'the welfare of the country' would

presumably be agreed upon at this critical time with less than the usual debate, and with possible resulting credit to Democratic leadership for its disinterested attitude. At any rate, Mr. Shouse publicly said, in effect, that the statement contemplated an adjournment of politics.

So construed, the offer of Democratic leaders, and its rather novel expression of political policy, at once challenged nation-wide attention and, according to the various constructions placed on it, aroused alternately warm commendation and slashing disapproval. Various leaders of public opinion hailed it as the forerunner of a new 'Era of Good Feeling.' Senator Glass of Virginia, however, repudiated the programme as, in substance, an apology for Democracy's victory at the polls last November, and Senator Borah of Idaho, speaking as a Progressive, termed the implication that Progressives are less vividly alive to their public responsibilities than regulars 'an act of superlative impudence.' It is evident, from either point of view, as well as in the national interest, that the statement deserves more than momentary examination.

The praiseworthy motives which doubtless inspired this striking after-election utterance are universally understandable. Fighting merely for the sake of fighting is more enthralling to participants than to onlookers. Obstructionist tactics, where public business is involved, must be justified by larger prizes than obstruction. In the field of statesmanship, general welfare comes first. True leadership demands that the public good shall always be visible, not only to those who direct the contest, but also, and more, to those who crowd the side lines and whose fate is widely involved in the outcome. If the ruling judge is hostile, it is the more necessary to persuade the jury that such hostility is unmerited; that it deplorably springs from prejudice, partiality, or other unworthy influences; and that the defended cause is none the less wholly just.

A merely turbulent Congress, ineffective because unable to force into the open issues which clearly divide it from the President, may speedily alienate sympathy to the opposition and thus become unpopular. Voters — indifferent to party strategy; weary of vocal wrestling, however brilliant; seeking only results, particularly in a period, like the present, imperatively calling for immediate public relief — instinctively incline to welcome any indicated subordination of political strategy to national and human-welfare ends. More and more an alert electorate resents the surrender to party of 'what was meant for mankind.'

Intensely persuasive also, our times, beyond any in our generation outside of war, summon us to united action in the general interest. Our Ship of State, with its cargo wealth of immense natural resources, organizing skill, and productive and trade possibilities, but also unhappy millions of idle and impoverished human beings, has badly listed in the world's economic waters, and limps almost helplessly toward unknown ports. Woe, then, betide him who does not stand at his post of duty ready to do and dare all for the public good! It is an hour of peril. Anxiety is hysterical. Human hopes are dimmed; human fears master. Relief measures are indispensable, and must be enacted without delay.

II

Alas, however, for human generalizations! The mere description of the economic tragedy which has overtaken America modifies our outlook, and compels more than a respectful hearing for the criticism voiced by Senators Glass and Borah. It is always the crisis

which tries men's souls. Conciliation must not degenerate into surrender of principle. Patriotism must not be lured into false paths. United action must not involve weakness. Such a result would defeat the whole purpose of the national Democratic offer. Surely the seven Democratic leaders did not intend by their statement to excite sympathy for policies dictated by incapacity or by hostility to necessary human-welfare and other enactments of Congress.

Moreover, since the voters of America have served nation-wide notice of the withdrawal of their certificate of confidence, given the Administration two years ago, the new popular mandate should receive prompt expression at the first Congressional opportunity. Indeed, no criticism of our Congressional system in recent years has sunk deeper in the popular mind than the unresponsiveness of the legislative, executive, and judicial branches of our government to registered indications of deliberate public opinion. Surely business is neither so timid nor so unadaptable that it must always be coddled, lest changing public opinion cause it, like a sensitive plant, to shrink from any slightest outside contact. If so, popular government and modern business are fundamentally hostile, for periodic records of public opinion are necessary to government of, by, and for the people. Indeed, under our system of government, Congress and the President exist to register and execute the public will when definitely voiced through elections.

No one, in fact, has been quicker than Senator Robinson of Arkansas, who signed the Democratic pronouncement, to note and reject certain unwarranted implications read into the offer of coöperation. On November 24, on the eve of the present short session of Congress, and subsequent to the statement of policy in which he joined, Senator Robinson declared: —

> Readiness to coöperate in the passage of the appropriation bills and emergency measures in no sense implies support on my part of the policies of the Republican Party, or approval of its record.

Further elaborating this important qualification, Senator Robinson added: —

> The Congress was in extraordinary session throughout the spring and summer of 1929. We dealt principally with the agricultural problem and with the tariff in relation to the farm relief.
>
> The Hawley-Smoot Act gave impetus to economic depression. It did more harm than good.
>
> The Farm Marketing Act has not been effective to reverse the downward tendency of agriculture.
>
> Conditions have been steadily growing worse until in many parts of the country economic and business distress is appalling.
>
> In my judgment it is imperative that measures of an emergency character be acted upon as speedily as possible.
>
> While no doubt other important subjects will also require attention by the Congress, I regard it as indispensable to the public welfare that all coöperate in the passage of measures for relief in the drouth-stricken areas.
>
> The unemployment situation is acute and demands consideration.

Similarly on November 24, Chairman Shouse, speaking at Newark, New Jersey, said of the earlier truce statement: —

> It did not mean, as some have sought to read it, that Democratic principles would be sacrificed, or that the organization would become a party of yes-men for the President.

Doubtless these after-reflections on the harmony offer were given a more forceful turn by the inhospitable reception of that offer by the Administration and its spokesmen. The President's

acknowledgment of the opposition's tender contained a gratuitous reference to 'the fear and apprehension which have been expressed over reports that delay or filibustering would be resorted to to force an extra session of the Congress.' Senator Watson of Indiana, while professing acceptance of the Democratic suggestion 'with full faith and credit,' made an unnecessarily slurring reference to 'the obvious political propaganda' accompanying it, and left the impression that, without it, the Democratic Party would be supporting 'disturbing legislation.' Senator Moses of New Hampshire, Republican leader, with his unfailing talent for tauntingly upsetting a delicate balance, 'feared the Democrats bearing gifts.'

Senator Fess of Ohio, Republican party whip, went further with the remark: 'Controverted subjects, that have been before Congress for a long time especially, should be voted on if it would prevent a special session.' Least conciliatory of all, however, Congressman Reece of Tennessee, who was the one Republican supported in the primaries by President Hoover, because of the Muscle Shoals issue, and who later was conclusively rejected on that issue by his Congressional district, gave apparent point to Senator Fess's comment by reporting, after a White House conference, that, if again passed by Congress, the Muscle Shoals bill of Senator Norris, providing for government operation of the nation's power plant, would be promptly vetoed by the President.

This anti-progressive declaration of national Republican policy, which remains undenied by the White House, appears to be the President's answer to the announcement of Senator McNary that the latter will steadfastly urge the enactment of the Norris measure in the present session of Congress. Thus what promised to be a straight line of happy coöperation for the public good, regardless of party, curves back, on the outer rim of an old circle, to the starting point of apparently irreconcilable controversy. During the exchange of compliments the general sensitiveness was evidenced by an almost total lack of humor, one exception being a press cartoon on 'Harmony,' picturing personified Democracy and Republicanism, each blissfully smiling, slanting shoulder to shoulder from opposite banks above and across a wide chasm, below which yawns a bottomless abyss.

III

It becomes necessary, without more ado, to analyze the major issues of the campaign of 1930, in order to determine whether any friendly reconciliation of opposed political forces is permanently feasible at this stage of America's development. That campaign was conducted in the shadows of economic paralysis. For fifteen months millions of our steady and self-respecting people in excess of our normally idle — the precise number being unknown for lack of adequate fact-gathering agencies — have faced the deepening want and despair of prolonged unemployment. In the same period, farm foreclosures have exceeded those of any equal time in our history. Bank failures have been so frequent and excessive that the press has generally glossed over the rapidly mounting totals. Our domestic industries have slowed down. Our foreign commerce has tragically dwindled. Business, so far as it has survived, has painfully marked time, receiving, with lessening confidence, the reckless and unfulfilled promises of returning prosperity. Commodity prices, especially of farm products, have dropped to unimaginably low levels. A widening toll of poverty is being exacted in our land of matchless wealth. Corporation dividends chiefly survive, paid, by the

grace of foresight, from the vast storehouse of past surplus accumulations. For example, according to the *New York Journal of Commerce*, during eleven months of the panic year, 1930, in which, broadly speaking, dividends were not earned, certain selected corporations nevertheless distributed dividends totaling $2,668,000,000, which represented an increase of $297,000,000 over the far more prosperous similar period of 1929.

Of course, the acute economic conditions of 1930 might have been accepted with relative complacency had it not been for the background of years which prefaced the collapse of October 1929. Underneath the superficial and feverish prosperity which preceded that crash, economic maladjustments, which long ago should have brought into play the constructive and remedial resources of our government, were glaringly evident. Outstanding industries — notably textiles, coal, and, farthest-reaching of all, agriculture — have been, as we have seen, not for fifteen months, but for years, permitted to drift toward ever-lower levels of disorganization.

During the years immediately preceding the panic, America was so beguiled by the dazzling growth of earnings of dominant corporations that the unhappy plight of industrial workers, our farm population, and moderate business was treated by Administration leaders for the most part with indifference. The steady decrease in employment was noted, then forgotten. Diminishing pay rolls were overshadowed by increasing machine production. For example, as Senator Shipstead of Minnesota recently pointed out, the volume of wages of workers declined more than 30 per cent between 1920 and 1926, and during the same years the workers' output increased about 34 per cent.

Statisticians report that during approximately ten years the control of some 60 per cent of the nation's wealth had shifted from two to about one per cent of our population; that in 1926 corporation dividends on common stock were about 40 per cent larger than in 1923; that during the years after 1920 increasing numbers of workers of gradually lowering ages were cast on the scrap heap of unemployment; that child laborers numbered nearly two million; that two thirds of our population have been doomed to die propertyless; that the value of farm lands and farm buildings in America in a decade shrank in excess of twenty-one billion dollars; that in seven of those years the value of farm crops diminished some 40 per cent; that in the last four of those years one out of every twelve farms in the United States was permanently lost to farm owners through tax and foreclosure sales and agricultural bankruptcy; that farm tenantry has rapidly replaced farm ownership; and that an endless procession of our farm population, driven by changing conditions from lost homes in the country, merged with and further burdened the already overcrowded ranks of city industrial workers.

The central indictment against the party in power in the last campaign was, therefore, one of barren statesmanship during a long period of growing economic evils, which openly threatened and finally sapped the foundations of superficial prosperity. Under three successive Republican administrations, those in power not only did not halt, but rather accelerated, the unfortunate economic tendencies which finally culminated in our present chaos. Presidents Harding and Coolidge merely toyed with the tides which have engulfed President Hoover. Until this indictment against the party in power is confessed, with an 'about face'

programme of constructive legislation which strikes at the roots of our industrial ills, no compromise with the Administration can have more than trivial significance.

IV

American statesmanship, in the name of individual initiative, has practically ignored the overwhelmingly significant facts of our industrial life ever since Woodrow Wilson left and Warren G. Harding entered the White House. The two classes of statutory remedies offered by successive Republican administrations — the Tariff Acts of 1922 and 1930, and the Agricultural Marketing Act — merely emphasize what has been said. Instead of relieving, they have for the most part aggravated, existing conditions, to the special detriment of average business, industrial workers, and our farm population.

Some of the factors which have contributed to the breakdown should perhaps be briefly sketched. The Tariff Act of 1922, not to mention the more incredible Tariff Act of 1930, contributed to produce strange consequences. The Act of 1922 was calculated to intensify unhappy developing economic tendencies in the period following the World War. Informed persons now realize that, coupled with the demand for the payment of European war debts, heightened tariff walls raised by the Act of 1922 first diverted huge amounts of gold to this country, since the payment of foreign obligations through customary commercial shipments was largely barred by our tariffs. These gold imports resulted in easy credit and low money rates in this country, sanctioned by the Federal Reserve Board because of extraordinary gold holdings. Cheaper money, due in part to our needlessly rigorous tariffs, opened the way, with the hearty approval of American bankers, for extensive foreign loans, which were increasingly sought by Europe in order to obtain purchasing credit in American markets, otherwise largely impossible as a result of our substantially isolationist tariff attitude.

The Federal Reserve Board at times indicated that one advantage of cheaper money favored by it was the open door thus afforded for the sale of foreign securities in this country. Had the movement ended there, the results would have been less disastrous. Instead, the easy credit at hand was turned toward the stock market, and thus stimulated feverish stock speculation, the mad trail of which, with its seemingly endless possibilities of gain, eventually affected the whole country. Its enormous profits made ordinary investments unattractive. It drained credit from deserving industries in all directions, and passed beyond the belated efforts of the Federal Reserve Board to check and control it. The tardy warnings and credit contractions of the Board were in the main disregarded because of the confident expectation that easy credit, as in times past, would again be available.

The crash in the fall of 1929 ended the drama, and in no small degree the failure of the Federal Reserve Board to use its powers wisely and effectively for the elimination of foolhardy speculation must be blamed for much of the shocking and far-reaching individual and industrial suffering which resulted. Shortsighted Wall Street leadership must bear its share of responsibility for these events. Throughout, Administration leaders, including Secretary of the Treasury Mellon, whose expertness was taken for granted, let the slowly massing avalanche gather and plunge to its predictable end, without lifting an effectively saving finger.

In other words, America demanded

the payment of foreign war debts; substantially closed the markets of this country by tariffs to the trade of debtor nations; drew a flood of foreign gold to America from abroad; found it desirable to use part of our surplus money to aid foreign countries by ever-increasing foreign loans; and, because still supplied with easy credit, opened our financial gates to the stock orgy which calamitously crashed in the fall of 1929. Behind the Federal Reserve Board's failures, of course, lie our unnecessarily severe tariff and foreign policies.

What we confront, then, are maladjusted economic conditions everywhere, largely precipitated by the blindness of three successive national administrations. Surely all who have examined the development of mass production in America and observed the relation between our tariff barriers and the retaliatory tariff walls of other nations must have moments of vision in which they realize that more liberal commerce with other nations, and higher standards of living both at home and abroad, are intimately related and even preliminary to the larger economic welfare and contentment of mankind toward which our civilization should be directed.

Other results of our tariff legislation of the last decade have been more closely familiar. The tariff duties of the Act of 1922 were admittedly placed unduly high with the purpose of later reductions under the so-called 'flexible' tariff powers, presumably to meet business fear of disturbed after-war competitive conditions, largely because of Europe's then highly inflated currency. That particular dread of Europe disappeared, but unfortunately the promised reductions were never made, though, as long ago as 1910, President Taft — speaking the accepted language of moderate Republican tariff policy — had said: —

> The truth is that under the old protective idea the only purpose was to make the tariff high enough to protect the home industry. The excess of the tariff over the differences in the cost of production here and abroad was not regarded as objectionable, because it was supposed that competition between those who enjoyed high protection would keep the price for the consumer down to what was reasonable for the manufacturers. The evil of excessive tariff rates, however, showed itself in the temptation of manufacturers to combine and suppress competition, and then to maintain the prices so as to take advantage of the excess of the tariff rate over the difference between the cost of production abroad and here.

To add to our trade complications, the Tariff Act of 1930 has once more unscientifically lifted, not lowered, the general tariff level.

To be sure, there has been an accompanying increase in the general range of agricultural as well as manufacturing duties, but with foreseen results. All informed men and women now know that most manufacturing tariffs are effective, most agricultural tariffs ineffective. The reasons need not be repeated here. Enough to say that our tariff acts have generally increased the prices of most necessary farm purchases, without increasing the market returns from the great bulk of farm sales. The long-promised parity between farmers and manufacturers has, therefore, been hindered, not promoted, by our tariff laws. Successive Republican administrations have continued to sacrifice agriculture on the altar of industry. Year after year, heedless of growing farm suffering and resentment, agriculture — the backbone of America — has been broken on the industrial wheel. Furthermore the tariff beneficiaries, who have selfishly influenced our foreign trade policies, have steadily denied farm owners escape by either of two obvious paths: lower duties on the manufactured goods

farmers must buy, or some effective form of agricultural subsidies, substantially corresponding to the indirect tariff subsidies extended to manufacturers. Most informed persons agree that the first was and is the more logical and scientific way to lasting farm relief, but, with that possibility persistently flouted and defeated by logrolling tariff beneficiaries and other conservatives, the subsidy alternative has come to be, more and more reasonably, regarded as the most immediately available avenue of practical farm relief. Here again, however, conservative opposition has been adamant.

Two carefully considered proposals of farm leaders — the equalization fee programme and the export debenture for surplus agricultural exports — have been contemptuously set aside by the same administrations which fostered and accepted with complacency the radical excesses of the Fordney-McCumber and Joe Grundy tariff laws. Nor is this the whole story. The suggestions of farm leaders were dismissed on the ostensible ground that they involved governmental subsidies, as if our general tariff legislation did not tax consumers every hour, in order to procure indirect but effective subsidies for manufacturers of the country, including Secretary Mellon, a member of the President's Cabinet. For years, too, Republican administrations, in one way or another, have substantially subsidized our inland transportation interests, our shipping industry, and our bankers, while steadily resisting all efforts to erect and maintain like safeguards, not only for farmers, but also for workers and moderate business men. At the same time those administrations have appeared determined to place in private hands, for individual profit, regardless of public welfare, the remaining unappropriated natural resources of America, including nationally needed oil reserves and nationally owned electric power resources, strikingly exemplified by such government-built and incalculably valuable government-owned properties as Muscle Shoals, which will doubtless furnish the precedent for our ultimate treatment of Boulder Dam.

V

Assuredly such facts, and others impressively illustrating the same regrettable tendencies, point their own moral. The essential contest over government to-day, as in the long past, is between those who use it to enlarge the profits and privileges of the few; and those who demand approximate equality of rights and opportunities, safeguarded by government, for the many. The campaign of 1930 was fought and won by Democrats and other progressives on the public side of that issue. Present professions must be judged by past conduct, and it is the view, alike of progressive Democrats, Republicans, and Farmer-Laborites, that, until the party now nationally in power repudiates its established practices, its attitude and that of the liberal opposition are and must remain fundamentally hostile. Temporary relief measures may be stipulated, but the real conflict goes deeper.

The Administration, by its blind, persistent, ten-year policies, has proved itself committed to profiteers and devoted to privilege. Progressive coalition with such a programme is impossible. Of course, all men and women seek to uphold the hands of the President, but only on the assumption that the President will uphold the hands of the people. So far as conditions permitted, the mandate given in 1930 by the voters of America was for a new governmental order, dictated by age-old democratic principles, adapted to and dominating our changing civilization.

The demand is for a people's, not a profiteer's, sovereignty; a people's education, literature, financial system, tariff, and life; a people's electric age; a people's government in all branches, executive, legislative, and judicial; a people's prosperity; a people's peace, and a people's end of wars, which, in the long run, chiefly benefit profiteers.

To illustrate western American sentiment by Colorado, the recent election results may reasonably be regarded as directing remedial action, through Federal laws and executive leadership, designed: —

1. To diminish unemployment by an elastic programme of Federal works; increasingly effective employment agencies; enlarged restraints on immigration in periods of depression; the substitution of adult for child labor; and a scientific advance in the direction of old age and unemployment insurance, and of shorter working hours without reduced pay.

2. To assist agriculture by reductions of excessive tariff rates on manufactured articles, or, lacking such reductions, by legislative support for the marketing abroad of surplus staple farm products. Also by further legislation, aimed, for example, to improve market conditions for farm crops; establish juster taxes and freight rates; stabilize prices of farm products; give farmers public-spirited and able representation in the various Federal agencies devoted to farm welfare; strike at farm tenancy and assist farm ownership, in the interest alike of justice and of public well-being, by farm loans payable over a considerably extended period of time, carrying interest at the lowest feasible rates; and postpone, as need arises, with proper safeguards for the banks, the foreclosure of mortgages held by intermediate credit, joint stock, and Federal land banks.

3. To secure the reduction of present excessive tariff duties, beginning with monopoly-controlled and other privately price-fixed manufactured articles — new tariff duties to be tested, not by the demands of tariff lobbyists, as at present, but by the national interest and by impartial fact-finding. And, in so doing, to improve general business; widen the average business man's market; increase production and the purchasing power of the farmers', workers', and other consumers' dollars; discourage monopolies; suppress unfair trade practices; liberalize helpful commerce between the United States and foreign countries; and deepen proper international goodwill and friendliness.

4. To regulate hereafter far more effectively, justly, and wisely the expansion and contraction of credit.

5. To conserve our unappropriated, nationally owned natural resources, and, as part of that programme, to operate by the government our government-owned investments at Muscle Shoals and Boulder Dam in order to produce electric power for the benefit of municipalities and the public.

6. To strengthen, and make more justly effective, governmental control over transportation, communication, and other public utilities.

7. To improve industrial conditions and avoid costly industrial disturbances by legislation recognizing the rights and dignity of labor; tending to establish and maintain harmonious labor relations; and eliminating unnecessary and at times inhumane abuses by courts of injunctions and contempt proceedings, often exclusively directed against workers.

8. To secure and preserve the friendliest disposition between the United States and foreign countries.

9. To uphold genuine, impartial, and thoroughgoing law enforcement.

10. To support governmental economy, subject to the imperative de-

mands of the public welfare; and to promote governmental efficiency.

VI

Such indications as the foregoing, which are illustrative rather than all-inclusive, of a liberally Democratic legislative and executive programme, in contrast with present Administration suggestions, reveal the quicksands which underlie any present plan of coalition government. It must be evident that no immediate hopes may now be indulged of any permanent union of the Administration with Democratic and other progressive opposition. Life and government are not yet so simple. The progressive and conservative forces of America at this hour are in sharp disagreement, even over such preliminary questions as the right to use government for the general good, not to mention the promotion of economic liberty and justice for all citizens. Many conservatives still timidly urge that such activities be left to the whims of charity or the lawlessness of chance.

Summing up what has been said, the after-election declaration of national Democratic policy has the striking merit of emphasizing the value, in peace as in war, of patriotic unity, regardless of party, to remove the economic distress now gripping farmers, city workers, and general American business. The outstanding demand of the hour is relief which really relieves, genuinely and promptly extended to stricken farmers and unemployed workers, as first steps to general prosperity. The tree of prosperity must be watered at the roots if it is to cease dying at the top. On the other hand, coöperation, to be worth while, must be mutual, not one-sided. The true public rule continues to be: in essentials, unity, provided public welfare determines the essentials. Sound legislative proposals of the Administration should, of course, be supported by the opposition, but the Administration in return must refrain from insistence on an unsound programme. It must even be prepared, where necessary, to retrace mistaken steps, and correct national and international policies which have helped to precipitate lost confidence and disaster. Above all it must unite with all forward-looking thinkers in recognizing that men, women, and children are more important than machines, farmers than speculators, consumers than monopolists, and that human beings must increasingly be given security in work, life, and happiness, corresponding to the safeguards enjoyed by capital.

Finally, it should be said that age-old issues between autocracy and democracy, on which peace, war, disaster, and prosperity depend, will not now be solved through armistice government. Eternal vigilance remains necessary, because ancient contests in ever-changing guise return to plague us. Beneath professions of friendly coöperation, unlimited private profit continues to resist the advance of fair play and public service. Privilege for the most part yields to equality inch by inch, and only in response to the resistless pressure and major strength of government. A coalition, therefore, of these unyieldingly opposed forces merely offers a momentary breathing space in the continuing struggle for justice. If this were not so, and general welfare were the common goal, government would be the easiest, instead of the most difficult, of human sciences, arts, and adventures.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE OLD GENTLEMAN OPPOSITE

BEFORE I knew my friend and neighbor's name, I used to call him 'The Old Gentleman Opposite.' This title is appropriate enough. He is obviously old; he is quite as obviously a gentleman; and he lives, with a sister still older than himself, in a little old brown box of a house with a porch and a trumpet vine, a remaining reminder of earlier days, just across our modern street.

I look over and down upon his goings and comings from the tenth floor of an apartment house.

A fitting designation, it seemed, for want of a better; yet, long after I knew his threefold name, — which braids together several historic American associations, and is written handsomely, with a Washingtonian flow and flourish, — I discovered that the nickname did not altogether please him. When he overheard it being applied to him by a dweller on my side of the street, he flushed brightly above his little red-roan beard, in the ashes of which still live their wonted fires.

'I wonder,' he said, after a minute of silent thought, 'at exactly what age a man ceases to feel a certain surprise at being called an old gentleman. I remember passing through a phase when I spoke of myself as old, with the secret sense of a gallant jest. And I recall a distinct shock when for the first time I noticed that my hearers did not smile at all.

'But that particular combination of words, "The Old Gentleman Opposite," makes a picture in my mind which I don't recognize as looking like myself.

'I hardly suppose you still read *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table?* Indeed! Then perhaps you know a certain illustration in an early edition representing The Old Gentleman Opposite.

'When I was a little boy with a paintbox, I colored the illustrations in that edition, — perhaps, Heaven forgive me, it was the first! — the book having been entrusted to my hands by incautious elders. I operated in what was then the manner of little boys; I understand they are taught better now. We laid on the color very thick, applying the wet brush directly to the cake of paint; sometimes there were moments of impulse when the moist end of the cake was itself used, without the intermediary brush — a rich enjoyment, that!

'In this manner I pigmented The Old Gentleman Opposite. He looked not unlike a miniature of my great-great-grandfather, which I still have; but that is more restrained in its coloring. I don't think I resemble either picture.

'Later, of course, I came really to know this typical character. You remember how he "slid away the carving-knife, as it were carelessly," when the Autocrat was talking about the six personalities of John and Thomas? You remember his foolish white hat, and the pink paper with two little birds and a date, which he carried in his watchcase — that very sweet bit of sentimentality? And the white cashmere shawl he gave to the schoolmistress as a wedding present? I am

not conscious of exhibiting any such phenomena as those.

'And yet,' he continued musingly, 'I suppose there is a sense in which I am truly The Old Gentleman Opposite. When I was young I used to observe, and to blame in my heart, the conservatism of age; its inability to understand new developments, its lack of sympathy with them, its disposition to criticize. These are horrid traits. And I now detect all of them, to a marked degree, in myself.'

He nodded his head, as accepting his own reproof. But his sherry-colored eyes sparkled behind his glasses — not eyeglasses with a black ribbon, nor yet owlish reading glasses with tortoise-shell rims, but plain rimless spectacles with a convenient hook over the ear; bifocals, I think. 'I am in reality The Old Gentleman Opposite — opposite,' said he, 'to most tendencies of this age.'

I did not altogether believe this; for I discovered that his roan hair and beard had a sort of symbolic significance, typifying a blend, as it were, of encroaching age and strangely surviving youth. As a matter of fact, the sense of sport which I feel in talking with him springs from my uncertainty as to which of his tendencies will, in a given situation, come uppermost; for in him 'red spirits and gray' mingle, as in that song found in Middleton's *Witch*.

'You are not a perfectly satisfactory specimen of a cross old person,' I remarked.

'Oh, I flatter myself that I keep fairly good-humored,' said he; 'nevertheless make no mistake. I'm really a member of the opposition. In what respects? Well, there are many. Perhaps the verses I've been writing will give you some notion.'

He took out of his breast pocket a folded paper, and began to read aloud.

'ODE TO REVOLT

'Hail, Goddess robed in glorious red,
Rich as a royal tulip bed!
The beaten track I will not tread
Of dull convention:
To follow thee across the waste
(Although without unseemly haste),
Shouting my individual taste,
Is my intention.'

('Wait a minute,' said I. 'Is n't this by that grandnephew of yours who lives in Greenwich Village? The sentiment seems to be his — but the style —'

'Both style and sentiment,' said the Old Gentleman proudly, 'are quite my own. You shall hear.')

'I swear I will not be induced
To trace through tortuous works of Proust
Queer sins of which I never used
To know the labels;
Nor praise the Modern Art that props
Those wry-necked dolls in fronts of shops,
And still-lifes sliding off the tops
Of crazy tables.

'At exhibitions I shall frown
On works that might hang upside down,
Though such receive the laurel crown
From expert judges;
Stout studies one would wish to hide,
And portraits painfully skew-eyed,
Inexplicably uglified
With grimy smudges.

'I won't pretend I'm not annoyed
By all this prate of Jung and Freud;
I will not say that I've enjoyed
That large collection
Of New Biography that tries
Subtly to psychoanalyze
Dead greatness, which from these strange flies
Has no protection.

'I can't, without a sense of shame,
Decapitate a proper name,
Though many do so without blame,
Following the fashion;
The leading letter of a line
To lower case I won't consign.
The games of Joyce and Gertrude Stein
Arouse my passion.

'Then, Goddess, lead — or come along,
Skirling a shrill rebellious song.
From the broad road that lures the throng
Our way's divergent.
As when the century began,
I am a proud unmastered man,
A fierce free-necked Victorian,
A Heart Insurgent!'

'When you were a little boy,' I asked, 'did you ever play with those small figures made of pith —'

'Pith witches!' he exclaimed. 'How well I remember them! Whenever you put them down, they *would* stand on their heads, which were loaded with a bit of lead.'

'It seems to me,' said I, 'that your Goddess of Revolt is a pith witch.'

'Hm — yes,' said he; 'but I can explain my position even better than that.

'Do you remember the chapter in *Treasure Island* in which Jim Hawkins returns from his adventures, and slips into the stockade where he left the respectable persons of the story, and finds that safe enclosure occupied by the pirates? Well, the former forces of revolt have now occupied the stockade. As what used to be called a sound conservative, I am now outside the fence.

'But,' he concluded, folding up his ode, 'I will tell you more of this another time.'

Pipe-organ caprice

Every seasoned organist likes to talk about 'managing' a pipe organ, and I used to wonder why. Nobody speaks of 'managing' a piano or a piccolo. But neither of these instruments has the capacity or the capriciousness of the pipe organ; nor do they present such a fine array of petty errors from which to choose.

To begin with, the manager of a pipe organ has forty white keys and twenty-five black ones on each of four keyboards; a similar number under his swinging feet; a set of white slides, the shape of a domino, representing all gradations of volume; and a dozen red and green ones which make every note on the organ play an octave higher and an octave lower as well as itself. Before essaying to touch a key of an organ, therefore, however delicately, the performer must look carefully to his properties and set his stage, to see what he has 'on.' One careless flick of a finger nail on a piston will completely change the scene.

In short, a wrong note is innocuous compared with a wrong stop. It always comes as a surprise when an organist lays tentative hands on a diminished seventh chord, expecting to hear a plaintive suggestion from the back of the church, *vox cælestis*, when by inadvertence he has tapped down an ophicleide. Now an ophicleide is a very loud and snappy stop, second only in abruptness to a *tuba mirabilis*. One may not take back the ophicleide. He is history.

Some known errors may be the player's fault; some may be entirely the organ's. Every player of experience has at some time played the wrong note, or the wrong manual, pulled the wrong stop, or forgotten his hymn book, all directly traceable to his own oversight. But more distressing than these, because unpreventable, is the trick an organ sometimes has of 'ciphering' on you.

A violin, when left severely alone, at least will not play. But an organ will. Suddenly, for no reason at all, some pipe will begin, as they say, to 'speak.' If it is a ladylike dulciana or *viole d'orchestre*, one may play loud music and mask the symptoms. But if the open diapason is afflicted it is possible only to shut off the motor and descend to the Sunday School piano. I have known an organ to cipher

through a whole church service and stop suddenly with the benediction like a naughty child.

Anyone also has a right to feel aggrieved when, having set his organ for 'Still, still with thee,' he waits with thrilled soul for his *unda maris*, and upon his surprised eardrums the full organ responds with trumpets and stentorphone, 'Yah — yah — yah!'

There he is, playing it himself, and nothing to blame but an innocent-looking foot lever which is on, but has failed to light up a green light simply because the bulb has quietly burned out. The most gentle of congregations will hold an organist responsible for such an error; for, if he is not to blame, just say who is. He certainly seems to be in sole charge.

Then the belt may come off the motor and silence the organ in toto. All the B flats may refuse to play, or the A flats may choose to play all the time. A modern organ can be played with a wisp of drapery from a cassock, or by the corner of a cuff. To approach an instrument that speaks whenever its keys are depressed a thirty-second of an inch, one should certainly wear something other than the flowing robe of the A.G.O.

The player of an old-fashioned tracker organ, who had to exert pounds of pressure on his keys, — more pressure for more noise, — did not have this delicate difficulty to contend with; but we must admit that he was more likely to get a wen on the back of his hand.

A young organist as a rule makes more mistakes than an old one. For instance, an old man would never 'step on his pedals' — a thing that every young organist at one time or another does. The young organist has already shut off the power; why should the organ function in any way? But the wind has not been thoroughly cleaned out of the pipes as yet, and as the minister says impressively, 'Saul took his sword, and fell upon it,' the organist, in slipping quietly from his bench, steps on the pedals, which respond 'Poo — ooh!' somewhat like a very large dying animal. There is nothing to do about it — except to remember all the rest of a lifetime not to do it again.

But even the wary old-timer can be surprised by a new one. It is perfectly possible for a stricken organist to look up from his instrument during the benediction, with his organ lightheartedly set for the 'Priests' March' *fortissimo* to waltz his congregation out of church, and to see his choir standing with hymnals ready for the seven-fold Amen, *pianissimo* — a new version of the Amen, especially rehearsed. It is too late to find the page; the preacher has already said, 'World without end —' The organist may remember, if the fates are kind, that the Amen is in the key of G, and shake down all his loud preparations in the nick of time to give out to the choir a breath of a chord, æoline, just as a suggestion, and listen with bowed head as the loyal group sing Amen seven times without accompaniment except the echo in the unfortunate organist's heart of 'Verily, so let it be, Lord.'

Even if he has attended church from babyhood, he can forget whether the invocation precedes or succeeds the doxology; he can completely forget the chords of the 'Gloria'; and he can drop a piece of music on the pedals and spend his time during the prelude kicking it out of the way without success. Sheet music is harmless in comparison to a thick Congregational hymn book, for the hymn book will immediately begin to play the pedals as it lies on them — steadily and in a bass voice. This does not refer to the book on the rack, which is not specially

likely to fall off. But a forehanded organist often has an extra hymn book on the bench beside him with the place all found, and, as the Canadians say, he may drop *it*.

When one of the largest organs in the world was dedicated, a few outstanding men played on it for the benefit of the Organists' Guild duly assembled. Every man present doubtless could have played a Bach fugue or two without notes; but only one man present could play them all. The clever little fellow who could chose one of the difficult ones for his show piece. He proceeded to play it about as well as it could be played, having a great deal in his favor in that he had the most powerful instrument in the world under his fingers. He worked himself and his admiring colleagues to the glorious end, jammed on the full organ, — the loudest musical noise in the world at the time, — and clutched his last chord in two handfuls. The time-lag necessary to convey to his own ears what he was playing was very short. The chord was not merely a minor to major, or even in the wrong key. It was a totally foreign chord, related in no particular to the composition in question — an unearthly, awful, utterly astounding noise, and at the top of the organ's voice. Instantly every organist in the room began to applaud. They stood on the chairs. They would not stop until the performer began again to repeat every note of the fugue.

Now a Bach fugue, as every organist knows, is about twenty pages long, and contains measures of six inches and over, depending on the publisher. So it was some time before the chord in question was reached for the second time. The goodly fellowship was motionless with anxiety, when their brother, now thoroughly endeared to them, selected his notes with great care, and came down on the right chord, full organ with double growlers on the pedals, *bombarde* 32, and turned his head completely round to smile at them. A great organist can do nothing so absolutely lovable as to make a mistake.

They all make them, and what a pleasure it is to see a really great man heel a pedal that should be toed! But the state of mind of an organist who has just blundered is that of unthinkable depression. He probably cares very little about living to play again. And yet, for this same organist there are frequently moments when, with the golden voice of his contralto above him, the silver voice of his tenor over yonder, and a skillful-stopped diapason and *flute d'amour* beneath his fingers, — a shutter closing under his feet at just the right moment to allow his voices to breathe together into perfect silence, — he may feel that even hell is worth his while.

He may express, in the voluntary, whatever has befallen him (always excepting hatred) — exaltation, despair, fear, longing, thanksgiving, hunger, thirst, or the pursuit of happiness. He may break every rule of the classic and add power and yet more power, tapping down diapasons here and there in proportion to his excitement, and horns if he has them, kicking open shutters, stepping on levers, lighting up lights — full organ *zuletzt*, plus tremolo.

For if it is true, and it is, that one can make uncountable mistakes in managing a pipe organ, it is also true that one may do more original and creative things with it than with any other instrument — not even excepting the baton.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

MARCH, 1931

THE FUTURE OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

BY DAVID A. REED

We need not pause to explain or justify the existence of the party system. Our nation accepts as axiomatic the need of organization in war, in religion, in business, and in sport. Inevitably the same need exists in politics.

The persons who are thus organized have come together because they agree upon what seem to them to be principles or purposes of first importance. We expect them at the same time to differ very often upon matters of secondary importance. Our army was a unit in its desire to defeat the German army, yet every individual in it doubtless felt that in one way or another he would go about it differently from the method adopted by General Pershing. And so we expect to find a political party united by common acceptance of a few fundamental principles, but disagreeing and wrangling constantly about lesser matters. Nevertheless, as in an army, a church, an industry, or an athletic team, the efficiency of a political party is generally directly proportioned to its discipline, and total lack of discipline spells inevitable defeat.

Internal Party Strife

In our political experience in America, and in our observation of parliamentary government elsewhere, we have seen that the party in power usually appears to be riven by dissension to a greater extent than the opposition or minority party. We have seen also that this contrast increases as the same party continues in power for a prolonged period. Long-continued success brings decay to political parties in just the same way that it does to nearly everybody and everything in this frail world of ours.

Conversely, the party that is out of power, and is without responsibility for carrying on the business of government, finds that differences of opinion among its members have become less important, and it finds a greater coherence and unity in its task of criticism and opposition. Hence the paradox that defeat increases party solidarity.

The Republican Party has now been in control of our national government for about ten years. Its previous tenure lasted sixteen years — from 1897 to 1913. The resemblance between the two periods is quite marked. Each began with the party chastened by recent defeat, reasonably well disciplined, reasonably unanimous upon cardinal principles. Each period was marked by a growing dissension within the party, a growing restlessness and

impatience and intolerance. The same phenomena would have been observed among the Democrats if they had held power during those years, and were beginning to be evident among Democrats before the outbreak of the war.

The disagreements at the present time between a Republican of New England and a Republican of the wheat belt are no more marked than those between a Tammany Democrat and a Democrat whose home looks out upon the Gulf of Mexico. The difference is that one is a riot in the ship's crew, while the other is just a schism among the passengers.

Economic differences make political differences. Comparatively few men are sufficiently broad of vision to see each problem from the standpoint of the nation as a whole, and still fewer are the constituencies who are willing to continue such representatives in office.

If self-interest be the glue that holds civilization together, it also binds most of us pretty tightly to our own locality and our own occupational group. So we need not be surprised to find that the men of the upper Mississippi think that our national government has been diverted to be the support solely of the industrial East, while the citizen of the Atlantic seaboard believes that it has become merely an engine for pumping public money from Eastern taxpayers to insatiable Mid-Western farmers. Neither is right, but neither is likely to change his opinion. And as the Republican Party has remained dominant for a decade, it is not in the least strange that within that dominant party there have occurred sharp clashes between these two groups, exceeding in bitterness any conflict between Republican and Democrat. To a certain extent, it is a healthy condition. At least it is preferable to an overwhelming preponderance of either sectional group.

The Popular Primary

As a people we are sometimes capable of great folly in the name of 'reform.' We re-form things, but the new form is often worse than the old. In my judgment, this is what happened when we established the popular primary system, and, as far as the United States Senate is concerned, it happened again when we adopted the Seventeenth Amendment and began the election of Senators by direct vote of the people.

Isolated instances prove nothing, one way or the other. It is my sincere belief, however, that the last twenty years have proved on the whole that the 'reformed' method of selecting public officials presents a similar opportunity for corruption, provides a greater field for demagogy, gives us a group of officials of lower average ability, and — what alone concerns us at the moment — nearly obliterates party discipline. At the present time an avowed Republican may oppose his party's candidates, attack their character and motives, and upset their campaigns, may ridicule or vilify a Republican President and his Cabinet and vote against his every recommendation, yet by shrewd appeals to sectional or occupational prejudice obtain by popular vote a renomination for himself which no convention of true party men would dream of giving him.

Party disloyalty no longer means political punishment. In sober truth, there seem to be in America to-day communities in which party disloyalty is esteemed to be the greatest of political virtues. Not court-martial, but promotion, awaits the soldier who

shoots down his own comrades. In the middle of the ball game, the shortstop announces that he has become 'progressive' and throws the ball into the grandstand. He subsequently justifies this by proclaiming his own moral superiority, and many of his home-town folk are gullible enough to accept the explanation. So they reëlect him to the team. And we call that 'reform.'

Small wonder that party discipline has weakened, and that party functioning is badly performed. No army, no church, no business, no baseball team, could achieve success under such conditions.

New Parties?

What then? Will new parties arise? It seems improbable to me within the near future. Parties come into being when citizens, thinking much and feeling deeply, find themselves fairly evenly divided upon questions that concern the very integrity of our system of economics and government. Such a question, for example, as faced us at the end of the eighteenth century, when we had to decide almost each day whether this power or that should be, or had been, given to the Federal government or retained by the states. Such questions as the right of secession by individual states, the integrity of our national monetary system, the attitude of the nation toward the flow of goods or the migration of persons from abroad to our shores. The whole future of America was to be determined by the decision of those questions. But no such essential problem seems to divide us to-day, and therefore I cannot see a probability of the birth of new parties in the next few years.

Prohibition arouses a wide enough interest, I admit, but it seems to me that it cannot be the issue upon which new party alignments will be created. However extravagantly we may praise or attack it, it remains a mere by-law for the regulation of a comparatively small part of our daily affairs. I cannot picture to myself a time when all party distinction save 'Wet' or 'Dry' shall have disappeared from our political life. We have exterminated the legalized open saloon, and presently we shall attack its descendants, — the speak-easy and the bootlegger, — not after the manner of Mr. Volstead, but in a more realistic and effective way. I can see no party division there, but rather a continuous process of trial-and-error that will get us at last to a practical result. 'Muddling through,' perhaps, but that is the way our forefathers solved some of their toughest problems. Concisely, I am confident that neither Republican nor Democratic Party will definitely be wet or dry. Each will 'straddle,' not so much because of cowardice as because the members of each party will themselves be divided upon the question.

Some day it may well be that new parties will arise, or that the present parties will be reborn, in a division upon the question of local self-government. The process of overloading the national government has gone on for several decades and shows no sign of cessation. Each war accelerates it, for centralization of power in war time becomes a matter of life and death for the nation. But, as the process goes on, bureaucracy grows apace. More and more, unseen and unknown men in Washington are doing for us those things that we ought to be doing for ourselves.

Our states and towns grow steadily weaker, the national government grows stronger. Our President and the more active men in the Cabinet

and in Congress are overloaded with responsibilities and besieged with importunities, to such a degree that brain and sinew approach the point of collapse. Soon the trend must be reversed, or local self-government will have disappeared and the national government will have become as inefficient as all busybodies are. But here again I see no present likelihood of the emergence of new parties. This question, unlike prohibition, goes to the very foundation stones of our system of government, but, again unlike prohibition, enjoys a very slight amount of national thought and concern.

Any new party, moreover, must certainly suffer from the same absence of discipline that plagues the existing parties. After the honeymoon of its first great campaign, it would find its internal strife raging with the same ferocity as in the old parties. It would be but giving a new name to an old situation.

New Issues

It seems probable, therefore, that we shall continue to see our people divided between Republican and Democratic parties. The issues between them are very faint at this moment. Free coinage of silver, imperialism, the League of Nations — all are disposed of, and no longer offer live political issues. Even the tariff policy of the Republicans seems now to have become the policy of the Democrats as well, although occasionally one is saddened to discover that Democrats are more ready to ask protection for their own constituents than they are to grant it to others.

But the fact that at the moment the issues are faint gives us no reason to believe that that state of affairs will continue indefinitely. Free silver, as well as the League, was not long foreseen as an issue. It may well be that in 1932, to say nothing of 1936, an issue now obscure will engross the interest of every American. And when that time comes, I venture to think that it will be the Republican Party that will, as in the past, advocate that solution which most exactly conforms to the common sense and patriotism of the average American. The party, for some reason, has a habit of being right.

THE FLYING BANKER

A Cure for Care

BY FRANCIS VIVIAN DRAKE

I

To fly three thousand hours and live, only to find thirty minutes an eternity in which every second seemed the last; to contend and struggle for years with growing success in the roar of Wall Street, then to be caught on a lonely, silent prairie, unable to get back, to do anything, to avert anything, and to learn that one was going broke hour by hour — such were the contrasts of experience through which I have lived.

As a wide-eyed youth, I tremblingly went aloft with the pioneers, and I've been flying, on and off, ever since. As a grown man, I became absorbed in that curious life endured by those who live and die by the sword — that is, the stock market. In other words, I became an investment banker. I nearly always worked; I often flew. The two went well together, strangely enough, for flying has not, as yet, anything to do with making money. . . . But, once acquired, the fascination of flying never leaves anyone; and the fascination of making money is denied only by those who have never done it. Things were high, wide, and handsome, when, most suddenly, the result of my work went smash, and the apparently solid things lay in bits; but right at that moment my faithful pastime staged a counter-climax, and kicked me up against forces far greater than anything the Street could muster. It worked. I got back, or for the first time acquired, a perspective; and for once I knew what was real and what was n't.

It started after the first big market crash. The pennies, a little lonely after repeated decimations, were still a respectable band. That was all right. But the universal, insistent, unnecessary gloom became altogether too much to be borne.

A friend of mine, a real banker, had a client rush in on him and exclaim: 'Mr. P——, this situation is terrible! I feel as if I were caught in one of those revolving mousetraps, going round in a circle. For God's sake get me out, and to hell with the cheese!'

This gentleman expressed my sentiments perfectly, but I could not get out. I did the next best thing: I departed for the Middle West and joined a friend who owned a powerful aeroplane, and we concocted a trip into the Northwest, half business, half pastime. He was not a pilot, but he employed a very good one.

The machine was rather exceptional; it is still, I think, the finest aeroplane that can be had. A cabin monoplane, quite small, streamlined to within an inch of its life, hung behind a huge engine of four hundred and some horsepower, itself a magnificent piece of mechanism. At full throttle the machine had an air speed of about a hun-

dred and seventy-five miles an hour; we usually cruised at about one hundred and fifty to sixty. The landing speed was high, and thereby hung tales. The body was cigar-shaped and smooth, even the door being curved to follow the shape of the body.

Inside, the pilot sat right up in front, behind the engine, with a bulkhead behind him. Farther back were two comfortable leather seats, and directly before them two tip-up seats, which we never used. Our bags went in behind us.

The big wing was attached to the top of the body, and we looked out sideways through glass windows, under the wing. The pilot, of course, had windows looking straight ahead. The gasoline tanks were inside the wing, and gave us about five hours' supply, or enough for around eight hundred miles. Few Army or Navy pursuit aeroplanes, even single-seaters, were as fast or could carry as much gasoline, and if a man wanted speed — why, here it was.

The weather was poor, and a day or two passed before we cared to start on such a long trip. It was gray and raining when we finally stood on the tarmac watching the pilot warm up the engine. The ceiling was about five hundred feet, the visibility about half a mile.

We went to the main office at the Kansas City airport and found out about the weather on our route. Our first stop was to be Minneapolis. We found that the weather at Des Moines was much clearer, and looking better to the north. On a long flight one is pretty sure to run into bad weather somewhere, and frequently it is a good sign to start in a poor weather area, with the consequent likelihood of running out of it. Still, it looked rather poor for high-speed flying.

We went back to the machine. It glistened; every part was smooth and shining, and even the wheels were three-quarters enclosed in a metal streamlining, to cut down resistance. The pilot had the engine nearly wide open, the aeroplane quivered, the roar was deafening. Then the pilot cut the throttle until the propeller just barely flicked around, and climbed out.

'She's hot,' he said. 'What about it; do we start?' We told him the weather situation to the north. He considered. 'Fine,' he replied. 'We'll probably run out of this stuff in half an hour, although it's mighty poor around here.'

He turned to me, as the inexpert but graybeard pilot: 'What do you think?'

I thought the weather was horrible, but my friend and the pilot were obviously all set to go, so I assented with such brightness as I could assume. We said good-byes, and climbed in.

II

We took off forthwith. Our take-offs were always exciting, like our landings; that is to say, a great deal seemed to be going on. Like all pilots, this pilot had ways of his own. At about eighty or ninety he took the weight off the wheels, but held her down to within a few feet of the ground until he had about a hundred and fifty miles an hour. As one looks ahead over the engine, the sense of speed is considerable, but peering out under the wing at the ground three feet away conveys a sense of real action. He then executed a vertical-bank climbing turn, which again is not a dull sensation, and thus brought himself out at about five hundred feet and facing the airport again. The operation is not possible, of course, except with a powerful machine.

We squared away, just under the ragged clouds. The ground near the

city was cut up into small fields. Mechanically I eyed possible landing places in case of engine failure, as no old-timer — or new-timer, for that matter — fails to do, however fine his engine. In our case, our aeroplane had only one fault, and that was its high landing speed; and over involved country it was a very real fault. Notwithstanding designers' efforts to the contrary, machines which fly fast also land fast. The higher your maximum speed, the higher your minimum, and if you fall below the latter you stall, lose the power of flight, and the machine dives violently until it regains speed. If you happen to be too close to the ground, it's too bad.

Our machine was generally 'brought in' to a landing at about one hundred and twenty miles per hour, so as to retain full control, and then, on straightening out for the actual landing, the speed was dropped to about sixty to seventy, at which speed the wheels touched; being so perfectly streamlined, the machine took a long run without slackening. It had brakes, but you cannot use these until going very slowly, or the machine will turn over on its nose. We needed a whole lot of territory to get down on, and on anything rough it took a lot of skill; and if we had a crash we could be sure of one thing — it would be at a nice high speed. If you disconnect the brakes of your car, and get it going at around seventy in a small field, you will grasp what I mean; but not for long.

However, the engine was going as smoothly as a sewing machine; the ground began to open out into farms. The ceiling rose just a little, then a little more, and soon we were up about a thousand feet. The sense of speed left us, except when we dashed through a cloud streamer. Rain blurred the windows at times, but quite suddenly the clouds broke all round us and patches of strong sunlight lit us up; and we nudged each other with relief and pleasure. I relaxed against the back of my seat; the pilot wriggled a hand back through the little opening in the rear of his compartment and waved.

Soon Des Moines came in sight, under our right wingtip, indistinct under the film that hangs over every city. We were now flying at about four thousand feet, seemingly suspended in the air while the distant earth very slowly unrolled below us. Tiny clouds, little masses of golden vapor, flicked past the windows sometimes. I gazed my fill at the immense pattern of thousands of fields, brown, gray, green, every autumn color, and all speckled with yellow sunlight and cloud shadows. Misty in the east and full gold in the west, there was no break in the farms, unless for a town. Everywhere a vast fertility, the furrows marked on every field; the rich earth seemed boundless — America!

Ahead, the earth began to disappear beneath a wide curtain of smoke. In the smoke cloud one sometimes saw the flash of windows down the side of a tall building, or a faint white tower of offices. Over a gray-black rope that was the river, St. Paul was quite hidden under its own pall.

The engine softened; we began to glide. The earth became very distinct, and the sense of speed returned to us. We flashed over a line of hangars still five hundred feet up, and Minneapolis airport, enclosed in the white ring of an old concrete race track, lay beneath us. The pilot opened his engine up full at about a hundred feet, and we tore across the airport while he surveyed the ground. A sharp climbing turn, back down wind, then he turned right up on a wingtip and began a steep sideslip to kill speed; I looked down at the inevitable high-tension wires along the side of the air-

port. We slung level, the open end of a hangar flicked by the windows, the sense of terrific speed came back. Then, bumble-rumble, the loud noise of our wheels along the ground. We taxied to the concrete pavement by the hangars, and got out.

It was a brilliant evening, very cold, the sky vivid orange, and all very Northern. We looked at our watches; sitting quietly in our warm cabin, watching an unforgettable picture, we had come four hundred miles in two hours and twenty-six minutes! The airport men gathered around and exclaimed, and perhaps disbelieved. I thought of the long overnight journey by train, and patted the glossy side of the machine when no one was looking. We carefully put her away in a hangar. Earth-bound, we bundled ourselves and our bags into an itinerant taxi; the driver, overcome by his temporary environment, avid for speed, tried and tried to break through fifty, swinging from side to side while we clutched each other in terror.

III

Winter weather, that bane of long-distance flying, gave us a mist so thick that we could scarcely see the street beneath when we looked out the next morning. It drizzled, and it felt raw. Our next leg was a long one, straight out West, to Wyoming. It was not over any mail route, and we wanted fair weather, with our machine, for the trip. So we had to wait around, victims of irony, while the despised trains came and went.

That evening I was electrified by newspaper headlines announcing another stock break. After the terrific smash we had had, with its primary and secondary breaks and all the rest of the performance, this was indeed startling news. I was overwhelmed again by the dead, hopeless feeling of wondering how bad it would be to-morrow and to-morrow. It is not a light matter to watch the work of years, into which the whole serious energies of one's maturity have gone, crumbling away before the blind effects of a universal disaster. It is no light thing to think of the patient toil that must be begun to rebuild the shattered edifice stone by stone.

I mooned about in the drizzle, feeling very low, particularly as I was so far away and helpless to do anything or to understand what was going on. So, even though preoccupied with sixteen-million-share days, Wall Street spared one of its little demons to come out, crouch on my shoulder, and claw my neck.

All next day was the same, and sometimes we engaged in that most footless of occupations, cursing the weather. The evening papers revealed that the market in New York was still falling. Ignorant of the true conditions, my imagination ran only too wild, and with nothing to do but sit around and wait for the weather, I was rapidly becoming what the cowboys call 'spooky.' The ensuing morning we were all in a mood to take off directly there was enough visibility to leave the ground. The airport was foggy and gloomy. We went over the machine very thoroughly; the tanks were filled; and we waited around, hoping it would clear. As our route did not go over any air line, we were ignorant of the conditions out West; and, with all the uplift which was being showered on aviation, it seemed too bad that a great city like Minneapolis knew nothing whatever about the weather west of it.

Around lunch time, the ceiling rose to about a thousand feet, and the ground visibility extended to about a mile. I telephoned from the airport office to the little town we were bound

for; there was no weather man, so I spoke with the local newspaper. An individual described the weather conditions as being very dull and cloudy; it sounded about the same stuff as we had; but he added that he did not expect any precipitation. I was to remember this naïve prophecy. Cheered, I reported my investigations. We had a council of war; we were all sick of waiting, and agreed to take off and see how far we could get. The pilot started warming up the engine, an operation which took about twenty minutes or more, for we never hurried over this most important preparation.

We took off and reached the cloud ceiling in about a minute. Everything looked overcast and gloomy. We had laid out our exact course and set the dial of our earth inductor compass, so we started off. We began to cross the strings of little lakes west of Minneapolis, flying at about eight hundred feet, and around one hundred and sixty miles an hour. The ground was very broken, with lakes, clumps of trees, little fields, but as usual our engine was purring its steady, unvarying drone. Generally it was a sound we were never even conscious of unless it changed its note, but flying so low we listened to it intently, and there was an atmosphere of strain about the start of the flight. After a while, the country opened out into huge farms, with fields big enough even for us, and we relaxed a little. We noticed occasional patches of snow; the clouds remained as thick as ever, and the ceiling a shade lower.

We did not go up through the clouds, because we had no idea of what lay ahead. No sound pilot will ever willingly fly above a thick cloud body unless it is known for a fact that the clouds are at a reasonable height above the destination; for obviously you must eventually come down through the clouds, and if they happened to be very low-lying at that place, you might fly right into the ground, for a fatal crash. It is a horrible sensation to be rushing at two miles a minute down through the clouds, knowing you are getting close to the earth, unable to see anything whatever, keeping level only by the instruments, straining your eyes into the gray opacity for the ground that may flash into view fifty feet or a thousand feet below you. Your height indicator tells you only your height above sea level, and you may be over a hill, or the whole terrain may be higher than you estimate. So we kept down where we could see at least the ground immediately around us.

The ceiling had become about two hundred feet. The clouds were very ragged, and the late afternoon light was almost all reflected up from the snow, giving an unearthly effect. The desolate snow-clad land was constantly rising to the west, and becoming hummocky, with deep washes or gullies; the clouds steadily became a little lower; so the two were coming together with our hurrying aeroplane in the middle.

Another half hour went by; we dashed through several snow flurries, and I began to be worried lest we were getting into a really dangerous situation, with no even reasonably good landing places anywhere. Our high landing speed was always in our minds. I hurriedly scribbled a note to the pilot, on the back of a map: —

This weather is getting much worse; suggest turn back and try find some town and land there.

He considered the note, then pushed back his reply. I had to lean against the window to read it, for darkness was coming on.

Think about forty or fifty miles due east of finish. Believe we can make it O.K. What say?

I looked out; from moment to moment we rushed farther into solitude — nothing but snow and the endless sullen clouds. I did not consult my friend, although he owned the machine; the pilot and I had been piloting for many years, and it seemed to me that seconds counted. I started to write a reply suggesting that we turn round anyway; in the middle of it, I suddenly saw a dark wall right in front of us, and the next second the light was all but blotted out by a dense blizzard. Instantly I heard the engine throttled; the nose fell as we tried to keep the ground in sight. For a few moments, engine on and off, we fumbled for it at nearly three miles a minute, in a dense mist of swirling snow; then it flashed into view very indistinctly, about twenty feet below.

The pilot was struggling frantically to open a little triangular window in front of him, for the snow had blanketed the front glass and he had only a side view. He got it open, and the cold air and snow rushed into the machine. He throttled back all he could, but even so our speed was terrific for the conditions, over two hundred feet a second. We could see barely half a second of time ahead. I crouched on one knee on the floor, trying to look out of both sides at once. A white flash of snow-clad hilltop snapped by right under the wheels, so swiftly that it was a bare impression on my senses; then a gray blur as we crossed one of the wide gullies between these flat-topped hillocks; then another instantaneous flash of light, a blur, and so on.

In all our minds was the thought, suppose one of these hills is higher? The pilot had the worst of it; I could just see him, one hand on the throttle, the other on the control stick, his head strained forward, trying to see through the gloom. Repeatedly, maddeningly, I recalled the horrible crash when a machine, caught in just such a storm, had flown right into Mount Taylor and killed every soul aboard. As I looked from side to side, every muscle tense, making instinctive motions with an imaginary control stick as we caught each glimpse of ground, I raged at myself for being so frightened. But with nothing to do I could only crouch motionless and await each second. I swore monotonously to myself. Sometimes we caught a little area of visibility, two hundred yards perhaps, and we had a momentary relief; then the snow clamped down again. It was getting very dark. I could not recall ever having been in such a desperate situation before for so long a time, even in the war; for a fight in the air was absolutely decisive within literally a few seconds — then it was all over one way or the other.

This went on and on, none of us knowing whether or not the next second we should know anything at all. It may seem consoling that we should never have known it had we hit, but the thought does n't help at such a time. Self-preservation is dominant; you want Life — all of it. We cursed our high landing speed; with a slow machine we could have effected some sort of landing, but with ours we should have been certain of a bad crash. I looked with longing at each patch of snowy ground; we all wanted tremendously to set our feet safely on it — so near, only ten or twenty feet, but how very far it was! We all knew that the survival of each approaching minute was largely a toss-up.

To try to execute a turn under such conditions was possible, but most tricky. Besides, the wind was from the north, and the blizzard probably covered our course from the east; south of us lay the western end of the Bad Lands of South Dakota, so that was closed. The blizzard was coming from

the north; somewhere ahead of us was our destination, just between us and a range of mountains. We clearly had only one chance. As we peered out, we knew that if we missed this little town sitting out in the middle of the prairie we should pass on to a range of mountains ten thousand feet high. The town was a small mark to hit, after flying five hundred miles on a compass course. Right in front of the pilot's face was a little dial with a swinging upturned needle; as long as he maintained the set course the needle remained bolt upright, and he had to try to keep one eye on it all the time, holding his feet rock-steady on the rudder bar, resisting the instinctive flinch to one side when we nearly touched the ground. If we missed the little town by only two or three hundred yards, we could never see it in the gloom. The thought passed through my mind that they would never find us until the spring.

IV

Fifteen, twenty, thirty minutes of this miserable, solitary groping passed by — hours in our minds. Tearing along at an insane speed, one's hands pressed against the sides, one's head against the curved roof, of a small polished cylinder of plywood with a mass of roaring steel at the fore end, going headlong into the unknown — it was, if nothing else, a cure for the sorrows of the stock market. There was now scarcely any light; visions raced through my mind of happy people switching on the electric light in warm rooms. The luxury of throwing another log on the fire, of listening to the comfortable crackle of the burning wood! To be down, anywhere, in the humblest shack! The good feel of the solid quiet earth under one's feet — to stride over it, swinging one's arms and legs! The looking forward to the coming days, the continuity of life! We crouched, weary and intensely alert.

Without the slightest warning, a few houses and a road burst into view, the chimneys about level with our tires. We all yelled at once. We were going so fast that we were right in the town before we could utter a coherent word; but quick as was the amazing alteration from solitude to civilization, men in danger think mighty fast, and almost in the same eventful instant we swung violently over on one wing. As I braced to the whirling turn I peered directly past the undercarriage wheels, now higher than the horizon, and saw the blurred shape of a big dome, *above us!* We had nearly flown directly into the Court House! The turn took us up a few feet, and the lighted streets disappeared from view. We leveled off, the nose went down, and they came into view again. It was just possible to see the ground, unless we were looking right into strong lights.

Level for only a moment, a wingtip fell beneath us as we commenced circling just above the rooftops, looking for somewhere on the outskirts of town to land. We knew there was a landing field two or three miles north, but we'd never seen it, and we did n't dare leave the town now that we had found it, for fear that we should never find it again. The snow was as thick as ever. Our turns were always nearly vertical and very rapid, because in a fast machine the turning circle is of large diameter, and it was difficult to stay over any one area close beneath us long enough to examine it. We found a football ground in an oval enclosure; it was beautifully smooth, but it became only too plain that we could never pull up in such a space. Regretfully we turned away, coming level for a moment after having pirouetted on one wingtip for several minutes.

We were all tremendously relieved to have the houses beneath us. After the horrible desolation of the snow-covered empty plains, this little town looked most beautiful; every sign-board and store and street was a lovely sight to us. It still looked as though we should have a crash landing, but the psychological effect of knowing that plenty of our fellow beings were near us was tremendous. We hunted all round the edges of town. The pilot found a wide road, very straight. Deep brown ruts showed through the snow, but the telegraph posts were well to one side: it looked as if we could get down on to it somehow, assuming perfect piloting, of course, and preparing for a crash of some sort toward the end of the run. This area we examined most thoroughly, up and down, up and down, while the pilot took in all the hazards.

The pilot had just about decided to go to it and essay the road landing, when he caught sight of another possibility and started to examine that. It was a triangular patch of land, with telephone poles along the down-wind side, and a farm and gully at the far end. A road to the farm ran up one side, and there were some low buildings alongside the telephone wires. The pilot went down to ten or fifteen feet for a second or two, to see the ground contours; the snow carpet looked very level, and he assumed that the snow could not be more than six inches deep.

It was now far into dusk; quickly he made up his mind. I heard a rapid clanking jiggle aft as he set the adjustable tail surface into landing position. Up we went into the dense snow cloud; the engine note abruptly sank to a whisper, the right wingtip dipped until it was directly below us. We went down in a vertical sideslip; the earth flashed into view so close that we seemed to have reached it. We leveled out very violently just past the telephone poles. For a moment, there was a level glide at about sixty, then I felt the tail drop a little. The snow brushed our wheels.

The side of my face was glued to a window as I squinted ahead. The farm and ravine tore toward us. We bumped roughly once, twice; then the familiar loud rumble of the wheels. We were still going very fast. The brakes squealed suddenly, and I felt rather than saw the pilot pull the stick hard back into his stomach to hold the tail down. We skidded forward in the snow, like an animal with all its legs stiff before it. At the last second, the pilot stood right up on one brake, and we ground-looped and made a complete turn. She did n't turn over; she stopped dead, almost silent, the engine whispering quietly round. We were down.

We stood on the ground with the snow swirling around us in the half light and soaking into our shoes. We did not speak. I was still trembling all over with the tension of the past half hour. The pilot's face looked gray from the terrific strain of flying a few feet above the ground at two and a half miles a minute, trying to watch his earth inductor compass indicator and pierce the blanket ahead at the same time, one hand on the throttle, the other on the stick. He had accomplished a superb piece of flying. We stared down into the ravine beside the machine.

Men came rushing up in the gloom, big, muffled-up, Scandinavian-looking fellows, eager to help. We were so glad to see them, we wanted to throw our arms round them. Some of them ran off to get us stakes to peg down with; the others stood around ready to help us in any way they could. We decided to tie her down at the far end of the field near the telegraph poles. I ran

along to see if there were any holes covered by the snow. I fell into two big ones a few yards from the tracks we had made coming in. Had we chanced to strike them, we should have crashed to splinters. I ran back, rejoicing in the ability to run again, and pointed out the holes.

The pilot climbed back in to taxi the plane down. She had settled into the ground, and he opened up the throttle to pull her out. As he did so, the engine gave two or three stentorian clanking coughs, and died. He got out and we examined it; then we stared at each other, speechless. Those few clanks were the footsteps of the gods to us; for we had seen that the air intake was jammed with ice. The engine would keep going wide open or nearly stopped, but if the throttle was opened up suddenly she choked to a standstill. If the pilot had happened to cut his engine for a moment, after we had got well into the blizzard, he would never have got it again, and we should have flown squarely into whatever was there.

We silently cleaned out the ice, restarted the engine, and took the plane to her resting place and pegged her down, while the cold wind blew the snow into our eyes. Then someone took us in his sedan and drove us, still quiet and filled with a sense of unreality, to the hotel. We could n't get used to the fact that we were really down, jogging peacefully along lighted streets, able to stop and get out at any moment, warm houses all about us.

V

We registered; the hotel was old, quaint to our eyes, with wide mahogany staircases, an army of cuspidors, aged oak chairs. We went to our rooms, all still quite silent. We sat with our shoes steaming and sizzling against the radiators, looking at the murk outside. After a while we started to talk our heads off; we went over every mile of the journey and especially the blizzard, and the pilot compared notes with us. We told each other what we'd thought of the football ground, the road, the eventual field. Then we were all hungry, for we'd had nothing since breakfast. We trooped down, our shoes dried and warmed, into the dining room. The floors were of whitish tile and the chair legs squeaked on it. We had a large dinner, ham and eggs and browned potatoes and pie and lashings of coffee; it was grand, and we all felt very well.

We went out into the lobby, and as we stood there by the dining-room door a Western Union boy brought me a telegram. I remembered having wired our destination to my secretary, sometime that seemed months ago, that morning before we left Minneapolis. Standing there, I read the message, and as I did so I realized, with a sense of shock, that the game was up. The closing prices, the comments of my secretary, showed a perpendicular smash; at the opening next morning I should be broke, 'busted sky-high.' Prices had been falling wildly at the closing gong; here was I nearly three thousand miles away, powerless to do a thing. There was nothing to do.

I looked up; it was a funny sensation, standing there and realizing that a good many years of work had gone glimmering, that the shadow which had been hanging overhead had really fallen at last. Then the scales fell from my eyes; wonderingly, I realized that I did n't care a hang! I was *alive!* A little while before, I had been hurtling through the air, never expecting to see another hour, another minute, maybe; and here I was, warm under the lights. I thought of the dark desolation a few miles away, the snow-

filled air, the cold; and the telegram was meaningless. I threw it into a cuspidor. Here was I alive and strong, a whole world full of exciting things before me; for once I had a grasp on reality, I felt my feet spread firmly on the ground. My two companions stood looking curiously at me.

'Men,' I said, 'I'm busted wide open, but what the hell! And who cares, if I don't? Come on — movies! Talkies!'

We tramped arm in arm through the snow. I had never felt better. I had a feeling of release, a freedom I had n't known for many a year. My money was gone; but that event was quite overshadowed by the realization of all the wonderful things there were about me, before me, which I had so narrowly missed knowing any more about. I felt clearly that, given soundness in wind and limb, there was nothing I'd ever done that I could n't start right over and do again, and much better. It was n't the mood of a moment — I felt it right in my bones, although heaven knows it had taken enough to get it into me. A whole lot of complicated things seemed rather stupid, and another lot of simple ones came into focus, like the screen image when you set your camera right.

The movie was fine — commonplace enough, but we all felt that gayety which needs no cocktail to get it going, and we went to be amused, so we were. It changed our thoughts completely for an hour or two, and eased off the tension. We strolled peacefully back past all the little shops, their windows beaded with the inside moisture, looking at everything as though we'd just come in from the farm for a big night in town. I passed the Western Union office without a pang. I was glad, for I was half afraid the care-free mood would wear off. It was a wonderful night, the clean wind straight off the prairie. I slept splendidly.

We spent a day or two on our business, looking over a little silica mine in which we were interested. I had a little hope that sometime, by the time I was getting old, perhaps, it might pay back a few dollars, but the hope seemed insecurely founded. For my part, I crossed my fingers and made a wish that it would manage to break even, for I had nothing more to put into it. We spent these days out in the mine shacks, by the edge of the mountains, pine and spruce trees covering the slopes. I did n't want to leave, but the mine foreman's wife summed it up for me: —

'Wish you were staying, son; but I s'pose ye can't live on mountain scenery and fresh rabbit tracks!'

We got ready to start home, loading up the tanks with every gallon of gas and oil we could carry. On our big map was a long pencil line drawn against a ruler, across five states, Wyoming, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, into Missouri.

VI

We leveled off at about nine thousand. I looked through the clear air at the sparkling view, mountains, plains, great stretches of clean space everywhere, and found myself humming a tune I'd heard Eddie Cantor sing, starting off, 'Oh! I'm glad to be alive!' With eel-like squirms, the pilot crawled through the little opening behind him, where the padded back of his seat was hinged to the roof; he held the stick at arm's length while I contorted myself past him into the pilot's seat. The machine rose and fell uneasily as our hands joggled the stick.

I glanced over the many dials; everything was going like clockwork; the air-speed indicator trembled around a hundred and fifty-five. A scarcely

noticeable pressure on stick and rudder brought us dead on our course, with the compass indicator needle bolt upright.

The golden afternoon wore on as we tore over the dense pattern of fields and farms and industrial towns; many an airport we saw, and once we dashed past a tri-motored transport machine as though it were tied to a sky hook. Behind us we could see nothing now but a vast golden haze that shrouded even the ground; only rivers gleamed dully through it. Then things ahead became more indistinct, lights began to appear. The pilot took over from me, and kept her nose down, for we were cutting it pretty fine for the light. Gradually we worked down to about a thousand, going wide open at about a hundred and seventy. The automobile lights, the town lamps, and the shop windows shone up to us diamond clear, for we did not have to look along any ground haze.

I sat aft, overcome by the thrill of this last ten minutes. A constant stream of bright sparks from our exhaust flew by the windows; the electric red and green lights shone steadily at the wingtips; in front of the pilot, the radium dials glowed softly with their strange fluorescence. Every few minutes we passed over the brilliant light of an airway beacon, for we were now following the route of the transcontinental system; soon after we left one, we could see the next one flashing in the distance ahead. For the last five minutes it was very dark.

We came in over the landing field; all the buildings were outlined in colored lights, and it looked like some fair. The instant we were heard, the flood lights were switched on, turning the field white beneath us. With his same technique, the pilot swept the field ten feet from the concrete runway; then we curved up into the dark night, away from the glare of the flood lights. I heard the stabilizer being set, and we swung over on one wing, down in a vicious sideslip. This last stone-like drop through the dark was the salutation of farewell; we swung level, and rolled quietly along the concrete.

Friends were waiting for us. After the first greetings, one of them began talking to me about the market. He thought that it must be uppermost in my mind; but for two blessed days I had n't thought about it. My ears were still roaring from the seven hundred miles of flight, and it was a minute or two before I grasped what he was trying to tell me. Then another shock, another anticlimax! For the morning after our blizzard had been the turning point in the Street, and the market had opened *higher* and was still going up.

In one breath I passed from serenity to irritable impatience for a newspaper. When I got one, it looked as though I had really been reprieved. The beauty of our great flight dropped from me. Without another glance at the shining aeroplane, I hurried into town. On long distance I got a bank officer at his home, and with the air of a man who says, 'The lightning struck close to you that time, my boy,' he told me that I was still in the ring.

Do it again? Yes, I hope so; but, like everything else in life, never again in quite the same way; for a few months later the pilot, poor fellow, forgot to think far enough ahead, and flew into another great storm. A few seconds later, he and his passengers were dead and our faithful machine crushed into a silent pile of utterly shattered wood and steel.

If you go at it so, it's the flip of a coin; a hundred spins, it's heads, and you're a brilliant fellow; then it spins tails, and you're out.

HENRY FORD AND KARL MARX

BY HOWARD DOUGLAS DOZIER

I

Das Kapital, by Karl Marx, caused the greatest economic controversy of the nineteenth century. Of the twentieth, Henry Ford has performed the most spectacular individual industrial feat. Marx was at work on *Das Kapital* while Ford was being born in 1863, for the book was written between 1859 and that day in July 1867 when the author closed the preface to the first German edition with this injunction: 'Follow your own bent no matter what people say.' Marx was then following his bent, even as Ford is now following his, and people have had much to say of both.

Each of these men is a paradox. Marx, of a family of wealth, influence, and social position, was an intellectual, educated in the best universities Europe had to offer. Banished, and refused asylum in France, he later preferred the British Museum, and five dollars a week for doing odd jobs in London for the *New York Tribune*, to political preferment and plenty at home working with Bismarck.

He dedicated a mighty mind and a wretched poverty to an attempt to show that, in the main, human institutions have their roots in a crass materialism. Yet he was himself the most outstanding exception of his day to the doctrine he believed and preached: that it is not the consciences of men that determine their modes of existence, but their existence that determines their consciences.

Ford, of a middle-class American family, self-educated and possessed now of the greatest fortune ever amassed in private hands, earned by running counter to most of the accepted canons of business, is devoting his wealth and his unique ability to exemplifying the proposition that outstanding material success is dependent upon the unselfish and unstinted dedication of private capital to the service of society.

It would be strange indeed if an examination into the careers of these two leaders — one in economic thought, the other in economic action — should not reveal contrasts and similarities of a striking and illuminating character.

Marx believed himself the discoverer of a fundamental law of social evolution before which men are helpless except in so far as their feeble efforts may somewhat advance or retard the final outcome of its operation. To him socialism was not a programme but a name to describe this law of development. He proposed no plan. He looked upon himself as a scientist and not as a reformer. He laid out for himself the task of discovering and exposing the causes underlying social injustice, to the end that others might be informed and act.

He believed, and offered proof, that capital would ultimately and gradually be socialized, and that income would be enjoyed in common; that the political state, which he looked upon as an organization set up by the capitalist class for its own perpetuation, is but

a passing phase in the evolution from capitalism and competition to socialism and coöperation; that the state would become progressively less political and more industrial. He could not conceive of conditions under the capitalist state that would give the worker a decent chance to live.

Ford believes as thoroughly as did Marx in coöperation, but he believes that effective coöperation can come only through voluntary association of the leaders of industry outside of, and beyond, the intervention of the political state. The political state is necessarily geared to deliberate and talk, not to act. He cannot conceive of enough efficiency under state control to save the worker from poverty.

A group of leaders composed of such as he is, actuated by the common purpose of economic betterment instead of by profits, would be in effect a socialized industrial state outside of but alongside the political state. Its plan would be simple, its object single: Banish want by work; high wages; short hours; low costs; low prices; big profits. Then more work for more people; shorter hours; higher wages; lower costs; lower prices; bigger profits in order to continue the upward and outward spiral of prosperity.

Individually Ford has socialized a billion dollars or so of capital by dedicating its output to an indispensable use and by rededicating its profits to an extension of that use.

Given a few hundred Henry Fords, and coöperation among them, then the results of the law of socialism, as Marx set it forth, would be brought nearer — not by a socialization of capital through state ownership, but by a socialization of output through industrial leadership.

Certain natural points of comparison between Ford and Marx suggest themselves as a frame for this discussion. First, we must take account of the mental attitude of each toward the problems they faced in common; then follow their contrasting views of history, of class struggle, of wages and the wage system, and finally the opinions they hold of the supposed relation between profits and the recurring cycle of business depression.

II

Marx was an economic diagnostician. He toiled away trying to discover the causes of the industrial degradation of England and of the world, helpless to relieve the situation save in so far as he could explain it. His surroundings were unutterably oppressive to his keen and sensitive mind. No wonder that throughout his writings there runs a feeling of threatening destruction, impending doom, and a pessimism born of an effort to persuade men to walk in a light they would not see.

His attitude toward the question of poverty may be taken as indicative of his mental make-up. To him poverty was an economic fact which had to be explained before it could be cured. But he described it, as few others have done, even before he tried to explain it.

> The modern laborer, instead of rising with the progress of industry, sinks deeper and deeper below the conditions of his own class. He becomes a pauper, and pauperism develops more rapidly than population and wealth. And here it becomes evident that the bourgeoisie is unfit any longer to be the ruling class in society, and impose its conditions of existence upon society as an overriding law. It is unfit to rule, because it is incompetent to assure existence to its slave within its slavery, because it cannot help letting him sink into such a state that it has to feed him, instead of being fed by him.

Ford is an economic practitioner. He accepts conditions as he finds them,

looks upon poverty as an ill to be healed, a fact too obvious to need explanation, and sets about to cure as much of it as he can. He takes up business, practises it as a profession, develops his philosophy as he goes along, and states it not as philosophy, but as a by-product of experience and observation.

> The abolition of poverty is, as far as I am concerned, the only end of business which is worth considering. It is from this point of view, and only from this one, that we can see the futility of the profits motive. Once we see the ultimate purpose of business as a factor in the life of man, we are through with all the little tweedling fancies that formerly passed for business wisdom. The abolishing of poverty is the only legitimate purpose of business, and its accomplishment is not an impossibility unless we imagine that it can be done all at once by edict.

Ford's work and writing create the impression of undeniable success and of satisfied living. His sense of accomplishment lies in action; that of Marx in analysis.

III

Marx did his work amid all the dislocation caused by the Industrial Revolution. After the application of power to machinery, factories grew up at water-power sites in out-of-the-way places. Children were worked unconscionably long hours unobserved; all-but-naked women were harnessed in the mines as beasts of burden. The greed and selfishness of employers were immeasurable.

Moreover, the spokesmen of the prevailing order, the economists, thought they had discovered fundamental and natural laws as immutable as those of pure science. To fly in the face of these was only folly. *Laissez faire* — let things go — was the shibboleth and the accepted doctrine of the day. Adam Smith looked upon the industrial organization of the time as a combination of employers on the one hand to get as much work for as little pay as possible, against a combination of laborers on the other to do as little work for as much pay as they could get, and this was in precise agreement with Marx's view.

Marx turned to history, which he called logic in action, for an explanation of what he saw going on around him. The Feudal System, in which everything was a matter of custom, was his background. But under capitalism contract had dethroned custom; an industrial relationship between employer and employee had succeeded the status that prevailed between lord and serf. Class struggle took the place of *noblesse oblige*. Under feudalism and custom there was at least a trace of humanity; under the new contract relation even that trace had disappeared.

Ford has spent no time in the study of history, which he calls 'bunk,' in order to discover and develop a law of social evolution or industrial and business success. He assumes a law without recourse to history. He has hit upon a few fundamentals and practised them. These few are becoming truly revolutionary in their effect.

IV

It is in very truth an interesting coincidence that during the present depression Henry Ford should have discussed some of the tenets of socialism. Among these is the doctrine of the class struggle.

According to the Marxian doctrine, class struggle is inevitable under capitalism. Private ownership of the means of production creates an irreparable breach between the employer and the employee. The two may be the best

of men and the best of friends, but so long as the employer-employee relationship continues, their interests are diverse. He who has the advantage will press it.

Society cannot move forward with group at the throat of group. But society must move forward. Therefore, class struggle under capitalism must give way to coöperation under socialism. Private ownership divorces the worker from his tools and the means of production. The worker, no longer his own master, must sell himself — for he has nothing else to sell — into temporary slavery for the duration of his employment. Robbed by the capitalist of the fruits of his labor, except enough to support a miserable existence and reproduce his kind, he continues to sell himself, generally at capital's price, and extends a temporary relation into an intermittent bondage, broken now and then by periods of enforced freedom called unemployment, to which permanent slavery itself is preferable.

> The whole history of mankind has been a history of class struggles, contests between exploiting and exploited, ruling and oppressed classes . . . the history of these class struggles forms a series of evolution in which nowadays a stage has been reached where the exploited and oppressed class — the proletariat — cannot attain its emancipation from the sway of the exploiting class — the bourgeoisie — without, at the same time once and for all, emancipating society at large from all exploitation, oppression, class distinction, and class struggle.

Ford's thinking — or perhaps it is his instinct — vaults class and class struggle. For him, an addict to efficiency, the struggle does not exist. How men should ever have engaged in it is beyond the comprehension of his mechanically inclined mind. There is only one class, and that is the worker's; one struggle, and that to increase production, improve distribution, and extend the benefits to the maximum number of people at a minimum price. According to him, —

> There is nothing a man can do, the benefits of which he can restrict to himself alone. Society is so constituted that any good overflows its original limits and benefits the adjacent people. The supreme folly of selfish intention is that it cannot be carried out. The intention may be present and the selfishness may be unlimited, but natural law frustrates the intended consequences.

The injustice, the inhumanity, the class struggle of a century ago, — or a quarter of a century ago, for that matter, — belong to a discarded order so far as Ford is concerned. What Marx took to be the natural results of inexorable laws of social evolution, Ford considers the unnecessary consequences of economic anarchy.

V

The storm centre of the capitalistic method of production was, and is, wages and the wage system. Marx was convinced that the wage system is so vicious that it too would pass with the going of the rest of the capitalistic order. But, being a philosopher, he had to find a rational explanation for his belief, one that would satisfy his sense of workmanship.

After a study of capitalism in the light of all the books, and the teachings of the philosophers and his fellow economists, he evolved his theory of surplus value. The essence of the theory is that the worker spends a part of his time supporting himself and the rest of it supporting the capitalist.

The worker can produce enough during the first few hours to pay his daily wage. But he works beyond that time and gets nothing for it. What he produces during this overtime is surplus

value and goes to somebody who does not earn it.

Since to the socialist the capital instruments of production are nothing but crystallized labor, labor produces everything but gets only a part of the output. This is robbery, and the result is that the wages paid are not sufficient to buy that which labor produces. Marx states his law of surplus value thus: —

> The functioning of labor power does not only reproduce the value of the laborer's power, but produces value over and above. Such surplus value represents the excess of the value of the product above the value of the elements consumed in the formation of the product, that is to say above the value of the means of production and the labor power.

Ford, true to his character, accepts the wage system as he finds it, and uses it as the best means at hand of accomplishing what he wants to do. Unlike Marx, he resorts to no Hegelian system of reasoning for his conclusions or his action in regard to wages. Again he falls back upon his experience and observation. He makes short work of the situation and states his conclusion of the whole matter with little ado: —

> The only effective wage policy is one that presses forward toward higher wages, lower costs, and lower prices. In all this we have a long way to go, for everything in this country is much too high except wages — they are too low.

Let him who will take his choice between these two, for the difference between the two opinions of how the wage system has worked is the gap which divides tweedledum from tweedledee.

Marx wrote about the problem and left evolution and posterity to solve it.

If prices are too high and wages are too low, as Ford declares, then the laborer is being robbed in two directions. He is underpaid for his work and overcharged for his wares. Something ought to be done about it.

Ford thumbed his nose at his fellow capitalists, and put in his five-dollar-a-day minimum wage, while James Couzens stood by and hitched his trousers belt in startled approbation.

And what a howl went up from industry! The five-dollar day was the best Ford joke of fifteen years ago, and the first word most people had ever heard of the man Ford. But it ceased to be a joke with the advent of Model A and the new philosophy of business.

Ford's hourly wage to-day is what his daily wage was twenty years ago, and we have his word for it that production costs per unit have declined all along the line.

Marx believed that capitalism is a labor-robbing scheme and undertook to demonstrate just how and where the robbery was perpetrated. Ford set about raising wages for everybody and equalizing the purchasing power of the wages everywhere. Marx's explanation and Ford's programme dovetail into each other in a way so perfect as to be not only striking but startling. The very language employed is similar.

Marx's belief was that exploitation takes place in the conversion of labor and materials into money, and the reconversion of the money back into labor and materials. This introduces the vagaries of the money régime into the wage problem.

In the course of development from barter to business, some one commodity becomes so universally popular that other commodities come to be thought of in relation to it and their desirability measured by it. In time that popular commodity becomes the coin of the realm. Marx believed this process to be artificial and unnatural. To him the only true common measure

of value is the amount of abstract human labor embodied in the commodity to be valued — or, as he expresses it, the amount of socially necessary labor required to produce it. And socially necessary labor, he explains, is the amount of labor necessary to produce the given result when applied through machines reasonably efficient considering the stage of technical development of the time.

Since, under modern conditions, goods are and must be made for sale, and not for the immediate use of the maker, a fact which Marx recognizes, his logical conclusion is that the medium of exchange should be labor time. The cure under the Marxian theory would be the establishing of a circulating medium, not on the basis of some commodity such as gold or silver, but on some form of labor time. Some of Marx's Utopian predecessors actually advocated it, but Marx shied off from the idea of trying out a labor currency in a competitive world. Nevertheless he expected the eventual development of some such monetary system under socialism.

Ford's method of wage adjustment and wage determination goes a long way toward the fulfillment of that expectation. Ford is bolder than Marx was. He has in reality established an industrial state of international scope. This state grants franchises in the form of agencies, makes automobiles and sells them, all over the world. It has its own 'labor currency' and actually calls it by that socialistic name. The unit of value is the 'minute cost,' which is the time necessary to do a standardized job under uniform conditions. Ford determines wages in terms of this unit. What it all amounts to is that he pays his men their wages in an invisible labor currency, which they in turn use to purchase from him the currency of the country in which they happen to work. He sees to it that the purchasing power of the labor currency received, when converted into a country's currency anywhere, is such that all workers of equal grade and efficiency may everywhere enjoy equally high standards of living. A Ford worker is a Ford worker.

One blinks, rubs his eyes, and is in doubt whether he should measure Ford by Marx or Marx by Ford.

VI

Marx raged inwardly against the plight of labor which he was powerless to help. But he was sustained by the belief that he had demonstrated that capitalism, the cause of the plight, carries within itself the seeds of its own undoing; that it is itself paving the way for its own destruction and the advent of socialism. He held that the underlying cause of the coming downfall was profits and that the probable occasion would be the commercial crisis or war.

The very word 'profits' was anathema to Marx. The *thing* profits is the socialist's explanation of the crisis, such as that in which we now find ourselves. The *love* of profits, which makes men desert the altars of service and worship at the altars of mammon, turns them from making goods to trying to make money, is Ford's explanation. The Marxian view is that the crisis has its origin in overproduction of goods and inability to sell them because labor does not have the wherewithal to buy. Ford's view attributes the business crisis to inefficiency, born of the cupidity of business leaders, and consequent underproduction and underdistribution through overcharging.

What management is entitled to for management is to Ford not profit at

all. It is the payment for work, the reward for toil without which industry could not go forward. The profits he hates are those accidental money gains which come to one group at the expense of another, those speculative prizes which many seek, few find.

It was incomprehensible to Marx that any other incentive than profits could motivate industry under capitalism, and he all but quotes Scripture to prove it.

> Accumulate! Accumulate! That is Moses and all the prophets! Industry furnishes the material which savings accumulate! Therefore, you must save, you must save! You must reconvert the largest possible proportion of surplus value and surplus product into capital. Accumulation for accumulation's sake, production for production's sake, this was the formula by which the classical political economists gave expression to the historical mission of the bourgeois.

Ford by implication pleads guilty, on behalf of industry, to the indictment that Marx brought against profits. So far as the old order was concerned Ford agrees with Marx, but denies that he himself is of that order.

> Nothing seemed so solid and stable as the edifice of selfish business; in reality it is this moment as a snow bank settling under the April sun. . . .
>
> Industry as a department of human activity does not exist merely to support men; its primary purpose is to create goods that will serve people. . . .

Why waste time with a bankrupt system of business based upon profits, which won't work, says Ford, and forthwith adopts one based upon service to the public, which he thinks will work. He has demonstrated pretty clearly that it does. Renouncing profits and accumulation as not worth while competing for, he has challenged capital to a contest in efficient distribution of goods.

There are those to whom such a course seems incomprehensible, absurd. Yet Ford, when challenged on the grounds of impracticability, has but to show as his contribution the greatest number of passenger miles at the least unit cost ever produced. If challenged on grounds of financial feasibility, he has but to point to his purse.

Any man who can sell a half million Model A automobiles, sight unseen, price unset, has a convincing argument in support of his economic philosophy.

What is this new philosophy of industry of which Ford is the most advanced proponent? Is the world really going socialistic unawares, without revolution or the intervention of the state? Assuming that Mr. Ford does not charge interest on his plant and equipment and cover it into the cost and selling price of his car, what is the actual status of the Ford billions?

Ford and Marx may be entirely wrong in their opinion that profits are the fundamental cause of the crisis, but it remains for somebody to offer a more plausible reason. The wisest, from the Ex-President of the United States, the President and his astute Secretary of the Treasury, and the financially experienced junior Senator from New Jersey down, profess ignorance, and have to be content with saying merely that the causes are multiple, complex, and not yet understood.

For well over a century depressions in business have been accepted with fatalism and such fortitude as could be mustered. According to the socialist view, the industrial crisis is the natural manifestation of the contradiction between socialized production, as it exists under machinery, and individual appropriation. Socialized production and individual appropriation are at war, and the crisis is the reverberation. This is but to say that consuming society's money income ceases period-

ically to take enough of producing society's output of goods off the market at prevailing prices to keep business going. Marx's description of a crisis written nearly a hundred years ago and Ford's written in 1930 are equally graphic. According to Marx, society relapses into temporary barbarism because there is too much civilization — so many goods that can't be sold that the worker has to stop work and, therefore, stop buying what he has made. He is poor because he has made society too rich. According to Ford, shortsighted producers run up prices for the sake of profits and rob the witless public till it refuses any longer to buy, and then industry and business rot.

At this very moment industrial leaders are turning heaven and earth to revive business from one — and a very severe one — of its decennial slumps. The remedies proposed this time — different from those ever proposed before — run straight and obviously to the Marxian philosophy. It is proposed to keep labor employed, and at high wages, to the end that the purchasing power of the masses may be preserved — or, to put it in Ford's language, it's a good deal more important to society that corporations pay wages than that they pay dividends. Good wages are more salutary in time of trouble than big profits. Have we, under the industrial leadership of the country, come upon a time when the temporary forgoing of profits in the interest of wages is considered a remedy for the crisis? Shall we come upon a time when industrial leadership will set so much store by service and so little by profits, as Ford says he does, that the Marxian cause of the crisis will become innocuous?

But, Ford and Marx aside, evidence is not wanting during these troublous times that industrial leaders at this very moment are looking to the pay envelope and not to profits to pull the country out of its morass.

The Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States wrote not so many months ago that he doubted whether business would have regarded so formidable an undertaking as the prevention of crises as practicable a decade or two ago, but that the analytical scrutiny to which they have been subjected by the economists has done much to shake the faith of business in the inevitableness of their recurrence. There is much in this to hearten the economists, for they, even when they were right, have not been particularly successful in convincing business.

The Secretary of the American Federation of Labor stated recently that Labor Day of 1930 was marked by an unusual situation; that this is the first time a depression has not been featured by charges that wages were 'too high.' The president of General Motors and many others of no less note have recently joined him.

And it is a fact that all over the country, wherever and whenever men have been let out or wages reduced, it has not been done ruthlessly and immediately upon the first appearance of difficulties, but reluctantly and with a decent regard to the prevalent sentiment that national unemployment is a national disgrace, that the purchasing power of labor, the bulwark against crises, must be preserved, not destroyed, even if it has to be done at the expense of profits or to the extent even of a bearable loss.

It would not be extravagant to say that Karl Marx and Henry Ford have done more toward the development of this wholesome sentiment than any other two men of the last two centuries.

MEDICINE AND THE MIDDLE CLASS

BY WINGATE M. JOHNSON

I

For a long time it has been open season the year round for doctors, especially those in private practice. No other class of public servants, not even the farmer, has had such a deluge of advice as to how to manage its affairs. The omniscient Arthur Brisbane is never so wise as when dispensing advice to the medical profession; as, for example, telling the best medical minds of Britain how to cure their sick ruler. In magazines so widely divergent in scope as the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and *Liberty*, articles more or less critical of the profession have appeared. Most of these articles are written by non-medical men, perhaps for the same reason that old maids and childless couples are proverbially generous with advice upon the rearing of children. The doctors who contribute are apt to be biased by their connection with some governmental health agency, some medical organization more or less frankly commercialized, or some private charitable institution. These men bear about the same relation to the rank and file of the profession that the registrar of an agricultural college does to a real dirt farmer.

The excuses for attacking the medical profession are many; but the one used oftenest, and, indeed, linked with most of the others, is the alleged high cost of medical care to the middle class. It is recognized that the wealthy are able to pay for any medical service they want, and that the poor can get it for nothing, either at the expense of the state or from private charity; but, for the middle class, public sentiment is expressed by a recent writer in the *Ladies' Home Journal:* 'The cost of medical care is unconscionably high.' It is hard to say just why, with so many other high costs all classes — upper, middle, and lower — have to face, their medical bill should be singled out.

Compare the cost of medical care with some other expenditures of the average American family, which pays its doctors each year $24; for drugs and patent medicines (chiefly the latter), $25; for non-governmental hospitals, $15; and for nurses, $8. For passenger automobiles, this same hypothetical family spends annually $150; for tobacco, $67; for candy, $37; for gasoline, $37; for theatres and similar entertainment, $35; for soft drinks, ice cream, and chewing gum, $34.

In the light of the above figures, why should not those writers who wax emotional over the high cost of doctors plead with their Congressmen to lower the tobacco tax, or with candy manufacturers to make better and cheaper candy, or with a paternal government to supply its subjects with free gasoline for Sunday and holiday outings?

Undoubtedly, however, the cost of medical care has risen, though not out of proportion to the cost of living generally. There are many reasons

which justify some increase in doctors' fees, of which perhaps the chief is the greater length and expense of medical education. The time has passed when the only requisite for beginning the practice of medicine was the ambition to do so, fortified by a few months' apprenticeship to an older preceptor. Now a medical education represents the end of a long and expensive journey. Thanks to the commendable work of the American Medical Association, within this century the number of medical schools has been reduced by half, and only the fittest have survived. The public may be assured that a recent medical graduate is a picked man, with a thorough grounding in his profession. Furthermore, the education of the right sort of doctor has just begun when he is given his diploma. From one to five years more are spent in a hospital to gain practical experience. After this the man who aspires to keep up to date must subscribe to a number of medical journals, buy new books from time to time, attend medical meetings, take postgraduate courses, and spend considerable sums in new equipment.

Many a country doctor fifty years ago never owned a thermometer. One whose name was a household word in my boyhood would often say, 'If I had a thermometer and a hypodermic syringe, I should be as well equipped for practising medicine as any doctor could want to be.' Contrast this equipment with the array now required even as a minimum for any man who aspires to be up to date. And books and instruments alike are subject to rapid obsolescence.

The great increase in the cost of living generally applies to physicians as well as to laymen. Indeed, the great majority of doctors belong to the middle class themselves. Only a few are wealthy, and these have either married or inherited their fortune.

II

The chief reasons for the high medical bill of the middle class are usually ignored or touched upon very lightly. Being myself a member of the great middle class, I am vitally interested in its problems. Furthermore, as a physician in active practice since 1908, I have had the opportunity to make some observations which I hope are worth as much as are those of the laymen and non-practising doctors who write most of the articles under discussion.

After long and careful pondering of the question, I am convinced that the people of the middle class have themselves to blame for the 'unconscionably high' cost of their medical care. By accepting as axiomatic that the value of medical service is in direct proportion to its cost, they have certainly not discouraged medical men from charging all the traffic will bear. The multitude of people newly enriched by the prosperity following the war helped to strengthen this idea. By failing to discriminate between luxury and comfort, the cost of hospitalization is needlessly increased. By accepting without question the creed of the specialist, that the field of medicine is so vast that no one mind can hope to keep up with its progress, they have encouraged specialism and its offspring, group practice.

Let me elaborate the above statements somewhat. As an example of the first statement, a friend of mine who served his interneship in a New York hospital told me of a chorus girl who went to one of the best throat specialists in the city and asked his fee for removing her tonsils. Taking pity on her condition, he named the — for him — nominal sum of fifty dollars. She left his office without completing the arrangements for the operation, and a few days later was operated upon

by a far less able man who charged her a thousand dollars.

One of the most successful pediatricians in a large city told me that he was often called in consultation by a general practitioner in a neighboring suburb, who always insisted that he make his fee at least a hundred dollars. When he offered to reduce it in the case of an obviously poor family, he was reminded that unless he charged that much his advice would not carry any weight.

Not long ago I had under my care a man who came to our hospital for a diagnostic survey. He had suffered a severe financial reverse, and in his late fifties, with a large family to support, was forced to take an uncongenial job at a small salary. Under the strain his nerves gave way. A thorough going over failed to show any physical defects except some arteriosclerosis, with an elevated blood pressure. I had a long talk with him; explained that he needed very little medicine, but that he did need to adjust himself to a changed method of living, and to learn to make the best of it. He seemed to be entirely satisfied with my advice, until he asked for my bill. Knowing his straitened circumstances, I told him there would be no charge. He thanked me, and then valued my services at their cost; for a few days later I learned that he had gone to another city to consult a practitioner of the notorious Abrams school — who possibly charged enough to make an impression.

How often in admitting a patient to a hospital is the expression heard, 'I want the very best, regardless of the cost.' The true significance of 'regardless' appears on pay day. One true story will illustrate. A minister who was hurt in an automobile wreck was carried to a hospital, where it was found that he had two broken ribs. He spent ten days in the hospital, with two special nurses for three days, and one for the remaining week. When he left the hospital to go home, he insisted that the nurse accompany him. Many a doctor has continued to practise with a few fractured ribs, yet this able-bodied man spent enough money in this experience to have carried him through a long and serious illness. And very likely he is now regaling his congregation with the high cost of medical care. Incidentally, his physician neither expected nor received pay for his services.

III

The main reason, however, for the plight of the middle class is their unthinking acceptance of that shibboleth of the specialist, 'The practice of medicine has become so complex that no one mind can attempt to keep up with its progress.' At first thought this sounds plausible, and it has certainly had its effect upon the attitude of the public toward its medical advisers. More than anything else, the universal appeal of this idea has encouraged the overgrowth of specialism. In turn, the cost of medical care to the middle class has advanced in almost direct proportion to the increase of specialists.

The World War did much to accelerate the rise of specialism; but it had already begun its forward march before then. Other factors in its vogue have been the external pressure brought to bear by the increased prestige of specialization in business and industry, and by the restlessness and discontent of the general public, always anxious to try something new and different. Huge gifts from philanthropists, usually with knotty strings tied to them, have done much to encourage it. Even organizations within the profession have frankly encouraged men to specialize. Finally, the financial incentive to forsake the ranks of general

practice for the easier and more lucrative life of a specialist tempts many.

Let me hasten to say that I have no quarrel with the real specialist. Our profession needs a balanced proportion of specialists of all sorts as well as of general practitioners. My personal debt to them is too great to be forgotten. From the crown of my head, which, thanks to a skin specialist, still has enough hair to comb, to the sole of my foot, which was rescued by another dermatologist from the ravages of ringworm, I have cause to be thankful to men trained to do special work. My tonsils have been removed — twice; my appendix once; a broken collar bone and four ribs were reunited so skillfully that I cannot tell the difference. Even the dread of old age has been greatly lessened by an oculist whose glasses have made reading once more a pleasure instead of an ordeal. The professional obligation I feel to the specialists is just as great. Times innumerable I have been helped in the diagnosis and treatment of patients by their greater skill. Indeed, I was once a specialist myself, for nearly a year, but could not be satisfied to travel such a narrow path after having been for ten years on the broad highway of general practice. It is true that my work is now virtually limited to pediatrics and internal medicine, but I still prefer to be recognized as a family doctor.

The admission might as well be made, also, that when specialism first began its meteoric rise a majority of the men who limited their work were of superior intelligence; but this has not remained the case. The desertion from the ranks of general practice by so many of the best minds of medicine has caused the need to be felt for able men to fill the gaps thus made. Many others besides myself have tried the life of a specialist and found that it failed to satisfy their professional souls.

'Keeping abreast of medical progress' is not so difficult as the specialist would have us believe. As Dr. Crookshank said in a recent *Forum*, 'A vast deal of rubbish has been written about the impossibility of any one man's grasping all the recent advances in medical science. I say "rubbish," because real science simplifies and does not confuse; it synthesizes and leads back to first principles, so that men of intelligence and judgment can with ease keep themselves abreast of the best opinion.' As Dr. Logan Clendening has shown, the most important discoveries in medicine have vastly simplified the treatment of disease. For example, the discovery of insulin has put the treatment of diabetes within the hands of any intelligent general practitioner. The treatment of pernicious anæmia has been reduced to the simple means of eating a half pound of liver daily, or of taking a concentrated liver extract. Vaccination against diphtheria, typhoid, and smallpox can be done by any nurse.

IV

Various suggestions have been made for reducing the cost of medical care for the middle class without retaining the family doctor. The most popular of these is group practice, in various forms, with some form of state medicine as second choice.

Group practice, as is well known, is the combination of a number of specialists into a medical firm or clinic. It might be defined as the department-store idea applied to the practice of medicine. Its advantages may be thus summarized: first, it assures, if properly conducted by competent men, a more thorough examination than can be given by one man alone; second, — an advantage which may be also a dis-

advantage, — a more impersonal view is taken of the patient; third, a doctor should certainly improve his technique by constant repetition of the same manœuvres; fourth, with a number of men using a common reception room, laboratory, telephone, and otherwise dividing expenses, it is possible to give medical service at wholesale rather than retail rates — though not many patients who have been 'through the mill' extol this feature!

The objections to group practice as a substitute for the individual doctor are: first, the average patient is subjected to an altogether needless expense, for only a small proportion of people who consult a doctor need an exhaustive examination to find out what is the matter with them; second, the impersonal view of the patient may lead to a lack of interest in his ailments; third, it is proverbial that a chain is no stronger than its weakest link, and the patient's trouble may lie within the province of the weak member of the firm; fourth, the view of a specialist is inevitably narrow, no matter how clear, and no aggregation of piecemeal observations can make up for a broad view of the whole organism; fifth, the patient is usually seen by each man once or twice, in a hurried examination, whereas every doctor of experience knows that the key to many obscure ailments, especially in the psychic realm, is to be found only after long, patient, and repeated interviews. Finally, if the diagnosis lies between a functional disorder and an organic lesion, it is hard for even the most honest man not to yield to the subtle temptation to decide in favor of the organic trouble and advise operation, rather than launch upon the long and tedious course of psychotherapy necessary to uproot the more or less imaginary ailment. It is so spectacular to point an accusing finger at a curly appendix tip in an X-ray picture and tell an emaciated, overworked, high-strung little school-teacher that her trouble is there, and that its removal will cause her to become strong, rosy-cheeked, and placid. Even if there is a lingering doubt in the mind of the group diagnostician, two thoughts will help to dispel it: the first, that even if the appendix is not badly diseased, the psychic effect of its removal will do her good; the second, that he will not see her after she goes home, anyhow.

On the other hand, in the hurried examination often given, real trouble may be overlooked. Only last week a doctor friend of mine told me that two months ago he went to an important medical clinic for a complete physical examination. His tonsils had been inflamed several times the winter before, and he knew they still harbored infection. In his own language: 'I have a perforation in my right eardrum you can put your fist through; the septum of my nose is crooked as a rail fence; yet when I went through the nose and throat department both these were overlooked. They told me my tonsils were all right until I told them of several recent attacks and called their attention to enlarged glands on both sides of my neck. Then they decided they had better come out.' If a physician gets such short shrift as this, what can a mere layman expect?

The analogy is often forced between the individual doctor and the retail shopkeeper and small manufacturer. Because department stores are replacing retail shops, and mergers are absorbing small industries, it is assumed that medical firms or groups, or such huge medical mergers as the Mayo clinic, must drive out of business the individual doctor. The basic defect in this comparison is that doctors are dealing with human beings instead of machines; and human beings simply

refuse to be standardized. The parts of one Ford car will fit a million other Fords; but no two human beings are just alike. To overlook the human equation and to attempt to treat people as animated machines is to invite failure.

So-called part-pay clinics, in which medical service is to be obtained at reduced rates, have been suggested as a solution of the middle-class medical problem. Their expenses are to be borne either by the state or by private charity. In passing it may be observed that if the philanthropists who are given so much credit for their generosity in providing medical aid for the poor would raise their wage scale in keeping with their profits, there would be less need for such help. These clinics are open to the same objections as group practice in general, and, in addition, would have some of the objectionable features of state medicine.

V

State medicine may be defined as the assumption by the state or federal government of all responsibility for the health of its subjects. A most plausible argument for it appeared in a recent *Atlantic Monthly*, in which Russia was cited as a worthy example. This gives point to what Will Rogers said not long ago: 'Russia is starving her own people in order to feed propaganda to the rest of the world.'

Carried to its ultimate conclusion, there would be no physicians in private practice. All would be employed by the government and paid fixed salaries — probably varying according to their length of service. Various modifications have been suggested, such as compulsory health insurance, adopted years ago in England.

Theoretically much may be said for state medicine. Everybody would have the privilege of consulting the physician of his choice, without thought of the cost. On the other hand, every doctor would be assured of a fixed income. All the financial burden would be distributed in taxes and paid according to the ability of the taxpayers. This, in the language of the street, sounds good. But let us consider some of the objections.

First, look at the effect upon the people themselves. In England, where compulsory health insurance has been in effect for years, since unemployment has increased, the number of certificates of illness has almost doubled. The doctors are placed in the embarrassing position of having to sign many certificates for faked illness or lose patients from their 'panel' to those who will be accommodating enough to help their 'patients' draw 'sick benefits' from the government.

The right sort of doctor holds as his dearest possession his professional reputation. For many years after he begins practice his greatest ambition is to become known as an able and honorable physician; and the more firmly established his reputation becomes, the harder he strives to live up to it. One index of a doctor's professional standing is the number and the character of patients who come to him, and the proportion who remain loyal through the years. This does not mean that the best doctor always has the largest practice, or the reverse; for many other factors enter into the problem. It is only too true that a quack may so prostitute his knowledge of human nature as to attract a large following; but his practice is seldom a stable one. Dr. Axel Munthe has said, 'You cannot be a good doctor without pity,' and of pity the quack has none. Perhaps the best indication of a physician's real worth is the proportion of his patients who stick to him for many

years. It is true that the stress of competition in private practice sometimes — nay, often — has developed heartburning jealousy between its members; but it has also brought forth their best efforts. And a much higher incentive than that of competition has been the trust imposed in the physician by his families. To merit their confidence, the right sort of doctor will make almost any sort of sacrifice.

Under state medicine, inevitably the old relation between doctor and patient would be destroyed. If the hypothetical John Smith only knew it, he would be exchanging an excellent birthright for a mess of very questionable pottage, were he to be a party to the socialization of medical practice. Instead of the whole-hearted attention of a physician who is using every ounce of energy to give the highest medical skill possible, and who keeps his professional acumen at the keenest possible edge, he would most likely find the indifferent, devil-may-care attitude of the man whose reward is the same for much or for little effort; who has only to live long enough to attain the highest standing possible in his profession, and who cannot feel the pride in his work that the individualist can. Imagine a doctor's being required to treat a certain number of patients per hour, regardless of what ails them, rather than to see how clever a diagnosis he can make in each individual case, whether simple enough to be dismissed in five minutes or complex enough to require his attention for an hour or more.

If the day ever does come when the state takes over the health of its subjects, individually as well as collectively — God pity the patient!

VI

The solution of the medical problem of the middle class is, after all, simple. It is for every family to select one physician for its medical adviser. This man should be selected with great care, then trusted as long as he is found worthy of confidence. If the right sort of man is chosen, and knows that he is the absolute guardian of the family health and that he is expected to call in the help of a specialist or a group of specialists when he deems it necessary, he will put forth his best efforts to merit this confidence. His professional pride, combined with a personal interest in his patient, will make him more anxious to get results than any specialist would be.

The modern family doctor is not necessarily a general practitioner, in the sense that he undertakes personally to practise all branches of medicine. Indeed, the modern family doctor is apt to limit his work somewhat; but he keeps so well informed along all medical lines that he is capable of wisely directing those who trust him. Undoubtedly many patients with obscure ailments will be directed to individual specialists or to clinics; but the family doctor is abundantly able to take care of the great majority of the ailments that arise in his patients. Such a high authority as the Committee on Medical Education of the American Medical Association has estimated that a capable general practitioner can care for from 80 to 90 per cent of the illness for which people consult doctors. The Committee on the Cost of Medical Care has found that the famous 'upper respiratory infections' — colds, influenza, and their near relatives — alone constitute 62 per cent of the usual disabling illness, with the diseases of childhood and other common ailments to be added. Does this seem as though there were no more work for the family doctor?

The very conflict of opinions as to what is to be done to replace the family

doctor argues for his continued existence. The very fact that no satisfactory way has been found to get along without him indicates that he is an essential part of the medical scheme. The medical man who is meant to be a family doctor can never be satisfied with any amount of success in another kind of work. In the present stage of medical evolution, this type of man is successfully adapting himself to his changing environment. While numerous lay and medical writers are penning more or less flattering obituaries of the old family doctor, the modern family doctor is busy making himself indispensable to as many families as he can serve.

DEATH ON AN ATOLL

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

I

I HAD been reading late that evening. Sitting on my verandah, with a shaded lamp on the table beside me, I had entered at once, without effort, into a world revealed so vividly, with such imaginative insight, that although the air my body breathed was heavy with the humid spicy fragrance of tropical vegetation, and crickets were chirping in the hibiscus shrubbery close by, I had traveled in spirit as far as Russia and was conscious only of 'the clear black sky of the northern winter, decorated with the sumptuous fires of the stars.' It will be understood that I returned with difficulty to an awareness of present circumstances. Chancing to look up from my book, I thought for the fraction of a second that I had seen an apparition.

The man, a powerfully built native of middle age, barefoot, and dressed in blue denim trousers and a coat of white drill, was standing hat in hand just outside the circle of lamplight. I had heard no slightest sound, and it had not occurred to him, apparently, to attract my attention by clearing his throat or rapping on one of the verandah posts. I wondered how long he might have been standing thus, quietly waiting for me to notice him. The moment I did so he came forward with the customary Polynesian greeting, 'May you live!' He had arrived at Tahiti late that afternoon and had walked out from Papeete, three miles distant, to bring me a letter which, he said, would explain the reason for this late visit. The white man who had written it had asked him to deliver it as soon as possible. I read it at once.

TANAO
LOW ARCHIPELAGO

DEAR SIR: —

It is nearly five years since we last met, and you may have left Tahiti long since. Nevertheless I must write, even though there is little chance that my message will reach you.

The service I am about to ask of you is one that I should hesitate to ask even of an old friend; but you are the only white man whom I know in this part of the world, and circumstances have arisen which make it imperative for me to appeal to you, however reluctantly.

I am ill, and as I have grave doubts as to my recovery it is necessary that I put my affairs in order. I have no one here but an old servant, Ling Foo, whom you may remember. Could you come to see me? I have chartered a Paumotu cutter for the purpose of carrying this letter to you, and if you find it possible to come, this same cutter will bring you to the island. I quite realize that you may not be able to come at once, on such short notice, and I have therefore given instructions to the man who brings this letter — he is the owner of the vessel — to await your orders.

Yours very truly,

RONALD CRICHTON

The letter had been written by hand, on a sheet of foolscap, but the lines did not follow the ruled spaces. They ran unevenly across the page, meeting, even crossing, in some places, far apart in others. Plainly it had been written by a man so ill that he could scarcely hold the pen. The appearance of the letter as well as the message it contained convinced me of the urgency of this matter. I asked the native who had brought it how he had chanced to call at Tanao. He explained that he and two other men (all three of them inhabitants of the island of Hao) had been returning there from Mangareva, an island at the southeastern extremity of the Low Archipelago, where they had gone for the pearl-diving season, and had been blown off their course by a southerly gale. After the storm they had passed close by Tanao, and, observing a signal fire lighted on the beach, two of them had gone ashore to see what was wanted. An old Chinaman was awaiting them, who led them to the house of the white man. The *popaa* was very ill and had offered him ten thousand francs if he would go to Tahiti at once and try to deliver the letter he would give him.

'There was no one with him except his Chinese servant?' I asked.

'No one.'

'What did he tell you to do in case I could not be found?'

'He asked me to return as soon as possible and carry his Chinese servant to some island where he might take passage in a trading schooner to Tahiti.'

'Did he speak of wanting a doctor?'

'He said there was no need for one.'

'What do you think of his condition? Is it serious?'

He stretched out his hand with his thumb and forefinger held slightly apart. 'When I saw him,' he said, 'he was no farther than that from his grave.'

II

At one o'clock the following afternoon we were well out at sea, and as soon as we had passed the northern extremity of Tahiti the cutter was set on the course of her seven-hundred-mile voyage. There were four of us aboard: Maiti, the owner of the vessel, his two companions, Nau and Mangi, and myself. The barometer had fallen slightly and the sky looked threatening. The wind was blowing from the westward, more strongly every moment as we came out from under the shelter of the island. Westerly and southwesterly winds usually mean bad weather in this part of the Pacific, but the month was June and nothing more serious than a moderate gale was to be expected, with frequent heavy squalls of rain. Small though she was, the cutter was an excellent sea boat, and I watched with satisfaction as she settled down to her work. It was a fair wind for us.

Two days later it went round to the southeast again, and, having blown freshly for several hours, died away completely; but by that time we had three hundred miles of the voyage behind us. As the cutter rocked over the long glassy undulations the reef points pattered against the canvas

with a sound like the drumming of so many nervous fingers impatient in idleness. Nau and Mangi fastened a pandanus mat to the boom and crawled under it to sleep. Presently Maiti joined them; there was no reason for sitting longer at the wheel. The sun set in a sea that reflected perfectly the shapes of a few fleecy clouds. It was what the natives call *é huihui mania*, a great calm. There was nothing to do but wait.

I wondered whether Crichton, as well, was waiting, or whether we were not already too late. Maiti had told me that the voyage from Tanao to Tahiti had taken sixteen days. It was more than possible that the return voyage would require three weeks, what with the calms and head winds we had reason to expect at that time of year. A feeling of desolation came over me as I pictured Crichton dying on that remote atoll with only a taciturn old Chinese servant for company.

Sitting on the wheel box, in the gathering darkness, I went back in thought to the day, in February 1920, when I first met him. I had been demobilized from the army only a few months earlier, and, feeling a need of solitude after the herded life in wartime France, I sailed from San Francisco for an indefinite sojourn in the South Seas. Arriving at Tahiti, I found that island, with its European colony, its hotels, motor cars, and motion-picture theatres, not at all the retreat I had hoped for, so I took the first opportunity that presented itself for moving on. This was a small trading schooner, the *Caleb Winship*, bound to the Paumotu, or, as it is more commonly called, the Low, or Dangerous, Archipelago. Crichton chanced to be a passenger on this vessel. He was traveling in company with a dignified, gentle-mannered old Polynesian lady whom he called 'Mama-Ruau' (Grandma), a woman of sixty or thereabout, dressed in a flowered Mother Hubbard, with her white hair hanging in a single braid.

I decided at first sight that he was English and wondered in an idle way what he was doing in that part of the world. Tino, the half-caste supercargo of the *Winship*, was both curious and puzzled, and on that first evening at sea took me aside to speak of Crichton. Who was he, where did he come from, and what in the name of common sense did he mean to do on that God-forsaken stretch of reef called Tanao? It was a worthless island, he told me. There was scarcely enough land above sea level to stretch your legs over, and even if it were all planted to coconut palms, in full bearing, the output would n't amount to ten tons of copra per year. And yet, here was this Englishman, or whatever he was, going out there to settle with the old Kanaka woman who owned the place! He had taken a ten years' lease on it, with the option of purchase at the end of that time.

This much Tino had gathered from the old woman. Her family had owned Tanao time out of mind, but they had all died off. Her husband had long been dead, and her two sons, her only remaining children, had been drowned at sea while fishing. After this she had lived alone for nearly two years until a passing schooner had given her an opportunity to go to Tahiti, where she had relatives.

'She stayed there for some time; then, it seems, the poor old thing got to hankering for home again. It's queer how these natives love their islands. It may be nothing but a sand bank with half a dozen coconut palms on it, a thousand miles from nowhere, but they'll never be happy away from it. She tried to persuade some of her relatives to go back there with her. They

said no, of course. Tahiti was home to them, and they were n't such fools as to leave a high island for a place where there is nothing to eat but coconuts and fish. Then, somehow, she met this Crichton, and he jumped at the chance she offered him. The old lady says he's promised to stay, for good. He speaks native, and good native, too; I've heard him talking with her, although he has n't said yes or no or how-do-you-do to me since he came aboard. Where did he pick it up? He must have been living somewhere in this part of the Pacific for a long time. Tanao! Wait till he sees it! Tell you what I'll do — I'll bet you a five-gallon demijohn of the best rum in Tahiti that he'll be coming back with us. He don't know what he's let himself in for — that's my opinion.'

Apparently he did know, however; at any rate he failed to return with us. We remained one day at the island, unloading supplies for him, and although he was courteous enough, I felt that he was impatient for us to be gone. He treated the Mama-Ruau with invariable kindness and consideration, but it seemed to me that he wished her away as well; that he wanted to be entirely alone on the island. What was it, I wondered — a form of selfishness? A longing to be, like Crusoe, monarch of all he surveyed? Or had he, perhaps, as Tino suggested later, been mixed up in some affair that he was ashamed of, that made it necessary for him to hide away from the sight of other men? But this latter possibility I put aside at once. I knew nothing of his past life, but if his was not a trustworthy face, then I had never seen one. I would have taken my oath that he was incapable of a dishonorable act.

My conclusion, after summing up the little evidence I had to go by, was that solitude was a vital need of his nature; not a temporary need, as with most men, but an appetite as fundamental as hunger or thirst, but unlike these in that he had never yet been able to satisfy it. I gathered from one or two remarks of his that he had long been searching for just such an island as Tanao. He told me on the day we landed there that it more than fulfilled his expectations, and when I asked how long he meant to stay he said, 'Always. As long as I live.' I had never met a man who seemed so detached from life, so lacking in dependence upon any sort of companionship, brute or human. Nevertheless, as I sat on the rail aft, watching the atoll dwindling and blurring far in the distance, I doubted whether any man could be happy for long in a place so inconceivably lonely.

III

Four years passed. Meanwhile, like many another ex-soldier, I had been wandering here and there, looking on at life in an unfamiliar world, but having little desire to take an active part in it again. I seemed to have lost the faculty for living in a settled, purposeful way. After a year of voyaging from island to island in the Pacific I returned to the United States, where I continued my nomadic existence, camping in hotels and the guest bedrooms in the houses of old friends, but never staying long in any one place. I went to Iceland and spent a winter there, traveling on horseback through that beautiful, sparsely populated country and gazing at the northern lights from vantage points along the arctic circle. Then I went to the Faroe Islands and from there to Norway. Then home again, via New York, and westward to the Pacific Coast across the prairies and plains and the vast deserts of Arizona and New Mexico.

Crichton was often in my thoughts during these years. I could not account

for the deepness of the impression he had made upon me in the course of our brief voyage on the *Caleb Winship*. We had, to be sure, been thrown much together during that voyage, but our companionship had rested on very slight foundations. That was his fault, rather than mine. He was very reserved at all times and seemed to have an instinctive distrust of any relationship approaching intimacy. I knew nothing of his serious thoughts and interests, and he nothing of mine; and yet, ever since I had left the island, in the strangest places and at the most unlikely moments a picture of the place would float into consciousness and focus itself at once, and I would see Crichton sitting in the shade at the inner border of a glaring white beach, looking out over the empty sea. I wondered about him, and for some reason was disturbed about him. It was an unusual thing for a man of his age — he was only twenty-eight — to bury himself as he had done. Even for an authentic lover of solitude such a procedure seemed more than a little dangerous. However, I took comfort in the thought that he himself must have realized this long since and have gone to a more habitable spot.

I returned to Tahiti in 1924, having decided in the future to make my home there for a part of each year; and on the day of my arrival I set out along the water front in the hope that I might gather some news of Crichton. After many fruitless inquiries I learned that he was still on Tanao. Not only that: he had never once left the island since the day he landed there.

A Chinaman, Chan Lee, owner of the schooner *Toafa*, gave me this information. He, apparently, was the only man on Tahiti who knew anything of Crichton, and he knew little. He told me that he chanced to pass the atoll in 1920 — it must have been only two or three months after my visit — and had sent his ship's boat ashore for some drinking coconuts and a supply of firewood for the galley stove. He had not known there was anyone living on the island. Crichton had come out to the schooner and had then arranged with him to call once yearly to bring him supplies. He had also arranged to have Chan bring him some more lumber and half a dozen natives from another island to clear his land and help build his house. As soon as the work was finished these men returned home, since which time Crichton had lived alone on the island except for the old native woman and one Chinese servant whom he, Chan, had engaged for Crichton in Papeete.

Chan also told me of carrying out a load of household furnishings which had arrived for Crichton from England, and of the enormous difficulty they had in taking them ashore over the reef. Once Crichton had spoken of me, and had asked him, in case he chanced to see me, to invite me to come out with the *Toafa* the next time she called. This was three years before, but as Chan was about to leave for his annual visit I decided to consider the invitation still open and go with him.

It was at this time that I became convinced, intuitively, that Crichton's destiny was, or would be, a tragic one — that he was, somehow, doomed. During the voyage with Chan Lee, I considered the situation from every point of view; took myself in hand, so to speak, as though trying to convince another man of the absurdity of his apprehensions. What was there to be concerned about? What ground had I for supposing that anything was amiss with Crichton? Here was a young Englishman, of cultivated tastes, evidently of good family, who happened to be not socially inclined, and who for this reason chose to live on a small coral island

in the middle of the Pacific. Was there, necessarily, anything strange, or unnatural, or even dangerous in that? Other men of similar character and temperament had cut themselves off from the world and had found happiness in doing so. Why not this one? Self-confidence in such a man usually meant self-knowledge. This was not the case of one foolishly enamored of a form of life for which he was unfitted. He had chosen it because he loved it and was conscious of resources within himself to make solitude not only endurable but pleasant. The fact that he was still living on Tanao was proof enough, surely, that he had not been mistaken in this.

So I tried, uselessly, to reason myself out of my misgivings; nevertheless when we reached the island, late of a fine afternoon, it did seem, at first, that I had been indulging in a great deal of gratuitous anxiety. Crichton and the old woman were awaiting us at the landing place; it seemed only yesterday that I bade them good-bye. Mama-Ruau, with tears of welcome in her eyes, kissed me on both cheeks, in the native fashion. She looked much frailer than when I had last seen her, — a natural change in a woman of her advanced years, — but Crichton was the same deeply tanned, healthy-looking man I remembered, except that he now wore dark glasses, a precaution against the glare of the sun. He greeted me in his quiet, reserved manner, and was, I thought, really glad to see me.

Tanao, like many another atoll in the Paumotu Archipelago, has no entrance into the lagoon. One goes ashore through the surf, in a ship's boat, and a schooner visiting the island must stand off and on. There were supplies to land, and as we should not be leaving till the following day I accepted with pleasure Crichton's invitation that I spend the night ashore.

We walked across the island to his house, which stood on the lagoon beach, a quarter of a mile from the ocean beach. After a few perfunctory remarks he fell silent. Apparently he had nothing more to say, and his preoccupied manner made me feel a little uncomfortable. When we reached the steps leading to the verandah he stopped, and for a long moment stared at the ground as though deep in thought. Then he excused himself; he said that he had some business matters to arrange with Chan Lee before the schooner stood out to sea for the night. 'Please make yourself comfortable,' he added. 'You might look over my house if you care to.'

That was the last I saw of him. I waited for an hour, an hour and a half, two hours. Then a gong was sounded, and, walking through the passageway to the lagoon-side verandah, I found dinner awaiting me, served by Ling Foo, his servant, a weird, gnomelike little man who might have stepped out of some centuries-old book of Chinese fairy tales. He moved as soundlessly as a shadow, and although I tried several times to persuade him to speak, he merely regarded me with a detached, contemplative expression as one might look at a rock or a tree while thinking of something else. As soon as dinner was over he placed a lighted lamp on the front verandah and another in the room where I was to sleep; then he too vanished as though he had conjured himself away with the napkin he carried over his arm, and I was left alone in the midst of a silence that seemed as wide as space, as old as the beginning of the world — a silence accentuated by a ship's-bell clock ticking away with self-important industry as though convinced that, if it should stop, time itself would be no more.

I was as forlorn as it is possible for a man to be — a guest in a house where

I knew that I was not wanted. Common sense should have warned me that a man who had chosen the loneliest coral island in the Pacific as a home had not done so because he craved companionship. Nevertheless, taking this into account and putting my unheralded arrival in the most unfavorable light possible, I felt that he was lacking in courtesy, to say the least, to abandon me as he had. I had come ashore at his invitation, and the obligations of hospitality demanded that he should not shame me. It would have been easy for him to plead illness; almost any excuse would have been better than no excuse.

I returned to the front verandah and gave myself up to disquieting reflections. It was impossible to account for Crichton's actions except on the hypothesis that four years of complete isolation had made unbearable to him the prospect of a renewed contact, however slight, with anyone from the outside world. It might even have unbalanced his mind. Many a man before his time had gone mad through loneliness.

Later in the evening I became convinced that he was there in the house with me — in his own room, and this conviction so disturbed me that I tiptoed across the verandah and down the steps and spent the rest of the night walking up and down the lonely outer beach longing for daylight and the return of the schooner. When she came in, at dawn, I went aboard with the first boatload of copra, and, being tired after my all-night vigil, I lay down in my bunk and went to sleep at once. When I awoke we were headed westward again, and Tanao was only a faint bluish haze far to windward.

During the years that followed, although I often thought of Tanao and its lonely white inhabitant, I heard nothing of either until the evening when Maiti walked into the circle of lamplight on my verandah and gave me the letter telling of Crichton's illness.

IV

This third voyage seemed interminable — calms, head winds, calms, head winds, day after day after day. I was beginning to fear that Maiti, who depended upon the stars and instinct for guidance, had mistaken his course; but on the morning of the twenty-fifth day we sighted the atoll. With a faint breeze we approached slowly, and toward noon were within a quarter of a mile of the landing place. The cutter was brought to, my luggage was loaded into the ship's boat, and Nau and Maiti rowed me ashore. As we approached I examined the shore line carefully, but saw no sign of life excepting a flock of white terns floating aimlessly over the scrub at the far end of the main island. We might have been the first men ever to view that lonely place.

Fortunately the sea was calm and we got over the reef without mishap. Then something I had thought was a round black rock detached itself from the sand and moved down to the edge of the beach. I soon made it out to be an umbrella almost completely hiding the person beneath it. Maiti and Nau jumped out into waist-deep water and guided the boat across the shallows. The umbrella moved away as we approached, up the beach to the roadway leading across the island. Ling Foo was the man carrying it. He kept some twenty paces ahead of us, tilting up his sunshade now and then to see that we were following, and running on again. I called out to him, but his only reply was to glance back, without stopping, and make a quick beckoning gesture.

Crichton was lying, propped up with pillows, on a sofa on the verandah.

He was shockingly altered, so pale and emaciated that I should never have recognized him elsewhere. Indeed, I thought for a moment that we had arrived just too late, for his eyes were closed in their cavernous hollows, his hands folded on his breast, and his face wore the expression of peace and indifference one sees on the faces of the dead. Ling Foo ran noiselessly across the verandah and stood beside him, looking from Crichton to me and back again. Maiti halted at the top step as though he had been stopped by a viewless barrier. No one spoke. The clock with the ship's-bell attachment was still engaged in measuring eternity by seconds. It struck half-past twelve.

Crichton opened his eyes at the sound and stared vacantly before him; then he turned his head wearily on the pillow.

'Ling Foo? Are you there?' he said.

The old servant touched him lightly on the shoulder.

'Go down again to the beach. They must be close inshore by this time.'

I stepped forward. 'Don't you know me, Crichton?'

His worn face lighted up. 'You're here?' he exclaimed. 'Is it possible? Please forgive me! I must have been asleep.' He held out his hand gropingly. 'I can't tell you how — how grateful I am.'

I could think of nothing to say. A sudden feeling of compassion came over me at the thought of this man's friendlessness. The fact that he had had no one but me to turn to in his need gave me a truer conception of his aloneness in the world. Nearly a decade had passed since the *Caleb Winship* had brought him here. The events of that well-remembered day, viewed in the light of all that had since happened to me, seemed to have taken place in the course of a previous existence. To find him still here was a shock to my sense of probability, like that one would feel at discovering a man swimming alone in mid-ocean. The imagination in this case lagged behind the senses, was reluctant to accept their evidence.

For all my sympathy I was conscious of a feeling of dull anger against him. What possible reason or excuse could he, a young man with the best of life before him, have had for throwing that life away? What a senseless waste of abilities, of opportunities! And now there would be no more opportunities. He was dying — there was little question of that. It seemed to me that he must have been keeping himself alive for weeks by sheer strength of will.

'I had only the faintest hope,' he went on. 'I knew that there was not one chance in a thousand of my letter reaching you. And yet I clung to that hope.'

'I've been living at Tahiti for some time past,' I said. 'Fortunately your letter found me at home.'

'You have? Living there? I wish I had known, earlier. In that case — No matter. You've come. I should have written before, but there was no opportunity to send a letter.'

'Does n't the *Toafa* call here now?'

'Yes, she still comes once a year, but she is not due again until September. When she was last here Chan Lee told me that he would be trading in the Marquesas most of this year. I suppose he's there now. But you must be tired after your long voyage. Ling Foo has lunch ready for you. Afterward perhaps you would like a siesta? It's very hot here in the middle of the day.'

I was glad of an excuse for leaving him for a time, for he was very weak and I could see that it tired him to talk. After lunch I returned with Maiti to the beach. Nau had been spearing fish during our absence and

had prepared his own food Low Island fashion — raw fish dipped in sea water and eaten with the meat of ripe coconuts. Maiti had eaten sparingly of Ling Foo's luncheon. He joined Nau in his meal and the two men ate with enormous appetite, squatting on a slab of coral in the shallows beside a pool of still water that reflected their faces and the sky. Behind them was the reef where the surf spouted up in fountains of spume, luminous in the sunlight, and beyond that the sea, ruffled to the deepest blue by the breeze and empty save for the cutter half a mile offshore.

It was a lonely picture, full of harmony and beauty with those natives in the foreground. Maiti and Nau belonged in such a setting. They were as much a part of it as the sea birds skimming along the slopes of the combers rising to break on the reef; but I had only to close my eyes and to imagine Crichton in their place, and immediately the beauty seemed to become hostile beauty and mid-sea silence the measure of Nature's disapproval of the incongruous element. As I sat there with that silence flowing over and around me I again tried, ineffectually, to assign some reason for his ten years' exile. Why, why, why? The question kept reiterating itself in my mind, and I could find no answer, nor so much as a clue to one.

When the two men had finished their meal I discussed plans with them. They had been long from home and were, I knew, anxious to have news of their families. It seemed useless to keep them waiting at Tanao, the more so as there was no anchorage for the cutter. Therefore I arranged with them that they should go to their own island of Hao, two hundred and fifty miles distant, and return within ten days' time, if possible. The wind was favorable for their voyage, and as soon as they had gathered a supply of green drinking coconuts they rowed out to the cutter, hauled in their boat, and stood off to the northwest. I sat in the shade watching the little vessel creep up the long slope of the sea until she was lost to view.

V

It was getting on toward mid-afternoon when I returned to the house. Crichton was sleeping; at least I thought he was asleep. A low table stood beside his couch, with a tumbler and a pitcher of water on it, and a hand bell for summoning Ling Foo. I went through to the kitchen, a spacious, airy building connected with the main house by a covered passageway. Here, as elsewhere, everything was in scrupulous order. Pots and pans, burnished and shining, hung from hooks along the wall. The stove was brightly polished, and sticks of firewood, each of them cut at precisely the same length, were neatly corded up in a bin against the wall. Ling Foo was not there. I returned to the front verandah and, taking a book from a shelf, seated myself near Crichton's couch. Looking up presently, I found that he was awake, regarding me with a vacant and, at the same time, a thoughtful expression. I waited, surprised that he didn't speak. At length I forced myself to say, 'Is there anything you want, Crichton?'

He started slightly at the sound of my voice. 'Oh,' he said, 'I'm sorry. I didn't know you were back. You must have come in very quietly.'

'Crichton! You're not — Haven't you seen me sitting here?'

Even as I asked the question I realized that he had not seen me — that he was blind.

He told me then what I had quite forgotten until that moment, of the trouble he had had with his eyes at the

time of my last visit, caused by the glare of the sun reflected from the lagoon and the beaches of white sand.

'I did n't realize that it was at all serious,' he went on, 'and at first I took no precautions. It was very unwise. Unfortunately I had no dark glasses, and by the time I was able to get them it was too late; the damage was done.'

'How long have you been like this?'

'Nearly four years. I can still see the faint outline of objects close by, directly in front of me, but that's all.'

There was nothing one could say in the face of such a calamity as that. I admired him for his stoicism. He spoke quietly of his loss, as though it were a matter of no great consequence.

'I know the place so well, every foot of beach, nearly every tree and shrub on it, that I've not been hampered as much as you might think; and Ling Foo has been a faithful old servant, one in a thousand. Without him, of course, I should have had a hard time of it this past six months. You remember Mama-Ruau, don't you? She died two years ago. I've missed her more than I can say; she was as good to me as a man's own mother could be. She told me that she would always watch over me after her death. It's curious; at times I've been all but convinced of her presence. One has strange fancies in such a lonely place.'

'That's an extraordinary old servant of yours,' I remarked. 'Is he always so silent? I've never yet heard him utter so much as a word.'

'That's because of an impediment in his speech. Poor Ling! It's pathetic to hear him try to talk. He's almost given up trying. How old would you say he is?'

'I've often wondered. At least sixty.'

'He tells me that he was seventy-five his last birthday. He's a truly remarkable old chap, full of energy despite his age and never for a moment idle. He's been with me now for eight years. Fortunately he seems perfectly contented here. I used to urge him to go back to Tahiti with Chan Lee's schooner, to visit his friends, but he's never wanted to go.'

'And you, Crichton? Have you never left Tanao in all these years?'

'Never,' he said, and fell silent. For a moment the expression on his face grew sombre. I was sorry I had spoken.

'Do you know, I feel much better,' he went on. 'Your coming has done me good.'

'I'm delighted to hear you say that. By the way, I've let the cutter go. The men were anxious to have news of their families —'

'Naturally. I was going to suggest that you do just what you've done. When will they be coming back?'

'In ten days, or perhaps two weeks, depending on the weather. Now what I have in mind is this: supposing they return two weeks from to-day; do you think you might be strong enough by that time to make the voyage to Tahiti? If not, then we can hold the cutter here until you are. You need a change, Crichton. It will do you a world of good. Will you come?'

He smiled faintly and shook his head.

'My dear chap, I'm at the end of my rope. I know that. I shall be dead before the cutter returns.'

I was about to speak when he interrupted me: 'Tahiti? No, I have a longer journey than that to make. Don't imagine that I regret it. On the contrary. But let's not talk of this. Let's not discuss my affairs this afternoon. There will be ample time for that to-morrow. Do you know what I'd like, now, if it is n't too much of an imposition? I said just now that I

had n't minded so much losing my sight, but I have minded in one respect. I'm awfully book-hungry. Would you be willing to read to me for an hour or two?'

I read all through the afternoon until dinner time. He was a great admirer of Thoreau, and we began with his favorite chapters in *Walden* and passages from the *Journals*. Then he asked for *Comus* and, after that, the first part of *Henry the Fourth*. Ling Foo brought our food to the table by Crichton's couch, and he ate with some appetite, for the first time in weeks, he said. Throughout the meal he talked with great animation; he seemed as starved for conversation as he was for reading. We discussed books, chiefly, and as we proceeded from one to another his eyes lighted up with interest and enthusiasm, and a faint touch of color suffused itself over his cheeks. This was a Crichton I had never seen before, a delightful companion, urbane, wholly at his ease, almost light-hearted in manner.

Afterward, when the lamps had been lit, I continued reading: from Keats, Walt Whitman, Charles Lamb's *Letters*, Montaigne's *Essays* — whatever he asked for. We forgot time and place and circumstance, and it was not until the clock struck eleven that he said, 'Good Lord! Can it be as late as that?'

I told him that I would gladly continue reading as long as he liked.

'No, not another word! You must be worn out. Thanks ever so much. I can't tell you what a treat this has been for me.'

We chatted for a moment; then I called Ling Foo, who was dozing in a chair by the kitchen table. He brought his sleeping mat and a pillow and lay down on the floor beside Crichton's couch in case he should be wanted in the night. I retired to my room — the same room that had been prepared for me at the time of my last visit; but on this occasion I went to bed and slept soundly until morning.

VI

We spent the forenoon of that day in settling up his affairs. He had made his will years ago, before coming out to Tanao, and a copy of this had been filed long since with his attorney in London. He asked me to read over to him his own copy. I was not surprised to learn that he was a man of considerable means. He had a fortune of twenty-five thousand pounds invested in securities in England, together with real estate inherited from a maternal uncle. All of his property in England was to be divided equally between two nephews and a niece, his only surviving relatives. What he particularly wished me to do was to send to his attorney — together with a personal letter which I wrote at his dictation — the official papers to be secured from the French authorities at Tahiti, establishing the fact of his death. He had something over a thousand pounds on deposit in the Banque de L'Indo-Chine, in Papeete, and this money was to go to Ling Foo, who had served him so faithfully all these years. In order to avoid legal complications I suggested that he make out a check for this amount, payable to Ling Foo. I knew the president of the bank and promised to explain matters to him so that the old Chinaman would have no difficulty in securing the money.

It was a problem to decide what to do with his household possessions. He wanted me to accept them, but I explained what he already knew, that I had a great dislike for accumulating possessions and preferred not to encumber myself with more than the bare minimum necessary for comfort, which I already had. I confess that

I was sorely tempted to accept his library; but I had no room for it in my own small house, and therefore suggested that all of his books as well as his fine collection of Polynesian curios be given to the colonial museum and library at Papeete. As for his other household furnishings, they could only be removed with great difficulty, owing to the fact that they would have to be carried aboard a schooner over the reef, in a ship's boat. Therefore it was decided to leave them where they were, for the benefit of Mama-Ruau's relatives, if ever they should visit Tanao. The island had come to them at her death, although Crichton's ten-year lease had still some months to run.

It seemed very strange to me to be discussing these matters with Crichton. He was businesslike, methodical, painstaking. Death was in the background, and yet, because of his quiet, matter-of-fact way of speaking of it, I had no emotional conviction of its nearness. The last thing he asked me to do was to go through his desk and clear out all of his papers and notebooks, including half a dozen thick manuscript volumes. These, I imagine, contained a record of his life at Tanao until the loss of his eyesight had made writing no longer possible. *There* was a legacy I should have been glad to accept, but it was not offered. 'Will you please burn all this?' he said. 'It contains matter of purely personal interest. I shall feel much better when you tell me that it has been destroyed.' It required half an hour of poking and stirring the fire to consume the journals, but in the end they were all reduced to ashes.

On the evening of that day, Ling Foo and I carried Crichton on his couch to the open verandah built out over the water on the opposite side of the house. It was a glorious night, perfectly still, without a cloud in the sky. The air was cool and Crichton was covered with a rug. I stretched out in a long chair near by. As darkness came on we seemed to be suspended between an upper and a nether firmament, so bright and clear were the reflections of the stars in the lagoon. I felt uneasy about Crichton; he was much weaker than he had been the previous day. The business of settling up his affairs had exhausted his little reserve of strength, and he was running a temperature which made him restless and light-headed. Neither of us spoke for a long time; then he asked for a glass of water, which he drank greedily. A few moments later he roused himself with an effort.

'There is something I have long had on my conscience,' he said. 'You will remember, when you were last here, my — my strange behavior. What must you have thought of me, leaving you like that — and a guest in my own house, too!'

'My dear Crichton! Don't speak of it. If apologies are in order, let mine come first. I barged in upon you without —'

'No — please! You have nothing to reproach yourself for. I was guilty of an unpardonable breach of hospitality. I owe you the fullest explanation of my actions on that occasion; but I don't see how I can explain without saying more than . . . Would you mind very much if I were to tell you something that I have never before spoken of to anyone?'

'No, not if you want to tell me.'

'I do want to; but whether it will be possible . . . I have kept this matter a secret for so many years that it will be hard to break silence now. Let me ask you a question: have you ever wondered why I came out here to live?'

'Many times.'

'What was your supposition?'

'I have never found a satisfactory

one. You have always been a puzzle to me, Crichton.'

'You're being quite frank with me? You don't know why I have hidden myself away here?'

'I have n't the slightest idea.'

'I believe you. Well, let me get this out, if I can. It will explain so much; and for some reason I feel a great need to speak — for the first and last time.

'I am one of those men —' He broke off and was long silent. Then he began again. 'I am one of those men who — who are — mistakes of Nature.

'Does this mean anything to you?' he said, after another silence. 'Do you understand what I am trying to say? Mistakes of Nature — tragic, irremediable mistakes. Or experiments, perhaps — who can say? How many there are, of how many kinds! There is one — the fate of a victim of that blunder in creation is the saddest, surely, that can befall a human being. That was my fate.

'This sounds maudlin. I am aware of the fact; but I ask you to believe that I am not indulging here in self-pity. I have long since given up that habit. If you like, in this darkness think of me only as a disembodied voice, speaking of a man who no longer exists. That is not far from the truth.

'It was many years before I knew. My people never knew. They are all dead now. My father and mother died while I was at the university, within six months of each other. The war wiped out the rest of my family — three brothers, two older and one younger than myself. I was the one to be spared. The irony of that fact has given me some bitter moments.

'My boyhood at home was all that boyhood at its best can be. My father and mother made comrades of their children, and they had no reason to suspect that anything was amiss with one of them. Their great desire was to make our childhood happy, and, as we grew older, to help us shape our destinies according to our own wishes and abilities. My father believed that education was, in the beginning, a matter of arousing in our minds a disciplined curiosity about life, and in my case he wanted me to be furnished with certain tools to work with — principally languages, ancient and modern, and mathematics. Thanks to his guidance and my own inclinations I went to school with the keenest desire to acquire mastery in the use of these tools, realizing beforehand that the drudgery entailed was necessary, and that the tools were not ends in themselves, but the means to ends far beyond.

'You may wonder why I speak of this. It is to make clear why I remained so long in ignorance of — of one side of my nature. If this is not the reason I can assign no other. At school I lived a healthy Spartan life, devoted to hard play and hard study. I had neither the time nor the inclination for self-exploration on the emotional side. I was more studious than most boys of my years, and believed that scholarship was of more importance than sport; otherwise I was not eccentric in any way.

'At seventeen I went up to the university where my father and grandfather and great-grandfather had gone before me. The freedom there, after public school, was like the breath of life to me. I could live as austerely as I chose, without attracting comment, favorable or otherwise; and some of the drudgery of education was past. I now began to know a few, at least, of its pure delights. And what can equal them? Or what joy is keener than that of a young man when he first becomes conscious of the unfolding of his powers and looks forward to years

of quiet, uninterrupted study? I already knew what my life work was to be. I had a scholarship in chemistry, and with the confidence and the arrogance of youth I determined to be the greatest chemist in England.

'In my second year at the university I discovered — what had to be discovered. It was a gradual revelation, but, in the end, complete and — terrible. My case may have been exceptional, and from what I know now I think it was. The fact remains that I was unaware even of the existence of such — of such abnormality until I discovered it in myself.

'Imagine, if you can, the desolation of spirit I suffered as a result of that discovery. No one else knew of it — not even my friend who unconsciously brought it about. He never suspected that my feeling toward him was other than that of a devoted comrade. I had the pride and the strength of will necessary to spare him and to save myself — but I left the university.

'I went to Germany to continue my studies. It was the worst move I could have made — it seems. What happened there — Oh, I'm so mortally tired!'

That cry went to my heart. 'Crichton! Don't go on,' I said. 'Believe me, I —'

'Wait — I beg your pardon.' He raised himself to a sitting posture and his voice became hard and cold as ice.

'Don't misunderstand me. I was not on the point of making any sordid confessions. There is nothing of that nature to confess. Allow me to finish. I have little more to say.'

He sank back on the pillow and lay still.

'Have you ever visited the Grand Canyon of the Colorado? Once, in boyhood, I passed that way with my father. Imagine a chasm wider, infinitely deeper, and filled with shadow, with black night. In Germany I found myself on the brink of such an abyss — so at least I conceived of it. I looked down. I saw unfortunate creatures like myself moving about in those depths — both men and women, and neither the one nor the other. I pitied them from my heart, but it was loathing that saved me. I differed from them only in this: they had accepted their fate; many of them, I discovered, gloried in it. I would not accept mine — at least I would not accept the common implications of that fate. I saw what I had to do. I gave up my plans for a career. I cut myself off from family and friends. You see, I did n't trust myself. I did n't know what wretched folly friendship might lead me into. I set out in search of some place, preferably an island, where there could be no question of friendship, not even of companionship. When I found that place I remained — as you know.'

VII

He died very peacefully three days later. I had been sitting with him, and we had talked a little of common things; then he fell into a quiet sleep. About an hour later he awoke and asked me to help him turn on his side. That was the last time he spoke.

Ling Foo and I buried him at the spot he had chosen. It was not in the ancient cemetery at the far end of the island, but near the lagoon beach at the head of a small mirrorlike cove. In accordance with his own wishes no stone — not even a border of sea shells — was placed to mark his grave. It is marked, adequately and beautifully, by the shadows of palm fronds moving to and fro over the coral sand.

A lonely end to an appallingly lonely life.

LAMENT

Since I have lost her that I loved so well
My heart burns day by day
With woe that I have none on earth to tell,
For who can turn away
The sharp point from my flesh now she has gone?
She was the one, and she alone the one
To whom I could have told how great a stone
Is rolled against my heart by her decay.

Ah, lover, if on earth you still drew breath
And opened your sweet bosom to the air,
Then should I find an outlet for my care
As ships long locked in harbor find the sea.
To you I should know how to tell the loss
I could have suffered but through loss of thee.
But now I have no weapon against death,
None to assuage my thirst upon my cross,
For taking you, death reft even words from me.

The blackbirds fill the rushes with their song,
The sea breaks loud and snow-white on the beach,
And since to men my words no more belong
I'll pour my inward speech
On these, the ministers of breath and sight
With which we fed our life,
The rushes tossing in the summer light,
The sea-waves breaking in a timeless throng.
I'll make of them a wife
To tell the story of our sundered love
Here where we often walked with blackbirds round us and above.

I will confide my grief to timeless things,
To presences that fade not from the earth.
Thus haply when the blackbird sings
One syllable of its dearth
Will be diminished; when the salt wind brings
The smell of ocean landward, it will find
Its utterance, to no changeful lips confined,
Held in no private and unfaithful heart,
But to the grief of the whole world resigned,
And in the sorrow of all things having part.

O traveler coming down the willow lane
On whose uplifted head the wild airs blow,
Honor them, and drink deep, for fraught with pain
From me to you they go.
And lonely walker yonder by the beach,
Look gently on the loud sea's windy reach
Where the waves toss their heads like sheaves of grain;
Not empty is their vast and bitter speech,
Not empty, nor shall ever be again,
For there my sorrows flow.

THEODORE MORRISON

WHEN TO BE YOUNG WAS HEAVEN[1]

Genius in the Nineties

BY WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN

I

WHISTLER had said, 'Of course you will settle in Chelsea.' The men who counted most for me lived there — Sickert, Steer, Ricketts, and Shannon. The name itself, soft and creamy, suggested the eighteenth century, Whistler's early etchings, Cremorne, old courts and rag shops. I was at first disappointed with the long King's Road, a shabbier Oxford Street, with its straggling, dirty, stucco mid-century houses and shops. But the riverside along Cheyne Row was beautiful — what noble houses! And there were Lindsay Row and Cheyne Row and Paradise Walk, and the Physic Gardens and the Vale.

Beardsley was living in Cambridge Terrace, Pimlico, with his mother and his sister Mabel. The walls of his rooms were distempered a violent orange, the doors and skirtings were painted black; his taste was all for the bizarre and exotic. Later it became somewhat chastened.

I had picked up a Japanese book in Paris, with pictures so outrageous that its possession was an embarrassment. It pleased Beardsley, however, so I gave it to him. The next time I went to see him, he had taken out the most indecent prints from the book and hung them around his bedroom.

[1] Previous chapters of this record appeared in January and February. — EDITOR

Beardsley affected an extreme cynicism which was startling at times. He spoke enormities; mots were the mode, and, provided they were sufficiently witty, anything might be said. Did n't someone say of Aubrey that even his lungs were affected? It was a time when everyone, in the wake of Whistler, wanted to take out a patent for brilliant sayings. Referring to my bad memory, Beardsley remarked, 'It does n't matter what good things one says in front of Billy; he's sure to forget them.'

One was always aware of the eager, feverish brilliance of the consumptive, in haste to absorb as much of life as he could in the brief space he instinctively knew was his sorrowful portion. Poor Aubrey — he was a tragic figure! It was as though the gods had said, 'Only four years more will be allowed you; but in those four years you shall experience what others take forty years to learn.' Knowledge he seemed to absorb through his pores. Always at his drawing desk, he still found time to read an astonishing variety of books. He knew his Balzac from cover to cover, and explored the courts and alleys of French and English seventeenth-century and eighteenth-century literature. Intensely musical, too, he seemed to know the airs of all the operas. No wonder Oscar thought him wonderful, and chose him at once as the one artist to illustrate his *Salome*.

Since the first appearance of his

work in the *Studio*, Beardsley's drawings were constantly abused; none of the illustrators of the day would say a word in his favor. Worse still, they joined the howling crowd in crying for Beardsley to be put in the stocks. Their stupidity, meanness, and blindness were even more abnormal than was Beardsley's genius. A similar outcry arose over Max Beerbohm's first essays; in fact, we were all to be lumped together as 'decadents.' On the other hand, a few people hailed Beardsley as one of the greatest draftsmen who had ever appeared; such exaggerated praise is scarcely less irritating than stupid abuse.

II

Cunninghame-Graham was one of the most picturesque and picaresque figures of the day, and extremely entertaining. He had a witty and caustic tongue, told the best Scotch stories I had ever heard, wrote, fenced, and rode a frisky horse with a long tail, all in an equally gallant manner. I liked to see him putting his fingers through his long, thick, golden-red hair, making it stand high above his fine, narrow, aristocratic forehead. Twirling his moustaches, and holding his handsome person proudly erect, he would stride into the room with the swagger of a Gaucho and the elegance of a swordsman.

He insisted on taking me, graceless as I was, to Angelo's, then in St. James's Street, that I too might learn to fence. Whether I acquired any grace from the lessons I doubt; but I enjoyed the strenuous exercise, and the Regency atmosphere of Angelo's, while Max and Beardsley, who used sometimes to join me there, looked on, fascinated by the survival of this classic establishment — now, alas, a memory only!

I often think now how Beardsley must have envied us, who were so robust and full of life. He must have known how slender were his own chances of living; yet he showed no sign. The two earliest letters he wrote me, in 1893, refer to illness, and to difficulties with Lane, which I shared.

Beardsley was one of the first, and one of the few, to appraise Max's caricatures at their true value. He was equally quick to appreciate his writing, and a warm friendship sprang up between the two. Nor was Max slow to see the beauty of Beardsley's work; indeed, his caricatures at this time bear witness to his sympathy with Aubrey's style. Max wrote, soon after leaving Oxford: —

> Whilst I write I am coming of age: I was born twenty-one years ago to-day, and am ever so sorry that I cannot possibly come and live with you in Scarborough as you so charmingly ask me. I have to go into the country to-morrow for a week to stay with relations and cannot possibly put them off. Why do I write on this odd paper? Because it was wrapped up with two very lovely drawings by Aubrey Beardsley which J. Lane has just given me. They lie before me as I write: I am enamored of them. So is John Lane: he said: 'How lucky I am to have got hold of this young Beardsley: look at the technique of his drawings! What workmanship! He never goes over the edges!' He never said anything of the kind, but the criticism is suggestive for you, dear Will. And characteristic of Art's middleman, the Publisher — for of such is the Chamber of Horrors. How brilliant I am! I forget whether you like *Salome* or not. *Salome* is the play of which the drawings are illustrative. I have just been reading it again — and like it immensely — there is much, I think, in it that is beautiful, much lovely writing — I almost wonder Oscar does n't dramatize it.

'I almost wonder Oscar does n't dramatize it'! Max had uncanny premonitions; soon came the news that the censor would n't sanction the per-

formance of *Salome*. Wilde was very angry. Sarah Bernhardt had offered to play the part of Salome, but the censor was obdurate; no objection was raised to the publication of the play in book form, yet its presentation on the stage was forbidden.

One of Beardsley's most ardent supporters was Robert Ross. He was a general favorite. Although not himself a creative person, he had, in those days especially, a genius for friendship. No man had a wider circle of friends than he. He had a delightful nature, was an admirable story-teller, and a wit; above all he was able to get the best out of those he admired. Oscar Wilde was never wittier than when at Ross's parties; the same was true of Aubrey Beardsley and Max Beerbohm.

Ross was a member of the Hogarth Club. On one occasion he had been entertaining a party, one of whom was Oscar Wilde, and after dinner we adjourned to the Hogarth Club. As we entered the room, an old member of the Club, ostentatiously staring at Wilde, rose from his chair and made for the door. One or two other members also got up. Everyone felt uncomfortable. Wilde, aware of what was happening, strode up to the member who was about to leave and haughtily exclaimed: 'How dare you insult a member of your own club? I am Mr. Ross's guest — an insult to me is an insult to him. I insist upon your apologizing to Mr. Ross.' The member addressed had nothing to do but to pretend very lamely that no insult had been intended, and he and the others returned to their seats. I thought this showed great pluck on Oscar's part.

But Wilde could scarcely complain if sinister rumors were beginning to circulate. In Beardsley was no such perversity; and Beardsley, now that we look back on his few years of hectic, hurried life, is a touching and lovable figure. But at the time, with his butterfly ties, his too smart clothes with their hard, padded shoulders, his face — as Oscar said — 'like a silver hatchet' under his spreading chestnut hair, parted in the middle and arranged low over his forehead, his staccato voice and jumpy, restless manners, he appeared a portent of change symbolic of the movement which was associated — and was to end — with the last years of the century.

III

Sargent I met soon after I had settled in Chelsea. I had, of course, seen his paintings at the Royal Academy and at the Salon, and admired their brilliant virtuosity, though I did n't think of him as inhabiting the same mansion as Whistler and Degas, Monet and Renoir. But on meeting Sargent I was at once aware of something large and dignified in his nature, something imposing in his person and manner, which set him apart and commanded respect. Like Henry James, he had the English correctness of most Europeanized Americans, which brought a certain *je ne sais quoi* of self-consciousness into his relations with his friends. We all acknowledged his immense accomplishment as a painter to be far beyond anything of which we were capable. But the disparity between his gifts and our own we were inclined to discount, by thinking that we had qualities that somehow placed us among the essential artists, while he, in spite of his great gifts, remained outside the charmed circle. I was used to hearing both Whistler and Degas speak disparagingly of Sargent's work; even Helleu, Boldini, and Gandara regarded him more as a brilliant executant than as an artist of high rank.

Sargent, when he painted the size of life, placed his canvas on a level with

the model, walked back until canvas and sitter were equal before his eye, and was thus able to estimate the construction and values of his representation. He drew with his brush, beginning with the shadows, and gradually evolving his figure from the background by means of large, loose volumes of shadow, half tones and light, regardless of features or refinements of form, finally bringing the masses of light and shade closer together, and thus assembling the figure. He painted with large brushes and a full palette, using oil and turpentine freely as a medium. When he repainted, he would smudge and efface the part he wished to reconstruct, and begin again from a shapeless mass. He never used what was underneath.

I had acquired the habit of standing near to my canvas, some way from the model. If one paints sight-size there is method in this practice too; but often my figure was larger than sight-size, and I struggled in consequence with difficulties which, had I followed Sargent's example, I must have avoided. There is a common and mistaken belief that we instinctively feel the right way of doing things. The contrary is true. Take any instrument — the common scythe, or the woodman's axe; when at first we are shown the correct way of handling such tools, it seems unnatural and awkward. Efficient use has to be painfully acquired. So with brush and pencil. They, too, are tools, and must be correctly handled; and the placing of the canvas near to, or at a given distance from, the subject, so that the sitter and image can be compared together, is an essential factor of representative painting. Painters often deplore the loss of tradition, and speak with regret of the days when artists ground their own colors; but knowledge of the visual methods of the older painters, rather than of their technical practices, seems to me of equal if not greater importance.

The methods of Velasquez and Hals were not unlike Sargent's; but how Titian, Rubens, and Rembrandt painted is unknown to us; for, while they were masters of rhythmical construction, they were able to reproduce, in their studies, the subtle details of eyes and lips, of hands and finger nails, with no loss of breadth. How they achieved an appearance of unity, as seen from a distance, combined with the clear, satisfying rendering of features visible only when close to the model, is a mystery to painters. Sargent had made admirable copies after both Velasquez and Hals, and had closely studied their methods. He could indicate hands and heads and figures with surprising felicity; but he too often failed to reveal the solidity and radiance of form.

But we are apt to forget that each one of us can use only those gifts, great or small, which the gods have given him. It is the use we make of our gifts, not the character of the gifts themselves, which merits praise, or else blame. And no man made fuller or more honorable use of his talents than Sargent.

Yet I never felt quite comfortable in front of his paintings or drawings. I admired and respected, but I never loved. Again and again, feeling my own inability acutely, I have said to myself, 'Sargent would have achieved triumphantly where you have fumbled and failed,' and have blamed myself for having criticized a man of such evident stature; but I could never overcome a certain hesitation in paying full tribute to Sargent's paintings, a hesitation which stood in the way of full intimacy.

I felt that something essential was lacking in Sargent. He was like a hungry man with a superb digestion, who need not be too particular what he

eats. Sargent's unappeased appetite for work allowed him to paint everything and anything without selection, anywhere, at any time. It was this uncritical hunger for mere painting which distinguished him from the French and English painters whom he rivaled, and often surpassed, in facility. He accepted all problems set before him with equal zest; it was for him to solve each one successfully. He never relied solely on his facility, but gave all his energies to each task.

I was touched by Sargent's generous enthusiasm for Manet and Monet, for Rodin and Whistler; for, as I said, I had heard Degas and Whistler speak disparagingly of Sargent as a skillful portrait painter who differed little from the better Salon painters then in fashion. He was allowed to be Carolus Duran's most capable disciple, but not a markedly personal artist. With the exception of Rodin, I never heard anyone in Paris acknowledge the worth of Sargent's performance.

Even Helleu, his closest friend, whose work Sargent adulated, regarded him with a patronizing eye — a worthy painter, a dear good fellow, but scarcely an artist.

On the other hand, at the Royal Academy, where, having settled in England, he exhibited regularly, Sargent appeared as a daring innovator. Although he had as many commissions as he could execute, they came chiefly from Americans. In London his warmest admirers were the wealthy Jews. But it would be a mistake to suppose that Sargent preferred the aristocratic to the Jewish type, that he painted Jews because they happened to be his chief clients. On the contrary, he admired and thoroughly enjoyed painting the energetic features of the men and the exotic beauty of the women of Semitic race. He urged me to paint Jews, as being at once the most interesting models and the most reliable patrons. The more conservative English were at first shy of facing the cold light of Sargent's studio; the absurd legend that he brought out the worst side of his sitters' characters also helped to keep people away.

There was neither flattery nor satire in his portraits; his problem was to make his work visually convincing. Not for him any short cuts; his integrity was unquestionable. And yet in his brilliant rendering of the men and women who sat to him he seemed to miss something of the mystery of life. I remember how this sense of the dramatic element of good portraiture came on me when looking one day at photographs of Titian's and Giorgione's portraits of young men, so proud in their bearing, and from whom death, I suddenly felt, was never far off. But what relation have Sargent's men and women to the drama of life and death? Sargent rarely succeeded in removing his figures from the model stand, from the Louis XV or XVI chair or settee dear to the new rich; from pearl necklaces and glittering medals, and Worth dresses of velvet and satin. Looking, too, at his out-of-door work, so accidental in composition, at those sparkling paintings of flickering sunlight over mountains and plains, over trees and buildings, I felt as though they had sprung up before him by a sort of magic: feverish, transitory apparitions with no past and no future, which would fade away after he folded up his easel and painting stool.

But this was, after all, the real Sargent; for the qualities I missed in his painting were qualities he did not particularly admire in others. It was not the gravity of Velasquez and Hals that he cared for so much as their perfection of handling. Similarly with his admiration for Manet; it was for Manet's brilliance of execution that

he preferred him to austerer painters like Fantin-Latour and Legros. Cézanne's work he altogether disliked. Oddly enough, when later I was painting Jews in the East End, he thought I was aiming at too abstract a representation, and wanted me to paint scenes in Petticoat Lane, or the interiors of tailors' shops, as showing the more intimate side of Jewish life. Yet it was just this lack of intimacy that I missed in his portraits. But then, Sargent himself had little of this intimacy in his own life. His studio was that of a cultivated cosmopolitan, filled with French, Italian, and Spanish furniture and bric-a-brac; he could scarcely be expected to paint people in the middle-class interiors in which Degas, Fantin-Latour, and Cézanne saw their sitters.

But herein Sargent was true, and wisely true, to himself. On the other hand, when he gave up portrait painting to devote himself solely to his Boston decorations, he showed unworldliness and a touching desire to escape from the slavery of the model stand; but his shortcomings were at once revealed. The American element in his nature asserted itself; he approached the scene of the *Divine Comedy* not with the great Mantuan, not with the noble Giotto, nor yet with the passionate El Greco, but with Edwin Abbey by his side.

Truth to tell, Sargent's taste and judgment in painting were very unexpected. He was a keen admirer not only of Hals and Velasquez, but also of El Greco and of Tiepolo, and, what was more strange, of the early work of Rossetti. He was an ardent musician. When I was painting with him, he always improvised on the piano while the model was resting. He had many musical friends, chief among them Fauré, whom he invited to England to stay with him and took endless trouble to introduce to musical people in London, inviting them to his studio to hear Fauré play his own compositions.

IV

Bernard Shaw I had met soon after I settled in Chelsea. He was then chiefly known as a journalist, at this time writing musical criticism for the *World*, and as a Fabian closely associated with Sidney Webb. Already he had ardent admirers, and ardent detractors. Roger Fry likened him to Christ. I could n't see the resemblance; but I admired Shaw for one thing especially — he did not wait until he was famous to behave like a great man. In fact, he had early singled himself out from among his fellows as a remarkable character. He had all the ease and assurance, the endearing right-headedness and wrong-headedness, the overweening outspokenness, that English society recognizes so generously now that the whole world has acclaimed him. But he worked long and hard to be accepted in the position he so candidly assumed. He declared that he missed no opportunity of attending meetings and speaking in opposition to other speakers, no matter how little he knew of their subjects. Thus, by these mental gymnastics, he fortified his natural gift of speech and his mental alertness.

Shaw was a wild man in public, violent, aggressive, and paradoxical; in private he was the instinctive gentleman, ever on the side of the oppressed and unpopular, tender-hearted and generous, though he had little enough in those days to be generous with. He lived with his mother and sister in a flat in Fitzroy Square, fending, I imagine, for them as well as for himself. Although he assumed antagonism to art for art's sake, and was more associated with Morris and Fabian ideas

than with those of Whistler, he was very friendly with all of us, and lent his support to the more adventurous activities of the younger artists and writers.

Considerably older than Beardsley, Max, and myself, he was one of Max's firmest supporters, and one of the first to realize Beardsley's genius. To me he was genially encouraging; he was one of my earliest sitters, and I may claim to have been a staunch defender of Shaw at a time when people generally regarded him as little more than a crank or a charlatan. I have been amused at the belated acknowledgment of Shaw's genius by men who, in the days of which I am writing, would not allow a word in his defense. It is not the rats who desert a sinking ship, but those who so sleekly invade the home-coming one, that I object to so much.

No man has shown less resentment at contempt and hostility than Shaw. He held his head high, and kept his temper and poured out his wit. Every gallant cause has had his support. Ideas were ever to him what the fox is to the hunter — to be pursued through bush, through briar, over hill, down dale, for the joy of the chase. I always felt that Shaw was more interested in the platonic or theoretical aspect of things and of people than in things and people themselves. In my opinion he does n't see people or things as they are; neither comeliness nor plainness is evident to him; his eyes and ears are attentive to his own vision, to the sound of his own voice. If his vision is not often the artist's, and if his talk is more like the boxer's use of a punch ball — hitting this way and that, to left and to right, upward and down — than his bout with a living opponent, it keeps him, as the boxer is kept, in wonderful fettle. No step was ever lighter, no eye fresher, no tongue freer or cleaner than Shaw's. No decadence in him; he is a figure apart, brilliant, genial, wholesome, a great wit, a gallant foe and a staunch friend, a Swift without bitterness, sharer and castigator of the follies of mankind, whose cap, though of Jaeger, is worn as gayly as motley.

I loved Shaw; he again was of those I could not imagine harboring mean or ignoble thoughts — a true knight without fear and without reproach. Yet many men deemed him a cad, a vulgarian, a dangerous charlatan, while he went his way, head high, body alert, ready to spring at the sight of wrong, injustice, or stupidity. His attacks on the first two might have been overlooked; on the third they were unforgivable — the fellow was not only a busybody, but impertinent.

Shaw had recently left the *World* to become dramatic critic of the *Saturday Review*, then owned by Frank Harris. Harris had had an adventurous career — he began life as a cowboy, like Cunninghame-Graham. Later he married a wealthy wife, wrote brilliant short stories, became a personality in London, and gained influence through his ownership of the *Fortnightly Review*. He was a daring and enlightened editor. After the *Fortnightly* he acquired the *Saturday Review* and gathered round him a dazzling group of writers: besides Bernard Shaw, D. S. MacColl, Churton Collins, Cunninghame-Graham, J. F. Runciman, and Max Beerbohm. Harris was a good talker, though as a talker he played what Wilde called 'the Rugby game.' He had a rich, deep voice, which rose and swelled like an organ as he charged into the conversation. With ample means, he was able to become a patron of art and literature.

These were Harris's days of prosperity, when he entertained, usually at the Café Royal. I remember especially

a dinner he gave there at which Oscar Wilde, Max Beerbohm, Aubrey Beardsley, Robbie Ross, and I were present. Harris on this occasion monopolized the conversation; even Wilde found it hard to get a word in. Harris told us an endless story, obviously inspired by the *Étui de Nacre*, while Oscar grew more and more restive; when at last it came to an end, Max said, 'Now, Frank, Anatole France would have spoiled that story.' But Harris was n't thin-skinned; he proceeded to tell us of all the great houses he frequented. This was more than Oscar could bear. 'Yes, dear Frank,' he exclaimed, 'we believe you; you have dined in every house in London — once.' The only time I heard him say an unkind thing.

Another day I was lunching with Max at the Café Royal when Harris was sitting near with a lady friend. As we passed his table he called out, twisting his moustaches, 'You 're getting older, Will! I'm getting younger.' 'Well, Harris,' I replied, 'we can both do with it.'

V

I found among some notes which I made in 1895 the following account of Swinburne: —

August 10th, 1895

Go to The Pines, Putney. Swinburne gets up as I enter, rather like Lionel Johnson in figure, the same *chétif* body, narrow shoulders, and nervous twitch of the hands, which, however, are strong and fine. A much fresher face than I should have imagined from hearsay, a fine nose, a tiny glazed green eye, and a curiously clear auburn moustache and a beard of a splendid red. How young he looks, notwithstanding his years! He was so nervous that of course I was embarrassed, and, Watts being there, we both talked at him, keeping our eyes off one another. Occasionally I would glance at his profile, less impressive, less 'like' than his full face.

When at last the sitting began, no sitter ever gave me so much trouble. For, besides always changing his pose, he is so deaf that he could not hear me; and after sitting a short time a nervous restlessness seized on him, which held him the whole time. I felt a beast, sitting there torturing him. Nor did I feel that I could do anything worthy of him. When he saw the drawing he was kind enough to say, 'It must be like, for I see all my family in it.'

While I was drawing he recited a burlesque of Nichols, — 'The Flea,' he called it, — and he talked a good deal of recent criticism — a number of newspaper cuttings were strewn over a couch near the window. He speaks with the accent of an Oxford don and with a certain gayety, with gracious and rather old-fashioned manners. He behaved charmingly to old Watts. He had on a new suit of clothes, as though specially for a portrait, which seemed to cause him as much discomfort as sitting still. He was like a schoolboy let out of school when I said I would not bother him any longer. He then showed me a number of his treasures — odd views of different scenes, an early Burne-Jones drawing, photographs of people, including a fine one of Rossetti. Watts suggested I should make a drawing of this for Swinburne, but Swinburne asked me if I could make one from a rather poor engraving of George Dyer, Charles Lamb's friend, one of his heroes. And this of course I promised to do.

Swinburne talked violently against the French, saying he had lost all interest in them since France had become a Republic, as they are always ready to fly at our throats and would crush us at any moment if they could. He praised Baudelaire as a poet, and said he liked Meredith, — as a man, — the same thing that Leslie Stephen said of Browning one day at Hyde Park Gate.

After I had drawn Swinburne, Watts asked me to make a portrait of himself, and was very tiresome when sitting. He said that while drawing him Rossetti would consult his opinion, as I ought to do, and be guided by him. He was plainly afraid of a too realistic

portrait, and his want of faith in my interpretation prevented my finishing the two drawings I began.

VI

I spent most of the summer of 1895 in France, painting landscapes and visiting old friends and old haunts in Paris.

During this visit I made a drawing of Huysmans, whom I had met before, at one of Edmond de Goncourt's parties at the Grenier. Huysmans, a small, shrunken, nervous man, with a parchment skin, — looking rather like a *fonctionnaire*, I thought, with his bourgeois collar and tie and provincial clothes, — was then at work on *La Cathédrale*. He had become absorbed by Catholicism — so absorbed, indeed, that he was soon to retire from the world. He smoked cigarettes one after the other, rolling them incessantly between his quick slender fingers, yellow with nicotine. He asked about George Moore, who was writing about nuns, he had heard, but wondered — for he said that when he last met Moore, Moore did n't know a Poor Clare from a Sister of Charity.

Going to see Degas, I took some drawings with me, as he had asked to see them. I found a visitor with him, and as Degas looked at my drawings this stranger glanced at them too. Before he left, he turned to me and asked me to come to see him. 'M. Fantin-Latour,' said Degas, in explanation. Fantin-Latour, of course! I thought his face seemed familiar. I should have known him through his self-portraits.

I found Fantin in a modest studio, in the rue des Beaux-Arts. The studio walls were covered with canvases, mostly unframed; these were flower and still-life studies, small nudes, interiors, several self-portraits at different ages, many studies and copies after the old masters, including a superb copy of the Marriage at Cana by Paul Veronese, and two large paintings, the Hommage à Delacroix and a portrait of two ladies — his wife and sister-in-law, I found out later.

Fantin lived quietly with his wife, seeing scarcely anyone, occupied with his painting, or pottering over prints and drawings, or else going to the Louvre, where he had passed so much of his life, copying. Everything about him was simple and unpretentious: a few commonplace chairs, a sofa, a small table, and many shabby, ample portfolios ranged against the walls.

Here was just such a studio as Daumier drew and painted. And Fantin himself, stout, baggily dressed, with list slippers on his feet and a green shade over his eyes, looked like one of Daumier's artists. His talk was quiet and unpretentious; there were no fireworks or sharp wit, as with Whistler or Degas, yet what he said was wise and to the point. I wish I had made notes of his talk; it would have been worth while, for he probably knew more about methods of painting than any other artist living. And he had been associated with and had painted the most gifted men of his time, Manet and Baudelaire — and how many others!

In spite of his remarkable portrait compositions, — one of which, hanging in the Luxembourg, had long been familiar, — no one, he said, ever asked him to paint a portrait. But for his friend Mrs. Edwin Edwards, he would scarcely have been able to continue painting; through Mrs. Edwards he sold many of his flower pieces to English collectors, and this made him feel very friendly toward England. He had a high opinion of Millais — of his earlier work especially.

Fantin had been one of the pioneers of modern painting, but, though he

knew his own paintings were out of fashion, I never heard him complain. When Degas and others acquired his Hommage à Delacroix, and offered it to the Louvre, Fantin was quietly pleased. He knew the world and its vanities too well to be elated.

What pleased me most was that Fantin, being a middle-class Frenchman, painted middle-class life. He was of the company of Chardin, Daumier, and Cézanne. In the portraits he painted there were no Coromandel screens or Louis XV settees; they were portraits of ordinary men and women sitting in the rooms where they lived. So, in his still-life paintings, the bottles of wine, the bread, fruit, and knives on the rough linen tablecloths, were what would be found on any French bourgeois table.

I always went to see Verlaine as often as I could. He was obviously far from well, and looked terribly yellow. He was still living with Eugénie Krantz in a single room — a little tidier, I think, than when I last saw them. One day I arrived to find he had gilded all the chairs with cheap bronze paint, and was childishly delighted with the effect. 'That is how a poet should live,' he said, 'with golden furniture,' and he laughed, half childishly, half cynically. No one ever seemed to visit him; at least I never met any of his old associates there. Only Cazals was faithful still.

As usual, Verlaine was in need of money. He complained, whenever Eugénie was out of the room, that she still robbed him of everything. I had been doing my best to get people in London to publish his poems. Heinemann was very good, taking several for the *New Review* and paying for them generously. Frank Harris, too, had published some of his poems in the *Fortnightly Review*. Verlaine complained that these were not always paid for, but this Harris emphatically denied.

In a few days, Verlaine told me, he would be fifty years old. I said we must celebrate the occasion; but the state of Verlaine's leg did not allow of his going out. I spoke to Eugénie and arranged for a little birthday party in Verlaine's room. She was to get food sent up from a neighboring restaurant. Ray Lankester, who was on a visit to Paris, wanted to meet Verlaine, and I suggested his coming to the birthday party.

We arrived punctually, Ray Lankester carrying a large bouquet of flowers in which a choice bottle of wine was concealed. Eugénie was as amiable as she knew how to be, though her standard of charm was not a high one; she had an uncomfortable way of fawning on people who she thought might be useful. The flowers plus the wine pleased Verlaine's fancy; he was in the best of spirits during lunch. But the next time I saw him he was depressed and full of misgivings. '*Restez sage*,' he said to me, 'take warning from me'; and as he leaned out of the window and looked down on the people in the street below he envied them, saying they were happy — they could still walk. He spoke feelingly of François Coppée and Mallarmé as the two friends who had always been true to him.

I found saying good-bye a painful business. I did not expect to see him again, and when I spoke with enforced cheerfulness of coming to see him when I returned to Paris I felt that he too knew what was in my mind. The day after I left he sent me a note with a poem, 'Anniversaire,' describing our birthday party. I was touched at his writing and dedicating a poem to me, the more so since I had promised to make him a drawing of the interior of Barnard's Inn (a drawing he had asked

for more than once) to remind him of his last visit to London, a promise I was not able to carry out.

My forebodings were only too true. A few weeks afterward I got a letter from Eugénie Krantz telling me Verlaine was dead. She added that he had kept a reproduction of one of my drawings hung over the bed on which he died. I wrote to inquire for further details, and received the following characteristic letter — the last, I think, I had from Eugénie.

Monsieur, I was very sorry that I did n't know your address or your friends', or I should have written to you before now to tell you of the death of this poor M. Paul Verlaine.

I thank you for bothering yourself about me.

You ask me if there is money owing to M. Paul Verlaine in England; yes, Monsieur, they still owe him 250 francs which I should be very glad to have because I am left without a penny. Good-bye, M. Will Rothenstein. Please be sure of my kindest wishes.

EUGÉNIE KRANTZ

Ugly and sordid as much of Verlaine's life had been, there was something deeply endearing in his nature, something childlike and natural, which touched one's heart. His figure remains, after thirty-five years, one of the most vivid among those that my memory evokes from a shadowy past.

VII

One morning I got a note from Max telling me of an important change in his life: —

I am so sorry about to-morrow — and hope you won't be stranded. I have to go to see the Saturdayers to-morrow morning — also G.B.S., from whom I had a note this evening asking me to take over his business now — his foot prevents him from going to any theatre, and he is to be moved out of London as soon as possible. So I have to go on the streets of journalism this week. An intellectual prostitute. I hope you won't pass me by and refuse to draw me for the Juniorum. Any other day will do for me — after Friday.

This was the result of Shaw's last article in the *Saturday Review*, ending: 'The younger generation is knocking at the door; and as I open it there steps sprightly in the incomparable Max. I am off duty for ever and am going to sleep.' What a charming tribute from the incomparable Shaw! A week later came a note from Max: 'To-day, for the first time in my life, I had a printer's devil waiting for genius to correct its proof — very distinguished.'

This appointment suited Max perfectly. His tastes were modest: a few hansom cabs and telegrams; dinner now and then at Solferino's; coffee at the Café Royal. Since he lived with his mother, his expenses were light; so these Saturday articles gave him ample pocket money. Every Thursday he shut himself up and wrote his weekly review; the rest of the week he was free to work or play.

I loved his room, distempered, as at Oxford, a sky-blue color, and hung with caricatures by Pellegrini. Max rarely left it, for he took no exercise; he kept well without it. True, he would emerge in the evenings to dine at Solferino's or to visit a music hall, to hear Chevalier or Eugene Stratton or Cissy Loftus. He was fascinated by Cissy Loftus; she was the English counterpart of Yvette Guilbert. One day he wrote: —

If I were not afraid my people might keep it out of the newspapers, I should commit suicide to-morrow. Really I am rather miserable — I know what disappointment is.

In my unregenerate days, I was far too much of an egoist to seek for any pleasure save in the contemplation of myself: taking

myself as the standard of perfection, I always found myself quite perfect and never was disappointed. But now I have become a truist and all is changed.

Yesterday I woke dimly in the morning, murmuring to myself, 'To-night *Don Juan* is produced and from my stall I shall see my love in the white kirtle of a Haidee.' I breakfast — and open the paper and find a dastardly postponement till Saturday next, 'owing to an accident to one of the principal performers.' Heigho! I suppose there is such a thing as Saturday next — do you think so, Will?

What was the accident? To whom had it happened? I went down to the Gaiety to ask and found that it was not, as I had almost hoped, the Lady Cecilia who had broken her heart for me — but only Mr. Robert Pateman who had sprained his ankle. To Solferino's I went in solitary wretchedness and tried to forget the gates under a crown of vine leaves — but they only deepened the shadow upon my brow.

VIII

Hardy I had met at the Gosses', earlier in the year. He had been to the studio once or twice, and I had made several attempts at a portrait. He took a kindly interest in the new series, and suggested someone — though, I thought, with hesitation — who might be included: Lady Jeune; also, more hopefully, George Gissing. He had lately published *Jude the Obscure*, and was so upset at its reception that he declared he would never write another novel.

The feeling about his picture of Oxford was so strong that he scarcely liked going to the Athenæum. He described how one day while he was sitting quietly reading, unobserved, as he hoped, he was suddenly aware of the menacing figure of a bishop striding toward him. Now he was in for it, he thought. Happily the bishop passed him by; but he was always in fear of being assailed. In future, he said, he would limit himself to writing verse. I cared deeply for his poems — truth to tell, even more for his poems than for his novels, though this was a taste then shared by few people; and I thought the simple drawing made by Hardy himself for the Wessex Poems dramatic and moving.

Hardy resented the constant charge of pessimism made against him. He tried to depict man's life, its beauty and ugliness, its generosity and meanness. Far from darkening the picture, had he told the truth about village life, no one would have stood it, he said. I loved a thing he told about young trees when first planted — how, the instant their roots come in contact with the ground, they begin to sigh.

He remarked on the expression of the eyes in the drawing I made — he knew the look, he said, for he was often taken for a detective. He had a small dark bilberry eye which he cocked at you unexpectedly. He was so quiet and unassuming that he somehow put me in mind of a dew-pond on the downs.

I took Hardy's advice and approached George Gissing. I had heard of Gissing from Frederic Harrison, whose sons Gissing had tutored soon after he left Manchester University. I liked him very much — a wistful, sensitive nature, a little saddened, I thought, and perhaps a little lacking in vitality, but with a tender sense of beauty. He had just come back from Italy, full of enthusiasm for the loveliness of the Italian scene; but had met with unexpected sorrow at home on hearing that one of his friends, with whom he had spent some of his happiest hours, had recently come to a tragic end. A man of rare culture, he said of his friend, with strong puritanical inhibitions; yet he had certain inclinations against which he had struggled in vain all his life. On account of

these, and feeling he could fight them no longer, he had suddenly shot himself.

Gissing, much more than Hardy, seemed obsessed by the melancholy side of life. He was naturally a man of fastidious tastes, but had never had enough material success to satisfy them. I met him again while I was staying with Sickert at a hotel in Newhaven. Gissing came in looking lonely and depressed. Sickert and I were in our usual outrageous spirits; and I like to think that we enlivened Gissing for one long evening, and sent him off next day in more cheerful mood.

I asked Mr. Hardy whether he would write a few lines on George Gissing, since he had suggested him as one of the subjects for the English Portraits. He wrote in reply: —

Strange as it may seem, I have not the requisite knowledge either. But I think I can help you to some one who could supply the lines. I send herewith an excellent little 'appreciation' of Mr. Gissing's work by Henry James — and I think if you were to ask him he would shape some of the passages into what you require; or allow you to do it yourself. He could do it in a few minutes if willing; and certainly nobody else could do it so well.

I doubted Henry James's doing anything in a few minutes. I forget whom I got to write on Gissing; of Henry James (who at this time wore a beard) I made two drawings. Then came Sargent.

While I was drawing Sargent he could n't bear to remain idle; he puffed and fumed, and directly I had done he insisted on my sitting to him. He made a drawing on transfer paper, which was laid down on the stone by Goulding, six proofs only being pulled. One of these Sargent gave to Helleu, who asked for it, one went to the Print Room of the British Museum, and two he gave to me. I asked Henry James to write a few lines for the Sargent portrait, and had the following very Jamesian reply: —

BATH HOTEL, BOURNEMOUTH
July 13, 1897

DEAR WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN,

I am afraid I am condemned, in answer to your note, to inflict on your artistic sense more than one shock; therefore let the outrage of this ponderous machinery deaden you a little at the start perhaps to what may follow. I am sorry to say, crudely speaking, that I don't find myself able to promise you anything in the nature of a text for your characterization of Sargent. Why should not it, this characterization, be complete in itself? I am sure nothing will be wanting to it. At any rate, the case as it stands with me is fairly simple and expressible: I have written so much and so hyperbolically and so often upon that great man that I scarce feel I have another word to say in public. I must reserve my ecstasies for conversation, at the peril of finding myself convivially silent in the face of future examples. Only the other day, or the other month ago, I sounded the silver trump in an American periodical — I mean on the occasion of his Academy picture. You painters are accustomed to such thunders of applause that the whole preparation for you in these matters is, I know, different. Yet I have thundered myself. After this, how shall I dare to say yes to your still more flattering proposal that I shall lay my own head on the block? You can so easily chop it off to vent any little irritation my impracticability may have caused you. However, please take it as a proof of my complete trust in your magnanimity if I answer: with pleasure — do with me whatever you think I now deserve. Only I fear I shall not be in town with any free day or hour to sit for a goodish while to come. Kindly let the matter stand over till we are gathered together again; but don't doubt meanwhile how delighted I shall be to see the copy of your series which you are so good as to promise me.

Believe me yours most truly,

HENRY JAMES

ANTROSOPHY

BY STANLEY CASSON

I

THE perennial attraction of caverns to the curious has always struck me as a peculiar phenomenon, deserving of inquiry. In fact a wholly new word has been invented for those who probe the depths of mountain fissures — they are called 'speleologists'!

But I prefer a more mellifluous word, if we must resort to the Greek, and instead of 'speleology,' cumbrous and ugly abortion, let us call it 'Antrosophy,' which has all the elegance desirable and a hint of the mystic qualities of the pursuit itself.

I suppose we are drawn to caves and prompted to their investigation by the working within us of some very ancient instinct. Take a party of children to the rocky seashores of Cornwall or Scotland; give them the choice of making sand castles on the beach, bathing in the sea, or crawling into the nearest and most grisly cave that looms afar in the rocky wall of cliff, and the decision will always be the same. They will rush to the cave.

For the cave, after all, was the first solid and permanent abode inhabited by man. After a wigwam period, and a previous and even more loathsome period of lying curled up in damp hollows, like any beast of the field, his genius led him to establish the first 'imposing residence' in a cavern. Here he had, for the asking, walls, roof, door, and a relatively dry floor, and here for the first time in his history he could defy the elements.

Now we always look with affection upon the earliest house that we can remember: —

> I remember, I remember
> The house where I was born,
> The little window where the sun
> Came peeping in at morn,

and so forth and so on. The house in which I lived at the age of five was an immense embattled mansion which towers above me in my infant memory. All the mysteries of early life were in it — the awful chamber into which I dared not enter, that home of the gods which my father alone held inviolate, or the vast be-china'd and be-Chippendaled room where nectar and ambrosia were shared by great companies. And then there were all the hidden dangers of a garden in which infinite horrors lurked.

And when I saw it twenty-five years later it was a simple red house in a small English country town, the study of my father, the family dining room, and the rest, pathetically shrunk in size, painfully ordinary. And yet, despite all disillusion, mystery clung to that house, the horrors and awes of childhood still hovered over it intangibly, and I came away refreshed but solemn, pained only to see the strangers that were within my gates, the *parvenus* who had invaded my sacred grove. Even now I am drawn again and again to go to see that simple house with its complex memories. No other quite gives me the same awful thrills, no other has the same fascination, entrancing and compelling. The

house I lived in at ten years of age is flat and uninteresting in comparison, while that which held my youthful energies at the age of fifteen is a house and nothing more. The house I left last year is but a dead shell. It is my first house that draws me.

That, I think, is why caves in the hillside have that indefinite but unspeakably powerful magnetic quality. We may hide our inability to resist the attraction under solemn names and give our excuses for penetrating those cavernous depths some semblance of scientific rectitude, but into those caves we go willy-nilly as fast as we can. We may call it archæology or palæontology that draws us; we may call ourselves speleologists and the rest; but all the time it is that ancient call that drags us — the Lure of the First Abode.

Myself, I am the easiest drawn. For I make no resistance. Everything that is cavernous and cavelike attracts me. I like to probe to the ultimate depths, to hear about the adventures of others in their caves, to see pictures of caves and cave hunters, and to speculate upon the life of those who lurked and hid in the bowels of the earth from generation to generation. I never pass a cave by unentered, or leave a report of a cave unverified. I give myself endless excuses for seeing them. If they contain but the bones of palæolithic bears and lions, I become an enthusiast for palæolithics; if they contain the bones of prehistoric man, I become an anthropologist; if they hold but Roman or Greek or British remains (mere moderns these), I become an archæologist at once. And even if they hold nothing but the memories of rum and smugglers, revenue men and brandy, I forthwith become a simple tripper, twist my neck to the appropriate bend, and admire open-mouthed.

But the original mystery remains. We see it in some of the names which are given to caves. 'Wookey Hole' — what more magnetic name could a cave have than this mighty tunnel in the rocks of Somerset? Why, even as I write, there is being organized a choir who shall sing next week from the innermost recesses of this fearsome hole, in order that the ghastly echoes that they create shall reverberate over the wireless into the ears of a million shuddering listeners. We are broadcasting to a million ears the thrills of two-score centuries. Wookey Hole — I often wonder who gave it that ghastly name. Who was Wookey? He can hardly have been a human, for who has ever been born with such a name and been of human origin? Whoever Wookey was, he was ancient indeed, for from palæolithic times without cessation man has lived and died in that ancient cellar.

In caves man first found Art, first discovered the secret joys of invention, of using the great reservoir of his mind. For in their dark recesses he had time to think, undeflected by the perpetual distractions of the open air. When the herds of buffalo and deer swept past him he could not stop to think or to admire or to ponder. But, alone with his torch of resin in his innermost sanctum, the figures impressed upon his retina emerged again in his mind's eye, and he drew and painted as he never did again for thousands of years. After cave man came neolithic man, the agriculturist. Like all agriculturists he lived in wretched houses, wherein was no sanctum, no innermost recess in which to take refuge from the family chatter. And all his life of work was spent in the open, his face to the soil, his hand to his wooden plough. So his imaginative powers fled, he could not ponder or ruminate. And Art passed him by. Neolithic men were not artists, because they had no studios.

Caves provoke art by their amenities. And in the memory they provoke the arts of the imagination. 'You say that you are interested in caves,' said a Thracian sea captain to me once in Greece. 'Then listen to this story, for the truth of which I can vouch implicitly; more, I can swear as to its truth upon the head of my mother.

'A few years ago I was in Little Asia, at Smyrna. One day I wandered inland up into the hills for a day's walk. Among the stony ravines I suddenly came across the narrow entrance of a cavern. Naturally I entered, and found myself inside a long narrow passage hewn in the rock. I passed for some ten yards or so down the passage until the light from the entrance became dim. Here the passage suddenly turned sharply. As I turned the corner a dim light, as of fire, showed faintly. For fear that this meant the presence of robbers, I walked very cautiously and quietly. The passage turned gently to the right, and suddenly before me opened out a great chamber, brightly lit with the glare as of a petrol flame. I moved gently forward until I could see all, and there from the floor rose a jet of flame, lit from natural gas. In front of it was seated a huge figure of a man, silhouetted against the light. I stepped forward three paces in complete silence and in great fear. As I took the first step, the man rose to a standing position. As I took the second he swung round toward me, and as I took the third he lifted above his head an enormous axe. There he stayed with his axe poised. Quietly I retraced my steps, but with my face to him. As I took one step back he lowered the axe; at my second step he swung round again to his former position. At my third he sat down and resumed the position in which I had first seen him, with his head between his hands.

'Now, sir,' continued my sea captain, 'what would have been your explanation? I am no man for fairy stories. I believe in hard facts. That man in the cave was a mechanical figure. He had been placed there long ago to guard some great treasure. In stepping forward I had trodden upon the secret mechanism by which he was worked. And this must be so, for all his movements were precise and certain, and each movement corresponded to a step that I took, backward or forward. Who knows how many thousand years he had sat there, or how often he had risen from his seat? All I know is that I slipped out of that cave in the shortest space of time that you can imagine, and I have never been back again. Oh, yes, I can tell you exactly where that cave is. But if you go to see it you must be very cautious.'

I have long wondered over the old Greek's story. Quite certainly it is untrue. Yet he was blending with a real experience a very old tale which I believe is not uncommon. Probably he had entered such a cave and been frightened. Then, later, the old story had revived in his memory and he mixed the two. He never saw any 'Guardian of the Treasure.' All he saw was the inside of a cave. But imagination and the stories his mother had told him did the rest. For the very thought of caves will stir the dullest imagination.

II

Plato was an 'antrosopher.' He went to a cave for one of his most impressive similes (in the *Republic*). And I always feel that he chose a cave because a cave had chosen him: for we are told in the extant Lives of Plato that have come down to us that he, when a newborn babe, was laid by his parents for a time in a cave on the slopes of Mount Hymettus, sacred to the Nymphs, and

that, as he slept, a swarm of honeybees settled upon his lips.

The cave is there and I have seen it. There is only one cave on the slopes of Mount Hymettus and that is a cave venerated long before the time of Plato and indisputably a cave sacred to the Nymphs. It was excavated many years ago by American archæologists and in it were found lovely marble reliefs on which Pan or Hermes and the Nymphs were depicted, while on its walls were old writings cut in the living rock a full hundred years before Plato was born. These old writings are various. Some record the doings of an ancient hermit who seems to have lived in or near the cave for some time. His name was Archedemos of Thera and he calls himself 'the Nympholept' ('seized by the Nymphs'), which we can interpret as 'nymph-bound,' their life servant and lover. All over the ancient rocky walls he left his traces. Here is a carving of himself, hammer and sculptor's tools in hand; there is just his name; in another place is a rhyme in which he tells us that he 'made a garden for the Nymphs.'

This was no ordinary cave: it was a place of pious pilgrimage for peasants, and Plato's parents placed him here that he should imbibe all the grace and beauty that the Nymphs could give him.

It is an odd cave. I have been to it twice — once this year, once sixteen years ago. It is harder to find than any cave I know, for its entrance faces vertically upward, in a stony hillside, and in consequence you cannot see it until you have reached it. Down this vertical hole you go, by a precarious broken flight of steps, and below opens out a double chamber to right and left. The rocky ridge that holds the steps is between the two. Once inside you see all around the strange carvings and writings on the walls, and in the soil you still find broken fragments of lamps which the ancient devotees had used. This is Plato's cave right enough.

Good old Archedemos the 'Nympholept' and Plato in company keep this cave for themselves. The one has been forgotten by history but remembered by the explicit memorials which he left of his own self. The other has moulded the very course of humanity and yet left us no record of who he was or what he was like in character or appearance. But both are living men to those who have seen their cave.

Greeks, like ourselves, never let a cave pass unnoticed. And Pan was the god to whom in the main all caves were sacred. I know of no large cave in Southern Greece which does not hold some trace of Greeks, to show that they had lived there or visited there or left some offering in passing.

Away opposite Hymettus is the range of Parnes, overhanging Athens. There too is a cave. It is even harder to find than the cave of Vari on Hymettus. It lies in a river gorge far up under overhanging rocks. Here were found endless records of Greek cults, particularly of Pan and the Nymphs.

But I must not diverge into a guidebook on caverns. My proper subject is antrosophy, even if I happen to be the only living antrosophist!

III

I have pondered long upon the reasons which make caves so perennially attractive, and I have wondered why it is that these reasons are always equally cogent and compelling. But one must have practical experience. So this spring I went to a cave, an old friend of mine, and made a full inquiry into its secrets. Eight years ago I was wandering in Eastern Macedonia, and in the course of those wanderings I climbed the lovely mountain of Pan-

gæus. It is more like a mountain than any that I know. That is to say, it has a summit, usually snow-covered, steep ravinated sides, and a profusion of trees at its lower levels. Moreover it rises abruptly from a plain that is as nearly flat as a plain can be, and it enters into no entanglements with other mountains — in other words, you don't find that one part of it suddenly develops another name or merges into some other ridge or system. This excellent mountain stands alone, cheerfully self-sufficient. In ancient times it was famed as the mountain sacred to Dionysus, and its sacred slopes were guarded by a tribe of simple and religious savagery. It was the ancient counterpart of Mount Athos, its immediate neighbor. I feel convinced that Mount Athos was chosen by Christianity as its stronghold largely because the pagan sacrosanctity of Mount Pangæus was far too strong an obstacle to enable the pious monks to follow the usual methods of adoption and conversion. Possibly, too, paganism lingered longer than might have been expected in its vast ravines and forests, and the descendants of the Dionysian guardians may have been too forceful in their defense to suit the conveniences of pacific proselytizers.

I climbed the mountain and explored as much of it as I could. And I spent a night at the delightful and out-of-the-world monastery that lies hidden in a hollow some thousand feet up from the plain. Here the monks told me that there was a cave, another three thousand feet up, given a name that at once can be classified as antrological — 'Monk's Hole.' So up I went with a guide and found it; nor was it too easy to find, for it had a narrow entry on a precipitous slope. Once inside I saw that it was a good cave, and not a mere rock shelter. By the aid of a few small tapers I found that it opened out into incredible internal distances and hollows. And there I left it.

At last this year I found occasion to return, and one of my many stored ambitions was realized. But this time I returned in state, with mules, tents, friends, workmen, shovels, picks, compasses, and drawing instruments. I was determined to find out what had gone on in that cave and to rest happy at last with the intimate and personal knowledge of at least one cave in every possible detail.

Since the slopes outside the cave were far too steep, we were compelled to spend most of our time living in the cave itself as cave dwellers. Two tents we pitched precariously on the entry itself, just clinging to a small flat of earth, and one we put inside the cave.

Here we lived for nearly two weeks exploring the possibilities of the cave, learning in detail the life of a mountain in its daily vicissitudes. Every day the affairs of this lovely mountain were conducted upon the most rigid routine. Two hours after a clear and crystalline dawn, the mists of the plains were drawn from their marshes and sucked up, as though by mechanism, along the deep chasms in the mountain side, until at last they congregated upon the summit, two thousand feet above, and capped it for the rest of the day. As we ate our breakfast we saw the great masses of white fog and mist go sailing past us below where we sat, like some long procession of phantoms. At last, about noon, the procession ceased and we were left just below (but sometimes just in) the canopy of cloud.

Around us was one enormous rock garden of flowers, such as I have never seen in Greece before. Great clumps of purple saxifrage, fairy-like fritillaries, peonies, and in the sheltered places carpets of lily of the valley. I will

not weary you with the conventionalities of description. Imagine yourself free to pick or to smell all the choicest blooms in an expensive flower shop.

As night fell we could hear the deer calling to each other from peak to peak across the valleys, and far below us sparkled the lights of the few villages that clustered round the mountain roots. In the main all was complete and unspeakably soothing silence. Once, to our amazement, we heard clearly the voices of people speaking from a village, and even the raucous tones of a gramophone playing 'Yes, sir, that's my baby.' But otherwise the mountain was untenanted by hints of modernity except for the strange wild woodmen who came from day to day cutting wood. They were Greeks, recent refugees from the innermost parts of Turkey, and their only tongue was Turkish. One would shout across the valley to another with strange cries that echoed and rang. They were shy men, incurious as Turks themselves, and infinitely patient.

But we were practically alone, and had the whole mountain to ourselves after nightfall. Not even birds broke the silence, for they (mostly nightingales) lived among the wild chestnuts and plane trees far below.

IV

Our cave had one vast entrance chamber. At its far end was a neat passage which turned abruptly and led down a steep slope to a much deeper cavern. On the roof of this part, which was in complete darkness, were clustered hundreds of bats, in great thick clumps. As night fell they came scurrying out and swirled about our heads as we sat round a blazing fire.

We explored the inner chambers with acetylene lamps and found them to number in all three, the last being rather a long corridor. Further rooms were visible through cracks in the walls of the last, but clearly no man had ever passed through, for the cracks were too small. Recent men had explored the very end of these inner rooms, for we found the names of monks, probably from the monastery, who had reached the final stalactite and scribbled on it. Some of the names belonged to the early years of the war of Greek Independence, over a hundred years ago.

There was no earth at all, except in the first and entrance chamber, so it was there that we decided to investigate. I was certain that a cave so cavernous as this, despite its extreme remoteness and the height at which it was situated, would inevitably produce traces of man. In this my antrosophy had told me right. But what we found was curious. No palæolithic man had ever lived there; indeed, as yet, there are no traces of a Palæolithic Age in Greece. But at a dim and remote age, perhaps in the third millennium B.C., neolithic hunters had paused there and lived exactly as we were ourselves living as we dug. But they had been few and they had stayed but a short while. We found the bones of sheep and wild boars which had been their meat and small trifles that they had made, fragments of their pots, and a small axe, rubbed laboriously out of the stone of the mountain. And there were needles of bone which they had fashioned after their meal to sew up the skin garments they wore.

In the centre of the cave was a hollow, like a vast cup, in which they had collected the water that dripped continuously from the roof, just as, in the same way, we collected it ourselves in petrol tins. For a source of water was far off, and climbing about these slopes is

thirsty work, so that every drip from the roof was of value.

After these ancient men was a pause when no one came. The men of the Bronze Age passed it by. Greeks themselves did not live there, and at last came Romans, from Philippi below in the plain. Countless fragments of small drinking cups and small cooking pots showed that the Romans' needs had been no more and no less than ours. These, like the neoliths, had been hunters. We found the tusks of many a fine boar, whose flesh had been roasted in that rocky residence. And also there were some of the largest teeth of either wolves or dogs that I have ever seen. Perhaps it became during Greek times a den of wolves and was therefore left unvisited. Romans, more courageously, used it as a huntsman's house. Wolves are not uncommon even today, though in fact we saw none.

In such a place every small minor object from the hand of man has an increased value for the inquirer. Just as every object we had brought with us we had brought because it was essential, and had left the merely luxury objects behind, so everything the ancient hunters had brought had a very specific purpose. Men who carry but small cups, flint or stone or iron weapons, and leave behind them the broken bones of wild boars and sheep, whether Roman or prehistoric — those men are hunters. Thus by the tools we had brought, had we left them behind, we should have been judged as excavators, with a weakness for acetylene.

So now I really feel I know what life in a cave is like. I am a practising antrosophist and proud of it. Anyone can spend a day here and a day there poking about in a cave. Even a thorough-paced speleologist can scrape his ancient bones from the cave earth in a day. But unless he live in the cave itself, and be thankful for it, especially when the rain comes down in sheets outside, no one can understand the realities of everyday cave life. I feel no little pride now in being able to sympathize on equal terms with the ancient cave dwellers. Like them I have tried to fashion tools and instruments to replace what I had lost or forgotten to bring up from below. Like them I have stirred a dish of steaming lamb's flesh over a blazing fire and made the roof of the cave black with smoke. Like them I have dipped my cup into the accumulated waters that so munificently dripped from the roof. Like them I have watched the strange distorted shadows that danced upon the cave walls and finally flickered off to sleep almost at the same time as I did myself. It is a ruminative life, in which one has all the dark evenings for pondering and for invention.

No wonder cave men took to being artists, for the shadows and colors on the cave walls stimulate the eye and the memory. No wonder that, once emerged from the cave, men took to inventions immediately. The growing of grain, the use of the plough, the making of pots, those amazing discoveries that are almost as complicated, if you think them over, as the making of a motor car, soon came to the men of the post-cave period because they had contemplative ancestors. But put a university graduate of average intelligence to grow a field of corn or to make a pot without any previous experience, and I guarantee that he will give up the task because of its immense complications. Our earliest inventions were our most difficult simply because we had in our immediate past ancestors who had thought long and deep in winter evenings in caves, with their minds flickering like the flames of their fires and their imaginations keyed up by what the dark shadows suggested to them.

How lucky for us all it was when the

first explorer found a cave and decided how nice a permanent residence it would make for him and his family! For he might not have made that decision. Gorillas still foolishly live in trees and so remain gorillas. Chimpanzees live in nests on the ground, I believe, and therefore they remain as chimpanzees. But Neanderthal man, apelike and hideous, went into the first cave that he saw and remained there. And Neanderthal man, and his like, have ended as you and I! It was but a step from those ancient antrosophists to the philosophy which, as Pericles said, coupled with a love of beauty, distinguished the ancient stronghold of Athena.

MARE'S-NESTS AT WASHINGTON

BY LAWRENCE SULLIVAN

I

MAN does not live by law alone, but the height and girth of bureaucracy are measured by the *n*th power of the Congressional commas and semicolons after the Enacting Clause. What the law prescribes shall be done, regardless of whether the need has passed, regardless of the present urgency for doing otherwise; and yet it is also a distinguishing mark of bureaucratic organization that no official, whatever the situation, ever may do more than is specifically directed and authorized by the letter of the enabling act.

The Merchant Marine law of 1920 authorized the United States Shipping Board to promulgate such 'rules and regulations as may appear necessary from time to time' for the upbuilding of a great American mercantile fleet. As a result of the bureaucratic interpretation of this inescapable legal language we have the formal official announcement of June 16, 1930, that the Board had approved unanimously the application of the Luckenbach Steamship Company to 'change the name of the *S.S. Randor* to *S.S. Luckenbach.*'

In the same manner, the Federal Trade Act of 1915 set forth that the public policy of the national government should discourage, among other things, economically wasteful competitive trade practices. Pursuant to this authority, the Federal Trade Commission announced on June 12, 1930, in all seriousness: —

> Manufacturers of mop sticks will hold a trade practice conference Friday, June 18, in Cleveland at the Statler Hotel, with Chairman Garland S. Ferguson presiding.

Other industries invited during 1930 to come to gentlemen's agreements on trade regulations included the bottle-cap manufacturers, producers of woven baby carriages, printers of Christmas greeting cards, sled makers, lightning-rod manufacturers, producers of tacks and nails, and the sardine packers. Sandwiched between the chronicles of such vast enterprises came an announcement on April 1, 1930, which read: —

The Federal Trade Commission to-day dismissed its complaint charging the Aluminum Company of America with violation of the Clayton and Federal Trade Commission acts.

As recently as 1927, the Honorable Dwight F. Davis, Secretary of War, subjected himself to possible criminal prosecution and removal from office by slashing through a single 'provided' clause to release funds for reconstructing the levees and dikes swept away by the memorable Mississippi flood. Congress, it will be recalled, had adjourned by constitutional mandate on March 4. Some $50,000,000 of river and harbor funds had been appropriated for the fiscal year 1928, to become available on July 1, 1927. Beginning at about Cairo, Illinois, late in March, Ol' Man River cut a wide swath of death and destruction through nine hundred miles of the valley, and then, in April and May, dumped the assorted wreckage into the Gulf of Mexico. Inasmuch as only one month remained of the 1927 fiscal year, the river and harbor funds immediately available for the emergency were hopelessly inadequate. Before a special session of Congress might be assembled and an emergency appropriation authorized, July 1 would be at hand. Meanwhile, thousands of acres of farm land lay under stagnant pools of backwater. Railroad lines could not be repaired until the levees were closed. Crops could not be sown. The spectre of fevers and plagues winged over the smelly green marshes as far as forty miles back from the river. Should the nation stand helplessly idle amid the ruins until July 1?

It was a problem before which any man of reputation and responsibility might have quavered. The reasonable decision involved nothing less than the criminal act — expenditure of funds without Congressional authority — technically known in the law as the 'misappropriation of public monies.'

Any public man confronted by the problem could not have escaped the realization that in electing to proceed at once he prepared the record for his being asked at some future Congressional hearing or political assemblage, 'Did you, or did you not, on or about April 28, 1927, direct the expenditure of War Department funds not then authorized by Congress?' Looking through the hazy mists of the future, Mr. Davis envisioned himself, trapped and humiliated, answering meekly, 'I did, sir. The circumstances were . . .'

'Just a minute, just a minute,' the hostile examiner or prosecutor would interject. 'If you will be good enough to confine yourself to our questions . . .' Two hours later the newspapers would scream to the world in their blackest eight-column banners: 'Davis Admits Misuse of Army Funds!'

After several days' fretful contemplation of such considerations, Mr. Davis made his decision. He drew in advance upon the 1928 appropriations! The work of rehabilitation began immediately in the north and moved in stages down to New Orleans about a month behind the crest of the flood. Once more the nation had been saved from the letter of the intent of Congress.

At a press conference on July 1, Secretary Davis observed parenthetically with a convincing note of relief, 'Well, from to-day on it's legal for the Department to rebuild those levees. Thus far we've been spending money without Congressional authority. I don't know what may come of it; but it seemed to me the thing to do.'

Because this particular violation of the law hastened succor to some 600,000 flood victims, there was no serious complaint when Congress assembled in December. But had the number of citizens harassed by the letter of the law been only ten, one hundred, or even

a thousand, as is the case in most conflicts between the appropriation bill and the reality, no executive agent would have dared authorize any action whatever so much as a week before the day 'provided' in the law. Quite naturally, every action of government favors some group or section as against all conflicting interests. The slightest deviation from the letter of the law, therefore, calls up almost automatically the annual Congressional scandal, which is to be, when all the facts are in, 'greater by far than Teapot Dome.'

Mr. Davis's personal sacrifice illuminates in striking fashion the core of the problem of bureaucracy: the fact that the rigidity of the legal constructions by which our government now moves precludes that flexibility and accommodation in administration which are the touchstone of achievement in social enterprise.

Only an omniscient Congress, of course, could provide against every 'Act of God' during the recess, guard against every human frailty, insure the public funds against every conceivable form of administrative inefficiency. Not many Representatives hold that Congress might eventually predict the exact time and place of incidence for floods, droughts, cyclones, earthquakes, and other major disasters. But even fewer Members subscribe to the principle that legislative authorizations may be risked with less than two 'provided further' restrictions for every thousand dollars released from the Treasury for executive activities.

Relief from that world-famous extravaganza, 'Red Tape,' now showing continuously in Washington, can come only through a legislative grant of more flexible powers to the executive arm of the government. If history has taught that some executives should not have been trusted with quite so much discretionary power, we should remember also the dictum of biology that the present system of Congressional candling of the administrative eggs before they have developed shells is foreordained to be horribly messy and inefficient.

II

But even in the vital matter of appropriations, Congress does not attempt to candle all the eggs every year. Considerably more than 80 per cent of each annual appropriation bill is constructed in committee by the simple process of clipping the third-reading print of the previous year and pasting it under a new enacting clause. The remaining 15 or 20 per cent of the national budget provides funds for special projects, non-recurring items, and added activities. These alone are put under the microscope in committee. Once a new item passes muster and gets into the engrossed bill, it is repeated from year to year as a matter of form. The general rule in committee is that whatever was approved last year may be continued without question. In relation to items originally approved one, two, or five years ago, the rule probably is valid. But it does not follow that all the functions established thirty years ago are essential to-day. Let the Bureau of the Budget suggest what it will, Congress, in the end, makes the law with its scissors and paste pot.

The Man Who Sits is a case in point. Added to the government pay roll by twos and fours from year to year, this corps has become Washington's most conspicuous symbol of the wasting disease of bureaucracy. To-day there are literally hundreds of these men up and down the corridors of every government building. Without minute analysis of some 1500 pages of the national budget, no official would attempt to say precisely how many are thus en-

gaged. But even the casual visitor observes that nowhere else in the land are doorkeepers and messengers apparent in anything like such numbers. Stationed in the public corridors, each with his own little table, chair, and bell indicator, the Man Who Sits is, in a legal sense, as much an institution as the Secretary of Agriculture. His position was created by an act of Congress, which defined his duties and fixed his salary. Every year his job is continued by a separate line in the department's appropriation bill.

A single corridor in the State Department gives occupation to twenty-two of these superannuated guards. A low fellow, indeed, is the subofficial who has no man outside his door. And let no one presume for an instant that the doorkeeper for the Secretary of State functions interchangeably with the messenger to the Secretary of State. Ah, no! The messenger to the Secretary of State, it appears, is a messenger, after Webster; while the doorkeeper is, as we say, a doorkeeper. Concerning such details there never can be any confusion, for an entire section of the *Congressional Directory* is devoted to the precise definition of the 'official duties' of all public servants, from the President down to the grade of Chief Clerk and Disbursing Officer. From this last strata downward the definitions are continued in the various departmental registers, and in the Civil Service Regulations.

At the Supreme Court quarters in the Capitol — originally the Senate — a Man Who Sits is posted at the door of each Justice and another guards the entrance to the Courtroom. With a cord of red plush attached to the brass handle of the door, this lone sentinel takes his post daily, regardless of whether or not the court is in session. Half-dozing in a pillowed chair tilted against the wall which once echoed the thunder of Webster, Hayne, and Calhoun, he catches the form of the Solicitor-General a hundred yards down the corridor. Meticulously timing his efforts so that the door will be fully open as the official swings up, the attendant manipulates the red plush cord with a minimum of energy. The door, happily, closes itself.

On the same floor in the new Senate wing of the Capitol a broad stairway leading from the main lobby is guarded by a sign, 'For Senators Only.' Despite the fact that Senators seldom walk up or down stairs, a uniformed guard is on duty constantly at both top and bottom of this passage to prevent its use by any commoner. The luckless citizen who might escape the guard at the bottom is trapped by the officer at the top. He *must* be sent down, to approach the Senate floor, if he still desires, by the public stairway a hundred feet beyond. Similarly, every entrance to the House of Representatives and every committee room in the Capitol is guarded by a Man Who Sits.

Every year in forbidding executive session, the House Committee on Appropriations clips the long lists of messengers, doorkeepers, and guards from the previous year's departmental authorizations and solemnly pastes them in the new bills. Passed by a *pro forma* vote in the House and Senate, the new law of the land is ready for the signature of the President of the United States. Under a series of Supreme Court decisions, the President is obliged to accept or reject the bill *in toto*. He may not strike out particular items. A Chief Executive disposed to consolidate the functions of doorkeeper, guard, and messenger in the Navy Department, for example, is confronted, when the annual appropriation bill comes to his desk, with the choice of approving all things as they are or stranding the entire navy for

twelve months without pay, rations, ammunition, or fuel.

Messengers and guards, of course, are a relatively unimportant agency of government, but the system under which they became institutionalized challenges the attention of patriots. For such is the process by which Congress spends annually more than three *billion* dollars of public money.

III

In its more paternal aspects, bureaucracy is essentially a state of mind sustained by annual appropriations. The particular state of mind so organized in the government of the United States is that of the retired colonel of the Civil War who lives tranquilly on his shaded and spacious front porch, occupying himself as he awaits his monthly pension check by plucking dead leaves from the forsythia, picking pins out of the rugs, and, in the languid summer months, whitewashing the walls of the coal bin. Again, the Washington bureaucracy projects into Federal functions the attitude of the solicitous maiden aunt who is eternally in quest of proper methods for keeping the children from barking their shins at hockey.

There are literally hundreds of men and women in the Federal service whose sole duty is to find new subjects for how-to-do-it pamphlets, and then to devise appealing popular approaches for their scholarly works. More than four hundred writers, research workers, editors, and statisticians devote themselves exclusively to government publications, which explains why the Government Printing Office last year consumed more than 50,000,000 pounds of paper in some 75,000,000 books and pamphlets.

So perfectly attuned to the slightest wish of the nation is this vast nervous-aunt mechanism that the wife of the bankrupt Dakota farmer may send to the Department of Agriculture to-day for Bulletin No. 1180, *Housecleaning Made Easier*, or No. 1516, *Window Curtaining*. For the rustic who boasts plumbing in his house there is offered the economy of Bulletin No. 1460, *Simple Plumbing Repairs*. Another of the 2000-odd agricultural bulletins carried in stock is No. 943, *Haymaking*.

The Food, Drug, and Insecticide Administration of the Department of Agriculture, which devotes much of its time and energy to analysis of fraudulent anti-fat composts, published on April 24, 1930, its studied conclusion that 'careful dieting and proper exercise are the only safe methods of weight reduction known to the Department of Agriculture specialists.'

A week later, Farmers' Bulletin No. 354-F, *Onion Culture*, came off the presses. It was introduced to a breathless world by a mimeographed announcement headed: 'Israelite and Pyramid Builder Tempted by Delicacy of Onions.' This release is so perfectly symptomatic of bureaucratic efficiency in its pristine form that to quote the first half of it is to present a thumb-nail outline of the entire governmental organism to-day. It reads: —

> Home ties no less strong than the lowly onion pulled at the Israelites during their sojourn in the wilderness. Moses reported that they constantly longed for this delicacy of diet left behind in Egypt.
>
> Records show that the onion flourished in the fertile Nile Valley before the building of the pyramids, and doubtless slaves worked more willingly placing block on block of stone with the realization that an appetizing dish of onions awaited each at the end of the day's labors.
>
> Watered by the same Nile River, swayed by the breezes in the South Sea Islands, favored in many regions of America, to-day the onion grows successfully throughout the world, according to Farmers' Bulletin 354-F, *Onion Culture*, by . . .

The author of this bulletin is listed on the Civil Service rolls at $4600; the man who announced it to the world, at $4800; the stenographer who typed the announcement, at $2200; the clerk who mimeographed it, at $1800; the messenger who delivered it, at $900. There came from the Treasury, in addition, pay for typesetters, printers, binders, money for white paper, postage, and envelopes. And now *Onion Culture* is immortalized in the index of the Library of Congress — and moth-eaten in thousands of copies on the shelves of the Public Printer, where a stock of some 30,000,000 pamphlets of all sorts always is on hand.

Nor does the Department of Agriculture hold the American farmer competent to administer such commonplace equipment as the milking machine. As recently as September 16, 1930, the Department published *Cleaning Milking Machines*, an illustrated bulletin devoted to 'the necessity for proper cleaning of milking equipment, the parts of the equipment which require special attention, the heat treatment for killing bacteria, the effect of heat on the rubber parts, and variations of the heat method.'

Because hay, cotton, and wheat are graded partly by color, the Bureau of Agricultural Economics assigned a group of technologists to the task of developing mechanical color-measuring equipment. The purpose of this costly scientific undertaking was outlined in an official communiqué which set forth that, 'since color is an important grading factor, it is necessary that a measure be made of color itself.' Success crowned the eighteen months' experimentation, and we now have in this most horseless of all the ages seventeen official colors in hay.

'Standards may thus be kept constant from year to year, the real importance of color as a factor of utility may be determined, and the intervals at which color gradations are fixed in the standards may be specified according to such determinations,' says Bulletin No. 154-T.

The commercial practicality of the machine is not treated. Indeed, there is nothing in the pamphlet to suggest that such a question ever was considered. Nor was the social utility of the venture appraised before the project was launched.

As a part of its Extension Service programme, the Department of Agriculture initiated in 1926 a national encampment of leaders in the 4-H Clubs, organizations of farm boys and girls devoted to the rehabilitation of rural social life. The fourth annual encampment, comprising about one hundred and fifty high-school students from thirty-nine states, assembled in Washington on June 16, 1930.

Living in a tented city on the velvety lawns of the Administration Building, the youngsters were the guests of their government. The following summary account of the four-day encampment has been compiled by arranging into narrative form a series of excerpts from official bulletins published by the Department of Agriculture between June 10 and June 20: —

The Department is preparing to receive the selected group of young people who will attend the camp. Two boys and two girls from the 4-H Club membership of each state, accompanied by one or more club leaders from the Extension Division of their respective states, may come to camp. . . . 4-H in the name of these organizations is an abbreviation for 'Head, Heart, Health, and Hands.' . . . General Assembly meetings are to be held in the Auditorium of the New National Museum, which is a short walk across the Mall. Camp-fire meetings closing the day's programme will be held on the camp quadrangle. . . .

At the morning assemblies each day, the

encampment will be addressed by nationally known speakers, including Ray Lyman Wilbur, Secretary of the Interior; Arthur M. Hyde, Secretary of Agriculture; Judge Florence Allen of the Supreme Court of Ohio, and James C. Stone, Vice Chairman of the Federal Farm Board. . . .

In welcoming the club members at the morning assembly, Dr. C. B. Smith, Chief of the Office of Coöperative Extension Work, outlined the reasons for the encampment and mentioned some of the interesting features of the week's programme planned for the visiting boys and girls. He said in part: 'You have come to Washington to see and learn, and get something healthful to take back that will help you along toward a successful life. Washington represents the beauty and strength of a great nation. George Washington selected the site. You will see his home this week. If you never wanted to be a farmer in your life, you will want to be a farmer when you see Mount Vernon.' . . .

The incorporation of boys and girls into a great general movement to produce a perfected type of agriculture and rural life was emphasized as a fundamental objective of 4-H Club work by Dr. C. J. Galpin, Agricultural Sociologist of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics. . . . Ray Lyman Wilbur, Secretary of the Interior, talked to the members this morning on 'The How and Why of Things.' He described the working organization of a colony of bees — how they find shelter, distribute their tasks, safeguard the health of the hive, provide food for the group, and ensure protection for the colony. . . .

Nils A. Olsen, Chief of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, U. S. Department of Agriculture, discussed opportunities in American agriculture at the final morning assembly.

At night, two boys and two girls participated in a nation-wide radio broadcast from the central court of the new Department of Agriculture Building. The programme took the form of reports to the Secretary of Agriculture from the four sections of the United States. . . . The reports were followed by a pillow fight, described over the radio by Morse Salisbury, Chief of the Radio Service of the Department. . . . The Club boys have evolved some variations on the old battle-royal style of pillow fighting. By mounting each pair of contestants face to face on a slim and cranky pole suspended to keep their feet ten inches off the ground, knock-outs are scored quickly in each bout. A contestant is considered knocked out if he varies more than ninety degrees from the vertical. . . . The contest was to determine the champion pillow fighter of the camp. . . . Arthur M. Hyde, Secretary of Agriculture, then addressed the boys and girls and led a candle-lighting ceremony, which symbolized the taking home of the light of information and inspiration from the national club camp.

How much did *Simple Plumbing Repairs* cost? What was the total outlay for the hay and bean color finder? From what fund does the Department of Agriculture take money for the nation-wide broadcasting of its annual pillow fight? If an inquirer should approach the Department in quest of such information he would be told by some division chief, assuming the usual order, that there is no method for determining the cost of any particular departmental project. Upon pressing his inquiry, he would find that nothing short of a cumbersome Congressional investigation ever could strike a balance as between outlay and advantage of these and similar enterprises. That slow and costly method, obviously, can be applied only in specific cases of national importance. There is, therefore, no influence operative in the national government to-day which serves as a check or restraint upon bureaucratic 'service.' Created by law, sustained by ever-increasing appropriations, too large and complicated to be watched by any single administrative official, the great bureaucratic Juggernaut lumbers on and on, grinding out its daily grist of letter-perfect routine, untouched by human imagination, unflavored by human feeling, cold, lifeless, extravagant, and stupid.

IV

As bureaucracy writes, compiles, edits, so it counts. No administrative agency in the world tabulates and records as many items as the government of the United States; no other government spends half as much for statistical services. Our annual Federal outlay for commercial, financial, and social statistics is computed by the Bureau of the Budget at approximately $50,000,000. Although the Bureau of the Census and the Bureau of Labor Statistics were established exclusively for such services, independent statistical organizations also are maintained in the State Department, Shipping Board, Interstate Commerce Commission, Federal Reserve Board, Department of Agriculture, Federal Trade Commission, Department of Commerce, and United States Tariff Commission.

A random example of the essential nature of these enterprises is found in an official bulletin of September 2, 1930, summarizing one herculean labor as follows: —

> The Bureau of the Census announces that, according to data collected to date in the census of manufactures taken in 1930, the total value of macaroni, vermicelli and noodles made in 1929 by establishments engaged primarily in the manufacture of these products amounts to $47,931,408, an increase of 8.3 per cent as compared with $44,279,544 reported for 1927, the last preceding census year.

In May an official paper announced that farm wagons manufactured in 1929 numbered 40,547, against 57,081 in 1928. Similarly, the country was appraised, in December 1929, that during the previous month 5962 windmills of domestic manufacture were sold in the United States.

Daily, almost hourly, the Bureau of the Census, by explicit Congressional mandate, completes some new count. Among those announced during the first half of 1930 were 'Domestic Pump and Water Systems,' 'Caskets, Burial Cases, and other Morticians' Goods,' 'Steel Barrels,' 'Carbon Paper and Inked Ribbons,' 'Bluing,' 'Needles, Pins, Hooks and Eyes, and Snap Fasteners,' 'Flavoring Extracts and Flavoring Syrups,' 'Domestic Water-Softening Apparatus,' 'Envelopes,' 'Lead Pencils (including mechanical),' 'Baby Carriages.'

The census of honey bees and ice-cream production, however, is the labor of the Department of Agriculture; but the Treasury, through the Public Health Service, is responsible for the annual *Key Catalogue of Parasites Reported for Monkeys, with Their Possible Public Health Importance.*

Every month, the Interior Department reports the national production of electrical energy, in kilowatt hours, and the total tourist visitations to the thirty-eight national parks and shrines. Weekly figures on coal, pig iron, and petroleum are reported by telegraph to the Bureau of Mines, and the Bureau of Agricultural Economics reports daily on shipments of live stock, butter, cheese, eggs, watermelons, potatoes, and spinach. Annual statistics on marriage and divorce are tabulated by states and counties in the Bureau of the Census, as are annual revenues and expenditures of some two hundred municipalities and forty-eight state governments. The weekly tabulation of communicable diseases is from the mimeographs of the Public Health Service. With a view to avoiding public alarm, however, these figures are withheld when they indicate regional or general epidemics.

How much freight is transported annually in the United States? Someone ought to have that very important figure, says the economist in search of

an all-inclusive index of commercial trends. Upon his arrival in Washington he finds that coastwise freight is tabulated by the Commerce Department; intercoastal traffic by the Panama Canal Office, War Department; river tonnage by the Inland Waterways Corporation, War Department; foreign tonnage by the Shipping Board; and, finally, land-line freight tonnage by the Interstate Commerce Commission — exclusive, of course, of movements over the government-owned Alaskan Railroad, which is administered by the Department of the Interior.

Some eight years ago it required a formal opinion by Attorney-General Harry M. Daugherty to decide whether the Alaskan Railroad was obligated by law to submit monthly statistical reports to the Interstate Commerce Commission on forms prepared for the use of private carriers. Mr. Daugherty ruled, in effect, that the Interstate Commerce Act of 1887 implied no legislative intent that the government should report its own activities to itself on forms prescribed by Congress.

The economist who seeks precise information on employment conditions must gather segments of the story from seven different agencies scattered over an area of approximately five square miles. Farm labor is reported by the Department of Agriculture; railroad pay rolls by the Interstate Commerce Commission; shipyard employment by the Merchant Fleet Corporation; mine labor by the Bureau of Mines; manufacturing pay rolls by the Bureau of Labor Statistics. In addition, the Detroit Factory Employment Index is reported weekly by the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. Nowhere in the government are all these activities so coördinated that a national picture of the conditions of labor supply and demand is available on a given date. Some bureau tabulations are published on the fifteenth of the month, others on the third, twentieth, or twenty-seventh. The Labor Department's *Monthly Employment Bulletin*, which might gather all these tables into one pamphlet, long ago adopted the policy of publishing no figures whatever, not even those of the Labor Department. The monthly survey comprises merely condition and trend reports from all the states and principal cities.

So insistent is the demand of employers and labor leaders alike for some instrumentality to coördinate all this vast labor statistical service that in each of the last four sessions of Congress a bill to create a national labor survey has been presented. Because of the reluctance of any department to relinquish its own work, however, such efforts thus far have been futile.

In certain cases it is impossible today to arrange even for the interchange of information between two agencies of the government. The Department of Commerce includes in its monthly survey of department-store sales the reports of a few scattered chain stores. In the Federal Reserve Board's survey, however, a sharp distinction is made between local-unit establishments and chain stores. The Commerce figures, therefore, never are countenanced in any Federal Reserve publication. For at least four years, this interdepartmental feud has smouldered around the vital question whether sales in a chain of ninety-four department stores should be tabulated as chain-store sales or department-store trade.

Nor is all the evidence of pompous futility and entrenched inefficiency encountered in the executive departments. Beneath the very dome of the Capitol, the visiting citizen finds, in the professional tourist guides, the last category of organized incompetence. Dispensers

of all the historical misinformation which cloakroom banter has woven into 'The Legend of Our Capitol,' the guides conduct throngs through the long marble corridors and tortuous passageways of the House and Senate wings for the nominal sum of twenty-five cents a person. They are not on the government pay roll. They are not supervised by, or responsible to, anyone. The government does not vouch for any part of their historical lore. Permission to adorn the taxi driver's cap with the badge of the 'Official Guide' is granted by the Architect of the Capitol to those who present recommendations from Senators and Representatives of the majority party. The scale of collections is fixed by an unofficial agreement between the Capitol authorities and the guides' guild. During the peak of the spring tourist season, collections average considerably more than $500 a day, distributed about evenly among twelve or fifteen guides. Several determined efforts in recent years to uproot this government-sanctioned 'two-bits racket' by legislation establishing a corps of official free guides have suffered the unrecorded fate of the Free Silver bill. Verily, a little free patronage in these days of Civil Service examinations and eligibility lists makes a very sacrosanct institution of even an assemblage of incompetent elevator operators and cast-off hackers.

In the final analysis, no one can say even approximately how many millions of dollars are squandered annually in ridiculous governmental activities, in overlapping functions, administrative inefficiency, utterly indefensible inquiries, investigations, surveys, and promotional activities, and in such miscellaneous enterprises as may be grouped under the general head of 'pillow-fight broadcasts.' Congress can have no idea whatever concerning such matters, for every departmental supply bill is written by a different subcommittee of the Committee on Appropriations; and there is not on record a case of either a Senator or a Representative who, in a given session, scrutinized during debate every item of every major appropriation measure. Members of both houses are forever being surprised by new and curious manifestations of bureaucratic activity. They find, upon inquiry, that the labor which arouses their momentary indignation was authorized in the most recent supply bill of the department involved. The subcommittee, of course, knew all about the item at the time, but considered it hardly worthy of special mention in its report. The conclusion to which these facts point is inescapable — when Congress has completed an appropriation session, it has, collectively, not the remotest idea what, in particular, it has done.

Reorganization of the Federal government to adapt it to the needs and methods of the age is, at best, a matter of five years, perhaps ten. It has been suggested seriously that as an interim measure the nation should establish at once a Bureau of Coördination and Control, responsible to the President and Congress, jointly, to sit in a watch-tower over the entire governmental structure, picking flaws wherever possible and so focusing the attention of authority upon the weaknesses of the organism. Unfortunately no formula has been discovered as yet by which such theoretically non-political functions may be established and maintained free of political interference. But to-day the search appears to be more earnest, more determined, than ever before in our national history.

TAGS

BY HARVEY WICKHAM

I

Alfred Noyes has written a book called *The Opalescent Parrot*, which is neither here nor there save for its denunciation of John Bunyan. *The Pilgrim's Progress*, Noyes tells us, is the world's worst allegory — and indeed it is, as anyone who will take the no inconsiderable trouble of reading it may at once discover. But — and this is yet more remarkable — *The Pilgrim's Progress* is also, as everybody knows, the world's best allegory, though in its own peculiar way, which is not quite the way of the *Divine Comedy* or *The Faërie Queene*.

The mystery of the contradiction is very simple, and lies in the fact that nobody ever does read *The Pilgrim's Progress*, not cross-my-heart and all the way through. Nobody within the memory of living men ever did read it, and probably nobody ever will. Therefore to all it is great — yes, even to Mr. Alfred Noyes, who has made the mistake of dipping into it.

'Mr. Birrell,' Noyes complains, 'calls Mr. Worldly-Wiseman one of the greatest characters in fiction.' Of course he does. So do I. So do you. So does Mr. Noyes, in his heart. But in what fiction? Certainly not in Bunyan's. There is another and greater fiction, however, a quite sublime allegory, which, because we all contribute to it more or less, we somewhat grandiloquently call life, though most of our knowledge of it is fictional enough. And here Mr. Worldly-Wiseman — to say nothing of Hopeful, Giant Despair, and the other Bunyan characters — flourishes mightily. What Bunyan did was to pick up a pebble from the ground at his feet, label it, leave it conveniently accessible — and lo, it became a loadstone! From that day to this, it has, after the manner of loadstones, been drawing bits of material to itself — iron filings, brass filings, and even gold filings — which subsequent observers have scraped from their own experience by means of their own wits. The result is a magnificent pile, a monument to worldly wisdom which no one author in the world could by himself have gathered together and set up. *The Pilgrim's Progress* is superlatively good because it is so superlatively bad in all particulars save one. Bunyan's genius spent itself upon empty names, which he tried to fill up with details so inapt, ideas so inane, an attitude so unintelligent and un-Christian, that for all practical purposes the names remained empty — and therefore useful.

Now if this sort of thing had stopped with Bunyan — but why speculate? It did not stop. It might, however, be well to consider the case of Mr. Worldly-Wiseman a little further.

We all know how the charm began, in that little book with the woodcuts — or maybe that big book with steel engravings — which used to lie on the parlor table, along with the Bible, Baxter, the family album, and possibly a one-volume Shakespeare, in those happy days when these constituted a library and there yet were parlors, wax

flowers, and corner whatnots. One saw pictures, delightful pictures, of giants, lions, and angels in white robes. One asked mother what it was all about, and she replied out of her recollections of what her mother had told her, supplemented by such inventions as suggested themselves. After all, it was a Bible story, and could easily be guessed at. Everything thus remained sweet and lovely.

'A tale in which anything may happen at any moment always appeals to the young,' says Mr. Noyes. And why should it not? To the young the world itself is a place in which anything may happen at any moment. Time and experience have not yet revealed these tedious, repetitive habits in things which we fatuously come to call the laws of nature. 'Three men come tumbling over a wall. You see a black man in front of you in a white robe. You fall into a pit. You are cast into a dungeon and beaten senselessly by a giant who has fits.' Pure realism. That is the way things do happen when life is new, and I am not at all certain that it is not the way they continue to happen when life is old. But by that time we have ourselves fallen into habits, especially the very bad habit of making abstractions and generalizations, of turning every roundish thing into a sphere, and otherwise losing the actual novelty of all that occurs while finding only its specious resemblance to that which has occurred before. From the moment when the inner Solomon whispers, 'There is nothing new under the sun,' all is vanity and vexation of spirit.

Bunyan left his plot as empty and sketchy as his names, and it was equally good. Its moral, its motivation, its reason, its philosophy, its theology, were rubbish which simply did not apply, and so its incidents stood out as pure miracle, as they do in the fascinating Book of Daniel. And thus were those bright names permitted to be photographed upon our memories along with Adam and Eve, Samson, David, Goliath, and Og, the King of Bashan.

It was later that we discovered Mr. Worldly-Wiseman to be our neighbor, possibly that next-door neighbor who lives behind the looking-glass. Wiseman pins his faith to strictly standardized brass tacks, avoids the point of the living exception, and seeks to profit by the law that like circumstances produce like results. But we should never have seen him clearly had we not already known his name.

II

Mr. Noyes recognizes all this, and even praises the old Bedford prisoner for what he terms 'a useful phrase-label.' But evidently he regards this as faint praise and damning — as if a useful phrase-label were of little account. He wants 'portraiture.' Fortunately, however, Bunyan's canvas was so blackened with curses splashed across the fair fame of 'Quakers, Ranters, Roman Catholics, Anabaptists, Independents, Presbyterians,' and users of the English Book of Common Prayer, that there was no clear space left for portraiture. His Talkative never has a chance to say anything, and so now can give his innumerable namesakes the floor.

The great characters of fiction are the great characters of fact. Authors who go into readable and relevant detail step down and out of folklore and rob us of healthful exercise, like the servant who insists upon spreading the butter on rolls or spoils the breakfast with predigested foods. They lose the type in making a mere individual, who usually becomes more unreal as he becomes more minute. If you must be readable you must be careful, and confine your-

self to a few bold strokes, for the Immortals never have but one trait apiece.

Aladdin always rubs his lamp, Ali Baba robs the forty thieves; Uncle Tom is always faithful, Leatherstocking never misses a shot; Haidee is always beautiful, Mrs. Grundy is extreme to mark what is done amiss, while Macduff lays on. Mrs. Malaprop cannot open her mouth without sticking her foot in it, Scheherazade keeps telling us another, and Raffles never burgles without wearing evening clothes. Did you ever hear of Lochinvar coming out of the East? Or of Micawber turning something up? No; Jack the Giant-killer sticks to giants, and would no more hurt a dwarf than Puss-in-Boots would attend Cinderella's ball, or Faust renounce the Devil, or Elsie Dinsmore play a fox-trot on Sunday. Galahad is a perfect Galahad; Don Juan a veritable Don Juan. And this is why, I think, Dickens succeeded in 'creating' a whole world of famous characters, but Henry James and the thought-stream novelists never a one.

But what about Hamlet? Well, what? Do you think he was a great character in fiction the first time he permitted matters of great pith and moment to become sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought? I do not. I think he was merely a good part, drenched in sublime poetry. A whole tribe of actors, culminating perhaps in Edwin Booth, contributed toward making him a great part. Since then every genius on earth has helped in his characterization — and it is still unfinished. Hamlet lives and breathes with old emotions collected from dusty folios in doubly dusty garrets by children who read him for the first time and are never able afterward to forget. These write or talk, and other children read and listen. So Hamlet goes his eternal way, like a snowball long since grown beyond all comparison because of the good things it has picked up from a million and one snowy brainstorms.

There had, of course, to be a nucleus, something which those first children and other critics could not forget. With Bunyan it was the aptness of a name tacked on to what then passed for piety, or to occasional beauties stolen from Holy Writ. With Dickens it was a tag, followed usually by a good story, which impressed the tag upon us by dint of repetition when our hearts were softened and sympathetic. The analytical novel has no tag to repeat, no tag which can detach itself and go its way or make us come to it. In Shakespeare's case, it was the marvelous line of the verse, or perhaps the pageantry. All of his more famous characters, save this one of Hamlet, are very simple. Even Hamlet is a bit of a monomaniac, and rather makes a hobby of his complexity. Better still, Shakespeare had the genius never quite to discover what his Hamlet was. He left him a mystery, like the lady of the sonnets, shadowy at the edges and inexplicable at the core, more ghostly in spite of his gorgeous raiment than that old mole his father. The author's dream has not hardened so as to interfere with ours. Thus Hamlet has come to out-top all other sanely mad men under heaven, even Lear.

Shakespeare did the trick so often that his own name has become a useful, I should say a magic, label. It awakens in us the spirit of coöperation, a disposition to understand everything in its greatest sense. For even the great characters of fiction must advertise, and what medium so effective as Shakespeare's plays? We feel in the presence of important matters the minute the volume opens or the curtain goes up. A single line there is enough to set the gossips going. He is a character in fiction himself — some very wild fic-

tion. He has been sold to us, thoroughly and finally. Also we owe to great authors all the delight they have given in a thousand ways having nothing to do with the characters they have drawn, including all the cunning they have provoked in other pen-smiths.

It is these giants, too, who simplify things until we can grasp them. But once we do, the process goes on. One by one the less essential strokes are rubbed out. For we pigmies are, collectively, that Folk Genius, poet of poets, master of masters. So finally one may enjoy the work of all. Reality, muddy and confused to our near-sighted eyes, has become legend, clear, childlike, and colossal.

III

Folklore has made Don Quixote into a greater figure than Hamlet. Hamlet suffers, after all, from being readable. So does Falstaff. Jack's fat coarseness, his wit, his lies, gross and palpable like the father that begets them, are not quite palpable enough and were too well set down on paper. He should be hail fellow well met everywhere, and he is not. He sticks fast where he first was put, in Literature. We meet him in life, but fail to remark him, his own recorded remarks being too sublimely apt. The author here 'hogs' the stage, and the greatest stage is not quite the world. We little co-contributors are overawed in spite of the vastness of the assembly to which we belong. We dare not improvise, simplify, coarsen, and improve, or put ourselves in competition with those jokes too, too, too, too, too good in the original. So the first-nighters go home and take out all their sesquipedalian words and circumlocutions, instead of just telling us what it was all about. The second-nighters do but inflate the first, and the man in the street — himself a fiction character inferior to few — misses the point. You will hear men called Quixotic even on the bleachers, where so few really are, but never one, however fat, hailed as a Falstaff.

The real Falstaff was so much more than fat — aye, there's the rub. He refuses to be expressed as so many pounds of flesh, and so fails to find the broad and common immortality even of Shylock. The ordinary fat man is, paradoxically, an empty frame. Draw a frame big enough, and the world can fill it with whatever matter is at hand. But let it contain the slaughter of a few misbegotten knaves in Kendal green, slaughtered subtly in a darkness which forbids you to see your hand, and yet darkens only within the well-lighted, sack-reeking Boar's Head, and nothing more is to be said. These particulars are too delightful to be sloughed off. None dares to add or to take away. You cannot cram your next three-hundred-pounder into such a frame as that. No room remains, for all its vastness.

The Fat Man, as such, has never had his Boswell. Perhaps, because he is so simple, he does not need one. His is a case we can all manage for ourselves without the help of letters. On the stage, a rubber stomach suffices. In life he looms above all books, and has yet to be compressed within board covers. He is more famous than the famous, but the name Falstaff will not fit him, nor stretch over his Gargantuan, generic paunch. The name is of too particular and fine a weave, when what is needed is a comfortable *décrochez-moi*. Too many people have read the second part of *Henry IV*, and read too long, instead of snatching at the label and going their way to attach it to every appropriate girth. The Fat Man is his own label. He laments, so without reason, that nobody ever loved him, but in renown he has no rival save

the Bald-headed Man, supposed by slander to haunt those front rows he always has avoided that those behind might not be dazzled by the glare of reflected light. No; Hamlet cannot quite compete with the unread, still less with the unwritten. But Caliban may rush in where Ariel fears to tread, and such Hamlets as we are stand more chance of being called Babbitt now.

IV

Authors have little to do with ultimates, as may be learned from the case of Sherlock Holmes, a magnetic figure commonly attributed to the late Conan Doyle. Two other writers, neither of them altogether without repute, had a shy at Holmes before Doyle was born — Voltaire in *Zadig the Babylonian*, and Poe in *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*. All the essentials of Holmes were already there in Zadig — his cleverness, his deductiveness, his delightful, insufferable impossibility. But Voltaire put the loadstone on too high a shelf, and Poe put it in too musty a cupboard. It had collected considerable dust, but no great amount of nuggets. Doyle's inestimable service to mankind was in taking it out, giving it a more catchy 'moniker,' and putting it in an accessible shrine in Baker Street. We could all sit there and smoke our shag. Sherlock Holmes became the mouse-colored gown in which we dressed our innate talent for finding out things through the exercise of pure reason; and Dr. Watson, with his intellectual density, was everybody else.

Doyle, having written several volumes, presumed to kill his hero, and then resurrected him for two more — and immediately the critics cried: 'Mr. Holmes does n't seem to be quite the same man since his death.' It was just the sort of thing that critics would say. But there really was no falling off in the stories — not till near the very end. What actually happened was that Holmes, the legend, had outgrown anything which could be written of him. It began to be noticed that Doyle seldom let him do anything worthy of his metal. A detective who was allowed to behave intelligently would of course ruin any story by solving the mystery on the second page. We had re-created Holmes in our own vaster image, and had no further need of Doyle. He had done his work.

For the young, of course, the broughams still stop at the Baker Street address. The rising generation has had the entire series reprinted for it in two convenient, Bible-like volumes. But they are doomed to disappointment. They have read too much *about* the wizard, and when — as so often happens — the clients who apply for protection are murdered for the sake of the plot, they will blame the biographer.

Oh, that mine enemy would write a book, and my friend have a book written about him! Doyle's misfortune was that books were written about Holmes, not about Doyle. Parts of books, anyway. But when it is the author who becomes copy for the paragrapher — well, look at what happened to Stephen Crane. Genius though he was, he was mortal, and even dead, when Conrad resurrected by a few well-chosen remarks and Thomas Beer made a home for the poor ghost in a full-length biography. And so the Black Riders still ride — by proxy.

When Shakespeare permitted it to be said that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, it was just one of those things which playwrights are excused for doing because they are not speaking for themselves. What's in a name, indeed!

I remember, long ago, when I was in boarding school, how I used to put this matter to the test. I played the piano

then, and occasionally I would interpret choice bits of Beethoven for the more musical of the faculty and student body — and call the bits my own. There was never any enthusiasm. Then I would improvise a few bars of solemn twaddle, and tag it, 'An excerpt from the Waldstein Sonata,' or something such. 'How beautiful!' the little audience would sigh. Finally I would confess that I had made a mistake; that what I had called mine was Beethoven's, and what I had called Beethoven's was mine. Soon I abandoned this practice in order to escape a hanging which then might have been regarded as premature, but I have never forgotten the lesson. Those little audiences were not composed entirely of fools. Indeed, it was necessary to be cautious lest they should catch some strain which was too familiar and identifying. It would never have done to try to palm off the 'Moonlight' fantasia as something lesser and else. But I had asked them to do without the name Beethoven, to admire a sunset without its trailing clouds of glory, to listen to phrases deprived of the thunders of tradition, and expected them not to feel the vacuum of this absence — as if the heart dared to lean upon a tune, however sweet, to which it had not been properly introduced!

One must not put the ear above the imagination. Footsteps do not echo on the sand just outside the door as they do when they pass down the corridors of time. Listen to Man Friday's now deafening barefooted tread! Yet what is the sound of a naked sole sinking into the soft beach of a desert island? To-day its solitary print falls with a crash. Time and tide have done it — and Defoe's little label. What then are we to think of those who would deprive us forever of all echoes? Who say that history is nonsense because it was so largely not so in the time of it? Who would leave us living hand-to-mouth in a Now, with never a resonating chamber in which to store its interest-bearing treasure?

True, Now makes a noise. But noise is not music any more than rosined horsehair and catgut are a violin. This interest which comes from sounding boards is like credit, sweeter and far more extensive than the original capital from which it springs. Beethoven was not quite so great as he now seems. He did not soar quite so far above his contemporaries and immediate predecessors as we fondly imagine. His music, when new, lacked many an overtone. Johann Sebastian Bach was a splendid musician, but there were a host of others almost as good. We hear them all now in a single fugue. Nor does this happen only when he has craftily purloined their phrases and put them a little more in tune — phrases to which we add the ringing in our ears. There is also the romance of his name, giving his least subject a new richness of answer.

He once wrote a fugue upon that name, B-A-C-H, the *h* standing for B natural following a B flat in the German nomenclature. But now the name alone is the best subject of all. For better than music is the nostalgic past, with its loves and memories and hopes and incomparable grandeur, where the heart forever lives and moves and has its being. Without the past, from whence would anyone draw the strength to face the as yet empty and barren future? For hope itself, which seems to people the future, is a hope that is past. The future certainly will not be like that. We hope that it will be? But we know that our hope is vain. We hope that it will be better, and fear that it may be worse — and either may come true. But both are unimaginable. We live upon the brink of something Different. We cannot love this stranger

who has not yet darkened the door — not unless he has given us some earnest of himself which is already with us. We should like to bar him out. If but the best of what is or has been might be again! And so, if we cannot reach to where the *was* and the *will be* are one, we like to live with our eyes shut and in ancient dreams.

V

Music has the peculiarity of being sweet without, on our part, the narrowing necessity of brains — for the notion that music is intellectual comes from confusing the rôles of composer and executant with that of listener. To *make* music demands sweat from the inner brow. But to drink it in only requires an easily gained familiarity. All truly musical countries make good beer and sell it cheap without Prohibition. The Drys, I think, should look into this. The growing taste for good music in America is a menace to the Eighteenth Amendment. Taste is akin to thirst, and drinking music and drinking something else have a subtle essence in common. Who can help looking upon the beer mug when it is filled with Beethoven?

This Beethoven was not only something of a toper himself; he has provoked more consumption of mildly alcoholic beverages than any other one single influence save that of highly seasoned sausages. Jazz may fret its brief and fitful moment; but, like the synthetic stuff which accompanies it, jazz must pass away. The gently intoxicating Ludwig pours on forever. And if he makes us drunken without moistening the lips, so much the worse. The Volsteads may strain out the gnats, partially and with pain, but even they must swallow this camel. Not Anthony Comstock himself could have Bowdlerized the symphonies or expurgated all the spirits from their ninefold prayer. And, thanks to the perfected processes of canning, and to the financial support given to orchestral concerts by the Jews, our acoustical tippling grows deeper every day. Let me pick out a country's songs, and I care not who raids its speak-easies.

What has all this to do with tags? A lot. Good wine needs its bush, no matter what the saw may say, and good beer needs its label. Beethoven simply happens to be the Pilsener of tone, the mark of the world's favorite brand. May he never be Scotched!

Of course he is n't quite folk music. He was n't made up by innumerable improvements added to what was once commonplace. The 'Eroica' is no 'Annie Laurie.' Most of us are so dull when it comes to music that we need giants to weave even our folk songs into symphonies. We need them, also, to weave our folklore into epics. But in music we cannot go on and drop the original Homer or Bunyan. We continue to lean on the giants. So Beethoven must be classed with those authors who are not only written and talked about, but read. But for his real equals in literature one must go to those who are read no more, whose work is done. For Literature is that in the sight of which we all like to browse, but upon which none of us likes to feed — not much, nor after we are twenty-one and married.

MUSTAPHA KEMAL SETS THE STYLES

BY H. E. WORTHAM

I

No aspect of Mustapha Kemal's remarkable career is more worthy of note than his reform of the clothes of his people. Once firmly in the saddle, and with his political reorganization accomplished, he turned to the question of dress. Realizing, like the Pope, the important bearing of dress upon morals, he prepared to grant, or to impose upon, his countrymen the charter of their sartorial freedom, to call in the hatter, the haberdasher, and the tailor to free his fellow Turk from the Asiatic encumbrances around his person, preparatory to freeing his mind from the Asiatic involutions of his thoughts.

A new mentality could, perhaps, only be achieved with a new generation. But if the savior of his country, despite the power of his office and the energy of his forty-three years, could not change the inside of Turkish heads, he could do something at least with the exterior. To a Turk the 'unspeakable significance of dress' had its epitome in the fez that crowned the male believer's person. It stood as the symbol of his manhood and his religion. It distinguished him from the infidel during his life; after his death its replica in stone stood till the judgment at the head of his grave. The fez, first imposed a century before amid the grumblings of his subjects by a reforming Sultan in place of the unwieldy turban, as being an approximation to the top hat of civilized Europe, had long ceased to be a mark of liberalism. Rather the reverse, and in 1908, indeed, the young Turks, by adopting the kalpak of astrakhan in its place, dissociated themselves from the political chauvinism that the fez had come to typify.

In spite of this, the fez remained the essential badge of Turkish pride of race, and any Turk who discarded it risked his liberty, possibly his life. Whenever political excitement ran high in Constantinople, the first to suffer from the mob were the despised unbelievers in hats, and the entry of Nationalist troops into the old capital in 1923 was accompanied by brutal outrages on behatted pedestrians. Though the movement among the intelligentsia against the fez (of which the kalpak was only a variation) had been gaining momentum, so late as 1924 a student newly returned from Germany suffered arrest in Stamboul for continuing to wear his German hat.

Mustapha Kemal's decision to abolish once and for all this ritual head-covering has been adjudged as his boldest measure. Cautiously he began with the army, where the inconvenience of the traditional brimless kalpak, which offered no shade to the eyes, had been experienced in many campaigns. Knowing he could rely on the fidelity of the Republican Guard, he had them served out with kepis, care being taken to point out to the men that when they said their prayers all they had to do was to turn the peaks to the back. Not a murmur was raised. The example of the picked corps of the army was

quickly followed by the rest of the fighting forces of the Republic, and by the early summer of 1925 every Turkish soldier, sailor, and gendarme was wearing the headpiece previously identified in the racial consciousness with Christians and infidels.

This was the thin end of the wedge. When in early September the Ghazi Pasha, attired in a lounge suit and a panama, made an official visit to Kastamuni, a little town near the Black Sea notoriously entrenched in its conservatism, he slit the accepted conventions of male attire from head to foot. And he did not simply wear the despised hat. At public functions he remained bareheaded and obliged the other functionaries to follow an example that ran counter to every dictate of pious and respectable behavior.

He did more. By adding precept to practice, he pointed the moral of the change. In the most quoted of all his speeches he declared that the dress common to all civilized peoples was perfectly suited to the Turks. 'We will wear,' he said boldly, 'boots and shoes, trousers, shirts, waistcoats, collars, ties. We will add brims to the coverings we place upon our heads — or to speak more plainly,' and here he used the accursed word, 'we will wear hats. We will dress in morning coats and lounge suits, in smoking jackets and tail coats. And if there are persons who hesitate and draw back, I will tell them they are fools and ignoramuses.'

An historic utterance — and he tacked on the fez the troubles they had so long endured, the fez which stood as the symbol of the backwardness of their ideas and the sterility of their lives. The fez typified the enemy — it *was* the enemy. 'We have only saved ourselves in the course of these past years, thanks to the change in our outlook. We cannot stop now. We must go on and on. The nation must learn that civilization turns to dust and ashes everything which remains indifferent to its advance.' Thus did the President cry 'Excelsior' to the astonished townsmen of dusty little Kastamuni.

The country reëchoed to his words. Everywhere on this provincial tour the Ghazi Pasha, now wearing a panama, now a homburg, and displaying on his well-knit figure the latest examples of the art of Savile Row, braving the fanatic's dagger and delivering his message even at the street corners, carried on his propaganda, so that clothes became the one subject of conversation for a people only recently emerged from a life-and-death struggle. The newspapers wrote of nothing else, and grave men discussed the fashions with feminine intensity. Almost every educated Turk became a Fortunatus, who by donning a bowler or a boater desired to annihilate time and leap over the centuries that Europe had gained in the race.

Once again Mustapha Kemal, confident in his idealism, seemed to have carried the day. On his return to Angora he was greeted by crowds in hats of every shape, size, and color, and when the ministerial fiat went forth that all civil servants should henceforth discard the fez, it looked as if his moral influence would be enough to make the rest of the population achieve a similar capital emancipation. With the fez also went the salaam, that salutation of Oriental servility by which an inferior makes the gesture of picking up dust and placing it upon his heart, lips, and forehead. In future the superior was to be greeted — so ran the order — by a slight inclination of the head, or out of doors by the raising of the hat two finger-breadths from the cranium. And when the chief religious functionary laid it down that the uncovering of the head was a universal mark of re-

spect, a sign of civilized mentality, which should not be denied to Allah, it looked as if Mustapha Kemal had killed the most sensitive nerve in the monster of inertia against which he was battling.

II

But the fez proved to be something more than a 'petrified idol.' Example was not enough to overthrow it. On the contrary, when a deputy introduced a bill to make the coiffure of civilization obligatory, General Nour-ed-Din Pasha, commander of the army corps which was the first to enter Smyrna, declared that such an enactment was a violation of the articles in the Republican Constitution referring to the rights of personal liberty. The objection of this sincere and pious Moslem roused the revolutionary temper of the House. How could the Constitution, asked one, itself a product of civilization, be violated by adopting hats, which were the very symbol of civilized peoples? Who ever heard of a Parliament in any civilized country discussing the question of hats? asked another. And Nour-ed-Din Pasha found only one other member to support him in his opposition to a bill so thoroughly Asiatic in its contempt for individual freedom.

It was not, however, to be enforced without the first exhibition of the ruthlessness of Turk against Turk that the Republican Government has borrowed from the old régime. At Erzerum and Sivas, those cradles of the Nationalist movement, demonstrations took place in favor of the fez; walls were placarded in the night with incitements to disobedience; the mosques buzzed with excitement, and all the familiar machinery of opposition in an Eastern country which does not enjoy the clemency of British rule was brought into play. Public opinion had been brought near the revolution point; in some cases it actually boiled over.

But traditional conservatism, however angry, was no match for the cool determination of the Ghazi Pasha and the machine he controlled. All the odds — the troops, the warships, the intelligentsia, the timeservers, and the 'desperadoes' who surrounded the President Pasha — were on the side of the hat, and the hat won easily. The Tribunals of Independence passed the harsh and hasty judgments which are often the kindest in the end. Anyone wore a fez at the peril of his life. Ten years' hard labor was not an uncommon sentence for those who continued to cover their heads as their fathers had done and as the Prophet had ordered. Even the plea that the accused had tried to buy a hat only to find the local hatter sold out was no defense, and unless the Ghazi Pasha has exercised his right of pardon — an improbable contingency — many educated Turks still linger in Turkish jails for having feared to catch cold or to lose their dignity by going bareheaded.

It need hardly be said that Mustapha Kemal had no intention of confining his charter of clothes to the male citizens of the Republic. The very cornerstone of his reforms was the complete emancipation of women from their immemorial bondage, of which the veil stood as the symbol. So long as no man, except husband or near relation, could look on a Turkish woman's face without shame or sin, it was hopeless ever to pretend that Turkey belonged to the enlightened and scientific twentieth century. True, it would be doing Turkish ladies an injustice to suppose that they had never the wit to slip through the bonds which masculine tyranny placed upon them. Readers of Pierre Loti's romances know how the beauties of Stamboul found opportunities of showing themselves daugh-

ters of Eve, and it required no Gallic standard of gallantry to notice in the Stamboul of an earlier generation that the gentle-born lady managed to triumph over the 'glaring impotence of dress,' and despite the veil and cloak to prove that she was fair, and even, it may be, to establish those parallels along which run the well-worn paths of amorous intrigue.

In a word, the Turkish woman of the upper and middle classes chafed at the shackles which unjustly bound her, and to show her resentment often wantonly broke through them. She had already gone a long way to achieving her freedom. Even Abdul Hamid, for all his jealousy of power, which turned his rule into a sombre tyranny obnoxious to every generous impulse, had ideas about the education of women and recognized the evils that lurked in the system of the harem. Emancipation was in the air, and after the Revolution of 1908 a movement began to discard the veil, which gained impetus under the economic strain of the war, when in Turkey, as in other belligerent countries, women had to do the work hitherto performed by men.

Mustapha Kemal, directly he had saved the country from its foreign foes, left no doubt of his ideas or intentions. His courtship of Latifé Hanem broke through the old traditions, and they were married, too, as any European couple might be, the bride not only taking part in the ceremony, but appearing unveiled. She continued to show her Western ways and, as the Ghazi Pasha's wife, accompanied her husband everywhere dressed in the latest modes from the Rue de la Paix. But while the emancipated Madame Mustapha Kemal Pasha had been to school in England, and Paris had put its cachet upon her, the majority of her sisters were not so fortunate, and these feared to make evident their lack of chic, their inexperience of the polite world, by going freely into mixed society. It became evident that Mustapha Kemal, as usual, would have to put his shoulder to the wheel and help it out of one more rut.

In that same September, therefore, when he wore the panama hat in Kastamuni, he gave a dance to the Moslem *beau monde* of Smyrna, an occasion that is a landmark in the social history of Turkey, for to the old-fashioned Oriental nothing was more immoral in the behavior of Europeans than their lascivious manners in the ballroom. Thanks to the brief schooling he had received in the salons of Sofia, the President of the Republic was able to lead off the ball with the daughter of the Governor and to acquit himself without discredit in the fox-trot that gave the final blow to the proprietary notions which inspire the Oriental seclusion of women, and showed that henceforth the sexes were to enjoy a social, as well as a terpsichorean, equality. But their new-found freedom momentarily embarrassed them, and Mustapha Kemal, acting as master of ceremonies with the same energy that he showed on the battlefield or in the Assembly, had to order the young officers who stood sheepishly round the doorways to advance boldly on the fair unpartnered belles. These, being soldiers, obeyed, and his loudly expressed opinion that no Turkish lady would refuse to dance with those who wore the national uniform conquered the comprehensible shyness of the ladies.

Owing to the impetus given by the President, whose balls at Angora became a regular feature of social life, the inhibitions of the professional and official classes were overcome, and 'dancings,' thanks to the gramophone, which played an important part in this revolution in all the larger cities, enjoyed such a vogue that young men

with social talents found lucrative openings as dancing masters.

Women also were able to draw material profit from the fashion, as the advertisement in the local paper of Eski Shehr proved. The dance club in that town languished for lack of lady members, so that remuneration was offered to Turkish girls who could dance, the other qualifications being that they should be strong in body, have no physical defect, be able to play some musical instrument, and to talk clearly without stuttering.

A good many there were who stuttered, if only metaphorically. Not that Mustapha Kemal supposed the battle of women's freedom could be won to the rhythms of syncopated music, or that Turkish women would at once become accomplished conversationalists. The habits and prejudices of centuries offered a mass of inertia not easily to be moved. Old Turkey still dreamt its dreams in many a quiet country town; hundreds of thousands of Turkish citizens still thought it impious to depict the human or animal form, and to the last degree sinful that the passions should be subjected to the temptations of the ballroom, which sometimes inflame even the cold natures of Northern peoples. The dead hand of the most puritanical religion that has ever held mankind in subjection still lay over the mouldering little cities, which had sunk deeper into decay now that the Armenians and the Greeks leavened them with their energies no more.

To try to stir these foes of reaction into life, and to awaken their women to the opportunities of their freedom, Mustapha Kemal, enlisting the services of the efficient Turk-Ojac, sent round companies of strolling players to propagate the new ideals. Some of the conservative ladies, discovering that a preliminary to this awakening was their sitting side by side with men, often left the theatre in disgust before the curtain rose. Others endured the unwonted proximity of the male stranger only to be driven away by the depraved gestures and licentious acting of their sisters upon the stage, who were holding up the mirror to a world in which women played their parts as doctors, lawyers, and even typists.

A shocking business, they decided, as they put on their now-forbidden veils and wrapped their cloaks around them. If in the wake of the players came a visit from a Tribunal of Independence, the rumor of its approach might cause the veils again to disappear and the baggy Turkish trousers of the 100 per cent male to vanish until these dreaded gentry left the neighborhood. Things could then return to their comfortable ways. The foreign skeptics pointed out that the Western current, which ran strong in the centre and on the surface of the stream, lost its force in these deeper waters, which remained stagnant as before. But not quite, perhaps, as before, for the old spirit of fatalism had been inoculated with doubt, and the President of the Republic looked to the next generation, which had not been exhausted by ten years of war, to harvest the reforms that he was giving to his people.

He looked to the younger generation that would be more ready to imbibe Western ideas and Turkish nationalism. And he consistently favored the Turk-Ojac, a cultural organization going back to the days of the first Revolution of 1908 and now grown to be of nation-wide extent. With its imposing headquarters in Angora, the Turk-Ojac has become a sort of universal aunt to the Republic, using every device of the missionary technique — the school, the dispensary, the spoken and printed word, the talkie and the movie — to convert the youth of the country to the new ways.

III

If the Ghazi Pasha nursed no illusions about the difficulties of his task, he did not allow discouragement to weaken his driving power. He had created a new social atmosphere among the directing classes. The next step was to establish a new social fabric upon the solid basis of law. For some time the question had occupied him and his government. At the Lausanne Conference, Ismet Pasha admitted that abolition of the Capitulations must be followed by a complete modernization of Turkish law, and in 1924 the old theocratic conceptions by which law was a question of religion, not of nationality, had been swept away with the Caliphate. This cleared the ground for the European Codes that were to form the legal framework of the Republic.

The murmurs at the immense innovation which a Western civil code — the Swiss was that chosen as a model — would introduce into Turkish administration caused him to explain once more that the sovereignty of the people brooked no opposition. 'The brigands of the press' could not be tolerated, and if intellectuals profited by their liberty to interfere with the peaceful development of the country, summary treatment would be theirs. In particular he trounced the lawyers who, with their pretended knowledge, had opposed his constitution which consecrated the sovereignty of the people — the lawyers educated in Europe, pretending to be enlightened liberals, who had long after the proclamation of the Republic continued to be partisans of the Caliphate. Against such obscurantism he would have no mercy. And he proceeded to lay down once more — for it could not be repeated too often — the general principles guiding the secular and republican state.

'The new Turkish régime,' he said, 'rejects in their entirety the old superannuated methods of government. The common bond which unites the national elements and ensures their permanence has abandoned its religious character and taken a national form. We now admit science and civilization as a principle of life and strength in the domain of international struggles. The country now, as the result of the modifications which have been made in its structure and thought, regards a laic mentality as the single factor of existence.'

Needless to say, the opposition crumbled before this vigor, and the Assembly, in the course of a single sitting and without even a division, adopted the Swiss Civil Code, modified in certain minor details, as the law of the land. Thus polygamy, which continues to exist in Iraq and Egypt, passed out of Turkey, and the privileges of personal status that the Sheriat conferred on Moslems as belonging to the dominant religion, still enjoyed in other Islamic countries, were lost in the equality which all Turkish citizens now enjoy before the law. This example of an Islamic nation adopting a European Code in the place of the traditional law that reposes upon the sanctity of the Koran and on the commentaries of the doctors of the faith marks a step toward the Westernization of Asia which is bound to have the greatest possible influence on other Moslem countries. It has been described as a deathblow to Islam. It is something more, for it strikes at the theocratic conceptions of government common to all Asia outside China; it strikes at those ideas of morality that spring from the supposedly superior status and sanctity of the male, ideas coloring both Islam and Buddhism, from which have derived the customs of child marriage in India, of 'marriages for a night' among the Shiahs of Persia,

ideas and notions that throughout Asia give to the husband marital rights and privileges denied to the wife.

Law is the reflection of a people's mentality, and it would be idle to pretend that the machinery of justice works in Turkey with Swiss precision. But at least the machine is there, and Mustapha Kemal has taken the best means to provide for its future efficient functioning by the establishment of a Law School at Angora, where the intellectual atmosphere is completely European, and where neither Koranic nor Marxian influences are allowed to sway the mind, or divert attention from the secular ideal that guides Turkey in its gallant struggle to wipe out the past.

Certainly human obstacles he found irksome, and when a clumsy plot to dynamite him came to light in Smyrna, he allowed the police, which the Republic had taken over *en bloc* from the old régime, as much rope as it wanted. As a result, some eleven persons, including half a dozen deputies, were brought to the gallows, several hundreds were tried, many sent to prison, and the 'Three Pashas,' at first suspected of being implicated, — though the cases against them broke down, — were driven out of public life. The gibbeted corpses of the politicians that swung in the public square at Angora might well discourage others from taking a hand in the dangerous game of party politics — a lesson driven home by the ball the Ghazi gave at Tchan Kaya at the moment this exemplary fate was being meted out to possible rivals. Did this show the callousness of a spoilt child? Or was it such a gesture as the men of the *cinquecento* would have understood, hard and cruel maybe, but indicative of the youthfulness that is impatient of any thing or any person standing between it and its desires? However that may be, Mustapha Kemal, after striking hard, took the opportunity to discourage future careerists by making illegal the existence of any political organization except that of which he was the leader, thus turning the People's Party into merely another aspect of the Assembly.

Indubitably he was thorough. He cut deep. But, if we liken him to a surgeon, he had a surgeon's faith in the skill of the nurse to bring the patient back to health. He trusted implicitly in Europa, now grown to be the tutelar genius of the Republic. Or rather, should one say, he wooed this ideal personage with a frantic devotion he had given to no woman of human clay. He found her adorable in all her aspects — even in the second-rate Viennese music that came to the cafés of Pera. 'Oriental music,' ran a presidential *obiter dictum*, 'no longer satisfies the Turkish soul.' For waltzes and for jazz the Turks must throw aside their own native art to which Mozart and Beethoven had paid their homage.

All the Muses were to be welcomed. When some reactionary pedagogues in Stamboul punished their pupils for having taken snapshots, — a clear infraction of the Prophet's orders, — Kemal spoke out. 'We will no longer tolerate,' he said, 'a religion that neglects the fine arts.'

Thus, without any eulogy of the Sultan who had been the patron of Gentile Bellini, or of the great builders who had raised the domes and minarets of old Stamboul, he implicitly embraced the whole of the national æsthetic traditions in his condemnation of Islam. He followed up his words by allowing statues of the Savior of Turkey to be set up in Constantinople and elsewhere. The entire inheritance of commercialized European art was to be theirs, and the foundations of the Turkish Bohemia were laid when mixed classes studied the female nude.

IV

Most important of all was the question of language. To make Turkish into a suitable vehicle for modern thought, to purge it of its Arabic and Persian accretions, to divorce it from the elaborately beautiful but very inconvenient and unsuitable script which the Turks had taken from the Arabs with the Koran — there was a task indeed. The new Turkish should be the universal tongue over the whole geographical area of the Republic. No more should Greek, or Armenian (which few Englishmen have ever encountered outside the pages of George Borrow), or French be spoken in the land. The old modesty that allowed Arabic to have a monopoly in the mosque and Greek to compete with Italian in the market place belonged to the past. God and the foreigners would both have to learn Turkish, which should be the only language within the borders of the Turkish Republic. And those who thought otherwise might expect trouble. Trouble, in consequence, came in full measure to the European and American schools, which had long been attempting to diffuse in Turkey the light of Western learning. If the President saw the humor of the paradox, he did not show it, and he allowed no derogations from his policy. He meant to woo Dame Europa himself and to use no marriage broker in the shape of missionaries to assist him in winning the lady.

On the question of Latin versus Arabic characters, Mustapha Kemal was undeniably right, though the magnitude of the change, the advantages of which had been recognized by his wicked but intelligent old predecessor, Sultan Abdul Hamid, might well have caused him to regard it as beyond the range of practical politics, even in submissive and power-ridden Turkey. For such a reform, besides putting out of action every printing machine and every printer's case in the country, would temporarily reduce everyone to a common illiteracy. Yet somehow or other it all happened quite naturally. The Ghazi waited until a congress of Turkish philologists at Baku recommended an adaptation of Latin characters for the common language spoken by Turks throughout Asia; then, after quietly proceeding to learn to use the new script himself, he was ready to impose it upon his thirteen million fellow citizens.

Phonetically the guttural sonority of Arabic, loving consonants as it despises vowels, is ill-suited to Turkish, which exploits the hard palate. Not that such academic considerations were predominant in Mustapha Kemal's mind. Cultural, rather than phonetic, advantages were what he sought in the change. He knew that, so long as Turkish was written from right to left, it could never properly diffuse the ideals of European civilization. The picturesque involutions and intricacies of Arabic script afforded a psychological background to the Oriental mentality which stood as the real enemy of the Republic; its mere difficulty acted as a barrier against the universal diffusion of reading and writing. In nothing has Turkey given a more striking lead to the Moslem world, and it behooves Arab countries to consider very seriously whether, if they wish to play a part in the Asia of the future, the Asia that hopes to free itself from European tutelage at the cost of adopting its social and political philosophy, they should not follow suit and make the change first recommended to the Egyptians in the last century by an English scholar.

The Ghazi Pasha began by writing notes to his friends in Latin script. Then 'Turk Postolari' appeared on the

postage stamps. The paper money next bore inscriptions in Latin characters, and these were also introduced in the scientific courses at the higher government colleges. At length, in August 1928, while official Turkey enjoyed its holidays by the Bosphorus, he made a speech foreshadowing the early adoption of the new characters. All through that summer he gave up the leisure of his vacation to imparting the facility he had already acquired. The President held classes in his palace of Dolma Bagtche, at which he instructed ministers, generals, and men of letters, — unready pupils these, — who followed his demonstrations on the blackboard and wrestled with downstrokes, upstrokes, and pothooks. The only road to the presidential favor lay through the Latin characters. High officials calling on business of State were not heard until they had undergone an examination in reading and writing. Even his dancing partners were expected to make themselves proficient, and at least one official ball was interrupted while the President, calling for his chalk and blackboard, instructed both the fair and the brave in the new learning. His example proved infectious, and all Constantinople turned itself into a school, hoping, perhaps, in this way to be able to creep back into the favor of the autocrat and overcome his strange partiality for Angora.

V

'More brain, O Lord, more brain' — this continues to be the Meredithian prayer of the President on behalf of his people, as he traces for them the path that their footsteps should tread. He wants them to know — to know where they are, how they have got there, and where they are going to. He is the perfect anthropogogue, the man who leads his fellows by the hand. They for their part trust him with the wondering fidelity of children. They can lean on him, adore the power that is his, and patiently follow this demonic force which destiny, for Allah is now gone out of business, has imposed upon them. They can follow as best they may, or, what is better, they can sit and listen to him talking about Westernization with a sublime patience that only Orientals possess.

That patience was triumphantly proved when Mustapha Kemal recounted the history of the Nationalist movement to the newly elected deputies of the People's Party. The general elections of the summer of 1927 had resulted in the complete triumph of the Party, of which he is the leader, — an electoral victory rendered no doubt more complete since it was the only party allowed by the law, — and before the new Assembly came together he called a Congress of the Party, at which the deputies should realize their responsibilities as the spokesmen for the next triennium of the Sovereign Voice. There he made the longest speech in his career, probably the longest in the history of the world, for it lasted thirty-six hours and thirty-three minutes. During the whole of a workday week he spoke for six hours a day, reading for the most part from the manuscript at which he and his friends, Ismet, Fethi, and others, had been working the night before till the early hours, but now and then breaking off to tell some humorously derogatory story about Rauf, who stood out as the archvillain, or about that flighty cosmopolitan Refet, and the other two Pashas, ambitious Ali Fuad and Kiazim Kara Bekir, who played the violin badly and sulked when he could n't lead the band. The follies and vanities of his opponents, however, were only an incidental indictment in what was essentially an apologia and a sober state-

ment of facts. 'On 19*th* May 1919 I landed at Samsun' were its opening words, and it proceeded generally on this matter-of-fact plane, worthy of the Ottoman Julius Cæsar.

The six days' story — which suggested a Biblical parallel to foreign wits — was carefully staged, and the scene in the new Assembly building mirrored the Occidental metamorphosis that the new Turkey had undergone, the *Drang nach Westen*, which now drew everything in its train. In the place of the turbaned hodjas, the fezzes, the kalpaks, the bright colors, and the flowing robes which the deputies of the first Assembly had displayed on their persons, were five hundred bareheaded citizens in the sober livery of the modern man, a costume which sat in ill-fitting discomfort on the majority, for the rank and file could not hope to rival the elegance of the Ghazi Pasha, upon whose spruce figure there smiled from the second presidential box three of the President's 'wards' — some of his adopted war orphans now grown to comely womanhood. In the President's own box sat Fethi Bey, come specially from Paris for the occasion, and Fevzi Pasha, the dark horse of the Republic, who rarely shows himself in public, for he is considered the brains of the army and Mustapha Kemal's most likely successor — a dangerous distinction. And in the President's chair sat Ismet Pasha — content to serve a greater, but not a cleverer, man than himself.

As day by day Mustapha Kemal recounted the history of the previous eight years, illustrating every phase by documents and anecdotes, the deputies and the other two hundred notables of the Party, who had also been brought to the Congress in order to carry back the President's words to the four quarters of the country, could realize the extent of the dangers through which he had steered it. Clearly enough his resolution had again and again saved the situation, his judgment had decided when the time was ripe for each move in the campaign and each step in the development of the Republic. The wisest Turk that ever was!

Thus, day by day, the Republican epic grew in dimensions and splendor as the hero fought his battles and repeated his speeches over again, not indeed for vainglory, but so that the representatives of the people should know and, knowing, understand. And by the fifth evening it had reached its *dénouement* with the second battle of Sakaria, the recapture of Smyrna, and the Conference of Lausanne, things to stir a patriot's blood, the blood that he made to pulse through their veins by the axiomatic summary of the Republic's foreign policy — that the new Turkey 'could afford to think only of its own existence and well-being, and was unable to sacrifice anything to anyone.'

'The characteristic of the Turk is a definite need to lean on those above him.' How could this be better satisfied than by leaning on so strong and prescient a leader? His resource, his courage, his eloquence, were inexhaustible; only his larynx showed that he was human. On the sixth day, when he came to recount the reforms which the Republic had introduced, how the fez and turban, those symbols of ignorance and fanaticism, had been swept away, how women had been freed and polygamy abolished, how they all now lived under the equality of a scientific civil code, his voice failed him, and he could hardly be heard. But there was one thing still unsaid. Though the older generation had acquitted itself nobly, it was now tired. And the Republic was yet encompassed by enemies. All kinds of forces, political, moral, economic, were concentrated on its destruction. The future could only be

assured if the youth of Turkey were worthy of its inheritance. Pulling himself together, therefore, he addressed its young men and women, its children and the unborn citizens of the Republic, in a peroration which left him and his hearers in tears.

Like most perorations it reads baldly when divorced from the atmosphere in which it was delivered. We may believe that the sublimity of patriotism lighted up its rhetoric and the passionate fervor which has been the impulse of an extraordinary career glowed through its conventional phrases. But it was not then that Mustapha Kemal struck off the Shakespearean phrase: 'Our people cannot die: were that to happen, the world itself could not support the bier.'

THE PARTY FLAG COMES DOWN

BY WILLIAM PRESTON BEAZELL

I

In the not-so-long-ago nineties a truculent weekly newspaper upheld the cause of Democracy in a Central Ohio county. 'Right or wrong, the party!' was its battle cry, and no one could remember a time when the party had been wrong.

Two or three times a year the pibroch was not sounded — a Democratic editor in an overwhelmingly Republican community is entitled to some surcease. These lapses made small difference in the office until the time came to make up the editorial page. Then it was necessary for the foreman of the composing room to make his rounds of the village saloons until he found his editor and could rouse him from his alcoholic gloom long enough to make him understand that all there was in hand for the place of honor beneath the masthead was a piece of reprint on 'The Influence of Stewed Tomatoes on the Young.' The routine of what ensued never varied: the glassy editorial eye would be fixed on the foreman, the unsteady editorial hand would fumble for pencil and paper and then would scrawl: —

'The news first; let the people form their own opinions.'

Whereupon the *Palladium* would go to press with this declaration making its pica appeal for attention, all the countryside would know exactly what had happened, all the Democrats would wrap their fealty more closely about them, and all the Republicans would continue steadfast in their faith.

For reasons very different from this, of course, a steadily increasing number of newspapers in the United States to-day are running down their party flags. What is very much more significant, they are keeping them down. Since the war the increase has been not only steady but swift. There is every reason to expect that the process will continue, and that the pace will be accelerated. It is not of record that any newspaper has found the change other than to its advantage. Curiously, party leaders rarely have demurred; on the contrary, they frequently have

urged defection from this oldest of journalistic practices. How strange a day it will be when this, of all nations, finds the partisan newspaper the exception and no longer the rule!

That day is coming, though. Fewer than one in four of the daily newspapers of the United States classify themselves as Republican, and fewer than one in five call themselves Democratic. Independent Republican papers make up only 11 per cent more, and Independent Democratic only 7 per cent more. Forty-one per cent are Independent — 778 of them, distributed among all the states but Delaware. They hold 52 per cent of the country's total circulation of 39,425,615, and the figures indicate that they are growing more rapidly in circulation than in numbers even. In fourteen of the states Independent newspapers outnumber all the others by more than two to one, and in five they outnumber the others three to one.

Politics has had little to do with this change. Newspapers are more interested in politics to-day than at any other time in their history, perhaps, but politics is becoming consistently more a matter of news than of opinion. It would be pleasant to say that the change has been a consequence of a finer vision on the part of the newspapers, but truth stands in the way of that. Quite as it was in the case of the *Palladium*, necessity has brought it about. That the necessity then was alcoholic and that now it is economic is the only real difference.

II

The factors in this present necessity are many and diverse. A consideration of their more important aspects appeared in the July 1930 *Atlantic* under the title, 'To-morrow's Newspaper': the steady decrease in the number of daily newspapers — for the past five years it has been at the rate of one every nineteen days; the even greater decrease in the number of owners — 450 papers, nearly 25 per cent of the whole number, are held by 150 ownerships; the steady growth of chains — every sixth paper in the United States is so owned; public participation in ownership — in the past three years forty-eight newspapers in thirty-six cities have issued, and sold, $130,000,000 of stocks and bonds, to which the Hearst Publications have recently added an offering of $40,000,000, par value, of 7 per cent preferred stock.

Economic compulsion has been behind these quite literally revolutionary changes. Circulation has reached the point of saturation, and advertising, already bearing two thirds the cost of production, has become more vital than ever as a source of income. Manufacturing costs have mounted until a variation of 15 per cent in the volume of advertising means the difference between profit and loss for most of the newspapers of the country. Faced by the discomfort, if not the peril, of such conditions, newspapers began to take stock of themselves. Realization came, to advertisers as well as to publishers, that competition could be both expensive and destructive — hence the spread of mergers. Realization came that important economies were to be found in centralized control — hence the chain and other forms of common ownership. Realization came that major successes were the more likely to be won by major organizations — hence the bringing in of outside capital.

It is not to be supposed from this that American newspapers are not financially successful as a whole. Their income is substantially more than a billion dollars a year, and their net earnings probably are nearer $150,000,000 than $100,000,000 a year. The

new factor in their problem is that the ratio between gross and net earnings has become so much more narrow and more fixed. It is no longer merely desirable that a newspaper should make money; it *must* make money. In obedience to this necessity emphasis is being steadily shifted from every other function than the merchandising of news, with extensive side lines of entertainment, especially in the evening papers.

Nothing has gone more completely by the board than political partisanship in the old sense. It was in this tradition of partisanship that the American newspaper was born and nurtured. Its influence was transcendent for one hundred and twenty-five years. Under it the press attained its greatest achievements, and under it the press went to its greatest excesses. In the shadowed reaches of 'practical' politics it was put to a myriad uses, and not always in the innocence of the newspaper. An otherwise illustrious President of the United States turned it to his own ends by systematic, surreptitious subsidy over a long period. Only within the last twenty years has it ceased to be an almost inviolate rule that politics, partisan in the straitest sense of the word, shall be the first concern of the newspaper.

Not much freedom of choice was left the newspaper when it came to departing from the venerable tradition. Running a newspaper in the old partisan way was possible only when it could be done at a profit, unless subsidy, direct or indirect, made good the deficit. Subsidy, it may be said here, was never the factor it has been supposed to be. It was rarely permanent or even long continued; more and more, as the years passed, it came to be a measure of some especial emergency, and even at its sturdiest it was a frail bulwark. When rising costs of production, then, began their inroads upon profits, mortality was inevitable. The first to go were the newspapers whose chief purposes were political, because these were the weakest, having little to stay them but their partisanship and the support that came to them by reason of it. In many instances this weakness was, somewhat paradoxically, strength enough to hold papers in the limbo of merger, where at least their names might be saved from obliteration. A few were deemed worthy of continuance, but under new and stronger ownerships. The great majority, however, passed definitely by suspension or absorption. The cataclysmic year was 1926, when there was a net loss of fifty-two, an average of one a week. A net loss of ten more came in 1927, and in 1929, although there was a net gain of five in the total number, twenty ceased publication.

A strange condition exists now. This is a nation of immense devotion to newspaper reading; the circulation of daily newspapers is one third as great as the country's population. Yet daily newspapers are published in only 1381 communities; that is, in fewer than one half the towns and cities of 2500 or more people. It is still more significant of the mortality of recent years that in only 400 of these 1381 communities is there more than one newspaper, that the other 981 have but one each. This is nearly three fourths of the communities having daily newspapers; it is nine more than an exact one half of the whole number of dailies.

It must always be difficult, if not impossible, for the one newspaper of a town to maintain a pronounced partisan position unless it reflects an overwhelming sentiment of the community. There is still no much surer way of making enemies than through

politics, and a newspaper, like any other merchant, must have friends among advertisers no less than among readers, even though it be without direct competition. There is no reproach in this. It does not mean that integrity or sincerity of purpose should be sacrificed to expediency; the duty of a newspaper to serve its whole clientele impartially and alike is primary and paramount. But even where sentiment falls little, if at all, short of being overwhelming, the rise of the independent newspaper has been notable.

There are, for example, thirteen states with neither Democratic nor Independent Democratic newspapers, and eight states with neither Republican nor Independent Republican newspapers. It may be assumed fairly that the Opposition's strength is negligible in these states and that so far as purely partisan opinion is concerned there would be few difficulties in the way of even violent party preference. These twenty-one states have more than one fourth of all the newspapers in the country, and considerably more than one fourth of the one-newspaper communities — 282 out of 981. Nearly one half of these communities have Independent newspapers — 129 out of the 282. If the Independent newspaper has so rooted itself in such soil as this, its spread, especially under other more favorable conditions, may be expected to be unbroken.

III

Repudiation of the ancient tradition, however, is far from complete. On national issues 59 per cent of all our papers (although they hold but 48 per cent of the circulation) are either Democratic or Republican, and on local as well as national issues 40 per cent still fly the party flag. Numerically they are aligned: Democratic, 326; Republican, 430; Independent Democratic, 139; Independent Republican, 216 — the joint Republican group numbering one third of all the papers in the country, and the joint Democratic one fourth. An Independent Democratic or an Independent Republican newspaper, it may be explained here, is one that is partisan in national affairs but may or may not be so in local affairs. In circulation the disparity is greater than in numbers, for the Republican–Independent Republican group, with 11,500,000, is something more than half again as great as the Democratic–Independent Democratic group, with 7,000,000. So far as party competition is concerned the gap is wider still, for 55 per cent of the Democratic papers and 54 per cent of their circulation are in the 'Solid South,' with 52 per cent of the Independent Democratic newspapers and 29 per cent of their circulation in the same area. In all these ten states there are no Republican papers, and but two Independent Republican.

There is support in this for the feeling, which became so strong during the Presidential campaign of 1928, that the Democratic cause lacks newspaper support comparable with that which is given the Republican. So far as distribution is concerned this is unquestionably true, for, outside the South, Democratic papers are almost entirely in the larger cities. Yet if the relation between party vote and party circulation be considered, it will be found that the Democrats are actually better off than the Republicans. In the last three Presidential elections Republican candidates have polled 57 per cent of the total vote, while Republican newspapers have 29 per cent of the circulation. Over the same period Democratic candidates have polled 38 per cent of the vote, while Democratic newspapers have only 18 per cent of

the circulation. The Democratic vote, in other words, has been 2.1 times the Democratic circulation; the Republican vote only 1.9 times its circulation.

Any study of the relation between newspaper alignment and the outcome of political elections, however, must leave grave doubts of the influence that newspapers wield. For a generation evidence has been accumulating that they are, at best, only coincident factors in success. Not all the readers of even a partisan newspaper are of its faith, and many of those who are do not always keep perfect step with it. The fond belief to the contrary was no monopoly of the newspapers themselves; candidates accepted it, bosses had no doubt of it. The time had been, of course, when it *was* true. No one can say just when it began not to be true, but probably the last national campaign in which newspaper influence was an unmistakable factor was that of 1896. Steadily, since then, the folly of dependence on newspaper support has been growing.

There was vivid illustration of this in the mayoralty election of 1917 in New York City. John F. Hylan then was supported only by William Randolph Hearst's *American* and *Evening Journal;* every other newspaper of general circulation in the city fought him to the last shot in their lockers. With a newspaper alignment of seven to one against him, Hylan got forty-seven out of every one hundred votes; John Purroy Mitchel, with a newspaper alignment of seven to one for him, got twenty-three, and barely escaped the humiliation of running third to the Socialist, Morris Hillquit. A more significant thing than this alone marked the election. In the Mitchel newspapers Hylan had his moiety of space and position. It may be added that Mitchel was accorded no such treatment in the Hylan newspapers. Never before was a campaign in any city so impartially or so adequately covered, and it is no figure of speech to say that Mitchel newspapers did more to give Hylan his great plurality, if not actually to elect him, than did his own. Nor has the practice changed; it has spread throughout the country until now it is quite a matter of course to give full and fair coverage to every major contender. Even Socialists share in this, and partiality runs only against Communists and Drys.

Passing over the years between, a second illustration may be found in 1928. Reference has been made to the eight states with neither Republican nor Independent Republican newspapers, and the thirteen with neither Democratic nor Independent Democratic newspapers. The eight states are Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, and South Carolina; the thirteen are Idaho, Kansas, Maine, Michigan, Minnesota, New Hampshire, North Dakota, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Vermont, Washington, Wisconsin, and Wyoming. In the eight states with no Republican newspaper the vote for Hoover was 1,368,370, or 6.4 per cent of the total. In the thirteen states with no Democratic newspaper the vote for Smith was 2,202,235, or 14.7 per cent of the total, a result to be compared, incidentally, with a Republican vote in these states that was only 18 per cent of the total. These figures are of true significance. If it be said that unprecedented conditions prevailed in 1928 it must be remembered that what we are speaking of is the political influence of newspapers, and the conditions which did prevail exerted their least influence upon those agencies of argument and opinion. The very fact of these conditions, indeed, makes the showing the more convincing.

IV

Some curious conditions mark a number of communities where transition from the old partisanship is unmistakably under way but has not run its course. Notable among these are ninety-five towns and cities (in thirty-four of the states) where all the newspapers are under a single ownership. For the great part this common ownership has come about through the economic reasons already discussed, and the situation is not less significant than the great number of one-newspaper communities. It is fairly to be expected that from this group will emerge many more towns with but a single newspaper, and then will come a final test of absence of competition in opinion as well as in news and in advertising. For among these ninety-five are six cities of more than 100,000 population — Providence, Rhode Island; Des Moines, Iowa; Springfield and New Bedford, Massachusetts; Camden and Trenton, New Jersey. Eight have more than 75,000 — St. Joseph, Missouri; Manchester, New Hampshire; Winston-Salem, North Carolina; Huntington, West Virginia; Springfield, Ohio; Charleston, South Carolina; Beaumont, Texas; and Roanoke, Virginia. Fifteen have more than 50,000, and thirty-five have between 25,000 and 50,000. In so preponderantly an urban country as the United States has become these should prove admirable crucibles for such an experiment.

In the meantime these ninety-five owners are making such shift as they may in meeting the partisan pleasure of their clienteles. Thirty-six of their papers are Republican, and twenty-three Independent Republican. Fifty-two of them are Democratic and twenty-three Independent Democratic. (It is to be remarked that thirty-seven of these fifty-two and twenty-one of the twenty-three are in states of the Solid South.) Fifty-six of them are Independent, and it is significant of the transition that this is the largest of the five classifications.

In eighteen of these ownerships the necessity exists of carrying two party flags, however embarrassing it may be upon occasion. The same circumstance affects fifteen other ownerships in towns where no monopoly is held. So it comes about that within the same seigniory there are Democratic and Republican papers in Columbia City, Evansville, and Portland, Indiana; Hagerstown, Maryland; Great Falls, Montana; Findlay, Middletown, Sandusky, and Zanesville, Ohio; Dubois and Lancaster, Pennsylvania; Johnson City, Tennessee; and Beckley, Bluefield, Clarksburg, Fairmont, and Huntington, West Virginia. In San Bernardino, California; Rockford, Illinois; Lewiston, Maine; Springfield, Worcester, and New Bedford, Massachusetts; Rochester, New York; Williamsport, Pennsylvania; and Wheeling, West Virginia, will be found Republican and Independent papers under one ownership. In Albany, New York, will be found an Independent Republican and an Independent paper; in Springfield, Ohio, an Independent Democratic and a Republican paper; in Bristol, Virginia, and Charleston, West Virginia, Independent Democratic and Independent Republican papers; and in Dallas and San Antonio, Texas, Independent Democratic and Independent papers, under the same house flag if under no other.

Official advertising is a factor in not a few of these adventures in dual partisanship, and in many another instance where there is not even ostensible reason for partisanship. Official advertising embraces the wide range of public notices of city, county, and state, and immemorially it has

been the most toothsome dish on the newspaper menu, paying a high rate, requiring luxurious space, and involving a minimum of expense of composition. Immemorially, too, it has gone by political favor, and even of late years when many states regulate its distribution by statute, more often than not it is provided that it shall go to recognized organs of the dominant parties. Indiana, with such a provision, offers a striking example of the consequence. In Illinois, to the west, there are five Democratic newspapers — 5 per cent of the whole number. In Ohio, to the east, there are fifteen — 13 per cent. Indiana has twenty-five, 25 per cent, yet there is only negligible difference in the Democratic strength of the three states — in 1928 this vote was 42 per cent in Illinois, 35 per cent in Ohio, and 40 per cent in Indiana.

Despite these various lets, the trend away from party commitment among the newspapers of the United States is not to be questioned. There are many who lament it, fearful of a day when the Opposition, whatever label it bear, may find itself without a forum. Ernest Gruening, editor of the *Portland* (Maine) *Evening News*, defined this feeling well in a recent address at the University of Iowa.

'Amorphous newspapers resulting from the merger of others,' he said, 'which attempt a general policy of "fairness to all parties," do not meet the needs of the situation at all. Usually such papers are dominated wholly by the commercial motive and do not discuss vital political issues with intellectual honesty and vigor; they pussyfoot or ignore such matters altogether. The result is that the public gets little information on essential public matters through its press, and, not getting it from the press, gets it from nowhere else. The newspapers of an older day were undoubtedly much more biased, partisan, and unfair than the prevailing newspaper of to-day. But from the vigorous clash of diverse views emerged a more virile political-mindedness than we have to-day.'

This attitude on the part of many of our newspapers is undeniable. It has been fostered by a variety of other influences than the commercial motive alone, however, and it is an attitude that has to do with more than politics and public affairs. It affects news of every category in increasing measure.

Spontaneous news is the fashionable news nowadays, and fashion never before ruled the newspapers of this country as it does just now. Competition in the seeking and finding of news has all but passed. It is only here and there that evidences are to be found of the old curiosity as to what lies behind and beneath any given situation, as to where and how far its implications may run. The news that comes in, and as it comes in, suffices for the overwhelming majority, and, for a majority of that majority, more than suffices. Acquiescence in things as they are has become as standardized as form and matter; often acquiescence is complete indifference.

All these are habits common to the newspapers of the country as a whole. Their exemplification is most striking in political affairs, perhaps, but there is reason for deeper concern in the fact that they embrace all other affairs of social import. The degree of the newspapers' own responsibility for them is not easy to establish. External influences have been many, and all the more powerful because they have not affected newspapers alone. The really important thing is that a fundamental change is being wrought in what has been a vital agency of guidance throughout our history. The character of the newspaper's service in the future lies wholly within the realm of speculation.

RELIGION MEETS SCIENCE

BY JULIAN S. HUXLEY

I

RELIGION and Science — it is a difficult subject, not one that is easy to discuss fully and frankly without arousing angry emotions or bruising intimate and sacred feelings. Yet the task is one which ought to be attempted. Provided that a man treats of these things honestly and sincerely, with no desire to sneer at or provoke others, those who differ from him have indeed no right to be angry or feel hurt.

I have devoted most of my life to science. But I have always been deeply interested in religion, and believe that religious feeling is one of the most powerful and important of human attributes. So here I do not think of myself as a representative of science, but want to talk as a human being who believes that both the scientific spirit and the religious spirit are of the utmost value.

No one would deny that science has had a great effect on the religious outlook. If I were asked to sum up this effect as briefly as possible, I should say that it was twofold. In the first place, scientific discoveries have entirely altered our general picture of the universe and of man's position in it. And, secondly, the application of scientific method to the study of religion has given us a new science, the science of comparative religion, which has profoundly changed our general views on religion itself.

To my mind, this second development is in many ways the more important, and I shall begin by trying to explain why.

There was a time when religions were simply divided into two categories, the true and the false; one true religion, revealed by God, and a mass of false ones, inspired by the Devil. Milton has given expression to this idea in his beautiful hymn, 'On the Morning of Christ's Nativity.' Unfortunately this view was held by the adherents of a number of different religions — not only by Christians, but also by Jews, Mohammedans, and others; and with the growth of intelligent tolerance many people began to feel doubtful about the truth of such mutually contradictory statements. But in any case the rise of the science of comparative religion made any such belief virtually impossible. After a course of reading in that subject, you might still believe that your own religion was the best of all religions; but you would have a very queer intellectual construction if you still believed that it alone was good and true, while all others were merely false and bad.

I would say that the most important contribution which the comparative study of religions has made to general thought is this. We can no longer look on religions as fixed; there is a development in religion as there is in law, or science, or political institutions. Nor can we look on religions as really separate systems; different religions interconnect and contribute elements to one another. Christianity, for instance, owes much not only to Judaism,

but also to the so-called mystery religions of the Near East, and to Neo-Platonism.

From this point of view, all the religions of the world appear as different embodiments of the religious spirit of man, some primitive and crude, some advanced and elaborate, some degenerate and some progressive, some cruel and unenlightened, some noble and beautiful, but all forming part of the one general process of man's religious development.

But does there really exist a single religious spirit? Are there really any common elements to be found in Quakerism, say, and the fear-ridden fetishism of the Congo, or in the mysticism and renunciation of pure Buddhism and the ghastly cruelties of the religion of ancient Mexico? Here, too, comparative study helps us to an answer. The religious spirit is by no means always the same at different times and different levels of culture. But it always contains certain common elements. Somewhere at the root of every religion there lies a sense of sacredness; certain things, events, ideas, beings, are felt as mysterious and sacred. Somewhere, too, in every religion is a sense of dependence; man feels himself surrounded by forces and powers which he does not understand and cannot control, and he desires to put himself into harmony with them. And, finally, into every religion there enters a desire for explanation and comprehension; man knows himself surrounded by mysteries, yet he is always demanding that they shall make sense.

The existence of the sense of sacredness is the most basic of these common elements; it is the core of any feeling which can properly be called religious, and without it man would not have any religion at all. The desire to be in harmony with mysterious forces and powers on which man feels himself dependent is responsible for the expression of religious feeling in action, whether in the sphere of ritual or in that of morals. And the desire for comprehension is responsible for the explanations of the nature and government of the universe, and of the relations between it and human destiny, which in their developed forms we call theology.

This is all very well, some of my readers will have been saying to themselves, but there has been no mention of God and no mention of immortality; surely the worship of some God or gods, and the belief in some kind of future life, are essentials of religion? Here again, comparative religion corrects us. Those are undoubtedly very general elements of religion; but they are not universal, and, therefore, not essential to the nature of religion. In pure Buddhism there is no mention of God; and the Buddhist's chief preoccupation is to escape continued existence, not to achieve it. Many primitive religions think in terms of impersonal sacred forces permeating nature; personal gods controlling the world either do not exist for them, or, if they do, are thought of vaguely as creators or as remote final causes, and are not worshiped. And a certain number of primitive peoples either have no belief at all in life after death, or believe that it is enjoyed only by chiefs and a few other important persons.

II

The three elements I have spoken of seem to be the basic elements of all religions. But the ways in which they are worked out in actual practice are amazingly diverse. To bring order into the study of the hundreds of different religions known, we must have recourse

to the principle of development. But before embarking on this I must clear up one point.

I said that an emotion of sacredness was at the bottom of the religious spirit. So it is; but we must extend the ordinary meaning of the word 'sacred' a little if we are to cover the facts. For the emotion I am trying to pin down in words is a complex one which contains elements of wonder, a sense of the mysterious, a feeling of dependence or helplessness, and either fear or respect. And not only can these ingredients be blended with each other and with still further elements in very different proportions, so as to give in one case awe, in another case superstitious terror, in one case quiet reverence, in another ecstatic self-abandonment, but the resulting emotion can be felt about what is horrifying or even evil, as well as about what is noble or inspiring. Indeed, the majority of the gods and fetishes of various primitive tribes are regarded as evil, or at least malevolent; and yet this quality which I have called sacredness most definitely adheres to them. As Dr. Marett points out in one of his books, we really want two words — 'good-sacred' and 'bad-sacred.'

It will, perhaps, help to explain what I mean if I remind you that Coleridge in *Kubla Khan* uses the word 'holy' in this same equivocal way, of the 'deep romantic chasm' in Xanadu: —

> A savage place, as holy and enchanted
> As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
> By woman wailing for her demon-lover.

In most primitive religions the two feelings are intimately blended and equally balanced; it is only later that the idea of the 'good-sacred' gets the upper hand and the 'bad-sacred' dwindles into a subordinate position, as applied to witchcraft, for instance, or to a Devil who is inferior to God in power as well as goodness.

Do not be impatient at my spending some time over these barbaric roots of religion. They may not at first sight seem to have anything to do with our modern perplexities, but they are as a matter of fact of real importance, partly because they are fundamental to our idea of what religion is, partly because they represent the base line, so to speak, from which we must measure religious development. And, I repeat, the idea of development in religion is perhaps the most important contribution of science to our problem.

It is not possible for me to go fully into this huge subject of religious development. But I can, perhaps, manage to remind you of some of its major stages.

In the least developed religions, then, it is universally agreed that magic is dominant. And by magic is meant the idea that mysterious properties and powers inhere in things or events, and that these powers can be in some measure controlled by appropriate formulas or ritual acts. It is also universally agreed that the ideas behind magic are not true. Primitive man has projected his own ideas and feelings into the world about him. He thinks that what we should call lifeless and mindless objects are animated by some sort of spirit; and because they have aroused an emotion of fear or mystery in him, he thinks that they are themselves the seat of a mysterious and terrifying power of a spiritual nature. He has also used false methods in his attempts at achieving control; an obvious example is the use of 'sympathetic magic,' as when hunting savages kill game in effigy, believing that this will help them to kill it in reality.

But, though the ideas underlying magic are demonstrably false, a good

many magic beliefs still linger on, either still entwined with religion, or disentangled from it as mere isolated superstition, like superstitions about good and bad luck, charms and mascots. Anyone who really believes in the efficacy of such luck bringers is in that respect reasoning just as do the great majority of savages about most of the affairs of their life.

As I said before, in the magic stage, gods may play but a small part in religion. The next great step is for the belief in magic to grow less important, that in gods to become dominant. Instead of impersonal magic power inherent in objects, man thinks of personal Beings, controlling objects that are themselves inanimate.

When we study different religions at the beginning of this stage, we find an extraordinary diversity of gods being worshiped. Man has worshiped gods in the semblance of animals; gods that are represented as half human and half bestial; gods that are obviously deified heroes (in Imperial Rome even living emperors were accorded divine honors); gods that are the personification of natural objects or forces, like sun gods, river gods, or fertility gods; tribal gods that preside over the fortunes of the community; gods that personify human ideals, like gods of wisdom; gods that preside over human activities, like gods of love or gods of war.

From these chaotic origins, progress has been mainly in two directions — ethical and logical. Beginning often by assigning barbaric human qualities to deity, qualities such as jealousy, anger, cruelty, or even voluptuousness, men have gradually been brought to higher conceptions. Jehovah was thought of in very different terms after the time of the Hebrew prophets. His more spiritual and universal aspects came to be stressed, in place of the less spiritual and more tribal aspects which appealed to the earlier Jews. Many men in the great age of Greece revolted against the traditional Greek theology which made the gods lie and desire and cheat like men. A great many modern Christians have put away the traditional idea of Hell from their theology because they hold fast to a more merciful view of God. We may put the matter briefly by saying that, as man's ethical sense developed, he found it impossible to go on ascribing 'bad-sacred' elements to divine personality, and came to hold an ethically higher idea of God.

On the logical side, the natural trend has been toward unity and universality. The many incomplete and partial gods of polytheism give place to a complete and single God; warring tribal gods give place to the universal God of all the world.

What exactly this means, whether man, as his powers develop, is seeing new aspects of God which previously he could not grasp, whether he is investing with his own ideas something which is essentially unknowable, or whether, as some radical thinkers believe, the concept of God is a personification of impersonal powers and forces in nature, it is not possible to discuss here. What is assuredly true is that man's idea of God gradually alters, and becomes more exalted. Theology develops; and, with the change in theology, religious feeling and practice alter too.

At the moment a new difficulty is cropping up as a result of the progress of science. If nature really works according to universal automatic law, then God, regarded as a ruler or governor of the universe, is much more remote from us and the world's affairs than earlier ages imagined. Modern theology is meeting this by stressing the idea of divine immanence in the minds and ideals of men.

III

Here I must get back to the general idea of religious development. There is one rather curious fact about this. The intensity of religious feeling may be as great, the firmness of belief as strong, in the lowest religions as they are in the highest. The difference between a low and a high religion is due to the ethical, moral, and intellectual ideas which are interwoven with the religious spirit, which color it and alter the way it expresses itself in action.

The spiritual insight of the Hebrew prophets could not tolerate the idea that material sacrifices and burnt offerings were the best means of propitiating God, and they inaugurated a new and higher stage in Hebrew religion, epitomized in the words of the psalmist, 'The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.' Jesus could not tolerate the idea that forms and ritual observances were the road to salvation, and inaugurated not only a new religion but a new phase in world history by his insistence on purity of heart and self-sacrifice, epitomized in the words, 'The kingdom of God is within you.' Paul could not tolerate the idea that God would offer salvation to one nation only, and made of infant Christianity a world religion instead of merely an improved religion for the Jews.

Those are cases where the new insight was from the start applied directly to religion. But often the new ideas begin their career quite independently of religion, and only later come to influence it. Orthodox religion, for instance, was on the whole favorable to the institution of slavery. The abolition of slavery was due at least as much to new humanitarian and social ideas, often regarded at the time as heterodox or even subversive, as to religious sentiment. But, the change in public sentiment once effected, it had a marked effect on religious outlook. The same sort of thing could be said about our changed ideas on the use of torture, on the treatment of criminals and paupers and insane people, and many other subjects.

But it is in the intellectual sphere, during the last few centuries at least, that changes which in their origin were unrelated to religion have had the most considerable effect upon the religious outlook. Those who are interested will find a lucid and thought-provoking treatment of the whole subject in Mr. Langdon-Davies's new book, *Man and His Universe.* Here I must content myself with two brief examples. When Kepler showed that the planets moved in ellipses instead of circles, when Galileo discovered craters on the moon, spots on the sun, or showed that new fixed stars could appear, their discoveries were not indifferent to religion, as might have been supposed. On the contrary, they had as much influence on the religious outlook of the day as did the ideas of Darwin on the religious outlook of the Victorian age, or as the ideas of Freud and Pavlov are having on that of our own times. For to the Middle Ages a circle was a perfect form, an ellipse an imperfect one; and the planets ought to move in circles to justify the perfection of God.

So, too, mediæval religious thought was impregnated with the idea (which dates back to Aristotle) that change and imperfection were properties of the sublunary sphere — the earth alone. All the heavenly regions and bodies were supposed to be both perfect and changeless. So that the discoveries of imperfections, like the sun's spots or the moon's pockmarks, or of celestial changes like the birth of a new star,

meant an overhauling of all kinds of fundamental ideas in the theology of the time.

As a second example, take Newton. We are so used to the idea of gravity that we forget what a revolution in thought was caused by Newton's discoveries. Put simply, the change was this. Before Newton's time, men supposed that the planets and their satellites had to be perpetually guided and controlled in their courses by some extraneous power, and this power was almost universally supposed to be the hand of God. Then came Newton, and showed that no such guidance or controlling power was, as a matter of fact, needed; granted the universal property of gravitation, the planets could not help circling as they did. For theology, this meant that men could no longer think of God as continually controlling the details of the working of the heavenly bodies; as regards this aspect of the governance of the universe, God had to be thought of at one remove farther away, as the designer and creator of a machine which, once designed and created, needed no further control.

And this new conception did, as a matter of historical fact, exert a great influence on religious thought, which culminated in Paley and the Bridgewater School, early in the last century.

IV

It is considerations like these which lead us on to what is usually called the conflict between science and religion. If what I have been saying has any truth in it, however, it is not a conflict between science and religion at all, but between science and theology. The reason it is often looked on as a conflict of science with religion is that the system of ideas and explanations and reasonings which crystallizes out as a theology tends to become tinged with the feeling of sacredness which is at the heart of religion. It thus gets looked on as itself sacred, not to be interfered with, and does, in point of fact, become an integral part of the particular religion at its particular stage of development. So we may, if we like, say that science can be in conflict with particular stages of particular religions, though it cannot possibly be in conflict with religion in general.

Now the man of science, if he is worth his salt, has a definitely religious feeling about truth. In other words, truth is sacred to him, and he refuses to believe that any religious system is right, or can satisfy man in his capacity of truth seeker, if it denies or even pays no attention to the new truths which generations of patient scientific workers painfully and laboriously wrest from nature. You may call this a provocative attitude if you like; but on this single point the scientist refuses to give way, for to do so would be for him to deny himself and the faith that is in him — the faith in the value of discovering more of the truth about the universe.

He knows quite well that what he has so far discovered is the merest fraction of what there is to know, that many of his explanations will be superseded by the progress of knowledge in the future. But he also knows that the accumulated effect of scientific work has been to produce a steady increase in the sum total of knowledge, a steady increase in the accuracy of the scientific explanation of what is known. In other words, scientific discovery is never complete, but always progressive; it is always giving us a closer approximation to truth.

Thus, knowing as he does that both science and religion have grown and developed, and believing that they

should continue to do so, he does not feel he is being subversive, but only progressive, in what he asks. And what he asks is that religion, on its theological side, shall continue to take account of the changes and expansions of the picture of the universe which science is drawing.

I say *shall continue*, for it has done so in the past, although often grudgingly enough. It gave up the idea of a flat earth; it gave up the ideas that the earth was the centre of the universe and that the planets moved in perfect circles; it gave up the idea of a material heaven above a dome-like sky, and accepted the idea of an enormous space peopled with huge numbers of suns, and indeed with other groups of suns each comparable to what we for long thought was the whole universe; it accepted Newton's discovery that the heavenly bodies need no guidance in their courses, and the discoveries of the nineteenth-century physicists and chemists about the nature of matter; it has abandoned the idea that the world is only a few thousand years old, and has accepted the time scale discovered by geology. And it finds itself no worse off for having shed these worn-out intellectual garments.

But there are still many discoveries of science which it has not yet woven into its theological scheme. Only certain of the churches have accepted evolution, though this was without doubt the most important single new idea of the nineteenth century. Religion has not yet assimilated recent advances in scientific knowledge of the brain and nervous system, of heredity, of psychology, or of sex and the physiology of sex. And in a great many cases, while accepting scientific discoveries, it has only gone halfway in recasting its theology to meet the new situation.

But, whatever this or that religion may choose to do with new knowledge, man's destiny and his relation to the forces and powers of the world about him are, and must always be, the chief concerns of religion. It is for this reason that any light which science can shed on the nature and working of man and the nature and working of his environment cannot help being relevant to religion.

V

What, then, is the picture which science draws of the universe to-day, the picture which religion must take account of (with due regard, of course, for the fact that the picture is incomplete) in its theology and general outlook? It is, I think, somewhat as follows. It is the picture of a universe in which matter and energy, time and space, are not what they seem to common sense, but interlock and overlap in the most puzzling way. A universe of appalling vastness, appalling age, and appalling meaninglessness. The only trend we can perceive in the universe as a whole is a trend toward a final uniformity when no energy will be available, a state of cosmic death.

Within this universe, however, on one of the smaller satellites of one of its millions of millions of suns, a different trend is in progress. It is the trend we call evolution, and it has consisted first in the genesis of living out of non-living matter, and then in the steady but slow progress of this living matter toward greater efficiency, greater harmony of construction, greater control over and greater independence of its environment. And this slow progress has culminated, in times which, geologically speaking, are very recent, in the person of man and his societies. This is the objective side of the trend of life; but it has another side. It has also

been a trend toward greater activity and intensity of mind, toward greater capacities for knowing, feeling, and purposing; and here, too, man is pre-eminent.

The curious thing is that both these trends, of the world of lifeless matter as a whole, and of the world of life on this planet, operate with the same materials. The matter of which living things are composed is the same as that in the lifeless earth and the most distant stars; the energy by which they work is part of the same general reservoir which sets the stars shining, drives a motor car, and moves the planets or the tides. There is, in fact, only one world-stuff. And since man and life are part of this world-stuff, the properties of consciousness or something of the same nature as consciousness must be attributes of the world-stuff, too, unless we are to drop any belief in continuity and uniformity in nature. The physicists and the chemists and the physiologists do not deal with these mind-like properties, for the simple reason that they have not so far discovered any method of detecting or measuring them directly. But the logic of evolution forces us to believe that they are there, even if in lowly form, throughout the universe.

Finally, this universe which science depicts works uniformly and regularly. A particular kind of matter in a particular set of circumstances will always behave in the same way; things work as they do, not because of inherent principles of perfection, not because they are guided from without, but because they happen to be so made that they cannot work in any other way. When we have found out something about the way things are made so that we can prophesy how they will work, we say we have discovered a natural law; such laws, however, are not like human laws, imposed from without on objects, but are laws of the objects' own being. And the laws governing the evolution of life seem to be as regular and automatic as those governing the movements of the planets.

In this universe lives man. He is a curious phenomenon: a piece of the universal world-stuff which, as result of long processes of change and strife, has become intensely conscious — conscious of itself, of its relations with the rest of the world-stuff, capable of consciously feeling, reasoning, desiring, and planning. These capacities are the result of an astonishingly complicated piece of physical machinery — the cerebral hemispheres of his brain. The limitations to our capacities come from the construction of our brains and bodies which we receive through heredity; with someone else's body and brain, our development even in the same environment could have been different. And these differences in human capacity due to differences in inheritance may be enormous. The method of inheritance in men is identical in principle with the method of inheritance in poultry or flies or fish. And by means of further detailed knowledge we could control it, and therefore control human capacity, which is only another way of saying that man has the power of controlling his own future; or, if you like to put it still more generally, that not only is he the highest product of evolution, but, through his power of conscious reason, he has become the trustee of the evolutionary process. His own future and that of the earth are in large measure in his hands. And that future extends for thousands of millions of years.

Lastly, we must not forget to remind ourselves that we are relative beings. As products of evolution, our bodies and minds are what they are because they have been moulded in relation to the world in which we live. The very

senses we possess are relative — for instance, we have no electric sense and no X-ray sense, because electrical and X-ray stimuli of any magnitude are very rare in nature. The working of our minds, too, is very far from absolute. Our reason often serves only as a means of finding reasons to justify our desires; our mental being, as modern psychology has shown, is a compromise — here antagonistic forces in conflict, there an undesirable element forcibly repressed, there again a disreputable motive emerging disguised. Our minds, in fact, like our bodies, are devices for helping us to get along somehow in the struggle for existence. We are entrapped in our own natures. Only by deliberate effort, and not always then, shall we be able to use our minds as instruments for attaining unvarnished truth, for practising disinterested virtue, for achieving true sincerity and purity of heart.

I do not know how religion will assimilate these facts and these ideas; but I am sure that in the long run it will assimilate them as it has assimilated Kepler and Galileo and Newton and is beginning to assimilate Darwin; and I am sure that the sooner the assimilation is effected, the better it will be for everybody concerned.

VI

So far I have spoken almost entirely of the effect of science upon the religious outlook — of the effect of scientific method upon the study of religion itself, leading us to the idea of development in religion; and of the effect of scientific discoveries in general upon man's picture of the universe, which it is the business of religion to assimilate in its theology. Now I must say something about the limitations of science. Science, like art, or morality, or religion, is simply one way of handling the chaos of experience which is the only immediate reality we know. Art, for instance, handles experience in relation to the desire for beauty, or, if we want to put it more generally and more philosophically, in relation to the desire for expressing feelings and ideas in æsthetically satisfying forms. Accuracy of mere fact is and should be a secondary consideration to art. The annual strictures of the Tailor and Cutter on the men's costumes in the Academy portraits are more or less irrelevant to the question of whether the portraits are good pictures or bad pictures.

Science, on the other hand, deals with the chaos of experience from the point of view of efficient intellectual and practical handling. Science is out to find laws and general rules, because the discovery of a single law or rule at once enables us to understand an indefinite number of individual happenings — as the single law of gravitation enables us to understand the fall of an apple, the movement of the planets, the tides, the return of comets, and innumerable other phenomena. Science insists on continual verification by testing against facts, because the bitter experience of history is that, without such constant testing, man's imagination and logical faculty run away with him and in the long run make a fool of him. And science has every confidence in these methods because experience has amply demonstrated that they are the only ones by which man can hope to extend his control over nature and his own destiny. Science is in the first instance merely disinterested curiosity, the desire to know for knowing's sake; yet in the long run the new knowledge always brings new practical power.

But science has two inherent limitations. First, it is incomplete, or perhaps I had better say partial, just because it only concerns itself with

intellectual handling and objective control. And secondly, it is morally and emotionally neutral. It sets out to describe and to understand, not to appraise or to assign values. Indeed, science is without a scale of values; the only value which it recognizes is that of truth and knowledge.

This neutrality of science in regard to emotions and moral and æsthetic values means that, while in its own sphere of knowledge it is supreme, in other spheres it is only a method or a tool. What man shall do with the new facts, the new ideas, the new opportunities of control which science is showering upon him does not depend upon science, but upon what man *wants* to do with them; and this in turn depends upon his scale of values. It is here that religion can become the dominant factor. For what religion can do is to set up a scale of values for conduct, and to provide emotional or spiritual driving force to help in getting them realized in practice. On the other hand, it is an undoubted fact that the scale of values set up by a religion will be different according to its intellectual background: you can never wholly separate practice from theory, idea from action. Thus, to put the matter in a nutshell, while the practical task of science is to provide man with new knowledge and increased powers of control, the practical task of religion is to help man to live and to decide how he shall use that knowledge and these powers.

The conflict between science and religion has come chiefly from the fact that religion has often been afraid of the new knowledge provided by science, because it had unfortunately committed itself to a theology of fixity instead of one of change, and claimed to be already in possession of all the knowledge that mattered. It therefore seemed that to admit the truth and the value of the new knowledge provided by science would be to destroy religion. Most men of science and many thinkers within the churches do not believe this any longer. Science may destroy particular theologies; it may even cause the downfall of particular brands of religion if they persist in refusing to admit the validity of scientific knowledge. But it cannot destroy religion, because that is the outcome of the religious spirit, and the religious spirit is just as much a property of human nature as is the scientific spirit.

What science can and should do is to modify the forms in which the religious spirit expresses itself. And once religion recognizes that fact, there will no longer remain any fundamental conflict between science and religion, but merely a number of friendly adjustments to be made.

In regard to this last point, let me make myself clear. I do not mean that science should dictate to religion how it should change or what form it should take. I mean that it is the business and the duty of the various religions to accept the new knowledge we owe to science, to assimilate it into their systems, and to adjust their general ideas and outlook accordingly. The only business or duty of science is to discover new facts, to frame the best possible generalizations to account for the facts, and to turn knowledge to practical account when asked to do so. The problem of what man will do with the enormous possibilities of power which science has put into his hands is probably the most vital and the most alarming problem of modern times. At the moment, humanity is rather like an irresponsible and mischievous child who has been presented with a set of machine tools, a box of matches, and a supply of dynamite. How can religion expect to help in solving the problem before the child cuts itself or blows it-

self up if it does not permeate itself with the new ideas, and make them its own in order to control them?

That is why I say — as a human being and not as a scientist — that it is the *duty* of religion to accept and assimilate scientific knowledge. I also believe it to be the *business* of religion to do so, because if religion does not do so, religion will in the long run lose influence and adherents thereby.

I see the human race engaged in the tremendous experiment of living on the planet called earth. From the point of view of humanity as a whole, the great aim of this experiment must be to make life more truly and more fully worth living; the religious man might prefer to say that the aim was to realize the kingdom of God upon earth, but that is only another way of saying the same thing.

The scientific spirit and the religious spirit both have their parts to play in this experiment. If religion will but abandon its claims to fixity and certitude (as many liberal churchmen are already doing), then it can see in the pursuit of truth something essentially sacred, and science itself will come to have its religious aspect. If science will remember that it, as science, can lay no claim to set up values, it will allow due weight to the religious spirit.

At the moment, however, a radical difference of outlook obtains as between change in science and change in religion. An alteration in scientific outlook — for instance the supersession of pure Newtonian mechanics by relativity — is generally looked on as a victory for science; but an alteration in religious outlook — for instance, the abandonment of belief in the literal truth of the account of creation in Genesis — is usually looked on as in some way a defeat for religion. Yet, either both are defeats or both are victories — not for particular activities such as religion or science, but for the spirit of man. In the past, religion has usually been slowly or grudgingly forced to admit new scientific ideas; if it will but accept the most vivifying of all the scientific ideas of the past century, — that of the capacity of life, including human life and institutions, including religion itself, for progressive development, — the conflict between science and religion will be over, and both can join hands in advancing the great experiment of man, of ensuring that men shall have life and have it more abundantly.

THE QUIET ONES

They have a curious wish in life,
All shy and selfish ones —
Whose minds are chilled by winter mists,
Whose hearts are shriveled nuns.

They most desire a narrow grave
Where only one can lie,
No sound except the starred mole's feet
In earth go creeping by,
Companion to the blind white roots
And alien to the sky. . . .

Make it a meagre grave that they —
Slight things of hollow bone —
May touch dark marl on either side
And know they are alone.

Be still — for every sound rings loud
In thin-walled, empty brains;
Pity them when at night you hear
Hounds go crying in the rains —
  They lie so restless when hounds go
  Crying along the rains.

JOSEPHINE JOHNSON

MEMORIES OF WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

BY ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

I

In William Vaughn Moody, America has had a poet whom Americans are in danger of forgetting. The neglect is natural, in view of the poetic revolution which occurred just after his death, and in which death alone prevented his participation. It is none the less regrettable. And in forgetting the poet we also lose the man, who as a person combined the most engaging and inspiring traits of pagan and of mystic. To those who have read him well, Moody marks an important development in American literature. To those who have known him well, he represents all that and, in addition, the happy human embodiment of the art which was both root and flower of his being.

It is difficult to think of a person more perfectly endowed in mind and body than Moody. Physically he was of medium height, graceful and well proportioned, with a strength beyond his stature and great power of endurance. His hands were unusually deft and sensitive, his eyes a clear blue, radiant beneath the light brown hair that waved above his forehead. In youth his habitual expression was one of calm self-possession. Yet a guarded joy looked out from his eyes with gleams of ironical amusement, and occasionally his whole being would flame up in laughter. Later in life his face took on the more melancholy aspect made familiar by his portrait of himself, in which the Vandyke beard adds to the gravity of his appearance.

It would be hard to say whether his delight in nature or in art was greater, but there is no doubt that his senses, naturally keen, were schooled to richer enjoyment by his training in music, painting, poetry. His sensuous equipment he respected as part of his endowment for his vocation. He was very fond of smoking, but once he declared that if he thought tobacco tended to dull the senses he would never light his pipe again. With the extraordinary gusto which he brought to experience he coupled a personal reserve, an exact sense of values, a fundamental seriousness, which set him apart from others, and constituted an essential element of his character as poet.

II

My own recollection of Moody goes back to his freshman year at Harvard. We were reading the *Phormio* when Professor Smith called, 'Mr. Moody next,' and for the first time I heard the vibrant, musical voice which always expressed so perfectly the man and the poet. He sat behind me, and for many weeks remained only a voice. Presently I read his first poem in the *Harvard Monthly*, and as I was a candidate for the *Monthly* myself, the thought of having Moody for a colleague lent energy to my striving. I had come to know him by sight, and I suppose he knew me likewise, but it was characteristic of Harvard in the nineties that

we never spoke. Robert Herrick and Norman Hapgood divided the editorship of the *Monthly* that year, and under their somewhat skeptical guidance Moody and I were admitted to the board.

He was not an organization man. A figure of speech or a flawless line of verse meant more to him than any institution. But, as if he recognized this bias as a danger, he showed heroic patience in performing whatever task was laid upon him. You had only to say, 'You ought to do that,' and with dogged obedience he went about it. His courses he chose with fine economy, selecting subjects in which guidance counted most, and avoiding those, such as English literature or composition, which he could master by himself. Next to David S. Muzzey, now Professor of History at Columbia, he was first in his class, and he held the largest scholarship.

Dedicated to poetry from early youth, Moody faced his long apprenticeship with both confidence and humility. Once when I pointed out the difficulty of distinguishing one's self in a crowded world, he replied with boyish solemnity, 'No man can refuse to run at Olympia.' In preparation he was not ashamed to learn from the masters. Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, Tennyson, Browning, Rossetti, Swinburne — each was for the moment his model, to be imitated with an accuracy which has done some wrong to his later fame. Subsequently the robust manner of Kipling appealed to him, and his mediæval fancy turned from Tennyson to William Morris. After he had come to Chicago, he read us the poems of Francis Thompson, and I am told that Thompson once asked Professor Hart of Wellesley about Moody, 'the man in America who writes like me.' A fine passage would haunt his mind for years. I remember on our walk through the Black Forest his quoting quite suddenly the lines from Dante which stand as text for 'A Dialogue in Purgatory,' written much later.

During these middle years of Eliot's presidency, Harvard offered a life of extraordinary variety and freedom. The stiffness between Harvard and what was then the Annex had broken down. On nights when the Browning Club forgathered, the austere corridors of Hollis and Thayer rustled with ladies' skirts. Moody belonged to this and another mixed group, the Comedy Club, as well as to the Signet, the Delta Upsilon, and the O. K. In those days also there was free exchange between the faculty and such of the undergraduates as cared to trade. The Hapgoods were great friends of William James; I think it was Norman Hapgood who introduced Moody to him and to the Crawford Howell Toys, who were generously hospitable to us all. Several younger men had recently brought back from Europe a new learning: George Santayana in philosophy, Edward Cummings in sociology, Arthur R. Marsh in comparative literature, and a little later, in English, Lewis E. Gates, who became Moody's close friend and critic.

Moody prepared for his degree in three years and spent his fourth abroad with Ingersoll Bowditch, whom he tutored. That summer Norman Hapgood, Louis Dow, and I joined them for a walking trip through the Black Forest and Switzerland. I remember particularly Moody's enthusiasm when, after an early morning climb through mist and sleet on the Cima di Jazzi, we came out on the sunny slopes above Domodossola, to be confronted by our first view of the Italy he was to love so much. Italy and Greece were associated in his mind with a sense of humanity and the unseen

powers which rule its fate: Italy with the mediæval mysticism of Dante's theology, Greece with joy in life restrained by classic measure and the decrees of the gods. One is the inspiration of *The Masque of Judgment*, the other of *The Fire-Bringer*.

During his absence Moody was elected class poet, and returned to deliver his poem on Class Day, 1893. In the summer he and I undertook to revise Bulfinch's *Age of Fable*, and sought relaxation in cruising about Buzzards Bay. He remained at Harvard for two years as graduate student and assistant to Lewis Gates, finding new companions in Trumbull Stickney, already giving promise of the poetic career to be so untimely ended, in Josephine Preston Peabody and Daniel Gregory Mason. A special chapter should be written on Moody's friendships, and it should be written by a poet. His companionship was a precious thing and he gave it generously to many. But he was at his best in association with makers — those who, like himself, had seen the vision and not been disobedient to it.

Personal intercourse gave scope to his faculty for making all communication a sort of fine art. Of such intimacy his play with words was a distinct promotion. About him there inevitably grew up a special vocabulary, a kind of secret language. His relish for words, both noble and base-born, was amusingly illustrated when we stepped into a Chicago bar one day. A habitué displayed a familiarity which Moody discouraged with some accentuation of the Cambridge manner; whereupon the aggrieved stranger asked why he was so 'abrupt.' That adjective delighted Moody. Indeed, much of the spice of our conversation in those days was his play with words. His delight in both Hardy and Francis Thompson was partly verbal.

Moody undoubtedly exposed his own work to criticism by his use of archaic or unfamiliar terms, but he had the spirit of the pioneer and was willing to take chances. He always dissented from Wordsworth's theory that there should be no difference between the diction of poetry and that of prose. The word was for him an element of poetry, to be employed with a reverent sense of its use in the past, by the poets and by the people. His equally vivid feeling for contemporary colloquial values is brought out in 'The Menagerie,' which for that reason has a unique worth to those who knew him. Always his aim was precision, and if *le mot juste* was unfamiliar or had to be reminted, he yielded to the necessity, which with him was one of feeling as well as thought.

Akin to this zest for words was his pursuit of the figures of speech to which they invited him. Once, coming back from a walk, he said with satisfaction, 'We chased a metaphor all across Harvard Bridge and back.'

III

Coming to Cambridge from the Middle West, Moody had seized with genuine hunger upon its rich civilizing influence. He was spiritually homesick at leaving, but family obligations compelled him to increase his resources. Of the two openings offered, he chose to join Robert Herrick and me at the University of Chicago. The crudeness of the Western scene oppressed him sorely, and he resented still more at first the somewhat forced and pretentious quality of its nascent culture. In the end, however, it is impossible to doubt that the result, even in his own eyes, was good. His years in Chicago were years of growth as a human being, and humanity was the essence of his art. Hitherto his inspiration had been

literary and the result largely imitative; now he began to draw from his own experience and to achieve a freer, more personal manner.

His new environment offered from the beginning an intellectual companionship and stimulus fully as valuable as that which Harvard had to give. The colleagues whose knowledge he laid most fruitfully under contribution were Paul Shorey in Greek, Ferdinand Schevill in the Middle Age and Renaissance, and John Matthews Manly in English literature. Among other influences must be set down his own teaching. Instead of reading papers for a large course, he taught classes limited to thirty, involving contact with a variety of human types — close, conscientious, but seldom intimate. One of his pupils writes of the 'dreamy aloofness, the habit of slow, impersonal, vivid epigram, which we associated with Mr. Moody.' His lectures were carefully organized and delivered in perfect form. I have seen hundreds of students' themes painfully corrected in red ink, with elaborate comment written in his clear, beautiful hand.

That year we had a coöperative household managed by my wife, with Moody and Ferdinand Schevill as members. We were all poor, but living was cheap after the World's Fair. When the weekly budget worked out to $8.38 apiece for rent, service, and food, we felt entitled to a celebration in a private room at the Bismarck, where real Pschorrbrau tempered our exile from Jakey Wirth's ale in Boston. We used, for some reason, to dress for these parties, and I remember Moody in his tail coat doing a dance to the tune of 'Twinkle, twinkle, little star,' with a humorous solemnity that was most engaging. The guitar was often in play as accompaniment to his varied store of songs, especially in Chicago, whose freer atmosphere brought to all of us a certain expansion of mood. I had never known Moody so natural, so easy, so blithe.

Moody's second year in Chicago is chiefly memorable for his editing of Milton's poems, English and Latin, which he did with a thoroughness that lifted the task far above hack work. His contract called for the conventional text with introductions and notes, but Moody could not let it go at that. He scrutinized the text in its various readings, and returned to Milton's original spelling. He made a new translation of the Latin poems. His essays introducing each division are fine examples of critical prose. All this was done for the fee originally set, which the publishers, however, voluntarily increased. But Moody's real compensation was far greater. Milton was not one of the poets for whom in his youth he greatly cared, preferring the more lavish art of Shakespeare or Shelley. Moreover, Milton's theology was repulsive to him. But through conscientious effort to enter into the spirit of the Puritan poet he learned to know his greatness, and later, in his own best poetry, profited by Milton's influence. By virtue of this economy, which consisted in putting his full strength into every undertaking, nothing he ever did was without value to him.

These first eighteen months in Chicago were rewarded by half a year of freedom, which saw the beginning of his career as a recognized poet. He sailed for Naples, and at Sorrento had the experience recorded in 'Good Friday Night,' which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* for May 1898. A morning ride out of Orvieto, during a bicycle trip with Ferdinand Schevill, inspired his 'Road-Hymn for the Start,' published in the *Atlantic* for June 1899.

Later he joined us in Venice at the Casa Frollo, where insect life tormented him by night, but nightingales sang beneath his window. In our gondola, manned by one Luigi, we set out every morning for the Lido, or took longer trips to Torcello and Murano, where Moody was endlessly enthralled by the glass blowers. Craftsmanship in every form delighted him. Occasionally we went to an exhibition of modern art which included a triptych representing the Last Judgment: in the centre, the Deity in his wrath, on the sides the contorted bodies of the damned. I wondered at the fascination which that gruesome picture held for Moody. Later I recognized it as one of the sources of *The Masque of Judgment.*

From Venice, Moody and I bicycled to Asolo, and later joined my family at Cortina, with Cristallo, Tofana, and Sorapis menacing above the joyous valley. Here Moody began to write *The Masque of Judgment,* the origins of which are clear. The picture at Venice gave the emotional shock — indignation that 'God' could so treat his creatures. The Dolomites furnished the setting. Milton supplied the intellectual background: as attorney for the defense, justifying the ways of God to men, he challenged Moody to argue for humanity, the plaintiff.

Moody wrote industriously through the mornings, complaining of Raphael's loquacity and wishing he would have done, so that we might further explore the Dolomites. At length the Archangel stayed his speech and we set out afoot. Once we lay for an hour confronting a mass of tawny rock with huge red stains like congealed blood on its face, as if it had been gashed by an axe. Another glorious morning, walking around the Marmolada, we came to a spot where the retreating snow field met the green grass in a sharp edge. Moody at once proposed that we should strip and take our morning bath by rolling down the slope, to feel the stinging cold of the snow and the sudden release of the sun-warmed earth.

It was on this day that I found in my mail the *Boston Transcript* with William James's oration on the dedication of the Robert Gould Shaw monument, which gave the keynote to the 'Ode in Time of Hesitation,' published in the *Atlantic* for May 1900.

Our final exploit was an ascent of the Gross-Venediger. We found ourselves disappointed in our hopes for another glimpse of Venice, and we were shockingly unprepared for high altitudes. After I started back to Cortina, leaving Moody at Innsbruck alone, he was ill from exposure for some days. It was the first breach in his magnificent health.

Riding by night because of the heat, he made his way to Ravenna, whose mosaics may also have figured in *The Masque of Judgment,* and finally to Genoa, where he was again ill, lying half conscious for days. One morning he realized that his steamer was due to sail, whereupon he got up, packed, and made his way to the quay, to fall again unconscious in his berth.

IV

In the succeeding years Moody found conditions at Chicago more favorable to poetry, thanks largely to Professor John M. Manly, who became head of the English Department and Moody's close friend. He found also a group of Chicago writers: Harriet Monroe, Hamlin Garland, Henry B. Fuller, William Morton Payne. To Hamlin Garland, with whom he took a horseback trip in the mountains of Colorado, Moody owed his introduction to wild nature, and, at the other

end of the scale, his interest in social problems, of which 'Gloucester Moors,' published in *Scribner's Magazine* for December 1900, is unmistakable evidence. In these years after the Spanish War there was strong feeling in Chicago against the annexation of the Philippines, of which Henry B. Fuller was the mouthpiece and which Moody shared. His poem 'On a Soldier Fallen in the Philippines,' published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for February 1901, was a very bold utterance, and in a university less tolerant than Chicago would have cost an instructor his position.

In 1900 appeared *The Masque of Judgment*, in 1901 his first collected *Poems*. The next year we spent the winter together in Boston completing our *History of English Literature*, a fortunate venture, since it rendered Moody independent of teaching, which he forthwith renounced. President Harper made him a standing offer for a single quarter at full professor's salary, and Manly patiently arranged courses for him, but these were always withdrawn.

Aside from the necessity of saving himself for his true work, he recoiled from the formal teaching of literature. 'I cannot do it,' he told Manly. 'At every lecture I slay a poet.'

In the spring of 1902, while visiting Mrs. Brainerd at Cape Henry, Moody spoke one evening of the Prometheus legend as another approach to the problem of man's separation from God, treated in *The Masque of Judgment*. This was the origin of *The Fire-Bringer*. Next morning he started for Greece, where he traveled afoot through the Peloponnesus. At Corinth he felt that power of human love to annihilate distance which is the subject of 'The Moon Moth,' and in Crete he had again a vision of the actual presence of Christ, recorded in 'Second Coming.' No one who knew Moody can doubt that these were real experiences, 'closer to him than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.' In July, I found him in Paris, rereading the entire body of Greek tragedy with Trumbull Stickney, who was then engaged on his thesis in Greek literature for the doctorate at the Sorbonne, and who was an incomparable guide and stimulus. Stickney had himself written a lyric drama, *Prometheus Pyrforos*, the influence of which is discernible in Moody's larger, full-bodied work.

Returning to America, Moody made his headquarters in New York, where he was the centre of a group of younger poets, especially Ridgely Torrence, Edwin Arlington Robinson, and Percy Mackaye. He was also a frequent visitor at Mrs. Brainerd's home in Chicago. Most of this time he drew a small income from the two books on English literature, but until the success of *The Great Divide* his livelihood was far from assured. Magazines offered a steady market for his verse, but nothing could bring him to publish a poem which he considered beneath his best. Up to the time of his death, the bulk of his writing was destroyed. It is true, he never starved, but he did meet hardship and denial like a good soldier in a cause he would not betray, even by compromise.

V

The Fire-Bringer was published in 1904, and it is not too much to say that critics accepted it as placing Moody at the head of American poetry. In England, William Archer had included the 'Ode in Time of Hesitation' in an anthology of modern verse, and May Sinclair now wrote enthusiastically, hailing him as first of the

'American trio,' the others being his friends, Robinson and Torrence. At this time, however, he turned to prose drama, a form which had always fascinated him as a vehicle for representing human experience, and as a challenge to his craftsmanship. As early as 1896 he was following newspaper accounts of a Western faith healer named Schlatter and discussing him as dramatic material. But before embodying this conception he wrote *The Sabine Woman*, renamed *The Great Divide*.

The play was shown to Margaret Anglin, then playing in Chicago, who resolved to try it out in the last days of her engagement. No one who was present on the opening night will forget the circumstances, as exciting as the play itself. After the first curtain went down amid a whirlwind of applause, the management presented Moody with a contract, threatening to stop the performance unless he signed. But Moody had been warned against hasty engagements. A lawyer, plucked from the audience, scanned the document while the house awaited the outcome of this drama-between-acts. At last an agreement was effected. The principals carried off the second act fairly well, but the supporting cast had gone cold during the delay. Forgetting their lines, they wandered vaguely about, opening and shutting windows or reading newspapers. Toward midnight the third act staggered to a lamentable conclusion. It was a harrowing experience for a man of Moody's temperament.

That summer at Cornish I saw the play grow anew under his hand. I had known him as a most meticulous craftsman, but I had not known, nor ever have seen since, anything like his power of fierce concentration. There were many friends near by, — the Herricks, the Hapgoods, the Churchills, Miss Ethel Barrymore, — but Moody was not to be diverted for more than an occasional set at tennis or a plunge in the swimming pool. The revised play, triumphantly produced in New York by Margaret Anglin and Henry Miller, remains a landmark in American drama.

Moody's health had been perfect until after the ascent of the Gross-Venediger, and the effects of that seemed to pass away completely. He had, however, a severe fall while traveling in the Peloponnesus in 1902. Four years later I met him in New York, walking quite unconcernedly to Doctor Bull's hospital to have a growth removed from his injured leg. Probably the growth was malignant, for symptoms returned later and at last appeared in the brain. It was the same terrible malady from which Trumbull Stickney had died, and Moody must have had its horror clearly before him, but he bore himself always with stoicism.

My last meeting with him was in the winter of 1909, when he came out to Jackson Park for an afternoon of skating, a pastime he always relished. After twenty minutes he drew up at the bank, took off his skates, and we walked slowly away under the trees, which suddenly reminded him of the snowy woods on Arlington Heights above Cambridge, where we had spent many winter afternoons.

That winter he went to California, where he painted with William Wendt. He was married to Mrs. Brainerd in May, and her devoted care and the companionship of Ferdinand Schevill were his last happiness. To the latter he confided his constant regret that he had given so much precious time to prose, which he, like Milton, reckoned to be 'but the work of his left hand.' Once he said, 'It is perhaps a judgment that this confusion has fallen upon me.'

He died on October 17, 1910. The night before his death there came to him one of those visions which he always held as the source of his highest poetry, as commands not to be disobeyed — a vision of Saint Paul, commemorated in a stanza of Percy Mackaye's *Uriel.*

VI

It is Moody's strength and glory that he worked in the great tradition of poetry. A scholar by instinct, he went to the past not only with his mind but with his heart. Its learning, its technique, he brought to the service of a spirit essentially modern. Even those poems 'reminiscent' in manner — 'Harmonics,' 'A Grey Day,' 'The Brute,' 'The Menagerie' — deal with experiences and thoughts entirely his own, and mark the growth of a form in which imitation has given way to genuine assimilation. From these tentative beginnings he progressed through the lavish abundance of his middle period to the severe restraint and sheer concentrated energy of 'I Am the Woman' and 'The Death of Eve.'

This ultimate fusion of abundance and austerity is found only in the greatest poets. It is perhaps superfluous to point out that the two elements reflect two aspects of Moody's character: on the one hand, a natural paganism to which the visible, tangible world made urgent appeal; on the other, a solemn sense of the mystery behind the external frame. It was his task to show that the two could be reconciled; that the separation of man from God was not of the senses, but of the intellect.

This theme, the essential unity of the world with God, is the subject of his trilogy of poetic dramas, presented through conceptions which as myths or theologies have expressed mankind's sense of its relation to God. *The Fire-Bringer* deals with the striving of man, in his great prototype Prometheus, to rise and take part in the creative struggle. *The Masque of Judgment* reveals the tragedy of a God who denies this element in his creation, and who through his annihilation of his world is himself undone. 'The Death of Eve,' of which only the first act was finished, was to have set forth the search of mankind for reconciliation with God, through Eve, the first means of separation.

The criticism of his poems and plays, as they appeared, showed Moody's contemporaries fairly unanimous in accepting his work as part of the poetry which will live. That his present popularity is in no way commensurate with his achievement is due partly to the lack of public interest in poetry during his lifetime, partly to the poetic revolution instigated by the Imagists immediately after his death. It was natural that they should adopt a certain militancy against poetic conventions and those who in any way countenanced them. I remember that once when Miss Amy Lowell was asking about Moody, whom she had never met, she murmured as if to herself, 'I wonder if he could have kept us back.'

There is, however, a special poignancy in the obliviousness or hostility of his successors toward a poet who, if he had lived, would have sympathized with much in the new programme. Some of the objectives declared by the Imagists Moody had already achieved; toward others he was clearly progressing. True, he would never have accepted the visible world as a spectacle merely, with no curiosity about its meaning. But the æsthetic principle that the form of poetry should grow out of the subject, rather than that subject should be

fitted to a given form, was and had long been entirely his own. As early as 1898 he wrote of *Samson Agonistes*, 'The idea might naturally have occurred to [Milton] of casting away the fixed form altogether as a useless fiction.' In many other aspects his poetry anticipates the most modern of his successors. To-day the Imagists themselves have been outmoded by those who deem it truly modern to accept certain conventions, provided one views them with enlightenment and a touch of disdain; who in their verse cultivate the verbal and technical virtuosity which in Moody was subjugated to prophetic fire, while in their critical prose they deplore the absence of that flame from their contemporaries.

With all his forward-looking qualities, Moody was distinctly a poet of his age. In summing up his work it is interesting to note how the forces of the time wrote themselves out in the form and substance of his verse. There is the eclecticism of the dying Victorian period and its self-consciousness, its moral energy. There is something of the realism which reflected the influence of science, and the tendency of realism to extend itself into symbolism through the intimations which it carries of the world beyond that which we see and touch. Moody passed from the realm ruled by Tennyson and Browning, Rossetti and Swinburne, to that in which he was akin to Maeterlinck, Francis Thompson, and Ernest Dowson. Like the latter, he confronted the eternal problem of the dualism of flesh and spirit and their inevitable union, although his solution was different. I feel sure that he wrote 'Good Friday Night' and 'Second Coming' before he knew Dowson's poetry, but the kinship of the two poets is unmistakable. Like Dowson and Symons, he was a lover of Verlaine and the early symbolists. In *The Masque of Judgment* and *The Fire-Bringer* he contributed to the revival of the poetic drama as a literary form, and his prose plays were at the time the most important contribution in the United States to the movement initiated by Ibsen to make the stage once more a vehicle for serious and significant criticism of life. Historically, Moody has an important place in American literature — and we may believe that, like Milton, he 'has left something so written to after times as they should not willingly let it die.'

SENSE FOR REPUBLICANS

BY GEORGE H. MOSES

A DISCUSSION of Republican policies might be modeled upon the famous essay on Snakes in Ireland, which ran: 'There are no snakes in Ireland.'

There are, of course, no end of party platforms, beginning with that adopted at Kansas City after much argument in the Committee on Resolutions and no little debate in the convention hall, and running down to those declarations of county conventions adopted last fall in Nebraska and endorsing Senator Norris for reëlection as a Republican. But, except in Nebraska, these declarations appear to be honored in the breach; and the whole course of party policy seems to be determined by individual interpretation.

As a matter of fact, party platforms become archaic immediately after election day; and, on the whole, I think that we have come to a general adoption of the principle enunciated a good many years ago by a 'reformer' in my State of New Hampshire, the story having been told to me by that experienced and wise old statesman Senator William E. Chandler, who brought me up in politics. It seems that a new party arose in New Hampshire. It nominated a full slate of candidates and — that being before the day of the Australian ballot — had its tickets printed. Mr. Chandler, meeting one of the founders of the new party, demanded, 'What are your principles?' 'Principles?' replied the reformer. 'Wait till we're elected and then we'll show you our principles.'

In 1928 the Republican Party won its greatest victory at the polls, and its platform was presumably endorsed. With Mr. Hoover there was swept into office an unprecedented number of governors, an unwieldy majority in the House of Representatives, and a majority of sixteen in the Senate. Here was presented an opportunity to carry out its platform such as no party had grasped since 1913. No sooner, however, had the Seventy-first Congress assembled in that extra session which Mr. Hoover called because he, at any rate, believed in the keeping of campaign promises, than there arose that individual interpretation of the party platform to which I have alluded earlier and out of which there sprang one of the most amazing political situations which ever have arisen in Congress. In the House all went well, — or fairly so, — because the rules of that body, the method of their application, and the rigid organization which functions there made possible a speedy passage of a tariff bill; whereupon the House went gayly home and the Senate was left to swelter in Washington and to wrestle with the job.

In passing, I may be permitted to remark that the tariff bill as it passed the House was a most imperfect response to the President's Message to Congress, and that the final form which the Senate gave to it was far better suited to the conditions which Mr. Hoover had in mind when he made his rash promise to Senator Borah in 1928. But this result was in spite of and not because of the

anomalous situation which confronted us as soon as the tariff bill reached us.

Immediately there was thrown together the Coalition. It is difficult to describe this group. Even my own biological allusion to them has been criticized as inaccurate. They were rarely of the same personnel as successive votes were taken; they not infrequently quarreled among themselves, and openly; I think there was never a time when all of the Democrats and all of the so-called Insurgents voted together; yet, in spite of the dissenting Democrats, whatever damage was done was always charged up to the Republican Party — and we settled the bill last November! We had had responsibility without authority, and our day of reckoning was bitter.

It was not a new situation which Mr. Hoover had confronted. In 1924, Coolidge was elected by a huge majority; he had the Senate and the House with him — nominally. Yet his measures, his vetoes, his nominations, suffered as hard a fate as any of Hoover's. The reason, of course, is obvious; party authority had diminished. It was no longer good political form to invoke the party name, except in a primary or on election day. This, as I see it, is a direct result of the Seventeenth Amendment and the direct primary. I have no quarrel with either of these devices for engrafting the scion of democracy upon the stem of a republic. They have served me well enough; though I am sure that they have done a great disservice to political parties.

The direct-primary statutes in many of the states are lax beyond compare. In some states there is no party registration at all; the electors vote at will. In others the laws are so languid in their requirements for participation in party affairs that the 'Hessians' are always available. For instance, in one Northern state which is soundly Republican the primary check lists of our party are deeply checkered with names of Democrats who are there for the purpose of naming weak candidates whom they hope to defeat on election day. They manage this much better in the Democratic states of the Solid South; and in this may rest the reason for the higher degree of party solidarity which our opponents possess.

It is not surprising that Republicans who are thus nominated and thus elected should come to look upon themselves as superior to their party organization — if such exists; that they come to think that they have elected themselves and are therefore absolved from allegiance to any organization, its platform, or its policies.

I know that there is much force in this reasoning. I have myself run the gauntlet of three elections to the Senate — each time with a contest both in the primary and in the election; and each time I have felt that it was I, myself, who was the issue. This is probably true because I confess to have been none too regular myself upon occasion. Nevertheless, I have been termed the last of the Tories, and have never taken pains to deny it. Yet I was brought up in the strictest sect of the Sadducees among Republicans; and, except in matters affecting our foreign relations and in which I have had earnest and unyielding convictions, I have 'gone along' with my party as regularly as any precinct chairman in Indiana, that most highly organized of Republican states.

What, then, marks the limits of individualism in a party organization and where does the unpardonable sin enter the scheme of irregularity? I am not sufficiently skillful as a political cartographer to make this map; though the question has lately been raised in an acute form. I only know that

interpretations far different than any I should make have played havoc with Republican prospects. In the instance to which I have referred, that of Senator Norris of Nebraska, there has been much begging of the real question, which, as I see it, is one of party, not to say personal, ethics. Certainly there is no comparison between 1928 and 1912. Roosevelt thought himself fraudulently deprived of a nomination which he had fought for and won, and he and his followers claimed to be the real Republicans. I do not follow them to either of these conclusions; but I do know that no accusation of taint followed the nomination at Kansas City and I do know that the Bull Moose, in many states, made no attempt to overthrow the state tickets set up by the regular organization.

I am a firm believer in the doctrine that a political party must be purged from the inside; therefore I have much sympathy with my co-partisan insurgents, especially since I had my own turn at insurgency many years ago when New Hampshire was ridding itself of an absentee political landlordism. But I think that they now, as I did then, should pick their flint and try again, submitting to majority rule and biding the time when they will be the majority. They certainly are not the majority now, and I doubt if the power issue which they have raised will make them a majority. It certainly will not if the power barons show sense.

Naturally, those who are politically-minded — and I plead guilty — are concerned with forecasting the effect of all this upon 1932. I am not yet swathed in the gloom which enshrouds so many of my party associates. I still think that we elected a President in 1928 to be reëlected in 1932. My mind is sufficiently actuarial to take notice of the doctrine of cycles; because I know full well the habit of history, especially political history, to repeat itself. I was actively in politics in 1890 and in 1910. Therefore I do not overlook the political cycle implied in 1930. There is, however, no Cleveland in the opposition, as there was in 1892; no Roosevelt in our own party, as there was in 1912. Here, I suppose, I should offer my apologies to Mr. Young and Governor Pinchot.

Accordingly, I look to see Mr. Hoover renominated. I make no prediction for the Democrats — though I have an opinion about what they will do. I do not look for the power issue to loom large in either convention. But I do look to see the wet-and-dry issue playing a big part in both conventions. This question already cuts across party lines; and it is by no means inconceivable that there will be a bolt from both conventions next year.

What then? Can we raise the war cry of 1924 and shout: 'Hoover or chaos?'

In the event of the next Presidential election's being thrown into the House of Representatives, where the state delegations vote as a unit, we shall find the Republican states exactly equaled by the Democratic states. No wonder, then, that so many politicians are disturbed by the actuaries' pronouncement that at least seven members of the Seventy-second Congress will die before that body normally assembles in December next.

Still more interesting would it be to know how many of these delegations are either wet or dry; for it might well be that this would determine the Presidency.

However, the main question of concern — to me, anyway — is what my own party can do between now and 1932 to make it the virile and successful organization it has been so often. My guess is that we shall do nothing

speedily, that we shall not summons the bouncer to remove Senator Norris, and that Mr. Lucas will go cheerfully about his appointed round of duties at the Barr Building. In other words, the tares and the wheat will remain together till the harvest. Years ago I used to compare the Republican Party to the Protestant Episcopal Church and say that if that Church could hold Phillips Brooks and Arthur C. A. Hall in its House of Bishops at the same time, the Republican Party was big enough to hold both La Follette the Elder and me. And it was. And I miss that man. He had a give-and-take philosophy; and he was patient — he knew how to wait. Nowadays the reformers all remind me of Lord Randolph Churchill's description of Gladstone as 'an old man in a hurry.' So maybe they are hurrying the Republican Party to destruction. I do not think so — yet.

Much water will run down the Potomac in the next year; and maybe our troubles will run out to sea. As against that chance, however, there are some matters which concern the party organization which must be attended to. In many of the states the so-called Republican organization is a mere shell. It is made up of men who have become dead on their feet. In too many of the states the chairman has but one idea: to get as much money as possible from the national organization. My campaign duties took me into many states last year and I early came to expect two questions: How much? and, How soon? These men resent new blood in the organization, and they especially resent the Nineteenth Amendment voters who have come to take so important a place in Republican politics. Unless these state organizations can be rejuvenated and revamped generally we shall be in a bad way next year.

Another thing: the senselessly bitter primary fights which are made to run over into the election must be reduced to a minimum. I know two states where we lost Senators last fall simply because of this; and I know three other states where this was a prime cause in the catalogue of our catastrophes.

Mr. Hoover has been showing signs of using a big stick. I commend these opportunities to him.

Meantime we shall muddle through in some way. As a matter of fact, I have always wondered that we Republicans have gotten on, in latter years, as well as we have. We have seen our opponents compacted in one section of the country where primary interests are few and simple. And, as a matter of mechanics, they still have in Congress the binding caucus; whereas we, since the advent of the 'Iowa idea,' brought to us by the late Senator Cummins, — who, by the way, lived to look upon this particular child with severe disfavor, — have only a 'conference,' which is never attended by all of us and to whose decisions no one of us owes more than an ethical or sporting allegiance. In addition, we Republicans are spraddled all over the map from Passamaquoddy to Coos Bay, meeting at every natural barrier — such as the Mississippi, the Plains, the Rockies — a new and important set of primary interests. Is it surprising that we have to get on with one another and do the best we can? — which, to use the smug complacency I may be allowed because I am from New England, has not been so bad. Therefore, I warn some of my party associates that we must continue to hold the fire to our bosom even if our clothes are thereby burned.

OUR TARIFF SWADDLING CLOTHES

BY BERNHARD KNOLLENBERG

ALEXANDER HAMILTON is the Leonardo of American political thought. The reader is struck again and again by his versatility, the justness of his perception, and the invariable freshness of his style. His treatment of the protective tariff, of which he was a powerful advocate, is no exception. But present-day defenders of our protective tariff policy will derive no comfort from Hamilton's clean-cut analysis of the purpose and intended effect of a protective tariff in 1792.

Viewing our vast resources of timber, iron, and water power, Hamilton pictures the United States, a nation then devoted almost exclusively to farming and commerce, as a future great manufacturing nation as well. However, having in mind our limited manufacturing experience and scarcity of liquid capital, it appeared to him that the only means of immediately attracting capital from agriculture and shipping to the hazards of manufacture was some form of government subsidy.

A bounty to be paid from the national treasury to the American manufacturers was favored by some. Hamilton, however (always the practical politician as well as the artist), advocated the alternative plan of assisting the manufacturer to collect the bounty direct from the American consumer, thus avoiding any further strain on the overburdened treasury. This would be done by having Congress impose a substantial tariff on imported merchandise. The importer of foreign merchandise would be forced to raise the price of the imported article in the American market, while the American manufacturer, participating in the increase in price, but exempt from paying the duty, would be free to pocket the increase in price received from the American consumer.

The burden on the consuming public was to be continued only until our struggling manufactories were as firmly and profitably established in the United States as were agriculture and shipping. The tariff swaddling clothes were then to be discarded. Unfortunately, Hamilton's plans in the end miscarried. The infant industries grew up, but the tariff persisted.

I

To-day the public ignores the fact, which Hamilton so clearly recognized, that the protective tariff is a bounty paid by the American consumer to the American producer. People appear to look upon tariff protection as one of nature's gifts, like the sunshine or fresh air, enjoyed by the protected producer without cost to anyone else. The soothing sound of the word 'protective' probably has something to do with this. But the general kindliness of attitude toward the tariff is based principally on the latter's reputation as the Laboring Man's Friend. As long as the average wage-earner continues to believe that his full dinner pail (if he is lucky enough still to have one) depends on the tariff, any arguments against it will be dismissed as relatively unimportant.

American economists repudiate the protectionists' claim that the tariff is responsible for the high wage scale in the United States. Their usual explanation of our relatively happy lot is that the great natural resources, per capita, in this country, combined with the unusual energy and inventiveness of our people, have made possible an average return on capital far beyond that of other countries, and that our capitalists have found it necessary to share this high return liberally with labor, because the demand for skilled and semi-skilled labor in the United States has normally equaled or exceeded the supply. Under this view the danger to the wage-earner, now that free government land is no longer at hand to absorb a surplus labor supply, lies not in the repeal of the protective tariff but in the repeal of existing restrictions on immigration. It would be rash to assert that this 'high productivity–high wages' theory is indisputably sound. But it has the merit, at least, of being consistent with the known facts, while, as will be later shown, the protectionists' explanation for high wages in the United States is utterly refuted by the facts.

The protectionists' success in convincing a large part of the American public that high tariffs produce high wages results largely from the coincidence that we have had high wages and a high protective tariff throughout most of our history. Malaria, now known to be caused by the bite of infected mosquitoes, was long thought to be caused by bad air (*mala aria*) rising from marshy ground, because it was particularly prevalent in marshy regions. The fact that there were large, populous sections of the globe where there were plenty of marshes and no malaria was disregarded. A similar coincidence, combined with a similar disregard of disobliging facts, has created and maintained the 'high tariff–high wages' myth. The disobliging facts are these.

First, wages were high in the United States long before the protective tariff was adopted here. Indeed, one of the principal arguments against the protective tariff in Hamilton's time was that the wage scale was so much higher in the United States than in Europe that it was futile to hope that the American manufacturer, however highly protected, could compete with the European manufacturer. Second, wages in all European countries have remained low as compared with the United States, despite the fact that many European countries have even higher protective tariffs than our own. Third, the European country which has the highest wage scale, England, has the lowest tariff, while Spain, the country with the lowest wage scale, has the highest tariff. Fourth, it has been demonstrated again and again that wealth and prosperity cannot be created or maintained by legislative fiat. A statute under which billions of paper marks or rubles are turned off the government printing presses may result in redistributing wealth and, for a limited time, in giving the illusion of prosperity, but such artificial stimulus does not add to a nation's wealth or permanent prosperity, and the same is equally, if not so strikingly, true of tariff legislation.

II

The truth that the tariff is not responsible for high wages cannot be too often reiterated. But the real case, after all, against the tariff is not the absence of its supposed virtue, but its positive vices. These have never been more flagrant than in the Smoot-Hawley Tariff of 1930.

The first count against any tariff is

its discrimination against one group of citizens for the benefit of another. As has been pointed out, high-tariff advocates speak of the American tariff as if it were a kind of manna sent down from the clouds for the favored American producer, providential in character and taking nothing from those who do not share, or fully share, in the 'protection' afforded. This idyllic view of the situation is an illusion. The object and the result of the tariff are to make it possible for the protected producer to sell his product to the American buyer, at a price in excess of that which he would otherwise be able to obtain for it. If a particular tariff schedule fails to do this, then that schedule has failed to reach its objective.

Of course, if the buyer happens also to be a seller, the tariff tribute *received* on what he sells may offset or more than offset the tariff tribute *paid* on what he buys. But if he is not in this fortunate class, the tariff is a heavy and unceasing drain on his pocketbook. The Montana wool grower who, thanks to a 24-cents-a-pound tariff on wool, gets a tariff bounty of, say, $4000 a year from the American woolen manufacturer and consumer can well afford to pay $2000 a year in tariff bounties on the commodities consumed in his household and ranching operations; he still comes out $2000 a year, net, to the good. But the cotton grower in Arkansas or Mississippi is not so fortunate. He may pay only $1000 a year in tariff bounties to protected American producers, but, getting no tariff tribute whatsoever in return, he suffers a net loss from the tariff of $1000 a year — a loss which is frequently the margin for him between a decent living and poverty.

The second count in the indictment against the tariff is its wastefulness. Thanks to our unrivaled developed natural resources, our trained body of machine workers, and our pioneering in mass production, the United States can produce thousands of commodities more cheaply than any other country. Our oil products, copper products, wheat, cotton, meats, automobiles, moving pictures, electrical equipment and supplies, farming machinery, cash registers, and sewing machines compete successfully in all markets of the world, and at a profit which gives to both capital and labor in America a return surpassing that of any other nation.

It is these dominating industries which determine the American standard of wages. They are not, on the whole, benefited by the protective tariff system and would willingly forgo their own protective duties, if any, provided that the protective duties as a whole were lowered or removed, so that they could buy their materials more cheaply and thus reduce their costs of production. Their highest prosperity goes hand in hand with the prosperity of their customers in Europe, Canada, Asia, and South America, as well as in the United States. It is in the mines, factories, and fields of these producers that American genius and surplus capital find their natural and most productive outlet. It is their great and deserved prosperity, a prosperity independent of American tariff bounties, which has made possible and will continue to make possible the high wage of the American workman.

The maintenance and intensification of our policy of 'protection' give artificial stimulus to the production of products requiring a high percentage of hand labor, a special technique, or natural resources with which our country is not peculiarly well endowed. These hothouse industries divert capital and labor from activities in which they would be most effectively

employed into relatively wasteful fields of activity.

If we were still in the colonial or semi-colonial stage, and protectionists to-day could, like Hamilton in 1792, advocate the tariff as a temporary expedient to give our 'infant industries' an initial boost, a great deal could be said for their position. But the industries which are calling for high protection to-day are, with rare exceptions, those which do not have their roots in our natural resources or in the special genius of our people. They are infants which will never grow strong (however fat they may become), because they are congenitally defective. The wastage of the American consumer's money in sustaining these parasitic industries, which absorb capital and labor that would be otherwise more advantageously employed, is colossal. After all, it is not the amount of income measured in dollars, but the amount of income measured in *purchasing power*, which is the true measure of prosperity.

If tariff support were removed, some of these weakling industries, forced to stand on their own feet, would develop resourcefulness and vitality, which would eventually bring them unprecedented prosperity and growth. Others might perish. But, if they did, their place would be filled by the expansion of sounder industries. These industries have already developed, and are in a position to increase, their foreign markets. Obviously, however, they cannot continue indefinitely to sell goods to consumers abroad unless the goods sold abroad are paid for. We already have a larger proportion of the world's stock of gold than is desirable. The rapid expansion of our foreign loans cannot go on forever. If we are to continue to sell abroad, our foreign customers will have to pay us in goods, and the natural and advantageous things for us to accept in payment are the thousand and one products which European and other foreign countries can produce more cheaply and with better workmanship than we can ourselves. Let American capital and labor flow in their natural channels, without interference by tariff legislation, and the country as a whole cannot help but be benefited in the long run by the change.

The third count against the tariff is the fact that it enhances the danger of war. Everywhere abroad to-day one finds fresh resentments caused by our barring foreign products through our recent tariff legislation. France, England, and many other nations have adopted or propose retaliatory measures. But this bitterness, however deplorable, is not the most serious aspect of the tariff situation. Tariffs make for war primarily by curtailing the ties that make for peace.

International communications, transportation, and banking are developing to a degree where, if unimpeded, they would place war, at least among the nations of America and western Europe, almost beyond the range of possibility. Men like Albert Ballin, the German shipmaster, and Sir Ernest Cassel, the British banker, who had almost everything to lose by the disruption of their business relations, came closer perhaps to forestalling the threatening European war in 1914 than ministries, diplomats, or kings. Multiply such men by tens of thousands and they will be a more dependable guarantee of peace than any number of peace treaties or battle fleets. As long as our tariff barriers stand, these peacemaking ties can never be fully developed.

The last count against the tariff is its degrading effect on our political life. The average tariff bill covers a great many items. Because of this, and also because the tariff has long been a

political issue, the public tends to overlook the fact that a tariff bill is merely a patchwork of private bounty bills, each backed to the limit by the prospective beneficiary. The testimony of Senator Grundy concerning the war chest of the Pennsylvania Manufacturers Association served merely to bring out in a particularly striking way what everyone familiar with the Washington scene has long known — that millions of dollars are spent annually by interested producers in electioneering and lobbying for tariff favors.

Pledged by their party platform and goaded to distraction by financially interested constituents, even the best of our Congressmen and Senators participate in the periodic logrolling incident to the enactment of a new tariff law. Votes for Schedule A are bartered for votes for Schedules X and Y, frequently against the best interests of a majority of the logroller's own constituents and almost invariably without reference to the best interests of the country as a whole. In this process of government-by-barter, national interests are trampled into the mire in the wild scramble for the choicest foothold in the tariff trough.

What this country needs even more than a good five-cent cigar is a political leader with the conviction, courage, and ability to deliver the electorate from its outworn fetish of tariff protection.

III

The reply frequently made to the indictment of the protective tariff is that, whatever its faults, it has become an integral part of our economic system, and that the dislocation of business which would result from the repeal of the tariff would more than offset any benefits derived.

This reply loses much of its force by virtue of the fact that the advocates of free trade (except perhaps a certain 'lunatic fringe') propose that the tariff be abolished, not at a single stroke, but by the application of a fixed schedule of reduction extending over a considerable period of years. Moreover, the present tariff results in the very antithesis of stability. Its so-called 'flexible' provisions empower the Tariff Commission and the President, acting together, to change rates — upward or downward — on proof that the existing rates give too little or too much protection to the domestic producer. Foreign producers are invited to come in and show that rates should be reduced; American producers, that they should be increased.

Furthermore, the status quo, under a protective tariff system, is at all times in peril, not so much from free-traders as from those in the protectionist camp. A rudimentary understanding of human nature, not to mention the specific history of our tariff, free land, pension, and other government bounties, should instruct us that, as long as the government continues to hold itself out as granting tariff favors, the pressure to increase the rates on items now protected, and to add new items, will be irresistible. Stability will be possible only when a fixed policy of favors to none is firmly established.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

The case of henry beemis

The complexities of modern life may well puzzle the ordinary citizen. I, for instance, am a chemist, and I specialize in pulp products. I know all about wood pulp and rag pulp and paper making. One morning Henry S. Gryce, the book publisher, came to me.

'Wippert,' he said, 'we publishers are not selling one tenth the books we should, and something has to be done about it. My idea is that people don't buy books because so many books are perishable and poorly made and so bound that they do not seem worth the money. Now I want you to get to work and produce a better book paper. I want you to create a paper that will last forever. Then a book will be a good investment. It will be an heirloom, permanent and imperishable, and people will buy ten times as many books.'

I told him I would get at the job instantly, and I did, and that afternoon Gerald S. Cutts came to me.

'Wippert,' he said, 'we publishers are not selling one tenth the books we should, and something has to be done about it. My idea is that books are too durable. They last forever. A man has only so much shelf room for books, and when his shelves are full he has no place to put more books and he stops buying books. Now I want you to get to work and produce a paper that will disintegrate in one year, leaving nothing but a thin film of dust. I want you to create a paper that will perish in twelve months. Then the overloaded bookshelves will clear themselves automatically, making room for new books, and the people will buy ten times as many books.'

I told him I would begin my experiments at once, and I did.

When I reached home I looked at my own shelves and I saw at once that what Cutts had said was true. My shelves were full of books except for the width of one volume. Volume VIII of my fine set of Thackeray was missing. I had loaned that book to Henry Beemis two years before and he had never returned it, although I had spoken to him about it several times.

What angered me now was that the set, if complete, was worth a lot of money, but with one volume missing it was merely so much junk. I went to the telephone and called Henry Beemis's number; his mother answered.

'I want to talk to Henry Beemis,' I said.

'Who is it?' she asked in a voice that I thought trembled.

'This is George Wippert,' I said, 'and Henry borrowed a book from me two years ago and never returned it. You tell him that if that book is not back here by six o'clock to-morrow night I am going to take an automatic pistol and shoot him dead.'

A man, I felt, is justified in shooting dead any man who borrows a volume out of a set and does not return it.

I spent the evening cleaning my automatic pistol. The next night at six o'clock Henry Beemis had not returned the book. I called up his number again.

'This is George Wippert speaking,' I said. 'Is Henry Beemis there?'

'No, he is not here,' his mother's

voice answered, and I thought it trembled even more than before.

'Where is he?' I asked.

'He has gone out to borrow some books,' she said.

I hung up the receiver and picked up my automatic. I put on my hat and coat and went down to the street. I walked the eight blocks to where Henry Beemis lived and hid in a dark doorway opposite his dwelling place, releasing the safety catch on my pistol.

I must have waited half an hour before I saw Henry Beemis. He stood a moment in his doorway and then stepped into the street, and I raised my pistol and fired. At the same instant a machine gun up the street chattered its 'tut-tut-tut-tut' and a man stepped from a doorway two houses up and fired two barrels of a double-barreled shotgun at Henry Beemis. He fell dead instantly.

I ran across the street just as the man with the shotgun came running to where Henry Beemis lay, and to my surprise I saw that the man with the shotgun was none other than Henry S. Gryce, the book publisher.

'I got him! I got him!' Mr. Gryce cried happily. 'I've been laying for him quite a while, but I got him at last.'

'What did you kill him for?' I asked, for my curiosity was somewhat aroused.

'I'll tell you why I killed him,' said Mr. Gryce. 'He deserved to die. Do you know what he is? He is one of the fellows who borrow books. When he borrows books he does n't have to buy them. When he does n't buy a book I don't sell it. He's been hurting trade.'

Just then the man with the machine gun came to us. He was doubtless delayed by the weight of the machine gun, which was a heavy one. I was surprised to see that he was Gerald S. Cutts, the publisher.

'Good!' he exclaimed. 'I got him this time.'

'And what did you kill him for?' I asked.

'The rascal got what he deserved,' said Mr. Cutts. 'He has been employed by our League for two years and paid a good salary to borrow books and not return them. That clears the shelves and people can buy more books. But this wretch double-crossed us. He returned a book.'

He looked at me more closely then and recognized me, and he saw the automatic in my hand.

'Did you kill him, too?' he asked.

'Yes, I said I would and I did.'

'What did you kill him for?' asked Mr. Gryce.

'I killed him for not returning my book.'

'Really?' giggled Mr. Gryce. 'I killed him for borrowing that book.'

'And he took it back to you tonight,' chuckled Mr. Cutts. 'I killed him for returning it to you.'

It was so funny that we just stood there and laughed and laughed. It was then that Henry Beemis raised his head to utter his last words.

'Gentlemen,' he said, 'if you will pardon me for a moment, it seems to me that the complexities of modern life may well puzzle the ordinary citizen.'

Then he lay down and died completely.

The bridge

It was a hot summer afternoon, so when I reached the bridge, under which there ran a clear and limpid little stream, I called a halt. Running water is a rarity in the arid plains of North China. At the approach to the bridge stood a small stall under an awning of blue cloth, with two benches; and melons and drinks of various

colors were displayed. The seller of drinks was a small, scraggy old fellow, dressed only in a pair of greasy blue breeches, with a wisp of a pigtail and with a remarkable resemblance to Mr. Snowden. He called to me to come and sit under his awning, but as swarms of flies were heartily enjoying his melons I chose the coping of the bridge instead. A group of boys were splashing about in the water below, their naked bodies glistening like burnished copper in the sun. On the bank two women were doing the household washing, clubbing it against a stone, to the accompaniment of continual chatter.

A mournful creaking and squeaking announced the approach of two wheelbarrows. The first stuck in a hole at the foot of the bridge, and the combined efforts of both men were required to lift each barrow separately out of the hole on to the stone roadway. They then retired to the stall to refresh themselves with melons.

A peasant, his hoe over one shoulder and blue jacket hanging loosely from the other, leisurely approached the stall, smoking a long Chinese pipe. A lively conversation was taking place there about the price and prospects of cabbages, the fall in the exchange rate of coppers, and other similarly thrilling subjects.

Suddenly one of the wheelbarrow men said, jerking his thumb in my direction: 'What's he doing here?'

'Who knows?' said the seller of melons in a bored tone, as much as to say, 'Why do you ask such a silly question about a foreigner?'

The peasant, however, was seized by an uncontrollable curiosity. He strolled across to where I was sitting and, when about two yards off, bawled at me at the top of his voice, 'Where are you going to?'

In reply, I looked up and down the road, up into the sky, and over the side of the bridge, but remained silent. This little piece of sarcasm was quite lost on him, for he merely repeated his question in a still louder voice, staring straight at me the whole time. At last, finding that nothing would penetrate my stupidity, he desisted and strolled back to the group, when wheelbarrow man No. 1 said in a superior tone of voice: 'Of course, he does n't understand our language!'

A covered cart, with a coffin protruding from it, came along. It, too, stuck in the hole at the same place. After much shouting and swearing and lashing of the mule, and by manning the wheel himself, the driver managed at last to get the cart on to the bridge. When it had passed, wheelbarrow man No. 2 asked the peasant, 'Who's that?'

'Oh, that's old man Li's cart, of Li Family village. He sent into town to get a coffin for his daughter-in-law. She jumped into the well the day before yesterday,' replied the peasant quite casually.

This somewhat startling news was received by the others without comment. They turned to the more interesting subject of the peanut and melon crops.

A large country cart drawn by two mules approached. It stuck, of course, at the foot of the bridge. And all the efforts of the carter failed to get the animals to drag it on to the bridge. After about five minutes' trying, the carter gave it up and, going across to the stall, bought himself a pink drink.

It was getting late. I got up to continue my walk. As I passed the stall, I said to the company generally: 'Why don't you fill in that hole?'

'What hole?' said the peasant, taking his pipe out of his mouth for a moment and staring at me in surprise.

I pointed to the hole and, turning to the carter, said: 'Why don't you fill it in? It would save you all this trouble.'

'Why should I?' he replied. 'It's not my business.'

'No,' said wheelbarrow man No. 1, 'why should we? It's not our business.'

And old Mr. Snowden echoed complainingly in a shrill and quavering voice: 'Why should they fill it in? It's not their bridge. It's not their business.'

I looked at the perspiring carter, the cool drinks and the shady awning, and back again to the hole. Anyhow, Mr. Snowden had no interest in filling up that hole — that was clear.

And as I walked on I heard one of them say: 'Fill up that hole! That's a good joke!' And another reply: 'That's a proper foreign-devil idea!'

In research of a chair

I had always been a great admirer of research. Men impressed me who had strings of capital letters after their names, and their findings, always expressed copiously and in tongue-troublesome words, seemed to bear authority's own seal. I still believe in research, but I remember also the matter of my folding chairs.

We have a small library of some ten thousand volumes, the largest our town can afford. This library is in my charge, and in most respects I am well content with it. In most respects, I have said. The children's room of the library is not satisfactory. During the Story Hour you will find all the children sitting on the floor. Six years ago I set out to buy two dozen folding chairs. It was in June 1925. The Board had given me full authority, leaving even the price to my discretion, and making only one stipulation. This was that I should consult with Dr. John Littlejohn, a research specialist and a friend of one of the Board members, and buy nothing without his thorough approval.

I had never met Dr. John Littlejohn until the day I went to him full of enthusiasm about my chairs. He received me most cordially in a study lined with books, census reports, statistical analyses. Portions of the wall not beetling with bookshelves were covered by charts with mercuric red lines going places. He heard with a superior, smiling patience my brief story of the need for chairs in the children's room, the Board's favorable action, and my desire to go down to the furniture store that very afternoon, if he could be induced to accompany me, and order them.

It was at this point that Dr. John Littlejohn broke in. Folding chairs, he assured me, were more of a problem than that. Did I realize that not only the present comfort but much of the future health and well-being of our citizens depended upon obtaining the right kind of folding chairs? How could I suggest buying the chairs until the whole subject had been thoroughly examined?

First, there was the matter of the age and height of the children. Would I please tell him the exact ages, by the year and month, of the children who had attended the Story Hour sessions for the last year? I told him that I had no such exact record, but the ages ranged generally between five and eight, and of course we should have to see that the chairs were low enough so that the children might have their feet comfortably on the floor. Dr. Littlejohn was really very polite about my lack of definite statistics, but he pointed out that, aside from the desirability of getting the chairs for exactly the right present age, a still more serious question was involved. Were children who came to Story Hour sessions to-day of the same age as those who came five years ago, or was there a general tendency for

younger children, or older children, to attend? We were not buying folding chairs for a day, and it would be necessary to know present tendencies in Story Hour practice in order to plan for future needs.

I had to admit that I had no definite figures on the subject, but simply the general impression that the age remained about the same. Dr. John Littlejohn pointed out that this was a dangerous ignorance. For example, the growth of kindergartens was tending to bring younger and younger children up to appreciational standards suitable for the Story Hour, and before I knew it I might come to be needing cribs more than folding chairs. On the other hand, there was the increased use of the story as a teaching medium for older scholars and the whole adult education movement. Perhaps grandfathers, too, might need to be provided for. Since I lacked adequate figures, he would have to compile them from other sources. I might return in a month.

When I came back early in July, Dr. Littlejohn had compiled his age statistics, but on further reflection did not consider these adequate. How were they to be correlated exactly with height, which was the important matter with regard to folding chairs? Nothing was clearer from anthropological studies than that the height of the human race had varied considerably in the course of human development and climatic change. Ten years from now, would the height of a six-year-old child be greater or less than at present? More specifically, would a change, supposing there were any, be evenly distributed over the whole body, or might children's legs (which chiefly the folding chairs had to fit) change independently or perhaps even in opposition to the torso or head?

The next time I visited Dr. Littlejohn he was absorbed in the question of color. I had taken the usual yellowish-brown for granted, but he pointed out the enormous psychological influence of color. Now what attitude did we wish to induce — cheerfulness, repose, warmth, coolness, or passion? (I decided against passion.) There was the possibility, too, of alternating two different colors of chairs. One had to remember also that the primary colors appeal to the child mind, while to the adult the more complex mixtures and pastels are more attractive. This in turn raised the question of whether we should cater to the child mind as it is, or endeavor to educate it toward adulthood by painting our chairs green, or purple, or ashes of roses.

I think it was early the next year when the question of the wood to be used came up. It would be desirable to have cost figures on the various woods, to compare them for appearance and for wearing quality, with due allowance for the altitude, moisture, and general temperature of our particular library room. The amount of paint the various woods would absorb was also a factor, as was the season when they were cut.

I began to be disturbed at the growing amount of research required before my children could sit down. At the next meeting of the Board I presented again the problem of the folding chairs with developments of the last two years. I respectfully begged that something might be done speedily — say within the next year or so. They inquired further into Dr. Littlejohn's investigations in our behalf, and agreed among themselves that he was doing a fine and thoroughgoing piece of research. They remained perfectly willing that I should order the chairs, but, since we ought to be sure we had the best possible chairs for the purpose, it was necessary to await Dr. Littlejohn's findings.

I think it was in 1928 that we finally got around to the design of the chairs. This proved to be a problem of enormous importance. There was the artistic side. Should they have Duncan Phyfe legs? What period in furniture would be most appropriate for folding chairs for a Library Story Hour? Perhaps we should investigate the average period and appropriate setting for the stories we expected to tell. More practically, there was the question of width. It was essential that as many chairs as possible be got into the room without undue crowding. How thin or how fat is the average child? Is our civilized diet tending to make children steadily more anæmic, so that the width might be decreased? What was the relative percentage of boys and girls? (Girls were wider at the hips, boys at the shoulders.)

We had almost decided on a design when Dr. Littlejohn began delving into the subject of posture. Because the back of a folding chair is continued into the forward legs, these backs are usually slant. From considerations of health and the future erectness of the race, ought not the children to sit upright? Moreover, should not the back of the chair undulate to fit the curves of the normal spinal column? What was the normal spinal column at the required ages?

Again I reported to the Board, in some desperation, that I did not have the folding chairs. I suggested that, although of course we should not think of buying permanent chairs until the conclusion of Dr. John Littlejohn's investigations, we might purchase cheap ones for temporary use. Possibly they would be worn out by the time Dr. Littlejohn had completed his studies. My suggestion was not taken in the helpful spirit in which it was offered, and the children continued to sit on the floor.

I forget many of the other questions which came up after that time. There was the matter of whether the braces at the bottom of the chairs should be left square or rounded; whether the screws should be countersunk to avoid tearing clothes, or left open to teach the cardinal virtue of carefulness; whether — but after all I may as well omit several years of discussions and jump at once to the one which brought about our final disagreement.

Early in 1931, Dr. Littlejohn began proposing extensive tests for durability and strength in connection with all materials entering into the chairs. 'For,' said he, 'there is no use putting a thirty-year screw in a ten-year chair, or a seat that will outlast a leg. We must be careful to have everything wear out at precisely the same time.'

'Like the one-hoss shay,' I commented.

'Shay? . . . Shay? I never heard of shays,' said the doctor. Then, waxing enthusiastic: 'But that is our ideal! We must bend all our efforts toward getting materials of the same strength and durability. For efficiency, every part of these folding chairs must collapse at once!'

'However perfect such a collapse is as an ideal,' I said, asserting myself for the first time, 'for the person sitting in the chair it would be disconcerting.'

That sentence brought my downfall. I had not known before how thoroughly upsetting the introduction of a practical consideration may be to your real research enthusiast. I emerged from that session a humbled person.

Meanwhile, during Story Hour, the children still sit on the floor after the old Japanese custom, of which I do not approve. Twelve national surveys are being undertaken, and two of international scope. Perhaps the world will be the better for all of this, but I wish I had my two dozen folding chairs.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

APRIL, 1931

FINCH'S FORTUNE

A Novel

BY MAZO DE LA ROCHE

I

NICHOLAS and Ernest Whiteoak were having tea together in Ernest's room. Ernest thought he felt one of his colds coming on and he feared to expose himself to the drafts of passage and hall in such weather. He had had tea brought up to him, therefore, and had asked Nick to join him. They sat before the open fire with the tea table between them — Ernest's cat sitting with paws curled under her breast and eyes narrowed against the blaze, close to her master's feet, and Nicholas's Yorkshire terrier, flat on his side, twitching in a dream. The brothers divided their attention between their tea and their pets.

'He's a bit off color,' observed Nicholas, his eyes on Nip. 'He has n't begged.'

Ernest regarded the little dog critically. 'He does n't get enough exercise. Why, he scarcely leaves your side. He's getting tubby. That's the worst of terriers. They always get tubby. How old is he?'

'Seven. Just in his prime. I can't see that he's tubby.' Nicholas spoke testily. 'It's the way he's lying. He may have a little wind on his stomach.'

'It's lack of exercise,' persisted Ernest. 'Now look at Sasha. She's fourteen. She's as elegant as ever, but then she goes off by the hour, even since this last snowfall. Only this morning she brought a mouse from the stables. Tossed it up and played with it, too.'

He dropped his hand, and his white fingers rested for a moment on the cat's tawny head.

Nicholas responded without enthusiasm. 'Yes. That's the cold-blooded thing about cats. They'd slink off to catch mice or have a disgusting love affair if their master were dying.'

'Sasha does n't have disgusting love affairs,' answered his brother with heat.

'What about that last kitten of hers?'

'There was nothing disgusting about that.'

'There was n't! She had it on your eiderdown.'

Ernest felt himself getting angry, and that was bad for his digestion. The recalling of that morning when Sasha, with a cry of triumph, had deposited her young on his bed (and he

in it!) upset his nerves. He forced himself to say coldly: —

'I don't see what Sasha's kitten has to do with Nip's getting tubby.'

Nicholas had broken his last bit of scone in his tea. Now he carried it in his spoon to his mouth and almost immediately swallowed it. Why did he do that, Ernest wondered. How often their ancient mother had irritated them by this very habit! And now Nicholas was taking it unto himself! If only Nicholas would imitate Mamma's fine qualities, of which there were so many — but no, it was always what he himself had deplored in her lifetime that he reproduced. And there was just enough resemblance — the shaggy brows, the long Court nose — to give Ernest a queer sinking sensation.

They were well past seventy, and the shadow of their fierce old mother still dominated them. Snowflakes flattened themselves against the windowpane, clung there. Other snowflakes fell on these and clung. They were shutting the world out, wreathing themselves like a white muffler about the house. A quantity of drifted snow slid from the roof and was deposited on the window sill, with a soft thud. The shadow of the old mother was shut in the room with them.

The brothers heard the front door bang and listened attentively. On these long midwinter afternoons, when it grew dark so early, the comings and goings of the younger members of the family were of intense interest.

They heard strong steps mounting the stairs, then Nicholas, standing in the doorway, regarded with approval the advancing figure. It was the eldest of their five nephews — Renny Whiteoak — and he arrived in an envelope of air so icy that Ernest, with a gesture of self-preservation, put up his hand.

'Do you mind, Renny, not coming too close to me? One of my colds threatening.'

'Well, well, that's too bad.' Renny crossed the room, leaving two heelprints of snow on the rug, and stood on the opposite side of the fireplace. He looked down at his uncle with sympathy. 'How do you think you got it?'

'I did n't say I'd got it!' Ernest spoke irritably. 'I said it was threatening.'

'Oh! What you need, then, is a good dose of rum and hot water.'

'That's what I tell him,' agreed Nicholas, letting himself down into his chair, which creaked under him, 'but he always fusses more about his digestion than he does about his health.'

'My digestion *is* my health,' retorted his brother. 'But let us talk of something else. Have you had your tea, Renny?'

'In my office. There was a new foal coming and I did n't want to leave.'

'I remember. Cora was going to have one. How did she get along?'

'Splendidly. She has never done so well before. She's frightfully proud of herself. When I went to her the last time she tried to tell me all about it. She stopped nozzling the foal and rolled her eyes at me and went "Ho-ho-ho-ho-ho!" — like that.' Renny gave a not unsuccessful imitation of a loved mare's greeting to her master after a triumphant delivery.

The uncles gazed up at him, across the thirty-odd years that separated them from him, with the tolerant amusement, the puzzled admiration, he always inspired in them. He was so different from what they had been at his age. They had been lovers of fine horseflesh, but not horsy. They had been living in England at that time and had never missed the races; Nicholas had kept a quite 'dashing'

pair of carriage horses, had been a bold hand with the reins, had kept a handsome Dalmatian to run beside the glittering enamel of the carriage wheels; but to have spent a winter's afternoon in a stable for the consolation of a mare in her labor would have been abhorrent to them. They saw Renny wiry, in rough tweeds, snow melting on his heavy boots, his knuckles looking chapped, as he spread his hands to the fire, his red hair in a defiant crest above his thin, highly colored face. They saw that face wary, passionate, kindled by the vitality within, as the flames played over it, intensifying and sharpening it.

'Well, well,' rumbled Nicholas, 'that is good news.'

'Are you sure you won't have some tea?' asked Ernest.

'No, thanks. Rags brought a plate of buttered toast to my office and a pot of tea strong enough to raise your hair.'

Ernest thought of the office, in a corner of the stables, its yellow oak desk, where were preserved the pedigrees of horses, overdue bills from the veterinary, newspaper cuttings concerning horse races and shows, and carefully kept accounts of sales. He thought of the bright lithographs of famous horses on the walls, the hard chairs, the bareness, the chill, the unyielding discomfort. He shivered. Yet he knew that Renny had consumed his clammy toast and bitter tea there with the satisfaction with which a plumber might devour his lunch in a flooded kitchen. A queer fellow, but a fine fellow, too. Hot-tempered, willful. 'A perfect Court,' as his grandmother used to say, who herself had been a perfect Court. They had been a family who had glorified their faults under blazing banners of tradition.

Renny sat down and lighted a cigarette. Nicholas took out his pipe. The sound of a piano came faintly from below. Renny turned his head, as though to listen; then he said, with a note of embarrassment in his voice: —

'He's got a birthday coming. Young Finch, I mean.' And he added, looking straight into the fire, 'He'll be twenty-one.'

Nicholas pressed the tobacco into the bowl of his pipe with his finger. He made little sucking noises, though it was not yet lighted. Ernest said eagerly: —

'Yes, yes — by George, I'd forgotten! How the time goes! Of course, he'll be twenty-one. Hmph . . . yes. . . . It seems only the other day when he was a little boy. Not so very long ago since he was born.'

'Born with a caul,' mumbled his brother. 'Lucky young devil! Good Lord, he's had luck, has n't he?'

Nicholas made no effort to keep the heaviness out of his voice, no pretense of raising his head above the long wave of disappointment that, ever since the reading of his mother's will, had submerged him at intervals. He had no need to be reminded of the date of Finch's coming of age. It stood out as the day of sunny fulfillment for the boy, through the darkness of his own eclipse. 'He'll be coming into his money, eh?'

Ernest thought, 'It's up to me to be cheerful about this birthday. We must not seem bitter or grudging. But Nick's so selfish. He acts just as though he had been perfectly sure of the money, when really Mamma was more likely to leave it to me. Or even Renny. I was quite prepared to hear that it would be Renny's.'

He said, 'There must certainly be some sort of celebration. A party — or treat of some kind — for Finch.' He still thought of Finch as a schoolboy.

'I should say,' said Nicholas, 'that the hundred thousand itself is treat enough.'

Renny broke in, ignoring the last remark. 'Yes. That's what I've been thinking, Uncle Ernie. We ought to give him a dinner — just the family, and one or two friends of his. You know — ' He knotted his reddish brows in the effort to express the subtle convictions of his mind.

'I know,' interrupted Nicholas, 'that Piers had no party when he came of age.'

'He was up North on a canoeing trip at the time.'

'Nor Eden!'

'He'd just been suspended for six weeks from Varsity. Likely I'd give him a party! There were great doings when Meggie and I were twenty-one.'

'Meggie was the only daughter, and you were the eldest son and heir to Jalna.'

'Uncle Nick, do you seriously mean that you don't want any notice taken of the boy's birthday?'

'N-no. But, why pretend to rejoice over his coming into what all three of us had hopes of inheriting — more or less?'

'Then, I suppose, if I had got Gran's money, you'd have — '

'No, I should n't. I'd have been comparatively satisfied — if either you or Ernest . . .'

Ernest spoke, with a tremor of excitement in his voice. 'Now, I'm quite with Renny in this. I think we should do something really nice for Finch. We were all of us pretty hard on him when we heard that he'd got everything.'

Renny jerked out, 'I was n't!'

Nicholas muttered, 'I don't remember you congratulating him.'

'I could scarcely do that with the rest of the family on its hind legs tearing its hair!'

After the impact of Renny's voice — metallic when raised — there was a space of silence, through which came insistently from below the sound of the piano. The three were mentally reconstructing the hour when the family on 'hind legs' had created a memorable scene with the poor piano player as its centre.

Wragge, a white-faced, small-nosed cockney, with a jutting chin and impudent mouth, came in, carrying a lighted lamp. The lamplight fell on the shiny sleeves and shoulders of the black coat he always wore after his morning's work was done. 'Rags,' as he was called by Renny and his brothers, half affectionately, half in derision, had been brought to Canada with Renny after the War, and had married, almost on the day of arrival, another Londoner, a cook of no mean powers but with a taste for spirits and heated controversy. The pair were so firmly established at Jalna as cook-general and house-parlorman that the disapproval of the uncles and the genuine dislike of Renny's wife had no power to undermine their position.

Wragge had been Renny's batman when he had been an officer in the Buffs, and a bond, seldom made manifest except in furtive, almost conspiratory glances, existed between them. Renny liked Mrs. Wragge's cooking; he liked her red, aggressive face and stout body presiding in the brick-floored basement kitchen. He liked Wragge. And Wragge had the cocksure attitude of the unscrupulous servant who knows that his situation is secure.

He placed the lamp on the table and drew the curtains, then turned away and picked up the tea tray. He did not close the door behind him, but made way for two people who were just coming into the room. These were Piers and his little son Maurice, who rode on his shoulder. 'Mooey,' as they called him, shouted, as he reached the fireside group: —

'I've got a norse to wide! I've got a nish 'orsie!'

'Good boy,' said Nicholas, taking a little dangling foot in his hand.

Ernest remarked, 'He does not speak as nicely as Wakefield did at his age. Wakefield always spoke beautifully.'

'Because he's always been such a conceited little devil,' said Piers, setting his small son on the arm of Nicholas's chair, from where he scrambled on to his great-uncle's big relaxed body, repeating, 'I've got a norsie to wide!'

'Now, now,' admonished Piers, 'less noise.' Piers, like Renny, showed the vigor of an outdoor life, but his skin had the fresh fairness of a boy's, and his full lips had a boyish curve, half sweet, half stubborn, that could harden into a line of cruel contempt without changing the expression of his bold blue eyes.

'I wish,' said Ernest, 'that you would shut the door, Piers. Between the noise of the piano and the noise of the child, and the draft from the stairway and the fire being almost out, I feel my cold getting worse.'

Cornering him, Renny observed, 'I thought you said the cold was only threatening.'

Ernest flushed slightly. 'It *was* only threatening. Now it's here.' He took out a large white silk handkerchief and blew his nose with an aggressive toot.

The piano below broke into a tempestuous Hungarian dance.

'I'll shut the door!' cried Mooey, and he scrambled down, ran across the room, and pushed the door so that it closed with a bang.

Ernest was fond of his nephews, he was fond of his little grandnephew, but he wished they had not chosen this particular evening for congregating in his room. He thought rather resentfully of the number of afternoons when he sat alone, unless he went down to the drawing-room — when even Nicholas did not come to keep him company. Now, just when he was feeling rather off color, they were crowding in. If one came, others were always sure to follow.

Then there was this troubling question of Finch's birthday party. He did not see any sense in it. He, like Nicholas, thought that a fortune of one hundred thousand dollars was treat enough in itself. Considering, of course, the way the lad had come by it. Mamma's leaving it to him had been such a surprise, such a shock, that to make Finch's coming of age a moment for festivity seemed too cruel.

Yet, there was another way of looking at it. Might not the excitement of a party help to drown the bitterness of the moment for Finch's elders, as the clamor of a wake smothers the sorrow of the bereaved? Might they not well join their hands and sing, 'For he's a jolly good fellow,' even while in their hearts they mourned, 'Oh, sorrow, sorrow the day'? He grasped the nettle, as was his wont when driven to it, and, raising his eyes to Piers's face, said calmly: —

'We've just been discussing some sort of celebration for Finch's coming of age. What would you suggest?'

Renny, with concentrated gaze, began to poke the fire. Nicholas turned his massive head and regarded his brother sardonically. So that was the way old Ernest was going to save his face! Well, let them see what Piers would say about it. Piers was a tough-fibred fellow; no damned sentiment about him.

Piers stood stock-still, his hands pushed into his pockets, considering the full import of the question. He knew by the way Renny beat the smouldering lump of coal in the grate, by the hunch of Uncle Nicholas's shoulders, by the nervously defiant

expression of Ernest, that the discussion had not been one of purely affectionate interest in the event. How could it be? He himself, though he had never said so, had had keen hopes of inheriting Gran's fortune. She had said to him time and again, 'You're the only one of the lot who looks like my Philip. You've got his eyes, and his mouth, and his back, and his legs. I'd like to see you get on in the world!' God, that had been something to go on, had n't it? But Finch, with his lanky form, his hollow cheeks, and the limp lock hanging on his forehead, had, somehow or other, wormed his way into Gran's affections, had got the money. How he had got it was a question now dead, and why dally with the corpse? The living fact was Finch's birthday; Finch's fortune dropping like ripe fruit, on that birthday, into the midst of the family.

He said, in his voice that had a ring of heartiness which made the laborers of the farm he rented from Renny put up with a good deal of arrogance from him: —

'I think it's a very good idea. As for the sort of thing, anything at all will please Finch. Just the idea of good will, and all that.'

Renny was glad of this unexpected support from Uncle Ernest and Piers. He would have given the dinner party in any case, but he preferred that the guests should not be unwilling. (Even Nicholas gave a grunt that might be taken for acquiescence.) He thought, 'We're closer together than anyone knows, far closer than anyone could know.'

Piers swayed a little, hands in pockets, and went on: 'We gave Finch rather a nasty time after the will was read. We were pretty rough on him. He went out and tried to drown himself, did n't he?'

'No need to drag that up,' said Renny.

Ernest clenched his hand and examined the whiteness of his knuckles. Nicholas pressed Mooey to him. Suddenly flames sprang from the fire, filling the room with warm color, turning Sasha, curled on the hearthrug, into a glowing golden ball.

'Well, there's just this need,' returned Piers; 'it reminds us that it's up to us to make him feel that that sort of thing's all done with. Make him feel that he's forgiven —'

Renny interrupted, 'There is n't anything to forgive.'

'Perhaps not. But you know what I mean. I know that all this year and a half — or whatever the time is — he's felt like a sneak —'

'And was n't he a sneak?' demanded Nicholas.

'Yes. Probably he was. But he's got the money. And he's as weak as water. If his family don't stand by him, there'll be lots of other people who'll make up to him. Mark my words, he'll go through Gran's money in no time. And do no good to anyone — not even himself.'

He broke off rather suddenly, halted by the expressions of the three others, who could see the door to which he had his back. The door had been hesitatingly opened and Finch's long face had looked around it.

'Hello, Unca Finch!' cried Mooey. 'I'm here!'

'Come in, come in, and shut the door!' said Ernest almost too heartily.

'We were just talking about you,' said Piers, cheerfully.

Finch stood with his hand on the door knob, a sheepish grin making his face less attractive than usual. 'I — I guess I won't come in, then.'

'Shall I tell him what we were saying?' Piers asked of Renny.

Renny shook his head. 'Time enough for that.' He moved along the settee to make room for Finch.

Finch dropped beside him, drew up one bony knee and clasped it in his long shapely hands. 'Well,' he said, 'it's been an awful day, has n't it? Lucky for me it's Saturday, so I had n't to go in to Varsity. How is your cold, Uncle Ernest?'

'Getting steadily worse.' Again he tooted his nose into his silk handkerchief.

'It has threatened, arrived, and grown steadily worse, all in the space of an hour,' said Nicholas, in a soft voice.

'I've got one too,' said Finch, and he coughed without restraint.

'You should n't have been hanging about the stables this afternoon,' said Renny.

'I got fed up with the house. Been in all day. Swotting.'

He was devoured by curiosity to know what they had been saying about him. He was sure they often talked of him; he had an uneasy and morbid sense of importance. He wished they would begin again. And yet he shrank, definitely and quiveringly, from being the centre of discussion. He was like a convert to Catholicism who dreads the confessional yet yearns for it all too frequently.

Renny was conscious of Finch's unease. Through their bodies, in contact on the settee, there passed a communion instinctive as the passage of a bird by night. As though to give the boy confidence, his elder pressed closer against him; then, lest that should seem like a caress, he turned to chaffing.

'You should have seen this fellow's face!' he exclaimed. 'He appeared in the door of Cora's stall just as she was dropping her foal. He was absolutely goggle-eyed. You'd have thought he'd been born only yesterday himself, he looked so shocked.'

'Look here!' cried Finch hotly. 'You know I always keep away from those things. I did n't know what was going on till I got there. I — it's just that I don't care about seeing —'

'Of course you don't,' comforted Renny. 'And you shan't! We'll not let you be frightened again.'

'Oh, hell! I was n't frightened! It was only so beastly — coming on it all so suddenly.'

Piers observed, 'You see, he had thought all along that colts were brought into the world like babies. He believed that the vet brought them in his Ford, with their manes all crimped and their tails tied up with ribbon, and a little celluloid bit in their mouths in place of a comforter!'

Finch joined, in spite of himself, in the burst of laughter at his expense.

Mooey sat up and looked from one strongly marked, laughing face to another. He declared, solemnly: —

'Oh, hell! I'm not f'ightened!'

His father stared at him. 'What's that you said?'

'I said —' He put his hands across his eyes and peeped between his fingers.

'Well, don't say it again!'

'He should not be sworn before,' remarked Ernest.

'Whose boy are you?' asked Nicholas, bouncing him.

'*Yours!*' shouted Mooey, reaching for Sasha's tail.

'Ah, ah, ah!' admonished Ernest. 'If you hurt the kitty, out you go!'

Renny looked at Piers.

'Tell him, if you like.'

'Tell him what?'

'About his birthday.'

If a bomb had been thrown at Finch he might have been less staggered. To be told about his birthday! That day which was advancing on him like a Juggernaut. That day when he would come into possession of that to which he could never feel that he had

the right. When he must, under the eyes of his uncles and brothers, take, as it were, the food out of their mouths. Though, in truth, none of them had seen the color of old Adeline's money for thirty years before she had died. All that time she had been hoarding it and living on Renny — and Renny's father before him.

'My — my birthday!' he stammered. 'What about it?'

Piers had been watching Finch's face. He had read his thoughts there as one might observe the shadows of frightened birds. He answered tolerantly: —

'Only that we're going to celebrate it. Give you a party of sorts. Is n't that the idea, Renny?'

Renny nodded, and Ernest said, 'Yes, we were talking about it before you came in. We thought a nice little dinner — some of your own friends — and Nicholas and I, if you don't think we're too old.'

'Champagne,' put in Nicholas, heavily. 'I propose to buy the champagne. And drink some, too, though it will play the devil with my gout.' Something in Finch's face had touched him. He gave the boy a smile that was not grudging.

They were not pulling his leg. They were not trying to make a fool of him. They were in dead earnest about the birthday party. Finch's throat contracted so that he could not speak for a moment. Then he got out: —

'Why — I say — it's frightfully good of you! I'd like it, of course. But, look here, if it's going to be much trouble or expense — please don't bother! But I'd like it, all right!'

But, even as he stammered the words, doubt assailed him. Could he really stand the strain of a party on that birthday? Would n't it be better if he were to sneak away so that the brazen glare of its sun might not beat on him as the central object of its rising?

'Look here!' he cried. 'I don't think you'd better do it! I really don't think you'd better do it!'

'Why?' Four vigorous voices boomed the question at him.

'Because,' he almost whispered, 'I — I really think — I'd just like to spend the day quietly.'

He was not, at any rate, allowed to spend the next few minutes quietly. Laughter engulfed him, closed over him, submerged him. And when, at last, there was comparative silence again, he heard himself mumbling, with scarlet face: —

'Oh, well, if you really *want* to give a birthday party for me, you can do it! I don't give a darn.'

II

While the men of the family were gathered in the lamplight in Ernest's room, the two women of the family and the youngest brother, Wakefield, a boy of fourteen, were sitting in the twilight of the drawing-room below. The windows of this room faced southwest, so that a reluctant daylight still made the occupants visible to each other. Finch had been playing the piano to them before he had been drawn upstairs by the magnet which a group of the Whiteoaks in talk together invariably became to one of their number outside the circle.

'I don't see why he should have gone,' remarked Pheasant. 'It was so nice having him play to us in the twilight.' She had drawn her chair as close as possible to the window to catch the last light on the diminutive jersey she was knitting for Mooey. She felt rather than saw the way with the needles now, her cropped brown head drooping on her slender neck above them.

'It's the same old thing,' said Alayne, quietly. 'They can't keep away from each other. It's that amazing fascination they have for each other.' Then, remembering that Wakefield was curled up in a wing chair in a dim corner of the room, she added, with a constrained lightness in her tone, 'I've never known a family so attached.'

Wakefield asked, in the clear, probing voice of the precocious child: —

'Have you known many families, Alayne? You are an only child, and almost all the friends you ever talk about are only children. I don't see how you can know what other large families are like.'

'Don't be so cheeky, Wake,' said Pheasant.

'No, but truly,' he persisted, raising his face, a small white disk, in the shadow of the chair, 'I don't see how Alayne knows really *anything* about large-family life.'

'I know all that I need to know,' returned Alayne, with a little asperity.

'All you need to know for what, Alayne?'

'Why, for understanding this particular family. Its peculiarities and its moods.'

He was sitting cross-legged, his hands clasped before him, and he began to rock gently on his buttocks, as boredom gave place to enjoyment. 'But I don't think, Alayne, that understanding a family's peculiarities is all you need to understand when you've got to live with them like you've got to live with us, do you?'

'What is it that you think I should understand since I must live with you all?'

Continuing to rock himself, he answered, 'It's why we're so fond of each other and why we can't keep away from each other. That's what you ought to understand.'

'Perhaps you'll be good enough to explain it to me.'

He unclasped his hands and spread the fingers. 'I could n't possibly explain. I feel it, but I can't explain it. Does n't your woman's *infruition* tell you?'

Alayne forgave him his precocity, his impudence, for that exquisite mistake. She laughed delightedly. But Pheasant, not far from childhood herself, saw nothing amusing in the word. She said: —

'I think it's a very good word. It sounds like a very good psychological kind of expression.'

'I am wondering,' said Alayne, for she was rather tired of the little boy's presence in the room, 'why you don't go up to join the others. How can you be happy away from them?'

'I'm not happy,' he answered sadly. 'I'm just killing time. I'd join the other men like a shot, only that I'm not on speaking terms with any of them.'

'But why? What has happened?'

'Oh, just one thing and another.'

The twilight was turning to dusk, and Pheasant rose to light the squat lamp that stood on the centre table.

'Light the candles instead,' pleaded Alayne. 'Let us have something different for this evening.'

'Yes, do!' cried Wakefield. 'It may cheer us up. I like the candlelight.'

The candlelight, she thought, liked him. It played across the clear pallor of his face and in the brown depths of his eyes as though in a conscious caress. It had a mind to Pheasant, too, as she sat down under the branching silver arms, shining with a kind of tremulous serenity on her thin young hands as they moved above the scarlet of the little jersey.

Alayne began to walk restlessly about the room looking intently at objects the minutest details of which she already knew by heart, picking up

a small china figure and holding it in her two hands, as though to absorb something of its cool smoothness. She saw her reflection in the mirror over the mantelpiece and furtively examined it, wondering whether or not her looks had failed her in the past year. Sometimes she thought they had. And if they had, or were failing her, small wonder, she thought. She had been through enough to fray the velvet edge of any woman's bloom. Her first marriage — that disastrous marriage with Eden. His infidelity. The torture of her thwarted love for Renny. Her separation from Eden. Her return to New York and the exactions of her work there. Her second visit to Jalna to nurse Eden through his illness. His affair with Minny Ware. Their divorce. Her marriage to Renny last spring. All this in four years and a half!

She had been married to Renny almost ten months, and she understood no better than before she had married him what his conception of life and love truly was. What did he think? Or was he guided only by instinct? What did he really think of her, now that he had got her? He had no taste for self-analysis. To dig into the depths of his desires, his beliefs, and produce the ore of his egoism for her inspection would have been abhorrent to him. And apparently he had no curiosity about her beyond the most primitive. His absorption in his own life was immense. Did he expect her, she wondered, now that she was harnessed to his side, to gallop through her life without question, sniffing the bright air, grazing in the comfortable pasture, and returning at night to the dark privacy of their mutual passion? He had none of her relentless desire to see things clearly. His conception of their relationship was so simple that it was almost repellent to her finical mind.

She smiled ironically, wondering if all these stirrings in her mind might possibly be reduced to the old feminine questions, 'Does he still love me?' 'Does he love me as much as ever?'

She heard him coming down the stairs noisily, as he always did, as though there were not a moment to spare. He seemed to her like the winter wind, sharp, full of cold energy, rushing by her. He must not pass the door of the drawing-room, perhaps go out again, without speaking to her! She went swiftly to the door, but just as she reached it he opened it wide. He stood, startled and smiling to find her so close to him.

'I was coming to find you,' he said.

She returned, with childish reproach in her voice: —

'I have been here all the afternoon. I heard you going upstairs ever so long ago.'

'Yes? I heard the piano as I passed, so I supposed Finch was playing to you. You know I can't sit down and listen to music in the middle of the afternoon.' He put his arm around her. His eyebrows shot up as he saw the lighted candelabrum. 'Well, you are a ghostly-looking trio! What's the matter with the lamp?'

Pheasant answered, 'We like the candlelight. It's so mysterious.'

His eyes rested appraisingly on the slender curve of her neck. 'It's becoming, at any rate. I did n't know you'd such a pretty little neck, Pheasant.'

'I was just thinking,' said Wakefield, 'that she looks like Anne Boleyn. What a nice little neck for the headsman!' He uncurled himself and came over to the two, pushing his dark hair from his forehead, smiling up at Renny.

Pheasant dropped her knitting and clasped her neck with her fingers. 'Oh, don't, Wake! You make me shiver!'

Renny drew the boy to his side and

kissed him. 'How have you been to-day, youngster?' he asked, with a solicitude that had once been touching to Alayne, but of late had more often irritated. He felt nothing of her irritation, but Wakefield did. He pressed against his brother, putting his arms under his coat, and looked sideways at Alayne, as though to say, 'I can get nearer to him than you can.' He murmured, 'Not very well, thanks, Renny.'

Renny sighed. 'Too bad.' He bent and kissed him again. 'Now, I'll tell you something to cheer you. Cora has had a fine little foal this afternoon, and they're both as well as possible.' He turned to Alayne. 'You know, out of four foals she's lost two, and the others were weakly. But this! Why, it's a regular rip!'

'How splendid,' said Alayne, trying to feel excited. Her voice was drowned in the enthusiasm of Pheasant and Wakefield.

Was it a filly? Was it like the dam or the sire? A filly. The very image of Cora. Up on its legs. A very grenadier of a foal. They talked all at once, their eyes shining. Mooey's jersey dropped to the floor.

Renny disengaged himself from Alayne and Wakefield and stood in the middle of the room making quick gestures as he talked, his highly colored face alight.

Alayne watched him, scarcely hearing what he said, preoccupied by her love for him, by the fascination his presence had for her. She waited impatiently for him to finish his recital, eager to draw him away upstairs, where she might have him to herself, away from these others who seemed always coming between them. She held a pinch of his tweed coat in her fingers, and, when the opportunity came, she drew him toward the door. 'Come upstairs,' she said. 'I have something in my room I want to show you.'

'Can't we see it later?' he asked. 'Won't it be cold up there for you?'

'That does n't matter.'

'I'll come, too!' Wakefield clasped Renny's arm.

'No,' said Alayne sharply. 'It's much too cold for you up there.'

But he walked doggedly behind them into the hall and followed them up the stairs. Renny hesitated at the door of his room. 'Is it in here you want me to go?' He spoke like an obedient but slightly unwilling child.

'No; in my room.'

She stood with her hand on the door knob letting him go past her into the room, but, as Wakefield attempted to pass, she gave him a look so forbidding that he drew back and leaned across the banister pretending to gaze at something in the hall below to hide his chagrin.

She closed the door behind her and looked at Renny with a sudden feeling of wry amusement. She was like a jailer, she thought.

'Well,' asked Renny, looking restively about, 'what is it you want to show me?'

'This.' She indicated an embroidered mauve bedspread she had been making and had that afternoon laid in its graceful simplicity on the bed.

He frowned, looking at it. 'It looks like a stage bed. The whole room has a stagy effect to me. It's unreal. It's not comfortable. There's nothing inviting about it. Of course, I know it's in frightfully good taste and all that, but —' he gave the grin that was so like his grandmother's — 'it's lucky I usually come in here in the dark or I might get depressed!'

Her eyes met his with a commanding look, saying, 'Go no farther,' but her lower lip quivered, saying, 'Go as far as you like.'

He sat down on the side of the bed and drew her on to his knee. He hid his face against her neck. She would have relaxed in his arms, but she remembered the new embroidered bedspread and sprang up. She took him by the lapels of his coat and gave him a little tug.

'You must not sit there!' she exclaimed. 'You are crushing it dreadfully.'

He got to his feet and looked on ruefully while she stroked the heavy silk. He always admired the grace of her wrists when she performed any quick and capable act with her hands. She had good hands on the rein, too. That was one of the things that had attracted him to her.

She straightened herself and looked at him with a half-tender, half-reproving wrinkling of the nose. 'Darling, I'm sorry! But I really *can't* let you sit there. . . . And, don't you think you had better change your things? You smell — quite, quite a little of the stable.'

He gave a noisy sniff at himself. 'Do I? But I always do. It's a part of me. Do you mind so much?'

'This time there's a smell of disinfectant mixed with it.'

'Well,' he spoke with resignation, 'if I must, I must! Come along with me while I do it.'

As they went toward his room she remembered their first day at home after the return from their honeymoon. They had gone over the house, linked together, seeing it in the new light of their union. Each room they had entered had thrust forward its crowd of old memories to greet them. They had begun their new life hampered by far too many memories. They had passed with averted eyes the room that had been hers and Eden's, and had gone with relief to the open door of Renny's room. Looking about, she had wondered how she would ever make herself at home in it.

He had broken in on her thoughts by saying in a somewhat constrained voice: —

'I wonder if you would mind very much taking Meggie's room for yourself. It's next door, and it would leave me free to look after Wake. He has always slept with me, you know.'

She had been startled, even angered by the request. Yet withal a subtle sense of relief had entered into her feelings after the first moment. The idea of a retreat of her own, a harbor for her tastes and reserves, had not been unpleasant. But to give up the shelter, the provocation of his presence — even more, to think that he was suggesting, almost laconically suggesting, the giving up of her presence in his room! After what they had been to each other for three months! After all he had confessed to her of his fevered longings for her when she had been in that house as Eden's wife! Had his longings developed into no desire for sweet companionship?

'Well?' he had asked, with a sidelong look at her.

Something stubborn in her made her say: —

'I think Wakefield would be much better sleeping alone. You must often disturb him coming in late. And your habit of smoking while you undress.'

'I don't disturb him nearly as often as he disturbs me.'

'All children — especially delicate ones — are better sleeping alone.'

'Not Wake. Not with his nerves and heart!'

'It's quite all right, Renny, but — why do you only tell me now?' She had felt both irritation and mortification, unhappy feelings that he always had had and always would have the power to rouse in her, by a tone in his voice, by his silence.

'I did n't want to.' He had spoken like a wayward child, and yet with a taciturnity that put him out of her reach.

That was all over now, but the recollection of it often returned to her, for it had seemed to show her quite definitely that her coming could change nothing of Jalna, that Renny had taken possession of her life, but that she could never do more than enter into his as a fresh stream into the salt sea.

Renny sat down and began to unlace his boots, the metal tips of the laces making small hurried sounds and, at last, the heavy soles two distinct thuds on the floor. She liked to watch him doing things, however commonplace. He was a delight to her and she wanted him all for her own, in tenderness, and in completeness. She said: —

'Why can't we see more of each other, alone? I was for two hours this afternoon in the drawing-room! I hoped you would come.'

Eagerly he began to explain, but she stopped him. 'Oh, I know about the colt! It was beautiful having it come along so well. But there were others there. Surely you did n't have to stay with her all the time.'

He looked about, with a troubled expression, for his shoes, as though, once in them, he would be impervious to her onslaught. She continued, love and peevishness making her voice tremble: —

'You may not believe it, but I'm lonely sometimes. When I think of our honeymoon in England — traveling about — the voyage home — it all seems so lovely! And now you're so absorbed by things!' She sat down on the side of the bed with a disconsolate look. 'And it is n't as though you were like many American husbands, absorbed by big enterprises that demand concentration — '

She was stopped by the outraged expression on his face. Egotism, hurt pride, flamed there. She had thought his lean face could be no more red, but it was more red. And deep in his eyes was a look of sorrow.

'But — but,' he expostulated, 'can't you understand?'

'No, I can't,' she answered, relentlessly. 'Why, I really believe that if I were going to have a baby you would n't make a bit more fuss!'

'You're jealous!' he exclaimed. 'Jealous of a mare! I never heard of such a thing.'

Her womanhood was submerged by a desire to be petted. She said, with the whining intonation of a five-year-old, 'I don't care. It's perfectly true! If I were having a baby this minute you could n't do anything more for me than you did for her!'

'Yes, I could! I'd take to the woods, blizzard and all, and never come out again until it was all over!'

He came to her and sat down beside her on the bed.

'Do you know,' he said, drawing her against him, 'that for a sensible woman, an intellectual, almost highbrow woman, you can be sillier than any woman I've ever known!'

III

Finch's birthday came on the first day of March; and on this particular birthday the season did not, as was its wont, appear crouching under the cloak of winter. On the contrary, it was a day of remarkable mildness for the time of year.

The door into the hall stood wide open, letting in the sun. It was on such a day as this that old Adeline would take her first walk of the year. Wrapped in innumerable cloaks, scarfs, and petticoats, so that she looked a very battleship of a woman, she would come into view, supported by her sons, and pre-

sent herself foursquare to the reviving world. 'I'm out again!' she would exclaim. 'Ha! I like the smell of the fresh air!'

Finch thought a good deal about her to-day, recalling their strange delayed intimacy that had drawn them so mysteriously together, wondering if it were possible for him to live in a way that would have won her approbation. Still, she had known him for what he was, had loved him, had accepted him as one of 'the whelps' her son Philip had got by his second wife.

He stood in the porch sunning himself, and watched Rags furbishing up the hall. How shabby both hall and servant looked in the noonday brightness! The slender walnut banister and carved newel post were elegant enough, but the wallpaper along the stairway showed dingy where small hands had pressed against it. Certainly the walls had never been repapered in his time. The carpet on the stairs was threadbare. The Turkish rug on the floor had lost all its fringe. The fringe had reappeared miraculously on the cuff of Rags's coat. This cuff was being violently agitated as he polished the mirror in the hatrack, above which the carved head of a fox sneered down at him.

'Well,' he said, seeing Finch, 'many happy returns of the d'y to you, sir!'

'Thanks, Rags.'

'We could n't 'ave a finer d'y for the occasion, not if it 'ad been hordered! It's a fine thing to be twenty-one, sir, and to 'ave all the money in the family.' He looked over his shoulder at Finch with an air of innocent envy.

Finch felt like taking the fellow by the scruff of his grizzled neck and shaking him. He said, 'You don't know what you're talking about, Rags.'

The little cockney proceeded imperturbably: —

'It's a 'appy d'y for us all, I'm sure, sir. Mrs. Wragge was saying to me just a bit ago that she'd prayed for a fine d'y. I don't go in for prayer much myself, but, as the saying is, strawrs tell which way the wind blows. Not that she is much like a strawr, sir. More like a strawr*stack*, I'd say. I 'ardly dare to go into the kitchen this morning, she and Bessie are that worked up with excitement. And the thought of those caterers coming out from town with all their paraffinaliar!' He came to the door and shook out his cloth. He then produced a small, foreign-looking leather pocketbook from somewhere about his clothes. He proffered this to Finch with a bow.

'Will you accept this from me, Mr. Finch, as a little offering? I brought it 'ome with me from the War. It belonged to a German officer. And I've always thought that if the d'y come when I 'ad a pot of money, I'd use it myself. But the d'y 'as n't come, and it looks as though it never *would* come, — not in *this* country, and at *this* job, —so, if you'll accept it, I'll give it to you with my best wishes, and may it always be full!'

Finch took it, embarrassed. It was a handsome pocketbook, and there was something touching in Rags's expression as he offered it; but Finch always had the uncomfortable feeling that Rags was laughing in his sleeve at him.

'Thanks, very much,' he mumbled. 'It's an awfully good one.' He opened it, looked in it, shut it. Rags regarded him with an expression of mingled sadness and pride. He gave his duster another shake and reëntered the hall.

Mooey was descending the stairs on his little seat, a step at a time. Finch watched him, feeling suddenly very happy. Everyone was amazingly nice to him. Renny had given him a wrist watch; Piers and Pheasant, gold cuff links; Uncle Nicholas, a paper weight; and Uncle Ernest, a water color from the wall of his own room. Alayne

had given him a crocodile traveling bag, and Wakefield a large clothes brush which, he explained, would 'come in handy to whack his kids with when he had any.' Meggie's present was yet to arrive.

'Bump!' sang out Mooey. 'I'm toming! Bump! Bump! Bump! I'm not f'ightened!'

Finch went to the foot of the stairs and snatched him up. He put the child on his shoulder, and out of the shadows of the past came a picture of himself, caught up thus by Renny. A queer thing, life. . . . One tall strong body, one little weak body after another. . . . Some day Mooey would stand at the foot of the stairs and shoulder some tiny boy just as to-day he was doing. . . . And Mooey would be twenty-one, and whose would be the tiny boy? Some little Whiteoak, out of a Whiteoak body. . . .

Mooey clasped Finch's head, and pressed his round flower-like face to Finch's thin one. 'I want to go out on the nish g'een g'ash,' he said.

'The grass may be green, but it's not nice. It's nasty and soggy.'

'I l-like nawsty, soggy fings.'

'Very well, I'll carry you out and stand you on your head on it.' He ran out the door and down the steps.

'There's a nish soggy spot,' said Mooey, pointing out a puddle.

'I'll tell you what I'll do!' cried Finch. 'I'll take you to the stables to see Uncle Renny.' He had got an idea. He would find Renny and broach the subject of quitting the University this very hour. Renny was always more or less absent-minded and good-humored when he was among his horses. The presence of Mooey would be a help, too, for Renny had a way of staring at him speculatively and only half listening to what was being said.

They found the master of Jalna in the paddock, mounted on a bright bay mare which he was training as a high jumper. Two grooms stood by a hurdle, the top bar of which they raised and lowered in accordance with the shouted directions of the rider.

Between the two men, the mare, and her rider there existed a sympathy not needing the expression of words. When she felt panic and sheered off from the jump or valiantly essayed it and failed, a like shadow seemed to fall across all four. She blew out her breath in what seemed a great sigh. The grooms dubiously replaced the bar; and Renny, wheeling her about, drew his brows together in a rueful frown. But when she swung clear of the hurdle, and hung like a bird for a space against the sky, before she alighted triumphant and cantered down the course, a brightness of aspect descended as the sun's rays on men and mare.

Finch thought, 'She has done well; I believe it's a good time to speak.'

Renny had dismounted and given the bridle to one of the grooms and was strolling toward him, scrubbing the palms of his hands with a crumpled handkerchief.

'Was n't she splendid?' asked Finch, scrutinizing his elder's face. 'I think she's going to be a wonderful jumper.'

'I hope so. She's a sweet thing. I intend to ride her in New York this fall, if possible.' He turned to Mooey. 'Hello, what's the matter with your nose?' He gave the small feature a decisive wipe with the handkerchief.

Mooey, his nose quite pink, observed: —

'I'm going to jump a nish 'orsie and not be f'ightened neider.'

'He talks too much about not being frightened,' said Renny. 'It sounds as though he were trying to reassure himself. I hope he's not going to be a duffer at riding, like you.'

'I hope not,' returned Finch dolefully. It took so little to cast him down.

There was silence for a moment while Renny struck at the flakes of mud on his legs with his riding crop, then Finch set the little boy on his feet and, turning to his brother, broke out with the energy of despair: —

'Look here, Renny, it's impossible for me to go back to Varsity! I simply can't do it!'

Renny continued to strike at his leg with his riding crop, but he did not speak. His face hardened.

Finch continued, 'You can't know how it is with me. You're always doing the most congenial work. Varsity is n't congenial to me. It is n't anything to me but a grind and a flatness and an unreality. I don't see any sense in sticking it out.'

The fiery brown eyes, before which he quailed, were raised to his. 'What the hell *is* congenial to you? I wish you'd tell me. I thought music was, and I've let you take lessons and spend hours practising when you ought to have been studying. Then, when you play at a recital, you play your worst, and you tell me that audiences are n't congenial —'

'I did n't!' cried Finch. 'I did n't say that! I said that I was afraid of audiences —'

'Afraid! By God — afraid! That's the trouble! You're always afraid! No wonder the kid there whines about not being frightened! You've put it in his head!'

Finch had turned white. He had begun to shake.

'Renny! Look here! Listen! I — I — you don't understand —'

'Of course I don't! Nobody understands. You're not like anyone else, are you? You're a student, and you can't study! You're an actor, and you can't act! You're a pianist, and you can't play! You're twenty-one, and you act like a girl in her teens! I suppose you think that because you're of age to-day and are coming into some money —'

'No! No, I don't! I only thought I'd like to tell you — at least, ought to tell you —'

'Why did n't you tell me long ago? Why did you let me go on planning for your education —'

In spite of the unhappy turmoil of his emotions, Finch could not help wondering what effort of the brain Renny had spent on him beyond the tardy digging up of his tuition fees, and the determination that he should not evade one lecture or examination.

He got out, hoarsely, 'You shall have it all back!'

'Not a cent! I won't have a cent of it back!'

'But why? There's no reason why you should n't!' cried Finch distractedly.

'There's every reason. I won't take a cent of it.'

'But why?'

'Because if I took it back I should not have reared you and educated you, as it was my duty to do.'

'But there's no reason in that! I know how hard it is for you to get money. All along I've said to myself, "I'll make it up to Renny!" The thought of that bucked me up to tell you this to-day. Renny, you must take it back!'

'Not a penny. Well, I can't force you to go on, but I can feel that I've done my best, and if you're a mess it's not my fault!' He had worked himself into a temper. He showed his teeth, Finch thought, as though he would like to bite him. Things were blurred before Finch's eyes. The sunlit scene before him began to revolve. He put his hands on the palings and held himself together with an effort.

Mooey looked from one uncle to the other, his lip quivering. 'I'm not f'ightened!' he said.

Renny made as if to strike him with his riding crop. 'Say that again and I'll thrash you!' Nothing on earth would have induced him to touch Mooey with the riding crop, but he felt and looked as though he could. Mooey raised his voice in a howl.

At this moment Piers drove up to them in the car. He had been to the village and had brought the mail. He got out with the letters in his hand. His son moved toward him screaming, in a kind of dance.

Renny said, 'That's a nice young milksop you've got! He's frightened of his own shadow! He takes after his Uncle Finch!'

Piers's fatherliness was roused. He picked up his child and comforted him. 'What's it all about? What's he been doing? It seems to me that you look fierce enough to frighten anyone.'

'Oh, it's nothing,' said Renny. 'Only Finch has just been telling me that he's not going to Varsity any more. It's uncongenial to him.'

Piers's prominent blue eyes took in the situation. He did not speak for a moment while he turned the matter over in his mind. Then he said in his deep voice: —

'Well, it's no surprise to me. I always knew he did n't like college. I did n't like it myself. I don't see any sense in his taking a course in arts — going in for a profession — unless he wants. If I were in his place I'd do just as he is doing.'

Without another word Renny turned and strode toward the stable. Piers looked after the tall retreating figure with composure. 'You've got his back up,' he said. 'He'll not get over this to-day.'

'I don't know what I'm to do,' said Finch bitterly. 'I could n't go on with it. And I thought I could make it up to him — but he won't let me. He simply got in a rage.'

'Gran will never be dead while he lives! You may have her gold, but he has her temper.'

Finch broke out, 'I wish he had them both!' His jaw shook so that he had to clench his teeth to control it.

'Keep your shirt on,' said Piers soothingly. 'You won't be twenty-one for long. My advice is to make the most of it. Go away for a while and he'll forgive you and want you back.' He looked over the letters. 'Here is one for you from England. A birthday greeting from Aunt Augusta, I guess.'

Finch took the letter and glanced at the spidery handwriting. He turned, with an ache in his throat, in the direction of the house. 'Thanks,' he muttered; and added, 'And thanks for standing up for me.'

On the way to the house Finch opened his aunt's letter. He had a deep affection for her. She had shown him many kindnesses on her visits to Jalna, had worried considerably over his thinness and tried unsuccessfully to fatten him. It was like her to have remembered his birthday, and to have posted her letter in time to reach him on the very day.

LYMING HALL
NYMET CREWS, DEVON
18*th February*

MY DEAR NEPHEW, —

When you receive this letter you will, I trust, be well and happy, and at the *proud* moment of attaining your majority. You are arriving at manhood surrounded by the most *auspicious* circumstances. I only wish I might be with you to give you my good wishes in person. But I very much doubt whether I shall ever visit Canada again. The mere undertaking of the journey at my age is *terrific*. The sea voyage with its attendant *nausea*, the exhausting journey by rail in the discomfort and heat of your *trains*, and, added to this, the sad knowledge that my dear mother no longer awaits with extended arms for my coming. Neither do my brothers invariably show me that

consideration which they should. Particularly I mention *Nicholas*. Mentioning him, of course, in the strictest confidence.

I should like very much to have you visit me this summer during your holidays. Even a short stay in England at this period of your life would help to broaden you.

I wish I could offer you lively society, as I might have done once; but those days are past. They are gone like the days when my parents entertained so *lavishly* at Jalna.

But I can offer you young company in the shape of Sarah Court, your cousin once removed. She and the aunt (by marriage) with whom she lives are coming from Ireland to spend part of the summer with me. Mrs. Court's husband was the brother of Sarah's father. They were the sons of Thomas Court, my mother's youngest brother. Mrs. Court is an Englishwoman, though still living in Ireland, and you would never think that Sarah herself was Irish. She is twenty-five, a quite superior girl intellectually, musical like yourself. I have always esteemed the aunt, though she is a very peculiar woman and places too much importance (in my opinion) on her high *blood pressure*. I am sure you and Sarah would get on together.

If you would like to visit me, I shall write to Renny and tell him that it is my desire to have you. It was such a delight to me that he and Alayne were married from my house and spent their honeymoon *near by*. Give my fondest love to my other dear nephews and nieces, my brothers (I so often long to see them), and my baby grandnephew.

I hope you will be very happy, my dear Finch, and I think you may rest assured that not one of us harbors any feeling of *malevolence* towards you in the matter of your inheritance.

Your affectionate Aunt,
AUGUSTA BUCKLEY

P. S. — Quite recently I had a letter from Eden. He approached me for *money*. He did not mention *that woman*. — A. B.

Finch carried the letter to Alayne, where she was arranging carnations on the birthday table.

'I've just had a letter from Aunt Augusta. Have you time to read it now?'

'Yes, I'd love to.' She sat down on the arm of a chair near a window, in an attitude that suggested both repose and capability of purpose. Finch's eyes rested on the sheen of her hair, the blue of her dress. Seeing her so, he felt, as he often felt about her, that she never had and never could become one of them, even to the fitting of her person into the surrounding objects of the house.

She looked up and found his eyes on her and smiled.

'What a characteristic letter!' she exclaimed. 'I think her underlining is delicious. And her adjectives! . . . Oh, my dear, what could be more perfect than *malevolence?*' She turned the page and read the postscript, but she made no comment on it, except by a scornful movement of the lips.

'What do you think,' asked Finch, 'of my going over to visit Aunt Augusta? I'd like to go. I've just told Renny that I can't go back to Varsity.'

'How did he take it?' She was not surprised, because they had talked of that together. But she could not speak of Renny without all her being quivering into oversensitiveness.

'Just what you'd expect. We had a row.'

'Oh, I'm sorry! What a shame — on your birthday!'

'Well — now he knows. One unexpected thing happened. Piers took my side.'

She wondered why Piers had taken his side. She suspected Piers of being shrewd, and she could never be unconscious of his dislike for her, though it was concealed behind an air of heartiness. He had welcomed her even less as mistress of Jalna than he had welcomed her when she had first come there as Eden's wife. He would have liked Pheasant to be the only woman in

the house, his wife, a young girl and docile, though she had been wanton once.

Alayne said, 'You must go to England. You must!' She took him by the lapels of his coat and gave him a quick kiss. She realized his spiritual hunger, and the kiss was a gesture, not only of comfort, but of urge to the fulfillment of that hunger.

He felt a high excitement. His eyes shone. 'How beautiful you are to me,' he said, taking her hands in his.

'Do you know,' she said, teasingly, 'I believe Aunt Augusta has it in her mind to make a match between you and this Sarah Court.'

'Nonsense! She looks on me as a boy.'

'Yes, but boys grow into husbands. Especially in a house with an attractive cousin.'

'I don't like the sound of her.'

'She's musical.'

'I don't like the sound of that.'

'Well, don't think I should want you to marry. You ought not to marry till you are fully matured. Not for years and years.'

It seemed that the afternoon would never pass. Finch hung about the house, watching the preparations, playing snatches at the piano, teasing Pheasant, and, when possible, having moments of serious conversation with Alayne on that subject of never-failing interest — himself.

He and Wakefield went to the kitchen in the basement and surveyed the fowls all trussed up for roasting, and the wineglasses all polished up for filling, and the moulds of jelly, and the buckets filled with chopped ice into which were thrust the containers holding the Neapolitan ice sent out from town. They had never seen Mrs. Wragge's face so purple, or Rags's so pallid, or Bessie's arms, as she scrubbed the celery, so mottled. All were atwitter with excitement. They looked at Finch with wonder in their eyes, to think that he had attained this pinnacle.

Long before it was time to dress for dinner he was in his attic room. The night had turned cold. He got into his dressing gown, a gayly colored one that had once been Eden's, his bedroom slippers that had once been Renny's, took his bath towel, one of a pair given him by Meggie at Christmas, and descended to the bathroom. There was a chill there, too, but he had told Rags to fill the tin tub with very hot water, and it was hot enough in all conscience. Hot enough to boil him. When he ran upstairs again he was pink from heat and in a state of high excitement.

Already he had laid his evening clothes on the bed. They had only been worn twice before, once at a dance at the Leighs' and once at the recital. The jacket became him well, he thought, surveying himself in the small glass. Alayne had given him a white carnation to wear. He brushed his moist hair, giving special attention to the lock that had a habit of dangling on his forehead. He polished his nails and wished that his fingers were not so stained by cigarettes. A shiver ran over him which he did not know whether to attribute to excitement or to the change from the hot bath to the cold room. God! How well the new cuff links and the new wrist watch looked! He glanced at the face of the watch. . . . It was an hour and a half before dinner time!

What to do! He could not go downstairs at this hour, looking like a fool, with a carnation in his buttonhole. Yet he would die of cold if he spent the intervening time up here. He cursed himself for his stupid haste.

Somehow or other he must put in the next hour and a quarter in that cavern of coldness. He looked longingly at the

bed. If only he might lie down and cover himself with the quilt and keep warm! But his suit would be ruined by wrinkles in no time. The next best thing was to wrap the quilt about him and find something to read. He folded it carefully about his shoulders, keeping one hand curved above the carnation to protect it. He felt utterly miserable. . . . What hell coming of age was!

He heard Wakefield running below and gave a piercing whistle to attract him. Wake came flying up the stairs.

'Hello,' he said, 'what are you wrapped up in a quilt for?'

'Been having a bath and got chilled. Look in that top drawer and hand me the package of cigarettes, like a good kid.'

'I say,' exclaimed Wake, as he produced the cigarettes, 'how funny you look! You're wrapped in a quilt, and yet I can see your pumps and pants underneath!'

Finch scowled at him in what he hoped was a terrifying way, but he dared advance no more than his fingers from the quilt toward the cigarettes because of his cuffs. Yet Wake held them just out of reach.

'Give them here!' snarled Finch out of the side of his mouth like a stage villain.

'I am giving them.' Wake's tone was meek, but his eyes were on a narrow aperture in the quilt and he brought the cigarettes no nearer. 'Here they are. Why don't you take them?'

'How the hell can I take them when you hold them away off there?'

'It's not away off. It's just a little bit of a way. What's the matter with you? Do you feel sick? Because, if you do, perhaps you'd better not smoke.'

Exasperated beyond endurance then, Finch shot forth his hand from the quilt and snatched the packet of cigarettes, instantly drawing the quilt once more tightly about him. 'Now,' he said, 'clear out of here and no more of your cheek!'

Wakefield seemed to drift out of the room and down the stairs, so pensive was his mien. Finch felt hot all over. He let the quilt slide from his shoulders and put a cigarette between his lips. He reached for a match, but just as he struck it he heard Wakefield and Piers talking in the passage below. He held his breath and heard soft steps ascending the stairs. Like an arrow from the bow he leaped to the door. Just as Piers reached the landing he threw himself against it. He shot the bolt. Smothered laughter came from outside.

'Look here, Finch,' came Piers's voice, 'can you let me have a cigarette?'

'No,' growled Finch. 'Have n't got any up here.'

'The kid says you have.'

'He's a little liar.'

'Well, look here, I'd like to speak to you a minute.'

'Sorry. I can't just now. I'm busy.'

'Is anything wrong? The kid says you did n't seem very well when he was up before.'

'Let me alone!' roared Finch, and he showed, furthermore, that the example he had had before him in the matter of swearing had not been entirely lost.

When they had gone he looked down at the carnation. He had flattened it against the door. . . . He looked at his wrist watch. . . . The fracas had done one thing for him, at any rate. It had made time fly.

(To be continued)

UNSCRAMBLING THE ETHER

BY WILLIAM ORTON

I

To students of present-day society — especially American society — few ideas are more significant than that of 'cultural lag.' The idea, as presented by Professor William F. Ogburn, is roughly as follows. Different parts of a civilization develop at different speeds; and this difference of speed results sometimes in a serious loss of smoothness, of efficiency, in the working of the social system. In our own case, the chief source of friction arises from the rapid onrush of scientific technique in all the material aspects of our culture, and the failure of the non-material substructure of political and legal ideas to adapt itself fast enough.

We have shown no such inventiveness in this latter sphere as we have in the former. Almost every material aspect and activity of life is radically different from what it was fifty, even twenty years ago; but our outfit of concepts and techniques for the ordering of our life as a society is still heavy with the dust of the eighteenth century. There is a terrific inertia in the latter sphere that does not exist in the former.

We reckon depreciation on our machines at an ever-increasing rate; but who in the world thinks of reckoning the depreciation on our pet political or legal axioms? We put a premium on new notions in applied science and compete with one another to obtain them; but we distrust and systematically hamper originality in respect of individual or group relations in society. The result is that every now and then we find ourselves in a mess — confronted with a problem created by our own technical prowess for which we have failed to develop adequate ideal tools. Such problems are on the increase, in both number and gravity; and, of course, nowhere more rapidly than in those aspects of our collective doings which depend, one way or another, on electricity.

The case of radio is a very interesting example. It has already given us — about four years ago — one dramatic reminder of the inability of our non-material culture to support the material advance we prize so highly. The resulting collapse was literally audible through all the loud speakers of the country. What happened, as listeners may recall, was that the invisible foundation of law suddenly cracked under the rising edifice of technique. It was old law — laws get old in less than fourteen years nowadays — by which the Department of Commerce was allotting broadcasting channels; and put to the test it was discovered to be without authority. Stations began broadcasting on any wave length they pleased. Out of that witches' Sabbath the present radio law was born.

Now that, too, is showing signs of strain. Once more the edifice of technique is cracking the foundation. Demands for more power are coming along faster than the public has any idea of. It is possible that the whole layout of broadcasting service may

have to be revamped. Demands for facilities are pressing hard against the limits of the United States quota — limits set by international agreement. Within those limits, as every listener knows, there is severe congestion, and not a little confusion. Inevitably the question of the exact status of government control over broadcasting is forced to the fore. During the winter of 1929–1930 the Commerce Committee of the Senate conducted exhaustive hearings on a proposal to put the whole business on a new basis under a Federal Communications Commission. Then the question of the use to which broadcasting is put has become urgent. The public is increasingly critical of what a recent writer calls 'the vast cacophonous sales mart' of the air, and organizations all over the country, including the Federal Office of Education, are concerning themselves with the problem of programme content. To what extent the present advertising basis of broadcasting either can or should survive is an open issue.

The ordinary listener is concerned in all this in respect, first, of the quality of his radio reception, and, second, of the material that is put on the air for his edification. And since, as a citizen, he is likely sooner or later to be expected to have an opinion about it, an effort to grasp the elements of the problem is worth while. In its extreme complexity it has, for those who like that sort of thing, the added interest of a jig-saw puzzle or a good detective story — save that there is no guarantee that the pieces will fit or that the clues will lead anywhere.

II

The 'broadcasting band' available for general purposes in North America extends — as anyone can see from the dial of a receiving set — from 550 to 1500 kilocycles. Frequencies below and above this range are reserved by international agreement for special purposes, such as maritime, transoceanic, visual, and other types of broadcasting. Ten kilocycles is considered the very minimum degree of separation between channels; we thus have ninety-six possible channels, including both terminals.

And that is as far as we can get in the exposition without running into politics. Radio, like most other technical bases of modern civilization, is ill adapted to the national divisions on which our political life is framed. But, things being as they are, there had to be a sharing out of these ninety-six channels with our neighbors to the north and south. Strictly speaking, the sharing out is only to the north at present; Mexico has none, but is likely to be heard from in the near future. Canada has six channels exclusively and shares twelve more with the United States.

Here again the situation may not last forever. There is therefore strong reason for economy in the use of the ninety channels left.

On these ninety channels, or frequencies, or wave lengths, are crowded over 600 broadcasting stations. There were 732 when the Federal Radio Commission was formed in 1927 — there had at one time been over 1000 — and the Commission has had a hard time reducing the number even so far. But why should it want to reduce the number? Because from a technical point of view there are far too many stations for comfort. They get in each other's way all the time, and the endeavor to keep them from doing so is an intricate and interminable job involving constant checking and a good deal of legal wrangling. The ideal thing would be to have only one station on one channel in the entire area which

might be affected by its operations. England keeps quite close to this ideal, even weak stations having channels to themselves.

But the United States is a big country: surely there is room for several stations on one channel in so large an area? Ah, but at this point Nature plays a pretty little joke on the broadcasters. A broadcasting station, like a gossiping woman, can make itself a nuisance through a much wider sphere than that in which it can be useful — can, and does. Mr. John Hogan, appearing as expert witness before the Radio Commission in 1928, gave some interesting illustrations of the fact. A moderate-sized station of 5000 watts can give good service, if free of interference, over a 100-mile radius (a somewhat liberal estimate if applied to existing conditions). Its nuisance area, however, has a 3000-mile radius. A second station of the same power on the same channel 1500 miles away will cut down the good service radius of the first station from 100 miles to 15 miles, and the interference effect of even a weak station at the same distance is almost as great.

Obviously the nuisance effect of duplicating stations on the same channel mounts up much more quickly than the increase in the service facilities. Every duplication means some waste, from a technical point of view; much duplication, especially at high power, far more than offsets the gain to listeners in each locality. The listeners may, within a narrow range, get better reception from their local station; but the range of that service will be far narrower than that which the power of their station could render, and the chance of hearing anything else clearly will be tremendously restricted. Taking only a very moderate standard of radio reception as the criterion, Mr. Hogan estimated that all 5000-watt stations ought to have cleared channels; 1000-watt stations should be about 1400 miles apart — which would give four or five per channel; 500-watt stations from 900 to 1000 miles apart, giving about ten per channel; 100-watt stations about 450 miles apart, giving about twenty per channel on a geographically equal spacing.

What do we find in practice? Taking one channel absolutely at random, — the 1200-kilocycle band, — there are at present forty-two stations operating on it, eight using less than 100 watts power, eight of them using more than 100 watts in the daytime. Their geographical spacing is far from even throughout the country. And that happens to be one of the channels that is also shared with Canada. How has this situation come about? In fact it is a legacy of pre-regulation days — days when anybody could set up a station and get a license on the strength of the *fait accompli*. It is a relic of individualism — which means, in matters of this sort, the practice of proceeding helter-skelter without any plan until an impossible situation has developed and all sorts of vested interests have been created, and then trying to impose a plan retrospectively in face of innumerable technical and legal obstacles. The theoretical defense of this multiplicity of stations is the desire for local service. But on the merits of the case it is very questionable whether what most of these small stations contribute to the repertory of the ether is a sufficient justification for the amount of nuisance they create. In the particular case selected — and, be it emphasized, this is a random sample — twenty of the forty-two stations are in towns of less than 25,000 people. And it is stations of this sort that do the worst type of advertising and the greatest amount of mechanical record playing.

III

In the attempt to impose some sort of plan on the chaos which had come into being by 1928, two events are of outstanding importance. One is the passage of the Davis Amendment to the Radio Act in March 1928. The other is the issuance by the Commission of General Order No. 40 in the following August.

The Radio Act of 1927 had divided the country into five zones, each of which sent one member to the Commission. These zones are not of equal size or of equal population. The smallest (Zone II, East Central) will contain a circle of 131 miles radius, the largest (Zone V, Western) one of 725 miles radius. In population the first four zones are not far apart, but the fifth has less than half that of any other. The Davis Amendment ordered the Commission to make an equal allocation of licenses, wave lengths, and power to each zone; and added that within each zone there should be an equitable distribution between states on the basis of population.

If population were evenly distributed throughout the entire country and there were no political questions involved, the engineers could — at least on paper — proceed to an optimum distribution of broadcasting stations on the sole basis of geographical considerations and technical efficiency. The Davis Amendment represents an attempt to compromise with the facts as they are. Its weakest feature — a feature which it may be necessary ultimately to abandon — is the acceptance of purely political subdivisions in the working out of a technical programme.

The Commission was next faced with the job of reallocating the 700-odd stations then in existence in accordance with the general principles thus laid down. Its scheme, evolved after much technical study and considerable difference of opinion within as well as without the Commission, was announced in General Order No. 40. The problem was one of classifying not merely stations but wave-length assignments, and of doing so with as little interference as the general policy permitted. The whole 550–1500 kilocycle band had therefore to be studied. The result was the definition of three types of service — national, regional, local. For national service the commission 'cleared' forty channels, on each of which only one station was to operate at one time. Regional channels, thirty-five in number, were to accommodate 125 stations of moderate power, widely spaced. Local channels, comprising the remainder, were to accommodate 150 low-power stations.

This scheme, for various reasons, some of which will be indicated below, has not been fully carried out. But even so far as it has been carried out — that is, in respect of the cleared channels — its operation leaves much to be desired. In the first place, there is still duplication of stations on the same wave in certain cases, which the Commission has been unable for legal reasons to abolish. That fact is necessary to explain the apparent paradox that there are about fifty stations operating full time on the forty cleared channels in addition to over thirty others operating on low power or limited time.

In the second place, there is still a good deal of 'waste room' in the ether because many stations operating on cleared channels are using only low or very moderate power; while at the same time, since title to a cleared channel is the most valuable concession obtainable from a money-making point of view, these stations would strongly object to others being authorized on their channels even if the Commission were disposed (as part of it has been

disposed) to take such a step. As a matter of fact some twenty of these cleared-channel stations applied to the Commission last November for permission to increase their power up to fifty kilowatts. A good many of them have been losing money, and from their point of view an increase in the service area would enable advertising rates to be increased. The smaller stations, however, have stoutly resisted the increase on the ground of interference, and the Commission has hitherto been very chary of granting high-power permits.

The gravest waste, however, is in connection with the chain hook-ups. A majority of these stations on cleared channels are associated with either the National Broadcasting Company or the Columbia system. For a very obvious reason. It is these cleared-channel stations that have the largest potential service area and therefore the greatest cash value as advertising agencies; and though only a small proportion of them are actually owned by the radio interests, almost all of them are in commercial or financial ownership, and almost all of them exist simply to sell wares or services and make money. The vast advertising networks in which they are associated are a natural development of that commercialization of broadcasting which the Radio Commission has accepted as in conformity with 'public interest, convenience or necessity.' But the result entails a tremendous wastage of broadcasting facilities, for the reason that instead of forty cleared channels presenting, as they might, forty different programmes, the same material comes every night over the air from the great majority of them. Irrespective of whether the programme is good or bad, this involves a colossal waste of 'air space' — a waste over which the Commission has apparently no control at all. In view of the congestion of broadcasting facilities, which has involved outright denial of facilities to many non-commercial stations, such a result of individualism is a deplorable piece of inefficiency.

It is possible that, at some time in the future, synchronization — that is, operation of two or more stations on the same wave kept absolutely in unison — may release some of these cleared channels. To date, however, synchronization has been commercially possible only by direct wire connection — a process too expensive to carry out over large distances. Whether or when this relief may come is uncertain; in the meantime the monopolization of the national channels stands squarely in the way of independent enterprise in programme development.

IV

In the original scheme of the Davis Amendment and General Order No. 40, it will be noticed that a total of 315 stations was originally provided for. There are in fact over 600 stations operating. The difference provides some measure of the various technical, political, and legal obstacles that have stood in the way.

Of the political obstacles perhaps the less said the better. Their general nature can be very well imagined. The legal ones, however, provide some points of vital interest. The Radio Act of 1927 laid down that the grant of a license was subject to 'public interest, convenience or necessity' — leaving the interpretation of the phrase entirely to the Commission. All sorts of cases have been brought up by stations 'ordered off the air' or contesting particular rulings of the Commission; but the outstanding issues may perhaps be briefly indicated as follows.

On the face of it, radio regulation must be entirely a Federal matter.

Even a weak station is not confined in its effects within the intra-state area. The courts have ruled that 'radio communication in general' falls within the category of interstate commerce and that the constitutional power thus arising must be broadly interpreted — just how broadly is not yet fully explicit. Further, it has been quite definitely laid down that the grant of a license conveys no property right in a wave length, and that the regulatory power of the Commission is therefore not *ipso facto* in contravention of the Fifth Amendment. But apparently regulation can be successfully contested on the plea of arbitrary use of power by the Commission. A leading case was that of station WGY (Schenectady). The Commission, in its attempt to apply the Davis Amendment on the lines of its General Order No. 40, had found it necessary to curtail this station's time on the air. The attempt failed, and the argument of the court suggested that, although the station had no vested interest in any particular wave length, it had acquired a property interest in its operations entitled to protection of the opportunity for their full continuance.

The question of vested interests is in fact by no means disposed of by the contention that there is no vested interest in a wave length as such. The power to curtail operations or order stations off the air may be contested on various grounds, and it is not too much to say that the exact nature of that power has never been finally settled. An extract from an important brief recently presented before the Supreme Court illustrates the basic confusion: —

> The property right of a broadcasting station to the use of the ether with the power upon which it is operated is, perhaps, best established by the doctrine of priority of appropriation as applied to water rights in non-navigable streams of the Western States. It is contended that rights to the use of the ether for broadcasting are similar in nature, the property right to the continued use of both media being acquired by priority of appropriation.
>
> The case resolves itself into this: Shall a pioneer broadcaster who, at the risk of money and effort, contributed to the creation of broadcasting be deprived of the fruits of his labor?

V

The same brief attacks the regulatory power on the ground that there are no previously established criteria of 'public interest, convenience or necessity.' And here a different and perhaps even more difficult phase of the problem arises. That phase concerns the nature of the service rendered. The Commission is explicitly denied the power of censorship by Section 29 of the Radio Act, except that it may close stations permitting the use of 'obscene, indecent or profane language.' Some stations have been closed on this ground. On the other hand the Commission can hardly avoid — does not avoid in practice — taking into consideration the quality of the service given in deciding between competing stations where facilities are limited and a choice has to be made. Should it have power to go further?

First, there is widespread evidence of a public reaction against radio advertising. It is surprising how many people one meets who either do not own sets or scarcely use their sets because they will not tolerate it. Dr. Lee De Forest, in his presidential message to the Institute of Radio Engineers in January 1931, attributed the falling off in radio sales during 1930 largely to this factor, and went so far as to describe the present situation as 'perilously menacing.' In what is probably the gravest warning yet uttered by a

person of high authority in the industry itself, he said: —

> Unless these broadcasting conditions are very soon materially improved; unless the public is given the opportunity to listen to four or five hours each day of fine entertainment free from sales talk, I cannot see any way of restoring its former prosperity to the radio industry.
>
> As long as it seems hopeless to expect our Congress to authorize any censorship of radio programmes or to levy a tax on receiving instruments for the support of fine programmes, even if such measures were wise, I am forced to regard the plan of associated manufacturers collectively sponsoring high-class programmes freed of all advertising as the surest and most practical means for remedying a situation which will, unless cured, certainly spell disaster for the radio industry.

Testimony of a different kind, though no less devastating, was forthcoming last December from the attorney to the Federal Radio Commission, Mr. Arthur W. Scharfeld: 'The widespread and unthinking reliance of the public on broadcast advertising as a guide to purchases of every nature [including in certain cases security issues banned under state blue-sky laws] creates a potentiality for abuse upon which advertisers have not been slow to realize. Established remedies which cover the ordinary situation of false or misleading advertising have been but slight deterrents to fraudulent practices over the radio. Persuasive evidence that the evils exist is afforded by the continuing galaxy of complaints covering every conceivable subject matter.'

There is another phase of this question. Apart altogether from the effect of advertising upon programme content, there exists behind the scenes a good deal more skepticism than is allowed to leak out as to the actual sales value of the radio campaign. A large proportion, perhaps a majority, of station managers are professional advertising men; and although there is competition between radio advertising and other forms of the art, there is also coöperation, as evinced in the various 'tie-ups' between radio and press or billboard publicity. No one branch is going to give the rest away by too much candor. But it is unlikely that broadcasting revenues will continue indefinitely increasing. It is not impossible that radio advertising has already passed its zenith. One wonders, in that event, whether the 'unsponsored' programmes which now account for most of the better features of American broadcasting will be continued on the increasing scale which cultural considerations demand. Such programmes cost a lot of money, and the amount that can be spent on them — apart from its function in staving off criticism and the possibility of outside control — is closely connected with the size of the advertising revenue. If, as the Radio Commission has laid down, advertising must be accepted as the sole means of support for broadcasting, the outlook is not altogether reassuring.

The commercial basis raises yet another obstacle to cultural progress. Chain stations are paid for the advertising material they relay from the central studios of the system. On the other hand they pay for the 'sustaining' or 'unsponsored' programmes they pick up and rebroadcast. They are not under obligation to take these latter, and as a rule do not if they can sell the same hours to an advertiser on their own account. The result is, of course, that the only material which is certain of nation-wide reception is the advertising. The educational or cultural features offered by the central stations may or may not be distributed on the local or regional hook-ups. Perhaps that is a fair reflection of the scale of values obtaining in the average Ameri-

can mind. But it is not encouraging to those who would like to see broadcasting made more worthy of a nation that claims to call itself civilized.

Mr. Hoover's views on this matter have apparently undergone a strange metamorphosis. A few years ago he said very frankly: —

> Radio communication is not to be considered as merely a business carried on for private gain, for public advertisement, or for the entertainment of the curious. It is a public concern impressed with the public trust and to be considered primarily from the standpoint of public interest to the same extent and upon the basis of the same general principles as our other public utilities.

Last December, in a letter to the vice president of the Westinghouse Company apropos of the tenth anniversary of commercial broadcasting, Mr. Hoover wrote as follows: 'It has already begun to modify the character of American life and fortunately its tremendous influence is all on the side of progress. To-day the high level of service and the wholesome character of programmes should be a proper source of pride to all engaged in it.' One wonders whether Mr. Hoover knew what happened to the Massachusetts University Extension programme of radio education at the hands of the Westinghouse stations of New England. He can find the story on page 144 of the report on radio education issued by his own Secretary of the Interior.

VI

It is in connection with the educational use of radio that the question of programme control is being most keenly discussed. The contribution that radio at present makes, or under existing conditions can make, to either juvenile or adult education in America is lamentably small in comparison with the opportunity or with what is being done elsewhere. Education cannot compete for 'room on the air' with national advertisers. There are even people who hold it ought not to be compelled to. But all available channels are full, and more than full. What — if anything — can be done about it?

Three main proposals have so far been put forward for serious consideration by responsible groups in America. A conference summoned in Chicago by the Radio Education Division of the Federal Office of Education last October formulated a demand that the Radio Commission be instructed by Congress to clear 15 per cent of all channels for government and educational purposes. A proposal similar in principle is contained in a joint resolution now before Congress, calling for three cleared channels to be put at the disposal of the Departments of Labor, Agriculture, and the Interior.

An alternative suggestion which has met with some favor on the part of two members of the Radio Commission itself is that stations should be compelled, as a stipulation of their license, to hold a stated proportion of their time at the disposal of the public services. Commissioner Robinson has coupled this idea with the suggestion of a license fee, to be paid, as it is in other cases, for the use of a public medium.

The legal obstacles in the way of either plan are undoubtedly serious, though less so in the second case than in the first. In view of the attitude of the courts, the Commission might well shrink from any attempt at a compulsory clearing of channels. The alternative would be to wait — indefinitely — for the release of existing channels by synchronization, on the by no means certain assumption that when that time came present holders of unrequired national channels would give them up without a struggle. But

even so, to devote cleared channels to any restricted type of service would be poor economy in view of the improbability of such restricted service requiring full-time use of the facilities.

The second proposal avoids this objection; but it is open to another that might prove no less serious. If the stations themselves are to be allowed to choose which hours they will devote to public-service programmes, they will naturally choose the hours they cannot sell. If they are to be told by some outside authority what hours they shall surrender, much the same legal problems will be raised as would be involved in an attempt to put some of them 'off the air' altogether.

A third proposal, which is now being acted upon through the instrumentality of the National Advisory Council on Radio in Education (a non-governmental organization), avoids any element of coercion. In his recent report to the American Association for Adult Education ('Education Tunes In') Mr. Levering Tyson drew attention to the following statement by the president of the National Broadcasting Company, Mr. Merlin H. Aylesworth: —

'The pleasing progress that we have made in musical education leads us to hope that we shall soon undertake general educational work, but I feel very strongly that that should not be done until a carefully considered programme is prepared by nationally recognized educators of outstanding ability. Such a programme should be sponsored by some responsible organization of educators or perhaps a group of them. . . . When they are ready we will place our facilities at their disposal without charge.'

Up to the present, it must be confessed, the National Broadcasting Company has had considerable justification for holding its hand. There have been very few examples of first-class educational broadcasting in America, and it may be said, taking the field as a whole, that educational opinion is divided and discouraged. Objectives are not yet defined and methods not generally agreed on. Nor is there convincing evidence of any widespread popular demand for education as such. Educators cannot see their way clear to getting untrammeled use of the 'air,' even if they knew what they wanted to do with it; on the other hand, they are skeptical of education sponsored by commercial firms — even in those cases where the firms have made genuine efforts to promote it. The offer of facilities on the two national chain systems, though it is probably the best opportunity open at present, is subject to certain drawbacks. There is the difficulty, in an area as large as the United States, of local time variations; but, assuming that this can be got over, there is the larger question as to whether uniformity on a nation-wide scale is a really promising road for education. The fact remains, however, that in very few cases have local stations either the resources or the initiative to command first-rate material.

An effort is therefore being made by the National Advisory Council to explore the educational demand on a nation-wide scale with a view to action upon the lines suggested above by Mr. Aylesworth. The significance of any experiments so made will depend very largely on the amount of public response they evoke. But should the experiment succeed, we shall have another example of the American way of doing through the instrumentality of — and within the limits imposed by — big business the things that other countries would naturally do by public enterprise. The distinction, however, is probably unimportant, since it would be folly to pretend that there is any

vital difference in the ideals and the policies of the two agencies at present.

Big business has in fact come to occupy in America very much the position occupied by the Church in mediæval Europe. It dominates politics and international relations, colors the administration of law and the concept of justice, controls popular aspiration, recreation, and a large part of education, moulds the forms and sets the standards of social intercourse, permeates while it patronizes the national culture in a hundred ways. It rests on a widespread and uncritical faith which is carefully protected from the shocks that too much knowledge might impart; and it is served throughout the lower ranks of its hierarchy with loyalty, sincerity, and devotion. To its highly centralized controls are drawn, as by magnetic attraction, the ablest men from every sphere that fits its grand design. And even at its core, cynicism and *Realpolitik* stand cheek by jowl with idealism and a sense of stewardship.

This is no caviling comment. After all, the attempt to establish the kingdom of God was not a conspicuous success. And, having decided to establish instead a kingdom of man, what more can one reasonably demand than to be made comfortable? The higher flights of culture have, as is well known, a tendency sometimes to disturb the mind, evoke quite inconvenient aspirations, diminish the measure of our content with things as they are, and even affect the working of the digestive organs. Let us be grateful we are spared the prospect of such a consummation.

THE RIGHT TO DRIVE

BY RICHARD SHELTON KIRBY

I

It has been one hundred and sixty years since the first vehicle actuated by power other than that of an animal first crept along a public way. The Parisian authorities of the day were properly shocked at Cugnot's assurance and promptly sequestered both the driver and his teakettle car. Just a generation later, a rude Cornish giant brought to London a ponderous traveling engine which had terrified his simple neighbors in Camborne. He tried to zigzag at twelve miles an hour 'from Leather Lane to Paddington by way of Lord's Cricket Ground,' but the busmen and cab drivers were so rude that he could not properly guide his monster and it swerved and ripped up sixteen feet of garden railings, with the result that Trevithick gave his next exhibition inside an enclosure where now is Euston Square. And at the end of still another generation we find one Hancock turning out 'steam carriages,' which conveyed a dozen persons along the king's highway in 'luxury' and usually even in safety at eight miles an hour. He christened one of the first of these 'Autopsy.' Verily there were prophets and seers in those days.

And we of 1931, can we project ourselves ever so little into the future in

this matter of the use of our public roads?

Perhaps it will help if we view the immediate past in brief detail. Twenty-five or thirty years ago Americans who could afford it, and in course of time at least a few who could not, began to discard the trusty steeds that had served them and their forefathers in favor of crude 'gas-buggies,' which in a surprisingly few years have given birth to an innumerable progeny of high-, higher-, and highest-powered motor cars — the latest count indicates that their number is approaching thirty millions.

The results of so sudden and radical a change in our mode of living are everywhere apparent, and not all are salutary. *To date, in the United States alone, more than a quarter of a million people have been killed by or in automobiles.* This does not sink as deeply into our consciousness as would, perhaps, a newspaper statement such as this on each New Year's Day: —

ANOTHER CITY GONE

Injury Situation Beyond Control

Late press dispatches confirm a rumor that during the past twelve months, as the result of a mysterious illness with which the authorities have thus far been powerless to cope, the entire population of Tucson, Arizona, have lost their lives. It will perhaps be remembered that in the course of the previous year the population of Ann Arbor, Michigan, was destroyed in a similar epidemic and that every man, woman, and child in Northampton, Massachusetts, perished from what was thought to be this same dread disease the year before that.

It is further stated on good authority that during the last decade, from this same horrible malady, every man, woman, and child in New England has suffered injuries serious enough to report, all the way from 'harmless' cuts to manglings that have kept them hovering between this world and the next for many weeks. A conference of governors has been called and immediate action is confidently looked for.

To speak in this connection of such a matter as property losses would seem to be altogether an anticlimax—and we Americans view waste rather nonchalantly at best. The fact is, however, that American automobiles are responsible each year for direct property damage of the value of two hundred millions of dollars — more than half the initial cost of our boasted Panama Canal; and if all economic losses are included the total approximates a billion dollars. Can this be even one of the least of the numberless causes of our present economic depression?

II

There is no simple cure-all remedy for so complex a situation as confronts us, although a number have been proposed, all the way from doing away with the gas pedal to surrounding all cars with India-rubber buffers or incarcerating guilty cars by the wholesale. Personally, I believe we all drive, at times, considerably faster than necessary. But I look at the London figures for the 1003 street fatalities caused by vehicles of all sorts during a recent year and note that nearly 800 of the vehicles were estimated, by the police, to have been traveling no faster than 15 miles an hour, and I wonder. The authorities in our smallest New England state have proved conclusively, by long and carefully conducted tests, that driving speeds in their state (at least up to 1930) have been increasing steadily over a period of years — higher in the autumn than in the spring, higher in the spring than in the preceding autumn, and so on. They are convinced that there is a direct ratio between speed and accidents; that one rises and falls with the other.

I keep pondering over an arithmeti-

cal sum — a half second's wrong thinking carries one 36 feet at 50 miles an hour, but only 18 feet at 25; and in the 18 feet between there might conceivably be a number of human beings. And what passes off lightly as an unlucky bump at 20 miles an hour becomes a tragedy at 40, for the kinetic energy of such a blow increases as the square of the speed. The day is surely coming when a gentleman will no longer boast of having bowled along our beautiful New England highways at the speed of a limited express — he will apologize instead.

To the average person, death rates do not signify as much as they perhaps should. Several years ago our United States death rate from automobile accidents passed 20 per year per 100,000 inhabitants; the National Safety Council's estimate for 1929 was 22.7; the rate is still mounting, and nearly reached 25 in 1930. It is almost twice as high on the Pacific Coast as in New England, and the New England rate is about twice that of England and Wales, where in an area a third larger than New England there are about the same number of cars and five times as many people.

Judged by results, the fight against typhoid fever in Connecticut has been, over a period of ten years, some seven times as successful as that against auto fatalities, for in that period the typhoid death rate has been divided by four and the auto death rate has been multiplied by nearly two. Perhaps we might assert that an automobile is, at the moment, thirty times as dangerous as a typhoid bacillus, at least potentially. Nearly one third of all our accidental deaths in the United States are due to automobile crashes; next in order come falls, and after that usually drownings.

There are one or two bright, or at least not altogether black, spots in the picture. Our young pedestrians seem to show improvement in adjusting themselves to a situation which did not confront their elders so early in life; teachers and parents should be heartened at this. Conversely, however ill we can spare them, the aged are being told off at an increasing rate. And it does not give one much of a thrill to hear that, in proportion to the mileage we drive, we are probably killing slightly fewer people with our cars each year; the figure last year was a little over two deaths for each million gallons of gasoline burned. It is as if a group of two hundred cars should be driven around the world before they killed anyone, but during the journey should injure thirty or forty persons, some of them within an inch of their lives. We should n't pat each other on the back very complacently for a record like that. It is a fact that, in proportion to the number of cars on our streets, fewer than half the number of people are killed each year in the United States that were killed on the same streets during the latter years of the World War. But this is faint comfort to the hearts of the growing number of mourners; and, in fact, for several years past the rate has been increasing again.

III

There are many queries which might be put to a statistician versed in these matters; but to a fair proportion of the queries conclusive answers are at present impossible. Questions like these: Do flexible speed regulations increase or diminish accidents? What effect on accidents have so-called *prima facie* speed laws? Does universal compulsory insurance covering third-party risks make for more careful driving? Does the construction of speedways reduce the number of accidents or only

change their type? Are women more careful drivers than men? Should we increase or decrease the number of warning signs? To questions such as these one might hazard replies according to his predilections or even his hopes, but he would have to confess that the replies were founded on rather slim documentary evidence of a statistical nature; perhaps ten years hence we may feel more sure.

There are other questions which can be answered with confidence, for the data are available. Accidents are most apt to happen, for instance, at about five o'clock of a pleasant Saturday (or in some localities Sunday) afternoon in the late summer or early autumn on a straight, smooth, dry pavement in a moderate-sized city or large town, perhaps at a street intersection. In such a picture one usually finds one or two drivers under thirty, and perhaps a pedestrian over fifty. In other words, in the localities where such records are kept we know with considerable exactness when the most accidents are occurring and where; also the comparative prevalence of each type, the nature of the damage done, and much besides. But even if we know all these facts, relevant and interesting though they may be, the one inclusive and all-important question is still left unanswered — namely, What are the main causes of such accidents?

All who have studied the subject would agree that, however hesitant one might feel about ascribing a definite cause to each accident, it is nevertheless true that causes do vary tremendously in importance. Defects in highways most certainly are responsible for only a small percentage of the total number, and defects in cars for fewer still — the latter only 3 or 4 per cent, even including the much-discussed faulty headlights. Defects in roads and imperfections in cars are of minor importance, but they are relatively tangible and simple of correction; a reduction of even 1 per cent in each might prevent many hundreds of deaths in a single year. And closely related is the matter of injuries and deaths which might have been avoided if there had been no shattered glass; in how large a proportion of cases this has figured seriously no one knows, but the situation is one that could be corrected, if we would, almost overnight. Pedestrians are perhaps to blame for 20 per cent of the accidents, though of course they are involved in only about half of the total number. But I suspect that all authorities would agree that the bulk of our automobile accidents should properly be laid at the door of the person who drives the car.

Those who classify accidents according to their apparent primary causes are not altogether of one mind as to the proportion for which the driver is responsible, but the variation in their judgments is not wide. It is interesting to note that the authorities of Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Berlin, Germany, concur in blaming the operator for between 64 and 67 of every 100 accidents. An unofficial canvass of coroners' returns in Great Britain, three years ago, placed the figure at just under 40 per cent, in fatal accidents, for which it would naturally be low. A somewhat similar situation exists in the State of Massachusetts.

What is it, then, that these drivers — who are killing perhaps 20,000 of our people, including themselves, each year — do or fail to do? Statistics will tell you that, in the great majority of cases, either they are not focusing their whole minds on their driving, or they are proceeding too rapidly for safety under the conditions, or they are not giving way to other drivers as they pass

them at intersections or elsewhere. In other words, most casualties for which the driver is to blame are due to a lack on his part of at least one of the three qualities of *concentration*, *caution*, and *consideration*. His mind may be nearly a blank as to the three R's, but if he lacks the three C's he is a dangerous person to meet on the road. We all realize that a driver who, while he is driving, does just that and cannot be diverted from it, who does not allow himself to take long chances, and who practises not only the rules of the road but the rules of everyday decent politeness, is almost certain to keep out of trouble.

If I had to choose between the three qualities, I should put the last first, for all too many drivers have forgotten that there ever was such an expression as 'After you, my dear Alphonse.'

If drivers are responsible for so large a share of the accidents, it would seem altogether logical that our best line of action should be directed toward them. To say that our various states, even the most conservative of them, have been liberal in their official permissions to drive motor vehicles (where any permission at all has been necessary) is to keep well within the truth. Up to now the assumption has been, even in some of our best-regulated states, that an able-bodied person in his middle teens or over, with mind enough to shift a few gears, swing a car from one side of the street to the other, forward and back, and answer, parrot fashion, a dozen stereotyped questions, has a right to cruise around our whole United States at will — provided, indeed, that he can find six dollars or so for a license fee and either pay the first installment on a car that will hold together or borrow one for the occasion. In other sections of the country a person just exercises his God-given right to the highway, and who is the State that it should pretend to curtail him in his use of it?

Further, to assert that our courts (big and little, but mostly little) have not come up to the full measure of their capacities for uniform enforcement of the motor-vehicle law against offenders (big and little) is merely to rehearse what is common knowledge.

For ideal driving the car must become part of the driver, an extension of his personality, doing his bidding implicitly, just as his legs and arms do. If the car is not perfect in its mechanism, a well-balanced driver will use extra caution in other directions to make up for the particular defect. I would sooner trust an ancient bus, indifferently supplied with brakes, hard to steer, and rheumatic in all of its joints, but manned by any one of a half-dozen men (or one woman) whom I could name, than a luxurious 1931 model, with safety devices galore and a countless array of control dials on the dash, in the hands of a smart Aleck.

In other words, the whole problem resolves itself into a judicious selection of drivers. But how to pick out, from a horde of applicants each year, those persons who, in emergencies, will presumably exercise the three basic qualities mentioned is perhaps a more difficult problem than deciding, after they have failed, perhaps after an accident which it is then too late to prevent, just what punishment, if any, should be meted out to them. But the problem must be solved.

IV

Great Britain, under her new Road Traffic Act, has just begun to face this problem; it will no longer suffice for a prospective private-car operator simply to mail five shillings to the authorities.

(I was told by someone in London who knows whereof he speaks that a blind person had once done this successfully.) Most other European countries progressed beyond this point some years ago, and now examine all applicants for drivers' licenses; the German examinations are thoroughgoing and conscientiously conducted.

Connecticut has, of course, examined drivers rather carefully from the first. The state has now in operation, in somewhat tentative form, a comprehensive examination to be set for drivers who wish reinstatement after having been, for sundry reasons, deprived of their licenses. The chief purpose of this examination is to determine, so far as such matters can be brought out by an examination, just how wholesome an applicant's reactions are likely to be in the thousand and one emergencies which driving necessarily creates; in other words, to give the State something that an ordinary examination does not indicate — an insight into his personality and attitude toward the public generally. Perhaps much of the hope of the future lies in this direction.

At this point several questions become pertinent. How large a proportion of our drivers are causing most or all of our accidents? The impression of some people has been that operators of Southern European birth or ancestry, or of relatively humble origin, are the chief offenders; but this is only an impression, which I do not personally hold, and I know of no data to confirm it.

That the total number of accidents is not evenly distributed among the total number of drivers needs little proof. A study of fatal accidents in Connecticut during 1929 revealed the fact that in the case of 90 of the 429 drivers involved the fatal accident was not the result of their first crash or even of their second; in 33 cases it was the third, in 32 the fourth, and there were a few drivers whose records, at least on paper, appeared still worse. Doubtless some of these drivers had simply been the unfortunate victims of a series of untoward circumstances, but not all of them.

A close study of the physical and mental characteristics of such a group in any jurisdiction should yield large returns. Perhaps it might even silence part of the outside pressure for the restoration of some licenses.

What proportion of accidents would not have happened if there had not been alcoholic indulgence on the part of a driver? Statisticians thus far have been necessarily somewhat silent on this question, for the good reason that no reliable data are available. I have before me a number of tabulations showing the proportion of accidents caused by 'drunken' drivers. In the city of Berlin, in 1928 and 1929, between 4 and 5 per cent of the accidents laid to the drivers were ascribed by the police to drunkenness (*Trunkenheit*); the Connecticut percentage for the same year was barely more than half of this; while that for Great Britain was smaller still, according to coroners' returns on fatal accidents only, made to the National Safety First Association.

But I am convinced that these insignificant percentages give an entirely misleading picture of what is actually happening. One of the foremost German authorities on motor-vehicle regulation has recently written, 'Drivers who drink alcohol are more subject to accidents than abstainers.' Within a month, in talking with two of my friends who have thought long and hard over such matters, I have raised a pertinent question. How large a percentage of automobile accidents are due to drivers who are not drunk, but

have simply taken a couple of drinks, or so, a short time previous? One, an enthusiastic Volsteadian, cautiously put the figure at 30 or 40 per cent. The other, our State Motor Vehicle Commissioner, is convinced that at least half of the accidents following reckless driving, speeding, and the like, are due to liquor. He is also convinced that, in a great majority of these cases, the amount of liquor taken has been comparatively small.

Suiting his action to his convictions, Commissioner Stoeckel has, since last summer, intensified his administrative procedure against those intoxicated drivers who manage to escape punishment by the courts for that offense. I have no sympathy with those who opposed the Commissioner's stand in this matter, for I have always assumed that life should logically be valued above both liberty and the pursuit of what some people call happiness; and one cannot afford to deal gingerly with so serious a menace. The motor-vehicle department of Rhode Island, in a recent bulletin, *Alcohol and the Operator*, said, 'In the average case, but two or three drinks caused the trouble.' I have made no effort to learn the views of other motor-vehicle departments on the subject, so that I have nothing much beyond my strong suspicions. However, I feel quite sure that most departments would agree with me that concentration, caution, and consideration are not usually on the programme of a person who has taken into his system a drug whose 'first effect is blunting of self-criticism, reason, judgment, and volitional control, with weakening of all of the finer social reactions.'

I do not undervalue powerful automobiles equipped with the last word in control and safety devices. Especially can I appreciate the success of the efforts of skilled men of my own profession to build highways ever more serviceable and safe. (Parenthetically, I could wish that they never built one without a sidewalk.) And both publicity and the education of pedestrians, especially the younger ones, will contribute to the solution of this vexatious problem.

Nevertheless, with all this acknowledged, I am certain that ten years from now we shall be enjoying our densely thronged highways with comparative immunity from accidents only if, by that time, through a process of thoughtful selection and education of drivers, uniformly enforced discipline, and careful and constant elimination of the relatively small number who prove unfit and of the still smaller number of potential criminals, we shall have acquired the grace and wisdom to determine which of our citizens have earned the right to operate motor vehicles over and upon the said highways.

A SCIENTIST TURNS POET

BY JULIAN S. HUXLEY

EGO

I AM the Self that cannot die —
Who should know it if not I?
A mental shape, a crystal being,
With limbs beyond mere mortal seeing.

Bright distinctness! I am I:
Through the busy world I fly,
Borne on individual wing
Like the airy Eagle-King.

I possess and I destroy;
Drown in grief and swim in joy;
I mould the dull event like clay,
And speak the dooms of Yea and Nay.

I handle matter; but to boot
I attain the Absolute.
Hark what I proclaim to you —
The Good is good, and Truth is true.

My crystal limbs and comet hair
Glowed into birth I know not where.
Nor care I — enough for me
My eternal self to be.

Thus for better or for worse
I march across the Universe.
Who shall deny that I am I?
The Self that knows not how to die?

(EGO *makes to speak, but is interrupted*)

ENERGY

Energy. I am Energy. Sublime and meaningless Energy.
I stream in floods across the empty ocean
Of space, where the (island) universes float,
Each like a little lonely boat.

I set the world in motion.

Light, heat, flame, slow subtle transformation,
All destruction, all creation,
The lightest wind, the waves, the river's slipping flow,
The busy piston, pump, cam, dynamo,
Growth of a child, unfolding of a flower,
The fall of a summer shower,
And every manifesting of human power —

There am I, that am I;
I work as I fly,
And change and am born again even as I seem to die.

You there, Self, with your Ego so proudly alone and apart,
Whence do you draw the power to utter the words you are saying?
Where do your limbs find strength for your working and playing?
And at last, when the waiting blow has broken your heart,
How will you bend your knees for your vain and contrite praying?

What I give, and no more,
Is the source of your power;
I allow from my store
What you need every hour.
You would never have been
But for my help in growing;
You are but the machine
Which my stream sets a-going.

(TIME *and* SPACE, *together*)

TIME

I am eternal Time;
You see my ageless face.
I work through my unending prime
To change the look of Space.

Self!

Runner of an instant's race,
Shrink and shrivel — I am
Time.

SPACE

I am the vast of Space,
Unbounded and sublime;
Matter and Energy's market place
And the workshop of Time.

Self!

You fragmentary speck of mortal slime,
Shrink and shrivel — I am
Space.

MATTER

I am Matter. I am the condensation,
The kink in empty space that provides resistance,
Precious inertia — mine the sole foundation
On which swift Energy's flow of fluid emanation
Fraternally builds reality into existence.

I am Matter. So, proud Self, are you.
You humans think you're everybody's betters
Because with merely six-and-twenty letters
You write the Bible and the *Daily Mail*,
The *Pink 'Un*, Shakespeare, and the *Old Wives' Tale*.
My alphabet has letters only two —
Only Yea and Nay;
Negative, minus;
Positive, plus;
Yet thus,
With nought but A and B, B and A,
I am built into every shape in the universe —
Star-clouds, comets, suns and moons,
Holy wells and desert dunes,
Race of tigers, cattle-breed,
Ferns and their invisible seed;

All human bodies, all human works;
Scots and Japs and Jews and Turks,
Jericho's walls,
St. Peter's and St. Paul's,
And New York rising into the skies,
Living lips, fragrant hair, liquid eyes —
And the final corpse, the coffin, and the hearse.

I am Matter. I am the Whole. And you,
Small Self, you're a transitory eddy
Within that whole. Poor creature! So unready,
You self-appointed Bright Particular Star,
To know yourself for what you are —
A complicated bit of matter
That's all puffed up because it's learnt to chatter.

EGO

Am I not Self that cannot die?
  That satisfied my need.
Is it not true that I am I?
  That was all my creed.

No Athanasian mystery
  Confusing common sense;
No *quia impossibile* —
  I was the evidence.

In that belief I learnt to live,
  In that I meant to die,
Without a fear what Fate might give
  So long as I was I.

When the feet run swift in a race,
  It is I;
When the dancing limbs are all grace,
  It is I;

When the light smile breaks on the face,
It is I.
It is I who smile you the smile, who dance,
who run in the race.
When the body is ground with pain,
It is I;
When dead hope quickens again —
It is I;
And the limpid thought in the brain,
It is I;
It is I who am thinker of thoughts, who hope,
who must suffer the pain.

Grim spirits — what, will you deny
I am I?
Who withstands you and gives you the lie?
It is I.
You are dead — but who lives though he die?
It is I!
It is I who assert and deny, live and die,
and conquer your heartless lie.

SUPER–EGO

(*In the form of a Categorical Imperative — a single voice, accustomed to giving orders*)

Silence, you scum! I hear you, if not they.

(*There is silence*)

I am the pillar of the human temple,
In living rock my firm foundations lie
Below the obscene crypt which you inhabit.
Like your imprisoned gang, I draw my strength
From very depth and darkness; but I then
Plunge up into the light and show myself,
With every line in plumb, and every section
A perfect circle. So I grow aloft

And soar clean out of sight.
Both sides of light,
Lie waves that are but darkness of the eye;
Both sides of consciousness, octaves of mind
Extend and live in dark unconscious being.

Thus I, above the Self continuing,
Invisibly support the invisible roof —
Between the creature and the cold of space,
Shielding him from the awful Infinite
And from a God too great to be endured.
But in that roof, from out its echoing lantern,
From harbors in its unseen sculptured stone,
Voices are born of me; and thence slip down
My vertical circle, for the Self to hear.

Still and small, or strong and clear,
Remote and thin, or within
The very Ear;
Voice of counsel, voice of cheer,
The soundless voice that slaughters choice,
Voice of fear;
Voice whose sternness yet is dear.
Wayward man, do what you can,
You needs must hear.

Must, must, must!
Without me, you were only dust,
Only animal life and lust.
By my fierce imperative
I drag you up and make you live
High and hard and near the skies.
You mount, and to your climbing eyes
Horizons new-revealed appear
Over the shoulders of the sphere.

COUNTRY JUSTICE

BY F. LYMAN WINDOLPH

I

It hardly needed the authority of President Hoover's inaugural to convince the people of the United States that disregard of law constitutes one of the major problems with which the present generation is confronted, and that any intelligent inquiry as to how our laws may be better enforced necessarily involves a consideration of how the procedure of our criminal courts may be reformed.

That a reformation of this procedure is badly needed seems, indeed, to have been taken for granted not only by President Hoover, but by nearly everyone who has discussed the subject during the course of the last decade. The reforms suggested — or actually adopted in certain states — have been many and various. They include allowance of a conviction without proof of the defendant's guilt beyond a reasonable doubt, abolition of the rule forbidding comment on his failure to testify in his own behalf, a reduction in the number of the jury, and abolition of the requirement of a unanimous verdict. Some of these innovations are comparatively unimportant, but in the aggregate they express a profound and growing distrust in trial by jury as a means of administering justice in criminal cases.

Now trial by jury is the most characteristic contribution which our race has made to the practical science of jurisprudence. On that account, if for no other reason, it ought not to be lightly discarded. It was, in its origin, essentially a rural instrumentality, and the interesting suggestion has been made on a number of occasions — notably by Dean Pound in addressing the Judicial Section of the American Bar Association in 1926 — that its present disrepute results very largely from the unsuccessful attempt to adapt it to the needs of an increasingly urban civilization. If this is so, it may be worth while to record the comments of a country lawyer on the trial procedure of courts in the large cities. Many of the matters usually included in the term 'procedure' are so universal and rigid as to be incapable of being changed except by constitutional amendment. Others, however, are entirely local and flexible, and are governed by rules of court, which may be altered at pleasure, or merely by the customary practices of the courts in which they occur. If trial by jury works better to-day in the country than in the cities, perhaps it does so less in the nature of the case than because, for reasons not in themselves compelling, it is administered in the country more nearly than elsewhere in accordance with its own genius and traditions. Perhaps, in short, there has been too much adaptation instead of too little, and the trouble is not so much with the instrument as with the way in which it has been used.

What most surprises a country lawyer about the trial of cases in large cities may be summed up in a single sentence. In most instances the practice followed seems extraordinarily wasteful of time. This comment is the

more surprising because efficiency is, on the whole, preached with more fervor and practised with more consistency in the large cities than anywhere else. Indeed, in every connection except the trial of cases the city lawyer sets a record of promptness which the country lawyer cannot hope to equal.

In the course of a general country practice I have been employed at various times to prepare mortgages intended to secure issues of corporate bonds. A mortgage of this sort is an elaborate legal document whose average length is perhaps thirty thousand words. If I were instructed to-morrow to prepare one, there would be descriptions to secure, forms to consult, and various alternate provisions, both as to the terms of the bonds and as to the remedies of the bondholders in case of default, to consider and pass upon. A large amount of typewriting would have to be done. After the copy had been given to the printer there would be proof to read and corrections to make. At the very least it would take me a week to have such a mortgage ready for execution, though there are law firms in New York which would undertake to do the same work in twenty-four hours. And yet a country judge and two country lawyers can dispose of a murder case in a number of days no greater than the number of weeks which would be required to dispose of it in any one of a dozen metropolitan jurisdictions.

I once made this point in the course of an after-dinner speech in the presence of one of the leading trial lawyers at the New York bar. In the course of his own speech, which followed mine, he said, 'My friend does n't know what practice in the country really is. He ought to move to [the Middle Western state in which the speaker had begun his own practice]. *Out there they will try a case for four days for a fee of ten dollars.*' The remark struck me as significant because of its unconscious disregard of the point really involved. The speaker instinctively felt that it was a foolish thing to try a case for four days for a fee of ten dollars, though presumably not a foolish thing to try a case for forty days for a fee of, say, a thousand dollars a day. And yet it is to be observed that I had spoken — and that I am now writing — not about money, but about time. Great gifts receive, and deserve to receive, a great reward. The testimony is unanimous, however, that four days is a long time in which to try a case in the country.

II

But indeed I do not mean to argue that the jury system is good because it is prompt, though promptness is conceded to be one of its outstanding merits even by those who are opposed to the system as a whole. I mean rather that where the jury system is not administered promptly it is not administered characteristically and therefore is not administered well. Moreover, I am not referring to delay in bringing cases to trial. The problem of the congested court calendar is one peculiar to the big cities, and much good work has been done in recent years in the effort to solve it. I am referring to delay arising in the actual trial of cases from causes which have no necessary connection with the differences between conditions in the country and those in the cities.

Some of these causes were illustrated in the trial of George Remus for murder which took place in Cincinnati during the concluding months of the year 1927. The defendant had killed his wife on October 6 of that year, and his case was called on the fourteenth of the following November. (There can be no denial, therefore, that he was accorded a speedy trial. Not many rural jurisdictions can

show an average record of greater promptness, and I doubt whether greater promptness is in general desirable.) In some respects this was an extraordinary case. The defendant had formerly been a member of the bar, and he took an active and at times a very noisy part in his own defense. In other respects it was, however, an entirely ordinary case. The issues were in no way complicated. The killing was admitted, and the only defense was insanity, the defendant contending that he had been insane when he killed his wife but that he was sane at the time of the trial. Hypothetical questions were excluded, seemingly by agreement, and, as I read the newspaper reports of the proceedings, the testimony of all the alienists examined occupied only one day.

As previously stated, the defendant was called for trial on November 14. On December 20 his case was submitted to the jury, which rendered a verdict of not guilty in nineteen minutes. Including the nineteen minutes, the trial occupied thirty actual days, the time not spent in court between the two dates named being represented by Sundays and one additional day on which the presiding judge (no doubt a loyal alumnus) went to see the Ohio State football team in action.

The first five of these thirty days were spent in selecting a jury, and to a country lawyer this seems unreasonably long. Mr. Justice Riddell, Justice of Appeals of Ontario, Canada, in his interesting review of the Sacco-Vanzetti case which appeared in the *Journal of the American Bar Association* for December 1927, says that he never but once saw it take more than half an hour to obtain a jury in a murder case, and that, on that one occasion, it took forty-eight minutes. I am afraid that justice even in the rural parts of the United States is not quite so rapid as that of the Canadian variety, but it would be hard to convince an American country lawyer that there can be any good reason for spending more than a day, at the most, in the selection of a jury in any sort of case.

It appears that in Ohio the prosecution has four peremptory challenges in a murder case and the defense sixteen, though in a number of other states, my own included, each side has twenty. On the other hand, the practice followed in Ohio necessitates the selection of thirteen jurors — the thirteenth sitting as an emergency juror but taking no part in the decision of the case unless one of the other twelve is disqualified. As a matter of fact, however, the length of time required to obtain a jury does not depend to any great extent upon rules such as these, but upon the number and nature of the questions which counsel are permitted to ask prospective jurors. In my own jurisdiction the clerk of the court asks each juror three general questions: whether he has conscientious scruples against capital punishment; whether he has formed an opinion; and whether he can be impartial. I have occasionally heard counsel ask questions of their own — usually as to a possible relationship or intimacy with the accused or with witnesses who were to be called. I have never heard an examination intended to find out a juror's state of mind, in the abstract, toward the antecedents of the defendant or toward such a defense as he was likely to interpose. Moreover, I do not know what is meant by seating jurors tentatively. When we seat them we do so for all purposes, and there is no opportunity to revise the decision.

In the Remus case the defendant was permitted to ask prospective jurors whether they would be prejudiced against him because he had (1) served a term in the federal prison at Atlanta, (2) testified before the Wheeler Senate

investigating committee at Washington, (3) testified in the Warden Sartain case at Atlanta, and (4) been involved in the Jack Daniels distillery case in Indianapolis and St. Louis. A juror in answer to questions like these said, 'I do not favor bootleggers.' One of the defendant's attorneys thereupon said, 'You still have that prejudice against bootleggers, have n't you, Miss Thompson?' and counsel on the other side objected — it appears, not because of the scope of the examination, but because, as he put it, 'every law-abiding person is supposed to be prejudiced against crime and criminals.' A little later on the defendant, acting on his own behalf, asked a juror whether the fact that Mr. Taft, who was one of the counsel for the prosecution, was a son of the Chief Justice of the United States would prejudice the juror in the trial of the case. The juror answered, 'No,' and, turning to Mr. Taft, remarked, 'Kind of funny how that is, that examination.' A country lawyer thinks it is kind of funny, too, but five days of it is too much.

It is too much, not because time is of more importance than justice, but because, in addition to wasting time, it puts justice in jeopardy. If the questions propounded were not entirely without relevancy, it is fair to assume that those jurors who, like Miss Thompson, did not 'favor bootleggers' proved objectionable to the defendant, and that their fellows who lacked that prejudice against crime which, in the philosophy of counsel for the prosecution, every law-abiding person is supposed to have proved equally objectionable to the prosecution. Presumably, therefore, the ideal juror was someone without any views whatever about the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment. Such Americans are not easy to find, and when found are not likely to prove desirable jurors. Trial by jury does not presuppose a tribunal composed of twelve persons altogether devoid of ideas, or even of prejudices. It does presuppose a tribunal of sufficient intelligence and courage to arrive, in spite of prejudice, at a just determination of the issues submitted to it.

III

Both during and after the selection of the jury in the Remus case additional delay arose from extended legal arguments, during at least three of which the jurors were removed from the courtroom. On one of these occasions the defendant had asked a juror whether the fact that he had been disbarred as a practising attorney in the State of Illinois because of his conviction for violating the Volstead Act would be likely to prejudice the juror against him. Counsel for the prosecution said that they objected to the question because they knew other reasons why the defendant had been disbarred, and the jurors were taken from the room while the court was told what the other reasons were. In the course of the altercation that followed the defendant said to one of the opposing counsel, 'Man, if I had you in the corridor I would wreck you physically,' and a colleague of the threatened attorney replied, 'Get back on your own side of the railing, or I will take a crack at you.'

It would be hard to show that the jury missed anything in being denied this particular piece of repartee, but it nevertheless seems to a country lawyer that the objection of counsel might well have been ruled on promptly and in the presence of the jurors. Indeed, the practice of removing the jury during the discussion of questions of law is, so far as I know, unknown in the country. When such a question has arisen in the course of a trial I have sometimes seen the trial judge engage in a whispered

colloquy with counsel for both parties before making his ruling. Less frequently I have seen a judge send out for a law book or adjourn a few minutes in advance of the usual hour in order to consult the authorities. The same legal points must certainly come up in one jurisdiction as in another. Most of them may be disposed of in advance of the trial by judgments entered on demurrers or motions to quash the indictment, or after the trial as the result of motions in arrest of judgment or for a new trial. New trials are unquestionably an evil, but I doubt whether an analysis of the reports of the various appellate courts would show that more convictions are reversed in appeals from rural jurisdictions than in appeals from the trial courts of large cities. I doubt, in short, whether elaborate arguments are more effective than brief ones in reducing errors in the admission and rejection of evidence.

Here again the loss of time involved is to be regarded as symptomatic of an ailment rather than as the ailment itself. A trial by jury is a drama which ought to move with as few interruptions as possible to its appointed close. A jury is an entirely casual body, called together for a single purpose and dismissed as soon as that purpose has been accomplished. It passes chiefly upon human veracity, which is at once one of the simplest and one of the most complicated matters imaginable, and it does so without that formalism which is inherent in every professional class. A just verdict depends much less upon the learning and ability of the jurors than upon their maintenance of a certain emotional detachment in which the contentions of both parties as presented in the testimony may be considered and compared. Other things being equal, the shortest trial is always the best.

Moreover, the removal of a jury from the courtroom for hours, and indeed sometimes for days, at a time makes a very bad impression on the jurors themselves. A number of years ago I took part in a written debate on the question of the abolition of the jury system. Among the letters which came to me was one from a civil engineer, seemingly a highly intelligent man, in Los Angeles. He complained that he had belonged to a peripatetic jury which had been led in and out of court half a dozen times without having been permitted to find out what the case in which it was sitting was about. His point was not so much that this procedure wasted his time and that of his fellows, while the lawyers argued questions which would probably be reargued in any event, as that the law treated jurors as if they were only quasi-competent, — that is, incompetent to hear the whole story, whether of fact or law, — and he resented what he thought was an unfair reflection on his intelligence.

I am not sure that his attitude in this respect was entirely justifiable, but it serves to demonstrate that if a jury is to do its work well there must be a limit to the number of confusing interruptions to which its members are subjected. There must likewise be a limit to the amount of eloquence to which they are subjected. In the Remus case this eloquence lasted for almost three days. Cases differ so greatly in complexity that it is hazardous to say how much time ought to have been allowed for summations in a given instance, but I think, nevertheless, that most country lawyers would agree with the general statement that no case can be closed more effectively than in speeches limited to an hour for each side. If the facts of a particular case make an hour inadequate, the alternatives presented are to leave something unsaid or to submit to jaded jurors instead of to fresh ones the evidence upon which

alone their verdict ought to depend. The risk of a miscarriage of justice involved in the adoption of the first of these alternatives seems to me in every way less real and menacing than that involved in the adoption of the second. If this is heresy against the traditions of forensic eloquence, I shall have to take the consequences. I am persuaded, however, that it is not heresy, but sound doctrine. When one considers that a lecturer speaking to those who have voluntarily come to listen to him can rarely hold the attention of his audience for more than an hour, it must be obvious that, under ordinary circumstances, a lawyer cannot expect to hold for a longer period what is, in a sense at least, the involuntary attention of a jury.

But it may be said with truth that if we deduct the time spent in the Remus trial in the selection of a jury and in the closing addresses of counsel there remain upwards of twenty days which were occupied with the taking of testimony. I have not said that the Remus case was badly tried, but only that it illustrated some of the practices which make justice less rapid, and, as I view the matter, less certain, in the courts of big cities than elsewhere. Perhaps, indeed, within certain standards of trial procedure, it was excellently tried, but I venture to think, nevertheless, that the examination of the witnesses would have been completed in the country in less than the time which was actually required. This is so because the standard of trial procedure to which the average country judge conforms requires him to rule out as irrelevant much evidence which the average metropolitan judge would admit without question.

IV

In order to test these conclusions, it is not without interest to compare the Remus trial with the so-called 'witchcraft cases' which were tried a little more than a year later in the small city of York, Pennsylvania. The murdered man was one Nelson Rehmeyer, who lived alone in the country about fifteen miles from York. He was what is known as a 'powwow doctor' and possessed, among other treasures, a book called *The Long Lost Friend*, which is a treatise on witchcraft and other occult practices. (I may say in passing that I am the owner of a copy of this book and that, if it confers upon its possessor a tithe of the virtues and powers which it professes to confer, Rehmeyer must be regarded as having been a happy man.) During the latter part of the year 1928 a family named Hess, who also lived in York County, had lost numerous chickens from disease and theft. They concluded that someone had put a 'spell' on them, and employed another powwow doctor, whose name was Blymyer, to 'lift' the spell. Blymyer stated that in order to do so he would have to have a lock of Rehmeyer's hair and the latter's copy of *The Long Lost Friend*. On the evening of November 27, 1928, Blymyer, Wilbert Hess (a son of the owner of the bewitched chickens), and a boy named Curry went to Rehmeyer's house in order to get the lock of hair and the book, and in the course of a struggle killed him.

Blymyer, Hess, and Curry were indicted for murder, and demanded separate trials, which, under the laws of Pennsylvania, they had a right to do. The right in question is purely statutory, and I doubt whether it is wisely accorded. At all events three successive trials were required, the first of which began on Monday, January 7, 1929. The time which elapsed between the murder and the trials was therefore a day or two longer than that which elapsed between the killing of Mrs. Remus and the arraignment of her

husband. In two of the three cases the defense, as in the Remus case, was insanity. In the third case, the defendant denied having struck the deceased, and contended, at least by implication, that he had acted throughout under the domination of his two associates.

The three trials lasted exactly six days. In the case against Blymyer, which was tried first, three hours were required to select a jury. There were two closing speeches, each fifty minutes in length. The jury deliberated for two hours and rendered a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree, with a penalty of imprisonment for life, at 7.30 o'clock on the evening of Wednesday, January 9. The trial of Curry began on the following morning at 9.30 o'clock, and a jury was obtained in one hour and ten minutes. At the conclusion of the testimony, counsel for the defendant addressed the jury for thirty minutes and counsel for the Commonwealth for forty minutes. The jury was out for two hours and fifty minutes, and brought in a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree, with a penalty of imprisonment for life, at 1.42 P.M. on Friday, January 11. Hess was immediately called for trial. In this case the selection of a jury consumed two hours, the final speech of the defendant's attorney lasted for one hour and ten minutes, and the final speech of the district attorney lasted for forty minutes. At 7.25 P.M. on Saturday, January 12, the jury, after a deliberation of two hours and fifteen minutes, rendered a verdict of guilty of murder in the second degree, the maximum penalty for which is imprisonment for twenty years.

The 'witchcraft cases' would have proved a nine days' wonder to the press and public except for two important circumstances. In the first place — and as already pointed out — they did not last for nine days. In the second place the manner in which they were tried made it impossible for the press to convert them into a wonder of any sort. When the first trial began, at least a hundred representatives of metropolitan newspapers were in court, and the public had been informed that a 'witchcraft trial' without a precedent in a century was about to be held. The truth was, of course, that the subject of witchcraft was involved only to the extent that it had a bearing on the question of the sanity of the defendants and that the cases were not a whit more interesting or important than rural murder trials ordinarily are. The presiding judge refused to permit telegraphic instruments to be installed in the courthouse, refused to be photographed, and excluded photographers from the courtroom. The defendants were represented by experienced trial lawyers. Their cases were presented to the jury in due course, but before the week was out most of the reporters had gone home. One of them afterward wrote a magazine article commenting bitterly on the reception which he had received and contrasting it with his reception at a historical pageant which had been held in the same city a few months previously.

V

I have not read all the testimony in either the Remus case or the York witchcraft cases, and on that account my opinion as to the merits of the verdicts rendered is entitled to little weight. If I were pressed for an opinion I should have to say that the verdict in the Remus case seems to me to have been without justification and that the verdicts in two of the three witchcraft cases seem to me to have been abundantly justified. In the instance of Curry, who was only fourteen years of age, I think a conviction of murder in

the first degree was probably too severe. With these questions I am, however, not primarily concerned. I am comparing general practices, not particular results. The guilt or innocence of all of the defendants was, in accordance with our system of jurisprudence, for the juries which tried them to determine, and the verdicts speak for themselves. Under any system of jurisprudence innocent men will sometimes be done to death and guilty men will sometimes go free. Moreover, no lawyer can be unmindful of the fact that, though all of the verdicts were in accordance with the evidence, they were perhaps quite different from those larger determinations of guilt or innocence in which the law has no part and which, being founded upon knowledge, are without the need of evidence.

So much may be taken for granted. It may likewise be taken for granted that a question exists as to whether or not trial by jury in criminal cases ought to be retained. If, however, as seems likely, this question is to be answered in the affirmative, the reforms which are most needed are not to be accomplished by constitutional or statutory changes in the rights of accused persons or in the rules of evidence. They are procedural rather than structural. They depend upon lawyers and judges rather than upon laws and amendments, and upon customs rather than upon formal rules. The country lawyer and the country judge have much to learn from the city lawyer and the city judge, but they have something to teach in return. They speak and act in the authentic tradition of the methods and practices which caused our ancestors to write into the constitutions of the original states their conviction that trial by jury ought to remain as theretofore.

FOR THE PRESERVATION OF THE WAR OF 1812

BY MARGARET WILSON

I

WHY I should have to bear the burden of this responsibility alone, I don't know. I began working in behalf of this episode in our history about two years ago, when I moved to a provincial English town. Our first week there, a neighbor called to collect our yearly subscription to the League of Nations Union. She had an appealing, shy beauty, and though she was seventy years old she managed to make throughout the year more than three visits a day on behalf of this praiseworthy organization. She had never had any dealings with Americans, and didn't realize that I was one. She happened to mention, as she rose to go, how distressed she was that Great Britain and the United States had not agreed to greater reduction of navies.

'I don't know why we don't concede to them everything they ask,' she sighed. 'Or why they can't concede it all to us. It would all be so much better that way. I had n't understood the situation so well until last week. Then a lady from London was speaking to the Conservative Club, and she ex-

plained it all so clearly. She feels that the Americans are simply stubborn about it. Why should they want to build more ships, she asked, when they are n't a seagoing nation? They won't be able to make them go. They have n't any experience in naval matters. Their ships will just be useless on their hands, all their money wasted. Still, I say, why should we want to interfere? The money is theirs. Let them waste it if they want to. It can't make any difference to us. Let us conciliate them, I say. Thank you so much for your subscription. I must hurry on. Good morning!'

I said good-morning feebly. I shut the door after her, and sat down.

'*Well!*' I said. 'This is extraordinary!'

Should I have told her that I was an American, and given her the pain of apologizing to me for her mistake? Should I have roundly opened her eyes to a few facts?

My husband came in just then, and I must have looked dazed, for he said at once, 'What's wrong?'

When I told him, he chuckled. His levity was intolerable, so I went hotly on.

'If she does n't know anything about history, she must at least have read about Sir Thomas Lipton! Has n't she ever heard of Dewey and Manila Bay, a woman of her age? Has n't she ever heard of the clipper ships? Or of the Barbary pirates? Has n't she ever heard of the War of 1812?' I was just beginning to warm to my subject when my husband interrupted me.

'You mean 1776,' he suggested.

'I do not!' I said indignantly. 'I mean 1812.'

'It began in 1776,' he insisted, grinning.

He knows so much more about my country than most Englishmen that I was shocked. I reproved him.

'The idea of you sitting there telling *me*, an American, that the War of 1812 was in 1776! Don't you suppose I was made to learn all those dates? That was the first war, in 1776.'

He looked blank.

'There were n't two,' he said.

'Of *course* there were two!'

'I don't believe it.'

'Ha!' I retorted, jubilant to be for once so wise. 'I will now prove it to you.' I went to the bookshelves and took down a history of England. I turned to the index. I got a shock.

That whole stiff volume had no mention of the War of 1812.

Undeterred, I took down another. And then another. I took down every single one of them. It was all in vain. What had England done with our war?

'Aha!' said my Britisher.

'You wait!' I said. I took down the first American history I happened upon. It was Muzzey's. I had n't even to turn to the index. There it was, where it ought to have been, seven pages of it. 'Read that!' I hissed.

He sat down and read it all, hastily.

'This is extremely interesting,' he acknowledged. 'But you can't expect us to have known anything about it. There must be records of it somewhere in the Admiralty files. But look at what we were doing at that time! We were fighting Napoleon, in France and Spain and Portugal, and India, and Java, and it was the time of the Congress of Vienna, and all that!'

'But see what a position you are putting me in, as a patriot! What can be more humiliating than to find that the enemy has never heard of the victories you won from him? Old Kaspar may not have known what the famous victory was about, but at least he did know there had been one. No one seems ever to have heard of ours! Do they mean it literally, then, when they

say an Englishman never knows when he is beaten?'

II

I went to the public library, a Carnegie institution, used only by the lower classes and myself, and there I found one English history that gave my war three damning lines. It was n't even called a war. It was called a state of hostilities! I found another short volume which was written by an English soldier as a sort of tribute of friendship to the Americans he met during the Great War. He mentioned what no one else in England ever has, the burning of Washington. The *Encyclopædia Britannica* was a mild salve to my wounded pride. With my husband's help I set about discovering some Englishman who had heard of our war. We outdid one another in devices for bringing the conversation to that topic. I suppose we had asked twenty well-educated, well-bred men about it before we found one who knew what we meant.

He was full of interest in the matter, because he had an estate on Dartmoor and had heard about the American prisoners of war who had been confined to the prison there.

'The French prisoners used to behave themselves well,' he said. 'But your Americans were perfect devils. It took three times as many soldiers to manage them as it did the French. All the same, I like them for it. They were in the right, and I always say that George Washington was the finest Englishman alive at the time.'

'But he was n't alive. Not in 1812.'

'Was n't he? Of course he was.'

'He died in 1799.'

'You're pulling my leg.'

'No. Truly. Washington died thirteen years before that war began.'

'But why were those men still there, then, so long after the war was over?'

The next person who had heard of the war had seen a tablet erected in the church at Dartmoor to the memory of the men who died in prison.

'That was the war in which there were so many babies,' he commented.

He seemed to know more about it than I did. When I inquired, he hesitated. I was a woman, and it was a delicate subject.

'At least, such a lot of daughters. The daughters of that war erected the tablet. Where were the sons, I always wondered.'

I explained about the sons and the daughters, and went on in my quest for a properly appreciative Englishman. I tackled one who sat next me at dinner, a polite man, but inclined to frivolity. When, with practised skill, I asked him if he had ever heard of the burning of Washington, he cocked an eyebrow at me.

'You don't mean the American Washington, do you?'

'Yes.'

'Now none of your hanky-panky,' he said. 'I know we did burn Joan of Arc. But George Washington — that's a bit thick! You're trying to stir up enmity between friendly nations.'

III

I persisted. I approached a woman who, after taking honors at Oxford, had been engaged in international work for years, in matters of intellectual coöperation. When I told her of the burning of Washington, she was shocked. 'It sounds like the Germans at Rheims,' she said. And then she looked at me thoughtfully.

'Nevertheless, it was clever of us, was n't it?'

'I don't see anything very clever about it.'

'I mean to say — how did we manage to get there?'

'You simply sailed up the river, and the little beginning of a city was undefended and you set fire to it.'

She laughed.

'You Americans are priceless. We simply sailed up the river, did we? Up from where?'

'Well — up the bay. It's not much of a trick to get to Washington from the Atlantic.'

'Oh, a continent is nothing to *you*, of course. I did n't even know there was such a river. After all, it *is* on the Pacific coast, is n't it?'

I knew her well. I spoke to her freely.

'Well,' she protested, 'if New York City is in New York State, why should n't Washington City be in Washington State? And I know for a fact that Washington State is on the Pacific, because I have a cousin there. You ought n't to have such confusing names.'

'You black pot!' I replied. 'Are n't there forty Montague streets in London?'

'I don't know. Are there?'

'That's what I heard. I have n't ever got more than four or five of them confused with one another.'

IV

I made one more effort. I had the opportunity of speaking before a club of charming Englishwomen about the relationship between my two countries. In the genial discussion that followed, one gorgeously beautiful young matron said plaintively, 'I never *can* understand what other people have against England! We never did anything to them.'

That was a fine chance. I asked any woman who had ever heard of the burning of Washington to hold up her hand. The audience was, as they say here, taken aback. Not a hand was raised. Not a face but was incredulous. However, after a little, one wise woman rose and said that their ignorance more than ever convinced her that all school histories should be written by foreigners. 'Let Americans write *our* school histories, and Germans write them for France, and Sweden for Germany, and France for Russia, and Italy for America —'

We could n't let her go on. It was too shocking, her idea. But she said such a scheme would naturally drive children later to consult the work of their own countrymen and get a balance of truth.

But, since this is n't really practicable, I consider England's way. She does n't let her glories be forgotten. The Battle of Trafalgar has a great important square all to itself; and as for the Battle of Waterloo, Londoners leave and provincials arrive by its railway station. What a waste of hatred and national glory it is to have foreigners going west from New York by a depot called after an adjoining state not in the least likely to be forgotten! Why not change the name of the Pennsylvania to 'Old Ironsides'? That would give people something to think about. And why not substitute for a flat and ignominious name like Central Park something like 'Perry-on-Lake-Erie'? The real trouble is that these victories were not great and smashing enough to commemorate. However, we ought to use what we have.

I am in favor of having New York City called simply 'The War of 1812.' And then, when the British imagine the name refers to their struggles with Napoleon, we shall have a good opportunity to enlighten them. This suggestion may not be received favorably everywhere. But what are we to do? A hundred years have already passed, and are the English *never* to hear about the War of 1812?

THE RELIGION OF COMMUNISM

BY REINHOLD NIEBUHR

I

In one of the many Russian films which picture the advance of industrialism in that country and which spread the naïve faith that collectivization plus industrialization will create a new paradise, a group of peasants is pictured, seeking deliverance from a drouth by fervent prayers and elaborate religious processions. Their prayers remain unanswered, whereupon they turn to the Soviet authorities, who provide water through irrigation canals, ploughs for the fields, and cream separators for the dairy. As the machinery is unpacked, not to say unveiled, a posture of religious awe and reverence is assumed by all who have gathered to witness the advent of these wonders of modern civilization.

The picture is a perfect illustration of the spirit which dominates modern Russia. Communism is ostensibly a highly scientific and irreligious social philosophy. In reality it is a new religion. Its virtues and its vices are the virtues and vices of religion. The philosophy of communism, which it characterizes as historical materialism, is already developing metaphysical pretensions among its most ardent devotees which go beyond the realm of pure science and partake of the attributes of religious world views. Furthermore, even where these pretensions are lacking, the allegedly scientific and historical conclusions at which communism arrives are held with such tenacity, and issue so unfailingly in dogma which must not be questioned, that they are out of the realm of science, where tentativity must remain a virtue and experimentalism is basic to all method.

The religious character of communism goes far to explain its hatred of the traditional religion of the Russian peasant. It hates this religion partly because of the historic association with the oppressions of the past; but if it were as scientific as it imagines itself to be it would be more careful in its distinctions and more tentative in its conclusions concerning religion. It is because it is a religion, which rests ultimately not in reason but upon an act of faith, that it expresses itself so violently against a competing religion.

Religion in minimum terms is devotion to a cause which goes beyond the warrant of pure rationality, and in maximum terms it is the confidence that the success of the cause and of the values associated with it is guaranteed by the character of the universe itself. Obviously communism falls within the terms of the definition of minimum religion, and it may on close analysis prove to have characteristics which go beyond these minimum terms. The degree of ardor, not to say fanaticism, with which it spreads its doctrines in the world, and, where it is in power, makes facts conform to them, could never be achieved by a scientific world view. It is a question whether any scientific world view, or view of history, could be made the basis of social action; and it certainly could not become the basis for the kind of robust energy

which communism unfolds. The facts of history are multifarious and infinite in variety. They do not lend themselves easily to precise conclusions, and certainly not to the kind of conclusions which base political action upon certain hopes and confident prophecies about future history. Pure science discovers many detailed facts about life, and these facts are not in obvious harmony with each other. The philosophies which attempt to harmonize the recalcitrant facts, whatever their scientific pretensions, always have an element of religion in them — that is, they harmonize the facts from a particular point of view which is determined not so much by the nature of the facts themselves as by the way in which a generation or an individual feels about the meaning of life and by what he regards as ultimate and important. Thus the eighteenth century's faith in progress was in its essence a religious dogma. Like all dogmas, it was partially supported and partially negated by the facts of history; but, like all religion, the faith enshrined in the dogma was oblivious of the facts which failed to harmonize with it.

The faith of communism is more realistic because it is less optimistic than the faith of the enlightenment. It does not regard progress as automatic, but it does believe it to be inevitable. It believes in the dialectic of history, and it therefore has a formula which explains the agony through which men must go before they achieve the promised paradise. It has utopian tendencies as certainly as had the eighteenth century, but it is catastrophic and apocalyptic rather than evolutionary in its view of history. Far from believing that history is proceeding automatically toward a millennium, it holds that history is drifting toward disaster. Its saving faith is that somehow the new world will spring out of the disaster. The deus ex machina which it trusts is not the God of religious devotion, but a law imbedded in the processes of history. This kind of apocalypticism, which expects progress and salvation only through disaster, is a difficult credo for a sophisticated age or people. The early Christian church had it and the later church lost it. It is less rational because more paradoxical than faith in evolution; but, since reason is usually frustrated by ultimate paradoxes, it may not be so irrational in the end.

Whatever the quality of its rationality, it is a powerful incentive to social action. Its potency derives from its combination of optimistic and pessimistic determinism. Pure optimism enervates action because it makes what is desirable inevitable, and thereby it destroys the inclination to support hope by action. Pure pessimism is equally destructive of moral vigor because men find it difficult to sacrifice themselves for goals which seem impossible of achievement. A world view which is at the same time pessimistic and optimistic is alone pregnant with moral incentive. Its pessimism lifts the individual above the processes of history so that he may judge contemporary facts in the light of his ideal, while its optimism saves him from enervating despair, by promising that somehow victory will be snatched out of defeat. There always remains the possibility, of course, that any determinism, whether pessimistic or optimistic, will destroy the nerve of social and political enthusiasm by reducing human effort to irrelevance. Lenin, the creative spirit of Russian communism, had considerable difficulty with a group in his party which could not conceive of a revolution until Russian society had become ripe for it according to Marxian formula. All the logic was on the side of Lenin's op-

ponents, but Lenin, statesman that he was, did not bother about logic and compensated himself for his practical heresy by a more frantic theoretic devotion to the tenets of Marxism. In this he did not differ widely from the apocalypticists of other ages and religions who were not less zealous in their efforts to spread salvation because they believed that salvation was a gift of grace. It is only in the later stages of decline in the history of religions that their innate determinism becomes logical and destroys social vigor. So it was in the history of Calvinism, which reveals more than one parallel to communistic thought.

II

In all other countries but Russia, Marxian socialism has become, in its main stream, evolutionary, and therefore parliamentary. That is partly due to the fact that, contrary to Marxian prophecy, developed industrialism has created a large middle class and semi-bourgeois elements in the working class which may be won for the political goals of socialism, but which are not sufficiently, or at least not obviously enough, disinherited either culturally or economically to be absolutely pessimistic in their expectation of catastrophe, and not sufficiently divorced from historic ethical points of view to sacrifice all values for the one value of class loyalty in class warfare.

In Russia alone the Marxian dogma of the class war is carried through with rigorous consistency. Historically this was made possible by the complete collapse of Russian society in the World War, a collapse which fitted more perfectly into the Marxian prophecies of doom than any fate likely to befall any modern nation. Economically it may be due to the almost complete absence of a middle class in Russia. Here a non-industrial society happened by its backwardness to answer to the Marxian description of a developed industrial society in which there would be only exploiters and proletarians. But the real explanation for the purity of the Marxian dogma and the energy of the Marxian programme in Russia must be found in psychological rather than economic and political causes. Communist zeal, springing from a pure and unrelativized faith, has its real roots in the Russian soul, with its bent for religion. It is the soul of an Asiatic rather than European nation, and one which is able, for the very lack of intellectual sophistication, to raise the tentative conclusions of a certain social philosophy to the dignity of articles in a religious creed.

In the European and Western world communism is, and will probably remain, the religion of a comparatively small class of industrial helots who have, by the blindness and the cruelty of their fellow men, been excluded from the cultural as well as the economic privileges of our civilization. The exclusion from the cultural privileges makes a primitive and powerful thrust of an emotional religion possible; and the realities of the situation make it inevitable that this powerful emotion should be a mixture of hatred and loyalty — hatred of a world which must seem thoroughly bad from the perspective of these disinherited, and loyalty to a class which suffers most from that world's limitations. In Russia this religion of a class became the religion of a nation. Here was a whole nation so primitive in its culture that it could give birth to a religion in which robust emotions and high ideals were unreflectively united and not yet subjected to the qualifying and relativizing influences of intellectualism. In Russia a whole nation was still in a state of civilization in which pessi-

mistic and apocalyptic ideas about the future were quite plausible, in which class hatred had more obvious historic justification than in any other country, and in which only the slightest achievements of a communistic régime in eliminating poverty could be hailed as a justification and validation of everything which communism had promised.

The closest parallel to communism is Mohammedanism. It has, or it had, the same consistent determinism; it developed the same fierce ardor; it manifested similar egalitarian ideals because it sprang from an essentially similar simple society in which social complexity had not yet made social distinctions inevitable; it possessed the same ambition to conquer the world, and its warlike instincts were as little qualified as those of communism with ethical considerations which develop in a softer world. It might be added that both religions sprang from what might be called the Near Eastern world, in which the Orient's disregard of the individual life is dangerously united with a brutal vitality which belongs to the West rather than to the more or less pacifistic East.

Communism differs from Mohammedanism in the fact that it was imported to the Near Eastern world, while the Moslem religion is indigenous. Communism is a product of Europe. Its disillusioned realism was the natural fruit of Europe's nineteenth century, which saw the eighteenth century's dreams of progress issue in the horrors of the new industrialism. But, since there was faith as well as disillusion in this new social philosophy, the religious spirit of the East appropriated it for a new religion. So what was to the disinherited classes of Europe avowed irreligion was transmuted by the spirit of the Orient into a naïve religion. As Christianity was born a religion in the Near East and became a theology in the West, so communism was born a theology, of a kind, in the West and became a religion in the East.

The ambitions of communism toward world dominion will probably come no nearer to full realization than did those of Mohammedanism, which may mean that they will be partially realized. Some of the nations in which the anarchy of capitalistic industrialism is not checked by a higher social intelligence and conscience than now seem available may conceivably fall prey to communistic dogma and power. Furthermore communism may, as the French Revolution and again as Mohammedanism, claim by the sword what it could not win by its logic. The dogma of communism regarding the inevitability of conflict between capitalism and itself sanctifies a militaristic spirit, and the vitality of its imagination makes rather fantastic dreams of world dominion seem plausible to it. Only a sentimentalist could be oblivious of the possibilities of Napoleonic ventures in the forces which are seething in Russia. Historians allege that economic wars have replaced religious wars in modern life, but it is not inconceivable that communism will conduct warfare in which the realistic goals of the latter will be supported by the fervor of the former.

III

Ethically communism holds at least one characteristic in common with all religion: it tends to oversimplify morals. A rational and scientific view of life attempts to construct a balance of all values which the good life requires. At its best that method leads to constructive restraint upon all expansive desires, and at its worst it issues in ethical dilettantism. Religion, on the other hand, usually exalts one social and moral value and makes all other

values subservient to it. Thus Puritanism made the prudential virtues of the rising middle classes absolute, an oversimplification of the moral problem of which the prohibition movement in America represents a vestigial remnant. Pure Christianity makes the v rtue of love an absolute, a pearl of great price for which all else must be sold. The ethic of communism is just as simple. Loyalty to the working class is conceived as an absolute good; and any means which serves the end of ultimate proletarian victory in society is justified. This end justifies the use not only of force, but of violence, and of what, under ordinary canons, is regarded as dishonesty.

From the perspective of Western morals such an ethic must be regarded as exceedingly dangerous, and recent history in China shows how dangerous it really is. But it must be admitted that there is more than a touch of hypocrisy in most of the criticisms which Western Christendom levels at communism. The manners and *mores* of the Western world have been fashioned in part by Christianity, but the democratic and the pacifistic elements in a truly Christian ethic have been more of a façade than a foundation for Western Christianity. Behind it has been hid, only slightly obscured, a world in which greed, the lust for power, and, whenever necessary, violence have operated. While it professed brotherhood, Christianity became the handmaiden of feudal slaveholders, and, more lately, of industrial overlords who, for all their ethical and religious pretensions, did not abate any of their claims to privilege and to power. The Christian religion has, furthermore, blessed international conflicts as brutal as any which communism contemplates, and, in many respects, more meaningless. Very frequently it has made loyalty to the national group as much a *summum bonum* as loyalty to the class group is for communism. Communism is more frank both in its vices and in its virtues than Western Christianity. It wants an egalitarian society and it proposes to construct it by force. The Christian world has also professed the democratic ideal, but has not been very passionate about it and has frequently used force to maintain inequalities in the economic and the social structure.

From this perspective the conflict between communism and the Christian world is one between brutality and hypocrisy, the Christian world being really less brutal than communism but more brutal than it is willing to admit, and less willing to change the inequalities of power and privilege than would be necessary to create a democratic world without violence. But, whatever the moral limitations and pretensions of our world, there are ethical values maintained in the complexities of its cultural and social life which the naïve simplicities of communism would ruthlessly destroy and which only a primitive world can regard as dispensable. Our devotion to liberty may not be as unqualified as we pretend, but it is more real than communism believes when to every indictment of its tyranny it answers with no more than a *tu quoque*. Perhaps it is impossible to make a really rational estimate or comparison of the differences between the virtues and vices of our world and those of communism. What seems important is that the religion of communism belongs to a world so different from that which has developed in Western Europe and America that even our disinherited groups will try slower and seemingly more ineffectual methods of socializing our society rather than run the risks of a communistic revolution or a communistic tyranny.

It is interesting to note that com-

munism as a religion has the same difficulty which all religion faces in maintaining its simple certainties. Every religion, born in naïve faith and drawing its robust social strength from the unqualified character of the faith which animates its devotees, must ultimately face the problem of preserving the power of its faith against the relativizing tendencies of intelligence. Nothing is ever as true as it must seem to be to compel action; and time always tends to destroy these illusions of certainty. A faith which is born in feeling must therefore seek the security of dogma against the foe of intellectual relativizing; and dogma must be defined and defended by a church. Russian communism has both its creed and its church. Marx is its Bible and the writings of Lenin have achieved a dogmatic significance for it comparable to that which the thought of Thomas Aquinas had for the mediæval church.

Like all churches which rest upon dogma and live to enforce it, communism makes short shrift of the heretic. In one sense the Communist Party is not only a church, but a sect or a monastic order within the church. It is a small, periodically purged group within the church of proletarianism which devotes itself to the maintenance of pure dogma and strict discipline. There are some striking similarities between it and the Jesuit order, for instance. Since the party dispenses a desideratum, power, which most men desire greatly and some men hold more valuable than any other possession, it is obvious that the Communist Party will have even greater difficulty than ancient religious orders in preserving and guaranteeing the sincerity of its members. Party members make truly great sacrifices in Russia; but in return these million men are the rulers of the destiny of one hundred and sixty million. Communism may have divorced privilege from power, but there are signs in Russia that when strong men sacrifice the physical symbols of eminence which have been traditionally associated with social position they are the more avid for power itself.

A church which permits complete liberty in dogma runs the risk of losing its unique function and message, on the one hand, and of sinking into anarchy, on the other. Protestantism in religion and liberalism in politics show striking examples of the reality of both perils. But the rigorous discipline which is necessary to preserve the authority of dogma has its own weaknesses. Invariably it is used not only against the heretic but against every creative thinker within the household of faith, and leads therefore to intellectual stagnation. If consistently applied, dogmatic discipline destroys democracy in the community of believers as well as between the community and the world. All decisions democratically arrived at tend, by the debate which must precede them, to sharpen distinctions and multiply problems. A religion which has chosen to go the way of consistent dogmatism must therefore become increasingly autocratic in its church discipline. There was a measure of democracy within the Communist Party in Lenin's day, according to the opinion of competent observers, but Stalin has destroyed most of it. The ascendancy of Stalin is ascribed to his unprincipled shrewdness by his foes and to a statesmanlike penchant for the middle course by his friends; but there probably would have been a Stalin even if Stalin had not been. The logic of the communist scheme of things demanded it. His policy of appropriating at least part of the policy of the foes whom he has previously excommunicated may save the party for a time from a lack of versatility in policy; but it demands too many sacrifices from those who can

think to guarantee honest thought upon important problems within his church.

Meanwhile communism may rule a good portion of the world for years to come. In politics energy is more important, at least from the standpoint of perpetuating a régime, than scientific thought. The world is still looking for workable combinations of the certainty which encourages action and the scientific tentativeness which passes all social programmes under review but issues in no action on its own account. A highly intellectualized world will not long suffer either dogmatism in faith or autocracy in discipline. But it probably overestimates the virtues of its scientific and democratic techniques. Every political, social, and religious ideal waits upon the future for its justification, and must therefore depend for its support upon faith rather than knowledge. Some kind of religion is the basis of every potent social programme. Those who fear too much the fanaticism which is the inevitable by-product of religiously created energy are consigned to social impotence by the multitude of their scruples. Communism is a religion of mixed ethical values, but its energy proves that it is a religion. There is little rational choice between the fanaticism of unreflective religion and the moral enervation which follows in the wake of intellectual sophistication. An intelligent society will try to avoid both perils, but if its social problems are not too urgent it will be inclined to court the dangers of the latter rather than the former. Only a desperate situation and a primitive culture can create the energies and justify the perils of unreflective and unrelativized religious passion.

IV

In spite of the many obvious similarities between communism and other historic religious movements, many observers will remain disinclined to regard communism as a religion, because they miss in it what they believe to be most basic in religion — faith in a higher power which is interested in man's historic tasks, and works somehow to complete and to perfect what man designs. It is just this faith which historic materialism ostensibly disavows. The question is how seriously one ought to take this disavowal. Marxian thought rests upon an inversion of Hegelian philosophy in which economic circumstance is substituted for the eternal idea as the determining factor in history. But confidence in the unfailing potency of the dialectic of history is so great that it may be said to rest, not upon the conclusions of an historical science, but upon a metaphysical and therefore upon a religious world view. Max Eastman, in his brilliant book, *Marx and Lenin*, has gone to great pains to reveal the metaphysical rather than scientific elements in Marx's thought, a limitation from which, according to Mr. Eastman, it must be redeemed lest this doctrinal impurity finally destroy revolutionary vigor. Mr. Eastman is right in his analysis of Marxian thought, but wrong in the conclusions which he draws from it. Metaphysical determinism, organically related to the confidence of religion that the universe will finally support the values of its devotion, may be logically inimical to social vigor; but in the early and vigorous periods of a religious movement such deterministic elements in its thought have usually strengthened rather than enervated enthusiasm for a cause.

Ostensibly communism makes no metaphysical pretensions, but in reality its confidence in the ultimate triumph of the proletarian cause is supported, not only by an analysis of history, but by a mystic and ultra-rational faith

that something in the character of reality itself is the guarantee of this triumph. For the communists, no less than for the devotees of other religions, the stars in their courses are on the side of the cause to which they are pledged. In Trotsky's interesting autobiography, *My Life*, he brings his reminiscences to a close by the following significant quotation from Proudhon:—

> The movement [of history] is no doubt irregular and crooked, but the tendency is constant. What every government does in turn in favor of revolution becomes inviolable; what is done against it passes over like a cloud. I enjoy watching this spectacle, in which I enjoy every single picture. I observe these changes in the life of the world as if I had received their explanation from above; what oppresses others elevates me more and more, inspires and fortifies me; how can you want me to accuse destiny or to complain about people or curse them? Destiny — I laugh at it; and as for men, they are too ignorant and too enslaved for me to be annoyed by them.

Trotsky's comment upon this quotation is: 'In spite of their slight savor of ecclesiastical eloquence, these are fine words. I subscribe to them.' It is interesting that the religious overtones in Proudhon's credo are not lost on Trotsky.

Intellectualized people and ages have difficulty in accepting the assurance of religion that the highest values of their devotion have some cosmic validity and support. Their difficulty arises from the fact that pure rationality can never justify this final assumption of robust faith. It is, moreover, filled with moral peril, for it easily raises the relativities of history into the eminence of cosmic absolutes and reënforces the devotion of those who live by and for them. A very bad system of morals may thus become entrenched in the imagination by the authority of religion. But that means merely that religion is dangerous because it is potent as a source of vigor and inevitable as a fruit of robust social enterprise. Just as certainly as generations which observe life rather than live it lose every confidence in any relationship between cosmic forces and human enterprise, do generations which give themselves passionately to a great task come ultimately to the conclusion that their cause is supported by more than their feeble efforts. To make the world rational by its irrationalities, to unite what seem hopelessly irrelevant to each other, human effort and cosmic immensity — that is religion's task and virtue.

Communism will never ascribe personal character to cosmic reality, nor relate an individual believer to God in a sense of intimate dependence. It does not have sufficient concern for individual personality to do this. Its aversion to the individual is inspired, not only by a reaction to the moribund individualism of the bourgeois world, but by the general depreciation of individual personality in the Oriental world. Buddhism, it will be remembered, is also without faith in a personal God. Unlike Buddhism, however, communism is totally oblivious of the profundities of feeling and aspiration, of hope and of fear, which the individual man experiences when he faces the total problem of life. It is out of insights which men achieve when they face this problem that the most spiritual religions are fashioned. Communism can therefore never be a religion of individuals, but only of groups and classes who are so busy with a social or historic task that they have not had time or inclination to feel the problem of life itself profoundly.

The insinuation of communism, that traditional religion is a preoccupation of leisured people, is not without merit. It is a preoccupation either of the poor

who are content with their poverty or of the comfortable who have no pressing bread-and-butter problem and who are therefore enabled and forced to raise ultimate problems about the character of man, his destiny in the universe, and the significance of his tragic eminence and impotence within it. When communistic Russia has fulfilled its dreams of an industrialized and collectivized world from which poverty has been abolished, it will realize how many problems of life still remain unsolved, and how inevitably the individual as well as society makes his claims upon life, suffers from its frustrations, and hopes for redemption from its limitations.

WHEN BUYING JAPANESE PRINTS

BY KEN NAKAZAWA

I

THE penalty I pay for being a teacher in Oriental art is that I am constantly called upon to pass judgment on Japanese prints. Collector after collector batters at my door, demanding that I give opinion about his pet prints. Occasionally I am allowed to escape with an evasive remark such as 'This is one of the subjects Hiroshige loved to paint,' or a noncommittal subterfuge like 'This is quite interesting.' Most of the time, however, I must stand with my flimsy back to the wall, and receive a full charge of rapid-fire questions.

One interesting thing about my tormentors is that their questions seldom go beyond the matter of originality of the prints. 'Is this the original?' they ask with startling uniformity. 'Is this one of the very first prints made?'

They apply the same method of evaluation to the prints as they do to paintings and sculpture. They believe that if a print is original it is the best.

When we speak of original prints, we mean those produced from original drawings. The prints made from or in imitation of the originals are called 'reprints' or 'imitations.' Now, each group of these originals — the prints created from one drawing — usually numbers two or three hundred. Not all of these are uniformly good. There are all grades and qualities among them.

This variation in quality occurred mostly during the process of printing. At this last stage of production many things — some unavoidable and some unexpected — were apt to cause various defects in the color prints.

Take, for instance, the works of Harunobu. Harunobu, being so extremely delicate in sentiments and technique, used thin lines, which had a tendency to wear out toward the end of printing. Consequently the prints that were produced after one hundred or so impressions show effacements here and there. This defect is sometimes present even in the prints of such artists as Hiroshige and Kuniyoshi, who specialized in heavy lines, for the last impressions are occasionally bound to be inferior to the earlier ones. The very first impressions, on the other hand, are

usually not so good as the later ones, for the wood blocks do not begin to 'take' the paper and to show the full effects of the color until after some use. Some publishers were conscientious enough to destroy these premature products, but some were willing, or were driven, to market everything they printed.

Difference in the quality of the prints occurred also through a change in printers, for sometimes the work changed hands while the printing was in progress. The difference is noticeable especially when the change took place among great printers. Some printers were better artists than the artists themselves, and they produced masterpieces from commonplace drawings. Those notan effects, relief effects, and snow effects, which we admire so much, were created by printers skilled in the use of the wipe-off method, and in the handling of cotton and rice flour. When these printers yielded their post to others, the grade of the prints went down several degrees.

The quality of prints suffered also from the excessive speed employed in their making. Toward the end of the print period, and especially after the time of Utamaro, print making was thoroughly commercialized. The publishers of that time were out to advance their interest by treating timely subjects. They kept their ears to the ground and depicted anything that had aroused, or was likely to arouse, the interest of the public. Because their patrons were mostly common people, they portrayed those persons and incidents that were likely to interest the lower classes. A popular courtesan in a sensational scandal, a famed actor playing a favorite rôle, 'smoke-eaters' engaged in a spectacular fight, great wrestlers battling for the glory of their camps — these were the subjects they brought out in their prints.

When treating such timely elements, speed is all-important. Accordingly the publishers went after the artists with guns and whips. They kept swift-footed messengers at the artists' doors, to carry back the drawings the moment they were finished. Then they put the carvers and printers to work, lashing them to the last degree of efficiency. The prints were snatched away before the ink on them was dry, and were sold all over the city.

Publishers did anything and everything to get ahead of others. The process was pretty much the same as that applied to a newspaper at the coming of big news.

Laboring under such tremendous pressure, one can seldom do full justice to his art. There is something missing — something not quite up to his usual standard. Consequently some of the prints produced under such circumstances show a number of imperfections.

Another fact that limited the æsthetic value of the originals was that many artists were compelled to paint subjects that were unsuited to their natural taste or talent. Each artist had pet subjects and a technique of his own. Harunobu was most skilled in painting young lovers, Kuniyoshi in depicting warriors and wrestlers, Utamaro in portraying women, and Sharaku in reproducing the feel of muscles. When these artists worked in their chosen field in their own way, they produced masterpieces. Sometimes, however, they were forced to treat subjects that were quite foreign to their taste. Some artists had sufficient wealth or courage to spurn such demands; Utamaro, for instance, persistently refused to paint actors. Many, however, were so situated that they must bow to the dictum of the publishers, and these unfortunates made kindling wood, so to say, out of their cherry trees.

II

All this shows how far one must go beyond the question of originality. One must see not only that the print is original, but that it is well made, and that it represents the best work of the artist.

Suppose a collector is buying the work of Hokusai. He must remember that this artist was more of a creator than an interpreter. Hokusai was extremely subjective in his attitude, regarding his subjects merely as a medium of self-expression. That was the greatest power he had. Because he considered men and nature as the materials with which to build a castle of his own, he could create a picture out of anything. A blade of grass, an insect, a spider web, a piece of fruit, became a picture under the magic of his art.

Hokusai had a deep interest in the dramatic side of nature. Mount Fuji towering amid flaming thunderclouds, a giant wave crumbling over fishing boats, a belching volcano hurling thousands of things into smoke-blackened air, great waterfalls thundering down from mid-sky to the unfathomed abyss — these were some of his pet subjects.

He also loved to give ingenious twists, so to speak, to the things he saw. Being a great technician, he could knead his subjects into any shape. Mount Fuji framed in a giant barrel, or standing under the limb of a monstrous tree, from which a woodcutter is hanging head down with his axe poised for a stroke, or mirrored on the back of a tray held by a beauty — such pictures show this side of his genius.

Having a powerful imagination, Hokusai took great interest in imaginative scenes and creatures. Heaven and hell, the land of immortals, the home of fairies, haunted houses, ghosts and goblins, fantastic birds, supernatural animals, he vividly described. His pictures of ghosts and supernatural beings — like Sho Ki, a fiery smiter of demons — are among his masterpieces.

Hokusai was one of the few print artists who made a thorough study of human anatomy. His human figures are not only correct in proportions, but full of life. Even when treating such difficult matters as long legs, long arms, or men in all forms of contortion, he gave them perfect balance, proportion, life, and action.

In this respect he was like Kuniyoshi, who utilized Occidental realism in his human figures and spared no efforts in depicting the natural appearance of things. It is said that on one occasion Kuniyoshi pushed over one of his pupils in order to study the look of surprise on his face. He owes much of his fame as the master painter of wrestlers to his conscientious efforts to portray things as they are.

When buying the works of Hokusai one should remember these things and try to find the prints that represent the particular taste and talents of this great genius, avoiding, however, the ones in which the power of the artist has become his weakness — that is, those in which he showed his ingenuity and creative power to excess. Some of his pictures are so extremely overdone that they give us no opportunity to exercise our own creative ability. Everything that a human mind can possibly imagine is painted in such prints, blocking every tentacle of imagination and adventure we stretch toward them. Unless one is making a complete set of Hokusai, one should avoid these obvious specimens.

III

If the collector is selecting the works of Hiroshige, he should take into consideration the fact that this artist, unlike Hokusai, was essentially an inter-

preter. He depicted man and nature from the point of view of the interested observer. The life he portrayed was the life lived by the people of his time, and the scenes were the scenes he saw himself. Of course, some of the things he painted were not correct, because he had a weak memory and forgot many of the things he had seen. His second Tokaido Series is a case in point. As this group was produced many years after he had visited the fifty-three post villages of the famous highway, he could not remember some of the details. But in the main his description is correct, and interprets the truthful aspects of people, locality, and time.

Hiroshige was a poet among the print artists. His products are full of lyrical qualities. Take, for instance, 'Suijin Forest along Sumida River.' A cherry tree spreads its laden boughs over a temple yard lying far below. In the river that sprawls beyond the red gate, the temple, and the sacred trees of the temple yard, two white sails and a long raft are slowly gliding. Beyond this river stretch long forests, dotted with small houses. Over these forests, separated by long, silvery mist, towers a mountain.

'The Pine Tree of Karasaki.' A giant pine tree stands in the centre, towering like a green mountain. Over this ancient tree rain falls like a jeweled screen.

'Kiri Batake of Akasaka.' Trees along a river bank, full of foliage and intensely green, form a sort of tall hedge over the houses, where lights are seen. Beyond the river are further rows of trees, one darker than another. People are walking under dainty parasols. Over all these falls gentle rain.

'Evening Moon of Ryogoku.' Huge bridge posts in the foreground partly hide the full moon. Beyond these posts, a number of houses and a half-moon bridge are etched against dark forests. In the river are a number of ships, some moored and some sailing, some in the gray shadow of the bridge, and some in the silver of the moonlight.

'Maisaka of Tokaido.' Cone-shaped rocky mountains rise amid a waveless sea. Huge white sails near the front bring out the green of the young pine trees standing along the shore. Far beyond is the white peak of Mount Fuji.

'Hagi Temple.' In the centre is a huge monument under a tree. Promontories and a bridge separate the inlet and the main stream. There is a great forest beyond, and beautiful locust trees everywhere. Some people are sitting on the river bank and some are walking among the trees.

'The Moon of Saruhashi.' Under a bridge spanning two dark cliffs a full moon, half hidden by a tree, shines over the white mist lying between the valley below and the sprawling mountains beyond.

'Night Scene in Yoshiwara.' Enormous cherry trees spread their boughs over the houses, with quietly winking lanterns, up into the sky. Against the moon the blossoms are pale; against the dark roofs they are white; against the light shining through the paper doors they are, again, pale; against the light of the lanterns below they glow in the color of sunset clouds.

'Evening along Kiso Kaido.' A row of ancient trees, some upright and some twisted, separate the highway and the darker forests and mountain beyond. A full moon hangs on the branch of one of the trees. On the highway are a number of tourists, some carrying bundles, some leading horses, all absorbed in the beauty of the night.

'Night Scene in Tsukuda Shima.' A half moon and large stars in a gray sky. Over blue water, a number of ships. From the edge of a fishing craft two lonely torch fires, rising like in-

cense smoke, drop their light into the water.

These are all full of poetic imagery.

Hiroshige was also a humanist, and was fond of painting humane aspects of man and nature. He could never portray scenes of stark tragedy or horrible brutality. Everything he painted — men, animals, nature — is gentle, humane, and joyous, if not joyful. Beside a road, in evening twilight, tourists are swapping stories around a bonfire. A few horses are standing near them, with their heads bent close to their masters. A great tree hangs its branches over the group as if to protect them from the chill of the night. Such a scene he mostly painted — a scene in which men, animals, and nature are beautifully harmonized. Even when depicting snow and rain, he did not show the snow that withers trees and stifles men, or the storm that tears at the houses and whips torrents into fury, but the snow which comes to hang flowers on the bamboo trees and ancient pines, and the rain which cuts the air like silver harp cord or falls to banish the summer heat and freshen wild flowers. Pictures treating rain, snow, and mist in such a way are among his greatest masterpieces.

Being so gentle and humane in their tone, many of his paintings lack power and depth. But this defect, if it is a defect at all, is more than compensated by the kindly warmth which radiates like sunshine from the hearts of his paintings.

The rain pictures of Hiroshige, by the way, are not only gentle and humane, but musical. They make us hear the rain singing among the bamboo forests of Shono and over the rice plants of Maruyama, and drumming over the zigzag bridge of Seta and on the leisurely waters of Sumida River.

The collector might remember also that Hiroshige was a man of loneliness. I do not know whether this was due to his nature or to the influence of his time, for he lived when the Yedo period was about to write the last page of its history. While the people sang amid blossoms and danced under lanterns and multicolored streamers, the tide of time had flowed on, and the shadows had come to hide the glory of the Yedo period. Perhaps, in his delicate mind, Hiroshige felt this approach of the end; or perhaps the whole scene around him bespoke the time when the fairest of the flowers in the history of Japan must answer the call of wind and evening bell.

Everywhere in his pictures we find a mark of loneliness. An old pilgrim following his weary way under moonlit trees; pale smoke rising from a desolate plain, where shadows are fast gathering; a solitary lantern sending its yellowish light from the edge of an old, old port; an aged wanderer warming his hands over the fire under a great tree, and beside him a horse, which sidles up to him as if it too were tired and full of loneliness — all these show this side of his artistic sentiment. Even in the prints showing the gayest scenes there is a suggestion of loneliness somewhere. Take, for instance, 'The Opening of Ryogoku Bridge.' The bridge is full of people and the river is full of ships. Giant fireworks splash flowers in the sky. And yet there is a shadow of loneliness. Sometimes this shadow turns a scene of greatest joy into a vision of poetic sorrow. All the people and flowers and lanterns seem to be laughing and dancing to hide their tears. They make us think of the nightingale singing amid falling blossoms.

IV

And now, how to judge the prints in respect to originality. This is a highly difficult task; first, because there are

many extremely clever imitations; secondly, because some originals, through poor preservation or use of the wrong method in washing, have acquired the semblance of reprints and imitations; and, thirdly, because a number of prints bear the kind of colors that are usually ascribed to reproductions. A solution made of the ashes of rice straw is usually employed in washing soiled prints. When this solution is too strong, or when other compounds are used, some of the colors fade. Even when the right preparation is used, if the washing is done too often the prints lose some of their original qualities.

Some experts say that the presence of anilin dye is the infallible mark of imitations, but this opinion holds true only in respect to the earlier and mediæval products. There were times when anilin dye was used on original prints. When the mineral dye invaded Japan, it took the country by storm — it was so cheap, so easy to apply, and so gay in effect. To a man of lower taste it seemed like a vast improvement upon vegetable colors. Hence some publishers used it on their products.

These facts make the process of judging prints extremely complicated. Still, the matter is not entirely impossible. There are certain guideposts by which one may proceed with a fair degree of safety. One such is the quality of colors — particularly of blue and black. Let us, for the sake of clearness, ignore the originals on which anilin dye was used. They are sufficiently limited in variety, if not in number, to be kept out of our discussion. The blue used on the other originals was a vegetable color, and it has the freshness, softness, and depth characteristic of vegetable colors. It is the sort of blue you find on the back of a bird, called indigo — soft, deep, and velvety, contrasting markedly with the pale, hard, shallow blue of the anilin dye. It is different even from the vegetable blue that is now being produced in Japan. The Japanese are using the same kind of vegetable and the same process of extraction and curing, but somehow the color is different from the one the print artists used. For all their efforts, experts are unable to find the cause of this difference.

The black of these older originals is also different from the kind modern printers are using, which is mostly made from carbon formed of wood, coal, and mineral oil. The print makers lived at a time when vegetable oil was burned quite extensively, and used carbon collected from this type of oil, bound by gelatine and made into ink sticks. The black so produced has more depth, softness, and brilliance than the other.

The red of the print artists is also different from that of the present time. It is richer in tone, though not so bright and gay; it has softness, quietness, and depth, like the red on the cheek of a ripe apricot. Mineral red is like the color of a ripe apple — brilliant and intense, but shallow and hard. It is more difficult for a layman to determine the difference in quality of the red, however, than of the blue or black.

All the vegetable colors used on the prints are more durable than the mineral colors, and preserve their vitality longer than anilin products. Shrewd dealers sometimes show prints that are faded and browned by so-called great age. At such a time one must closely examine the colors as to their vitality. Vegetable colors may fade, but they seldom lose their life under ordinary circumstances. Somewhere in their texture they preserve their original freshness and clearness, and those that show pale and lifeless under the coat of yellow or brown are not real vegetable colors. I may add that those precious brown and yellow tones which some people take as the unmistakable proof of antiquity are frequently produced by

smoking, or by painting or rubbing a certain color into the texture of the prints. I might add also that those lovely wormholes are occasionally made in five minutes, instead of in a hundred years.

The texture of paper is another guide-post one may follow. Original paper was made from the bark of a tree similar to the mulberry, and has the same texture as the inner bark of that tree. It is soft, heavy, and pliable — a good deal like so-called rice paper, though not entirely so. One can acquire the touch only by feeling the original and then comparing it with others.

V

In determining the originality of a print, therefore, one must see, first, what types of colors were used; secondly, how much of vividness and vitality these colors preserve; thirdly, on what kind of paper it was printed. There are several other things one should consider, but they require a fair knowledge of Japanese language and history.

This method of judging prints is quite helpful, but not always infallible. Even the greatest of experts is occasionally taken in by imitations. But there is another thing to think of. If one buys a print for its æsthetic value, the question of originality need not trouble one very much. The prints are no longer curios; we collect them for their artistic value. The costliest prints of Sharaku and Kuniyoshi are valueless unless they add to the joy and beauty of our lives.

One day a friend of mine bought a print simply because she liked it. It was the work of a minor artist, and a crude one at that; but she bought it because it appealed to her. In this picture a number of young country girls are playing under a huge plum tree. One of them is mounted on a bundle of dry branches she has collected in the hills and is bringing down a shower of blossoms by bending a branch of the tree. Another is dipping her toes into a tiny stream, which ripples like a wind-blown streamer. It is a picture of girls in the springtime of their lives extracting a full measure of joy from the springtime of the year. Despite crudeness of technique, it brought the fresh beauty and gay spirit of spring vividly into my heart. When buying such a picture, one cares not whether it be an original, a reprint, or the work of a nameless artist, for he is appreciating art in the way it should be appreciated.

WHIRLWINDS OF SPECULATION

BY SAMUEL SPRING

I

THE demon speculation, scattering wild booms and still wilder panics, hovers over us as the abiding affliction of our machine age. Yesterday it was the demon of disease sweeping periodically across great continents, or the demon of scarcity arising from the niggardliness of earth in the face of mounting populations. From these and from other similar afflictions science has set us free, only to leave us in the sardonic plight where fertility and the oversupply of every commodity from petroleum to silk, under the hand of the playboy speculation, have become abundant sources not of happiness but of misery. Seemingly a savage jest is being played upon our self-sure, scientific generation.

For speculation is the ghost of everything abhorrent to science in industry, which worships, before all else, foresight and cautious calculation. And yet scientific business leadership seems able to do no more than attempt to talk speculation to death by cryptic public appeals. Our communist friends in the meantime praise speculation as the borer that will surely destroy the tree of capitalism. Our moralists anathematize it furiously as human effort gone wrong, because the end which it seeks to attain — gain through quick wits rather than through slow toil — is ethically indefensible. Our psychologists dismiss speculation as a minor phase of mob psychology. Our politicians and our bankers blame each other and everyone else for fomenting rather than curbing the evil. Yet the ebb and flow of speculation, in regular cycles, go on without check and give promise of going on disastrously.

This passion for speculation, seemingly innate in human nature, must be viewed apart from certain more basic causes of our present business distress. For speculation is not a controlling force. Rather it seems akin to an impenetrable fog that periodically settles down upon the busy channels of business activity, causing innumerable collisions and widespread blindness. It quickens or retards basic economic tendencies instead of creating them. It destroys by causing our business leaders and our investors, and above all our investment and our commercial bankers, to ascend to dizzy heights of self-delusion only to plunge helplessly and hopelessly toward the pits of disaster. Thus, scientific industrial acumen is deflected from the control and adjustment of those more basic factors which are retarding and shaping our modern civilization of wealth. Technological unemployment due to the substitution of machines for men, with the consequent ills of a steadily increasing army of unemployed; distortions of the direction of commodity prices by reason of a lagging and insufficient production of gold or by reason of the sterilization of our existing supplies of gold through nationalistic, provincial outlook; disturbances arising from stupidly adjusted war debts or from tariff barriers; the ever-pressing

problem, in an industrial age, of devising consumption to absorb the waxing output of improved productive machinery, born of technical skill and accumulated earnings — these riddles of our modern age must be considered apart from speculation. The demon of speculation is merely the bull in the china shop which raises havoc with all schemes and all devices to understand and master such economic tendencies. Our immediate economic task, therefore, is to make progress toward fettering this mad disturber.

But can speculation be fettered? Are we dealing with human emotions which defy control? Certainly we cannot fetter speculation by our naïve American tendency immediately to enact a law. Making short selling — that *bête noire* of the amateur economist — a crime, or attempting to forbid speculation in securities by imposing a heavy tax upon the resale of stock recently purchased, would obviously be impractical as well as futile in a democratic state. So, too, an effort to distort and distend the functions of the Federal Reserve System, by charging it with the power and duty to ration supplies of credit to the stock market, would be an unworkable and paternalistic venture.

But to dismiss speculation despairingly as mass madness which descends upon the public in recurrent waves, and to insist that such mob folly is incurable, must remind one of the mediæval attitude of despair toward the great plagues that then raged through Europe. The havoc and poignant suffering which these whirlwinds of speculation leave in millions of hearts call for at least an attempt at more than a fatalistic, primitive-minded meekness. One thing at least can be made clear by a survey of the monotonous regularity of the internal processes of speculation — its roots run far deeper than the shallow soil of the public's emotions and intelligence.

For speculation is but a necessary and a beneficent human instinct gone wrong. So long as we have an individualistic, capitalistic system, the impelling force to human action in industry must be a self-reliant though discerning eagerness to profit personally. And as a part of such an economic system there must be an adequate flexibility permitting unrestrained freedom, on the part of those who manage and invest, to buy and sell the elements of wealth — commodities, land, securities. Fraud and coercion the State can restrain; but, unless we wish to go the road toward communism, the State must leave every buyer and every seller free to act as wisely or as foolishly as his intellectual and emotional capacities dictate.

In the last ten years we have had in America three unequaled uprushes and collapses of speculation in the three chief elements of wealth: commodities, land, and securities. After the Great War, in 1919 to 1920, we suffered a mad speculation primarily in commodities, although there were great accompanying excesses in securities. Shortly after that bitter experience, we rushed into a mad and unparalleled speculation in land in Florida. We are closing these eventful ten years with a unique, international economic disaster, partly resulting from six years of turbulent, world-wide speculation in American common stocks. The record is a dismal one. It becomes dismaying if we must fear that during the next decade we must reel under similar periodic whirlwinds.

Ten years ago America became the economic master of humanity, and Wall Street the financial centre of the world. Have we proved adequate to the heavy burden of power and responsibility thus assumed? Were our

English friends farseeing when they consoled themselves with the prophecy that our banking inexperience and our emotional, financial ineptitude would force us to let unparalleled advantages fall from our hands? The past decade of speculative excesses must at least suggest that we scrutinize speculation objectively and dispassionately, in its relation to our American financial methods, if we would glimpse the future of American financial supremacy and of American prosperity.

II

The first stage in each of the three outbursts of speculation which occurred during the past ten years was an apparently miraculous opportunity for industries and investors permanently to enlarge earnings, or profits on resales, through a deep-seated though sudden change in economic tendencies. These economic changes to the calm observer seemed superficial and illusory; but, by reason of the staggering profits made by those who acted on the contrary conviction, even the wise were led to distrust their own reasoning.

In 1919, because of novel economic factors created by the long war, the demands of the American market for luxuries and for general commodities seemed so vast and unending as to be certain of continuing in increasing vigor for several years — even for several decades. . . . Next, we concluded that a great migration of population was in process that would suddenly convert Florida, America's most backward and neglected pioneer state, into an Arcadia of mingled play and industry. Or we accepted Pollyanna assurances that an abundance of gold and of credit and prosperity meant that everyone would invest in land and at the same time take a winter vacation — in Florida. . . . And finally, four years ago, we became convinced, once and for all, that the earnings of our great industries — by reason of the magic of a superior business technique directing superior machines — would expand miraculously, without rest or interruption. Silly conceptions these all seem to-day; yet the initial profits made by those who accepted these extravagant theories were more potent than experience or reason. Such is the outstanding characteristic of the first stage of speculation — momentary results are more potent than logic.

The second stage of each of these speculations was a seemingly urgent scarcity of the units of speculation — commodities or real-estate lots or sound common stocks — and an outburst of imaginative eloquence in picturing the results of an enduring scarcity. Reasons for the continuance of any scarcity are never lacking. Suave, even sincere propaganda, in the guise of ultramodern economic theory, always becomes a characteristic of the second phase of speculation. For these new economic theories become part of the sales propaganda of those who imprudently, rather than maliciously, exploit the opportunities offered by the new economic era.

Because of this fancied scarcity of the units of speculation, and because of the consequent mad scramble to acquire them, the basis of computing price factors in this second stage is slowly, though boldly, changed. No longer are prices fixed by the usual method of utility — the capitalization of the income obtained as rents or dividends from land or stocks by multiplying such income by some such numeral as ten. No longer are the prices of commodities fixed by the standard of what they can be resold for in manufactured form. Slowly, optimistically, we tend to accept, as the master index of value, the price at which the unit of speculation can be resold to other

speculators. Market prices and market trends become supreme. The conservative speculator, who seeks to delude himself into believing that he is buying solely for a long investment holding, is largely controlled by the conviction that prices will mount, without more than minor fluctuations, in about the same general ratio as in the immediate past. Without much difficulty he convinces himself that earnings and therefore prices will increase yearly after the manner of an arithmetical progression.

This rapid rise of prices, because of fancied scarcity and because of the new methods of fixing prices, creates the other marked characteristic of this second phase of a speculative boom. Credit becomes scarce. But the restraining powers of credit scarcity are somewhat exaggerated. Speculation, it is usually said, ends either because prices topple of their own weight or because credit becomes so scarce that new buyers are prevented from buying. And the conventional theories of controlling speculation are either that speculation must be left to run its mad course until prices topple over or that, since a credit shortage alone can serve to end a speculative excess, the rationing of credit is the only effective method to end speculation.

But an examination of these maxims must make us suspect their soundness. For the belief that speculation ends because prices topple of their own weight must mean that prices reach such absurd heights that even the insane refuse to pay them, and that, buyers being lacking, the whole structure falls over like a house of cards, of its own weight. Yet the general range of prices reached at the crest of any speculative boom to the vast body of speculators never seems absurd — not even after the collapse of the boom. We are familiar in this country with the phenomenon of sound stocks, after an intervening panic, exceeding the top prices of the previous boom. So, too, with the price of selected parcels of land in outstanding localities. The permanent increase in value over a period of years is staggering and confirms previous seemingly extravagant estimates. Commodity prices, also, make new highs as well as new lows. For the rise and fall of prices involve extremes. The occurrence of unexpected events, which affect prices favorably as well as unfavorably, renders it unwise for any person to insist that any range of prices is absurd. The stubborn hope of a speculator who buys at the top is to hold on in the hopes of getting out without a loss; and often his patience and courage are rewarded. Thus it is difficult to say, at any time during a speculative boom, that prices become so absurd that they topple over of their own weight.

Scarcity of credit, moreover, though it always becomes acute toward the end of a speculative boom, is hardly the controlling cause of the collapse. So long as great profits can be made through rising prices, credit can be obtained by diversion from other channels of trade. A complete inability to obtain credit on the part of those who are behind the boom will end speculation; but high interest rates alone are not a final, deterring factor to speculative buyers. Indeed, high interest rates are scarcely a vigorous deterrent so long as the course of prices remains upward. The three speculative booms of the last decade, for a considerable period of time, all successfully overcame the handicap of scarce and costly credit.

The controlling factor which ends a speculative boom, rather, is the third phase — the phase of a forced and rapid multiplication of the units of speculation. In a commodity boom, the high prices prevailing — as was

true in 1920 — cause heightened productivity and induce a wild onrush of foreign products. No matter how definitely statistics may prove an apparent world shortage, — for example, during the sugar scarcity in 1919, — sufficiently high prices somehow always result in an unexpected outpouring of commodities at the point of scarcity. In the case of land speculation, like that of Florida, there is a furious opening of new subdivisions pouring an almost unlimited number of lots and plots of acreage upon the market. Stupendous enterprises are undertaken which fire the buyer's imagination; but such enterprises in essence are but a multiplication of the units of speculation.

During a stock-market boom almost all financing, of course, is done in the form of common-stock issues. The so-called Coolidge bull market resisted a vast and constantly increasing stream of new stock issues, split-ups, and stock rights, but it was finally brought to an end by a great flood of investment-trust, bank-stock, and miscellaneous unseasoned cat-and-dog issues which form a vivid illustration of the extremes to which this tendency to multiply the units of speculation can go. The pouring forth of this great torrent of new units of speculation results in the inevitable consequences dictated by the law of supply and demand. Eager buyers are literally submerged into quiescence by the deluge. So, just as the beginning of every speculative boom involves a fancied scarcity of the units of speculation and an excess of buyers over sellers, with a consequent uprush of prices, so every boom ends with a mad multiplication of the units of speculation, and a consequent collapse due to the excess of sellers over buyers. This overbalancing of buying power is made more marked, of course, by credit difficulties; but the controlling factor is the oversupply of units of speculation rather than the difficulties of obtaining credit.

It is at this point, during this final phase of the wild and furious multiplication of these units of value, that speculation reaches its most dangerous aspects. Sales propaganda, particularly in the form of boosting speculative prices to induce buying through pool manipulation, becomes fast and furious and reckless beyond belief. And the outpouring of these vastly increased units prolongs and intensifies the subsequent panic and depression. For the larger and wilder the outpouring of new units of speculation, the more acute and distressing is the consequent panic. And, what is most significant, it is precisely as to this wild tendency to multiply the units of speculation that responsibility can be fixed.

The recovery from a panic passes through somewhat similar phases — each phase, however, representing a reverse process. The decline of earnings and the collapse of prices convince everyone that a new economic phase of disaster has come into existence. Where, as happened in 1928 and 1929, the consumer buys luxuries on credit and spends furiously, in reliance upon the paper profits made from speculation, the economic disturbance becomes more labored. The capacity to consume is submerged for a time beneath the dark waters of debt. And during the time consumed in paying off debts and accumulating funds the facts of falling prices and of declining earnings are again more potent than logic, in the same manner as during the beginning of a boom the facts of rising prices and increasing earnings overwhelm logic. Again, just as there arises in the second stage of a boom a conviction that there is an urgent scarcity of units of speculation, there comes in the second phase of recovery from a panic a conviction of an apparently permanent oversupply

of units of speculation — commodities or lands or securities. And just as the controlling feature of a boom is the multiplication of the units of speculation, so the controlling factor in the recovery from a depression is the absorption of these excess units of speculation.

Usually in land speculation, as was true in the case of Florida, the oversupply of lots is so great that absorption into useful occupancy is impossible. So land booms do not tend to recover; there is, instead, an abandonment of the units of speculation and a finis of complete disaster. Unless the inflow of population is steady and persistent, a start, if ever made, must be made from the very beginning. In the case of commodities, of course, low prices encourage increased consumption as well as the wasteful use of existing supplies; but, what is more important, low prices decrease production, and an equilibrium, once production is checked, is quickly reached.

In the case of securities, we are reminded once more of the familiar and apt phrase of the older Morgan — 'undigested securities.' The pains of digestion involved, of course, are many and severe. In order for this digestive process to be effective, time must elapse for investors to pay off debts, accumulate earnings, and regain courage. Prices, moreover, must fall low enough to attract the larger and more conservative financial interests to the extent where they are willing to utilize their resources both in capital and in borrowing power to acquire such securities. And finally, the recovery from speculative excesses in securities, in its last phase, is usually retarded by a despair that comes because of the very delay in recovery. The final segment of the oversupply of units of security speculation is the most difficult to absorb. The delayed recovery convinces many that a disastrous phase of the economic moon shines down upon man and his world. Just as the duration of a boom convinces everyone that logic is wrong and that the boom will never end, so the protracted duration of a panic convinces everyone that logic is wrong and that the panic will never work itself out.

III

The significance of this central fact, that booms are brought to an end by the unrestrained multiplication of units of speculation, lies not merely in the warning flag which such a multiplication constitutes. Though a danger signal that all may read is hoisted, danger signals are difficult to believe until after the danger is no longer escapable. The length of time before the final collapse depends largely upon the rapidity and extent of this multiplication of the units of speculation, calculated in the light of the eagerness to buy created by high-pressure sales propaganda. And thus it is difficult for the outsider to determine the time factor as to when the collapse will come; and many a speculator is confident that he can linger and yet escape in time.

The significance of this multiplication of the units of speculation, rather, lies in the truth that the sins committed are basically the sins of the most powerful and influential segment of our business leaders. They sponsor and sell and advertise these vastly increased units of speculation. Their motives in so doing are not evil or dishonest; they themselves usually suffer greatly in the following collapse. Their crime, unfortunately, is the most reprehensible of all crimes — a blunder. If there be an inherent weakness in the human mind or in the human heart involved in speculation, this weakness primarily is not mob greed and mob stupidity, but rather it is the failure of our business

leaders — primarily our investment bankers — to refrain from making dazzling, though largely fugitive, paper profits by exploiting unto the edge of disaster the possibilities of a mad market. For the outstanding characteristic of a lamb is his willingness to be led.

Real-estate booms probably will constantly recur, because the real-estate men involved — drifters from other industries — naturally will cooperate with local interests to sell through high-pressure sales methods as many lots as the public can possibly be induced to buy. The only hope here is increased caution, born of experience, on the part of the public, and the influence of the established and more experienced local real-estate firms in checking boom tendencies. So far as commodity booms are concerned, we have reason to hope that our industrial leaders are sufficiently devoted to the principle of balancing production and consumption to refrain from further excesses. The oil industry, for example, is slowly, though painfully, enforcing at least an approach to a state of equilibrium. Even during the wild days of 1929, inventories of most commodities were held in line. At least we can console ourselves with the hope that our industrial leaders have acquired sufficient experience and resolute foresight to fight shy of the dangers of encouraging the multiplication of the units of commodity speculation.

But the rulers of our country to-day — if any one class can be said to rule America — are our larger investment bankers. Wall Street's investment bankers steadily are advancing toward the domination of our larger New York commercial banks. The controlling shares in these genuinely gigantic organizations (which in turn pretty well control the call-money market and the financial pace of America) are held neither by the officers of these banks nor by the depositors, but rather by investment trusts, integrated family fortunes, or investment-banking affiliates, for all of whom investment bankers are becoming more and more the spokesmen. So, too, in the case of our larger industrial corporations: the investment banker, in his own right, or as agent of the public to whom he has sold part of the stock, is the master. A compact minority of the stock of any bank or industrial corporation, of course, usually is sufficient to control. The officers of our larger corporations and of our banks are selected and advanced by investment bankers; with one or two notable exceptions, their future depends upon the approbation of investment-banking masters. For the controlling and supreme aspect of our capitalistic industrial society is the investment of earnings in industry by the public, and, since our investment bankers control this process, they are our supreme financial masters.

The business of investment bankers is primarily that of underwriting and then selling common stocks and bonds to the public at a profit. Investment bankers usually insist that, like that of the wise merchant, their duty is to sell the public what it wants, not what they think the public should want. Unquestionably our investment bankers often are controlled by the public's momentary desires in the type of security sold. But a successful merchant must select and endorse the goods he sells, and an investment banker, if he desires to continue selling, cannot forget his securities as soon as he gets them out of the door. Not only must the investment banker be eager to sell securities in such a manner that they will 'stay sold' and not 'come back on him,' but he must also be concerned with, even though he will not support, the market price of the securities he sells.

Because of the innumerable dangers and pitfalls involved in the marketing of securities, and consequently the high degree of sound judgment required, the business of investment banking is probably the most difficult as well as the most important aspect of our industrial life. And the profits involved are as great as the difficulties. The future of American industry, and of American prosperity, therefore, depends partly upon the sound judgment, the courage, and the capacity for organized group restraint, as well as farseeing action, displayed by our investment bankers. The rise of England to dominating prosperity during the nineteenth century as the world's banker, and as the world's great investor and creditor, was largely the achievement of her international investment-banking class. England's great asset to-day is the established tradition of judgment, courage, and foresight on the part of her international bankers. And the critical question for us to-day is the breadth of capacity for action and for restraint possessed by our Wall Street investment-banking personalities.

For unquestionably in the last few years our ruling oligarchy of investment bankers, to whom every investor in America yesterday was eager to pledge loyalty and obedience, have blundered grievously and publicly. They have openly sinned in the market place. They madly multiplied and sold endless units of speculation when prudence and foresight required them firmly to impose restraint. They showed as little foresight and as little restraint as did the wild real-estate promoters of Florida. Since Wall Street insists, and perhaps wisely, on the government's staying out of business, Wall Street has no right to expect restraint or guidance from Washington or from the Federal Reserve Board.

The prevalent excuse offered — that vast, excessive quantities of unseasoned stocks were sold to the public solely because the public was possessed of an insatiable, fool's appetite — ignores the basic truths. The appetite of the public was stimulated, if not created, by the most subtle and most powerful form of advertising and high-pressure sales skill — the constant and stupendous increase in the price of stocks on various exchanges under the deft touch of pool manipulation. Manipulation of stocks by hidden pools probably is an essential part of the marketing of stocks on a wide scale or through marketing operations on an exchange. To abolish pool operations is neither advisable nor possible. But pool manipulation is a most potent poison, and responsible investment bankers cannot evade the responsibility for the abuse of their most potent drug. Where independent, reckless pools are steadily allowed ample credit and full freedom to excite the public by constantly running up the price of stocks, someone must assume the responsibility. Those who hold the sceptre must rule.

The greater part of this recent wild multiplication and sale of excessive units of speculation, to the fanfares of fantastic economic theories and frenzied pool manipulation, was the work of the lunatic fringe of Wall Street, to be sure. That this lunatic fringe was stupid and ill advised, rather than dishonest, is shown by the far-reaching manner in which these firms themselves have been punished by the following collapse. With one or two notable exceptions, our more powerful investment-banking firms stepped aside during the final wild episode of 1929. Yet their sins in the early stages of the boom were many; and they must bear the responsibility of not having put forth their hand and of not having stopped

the excessive multiplication of units of speculation. Perhaps they could not have publicly used their influence to check the orgy of stock issues. Speeches and public counsel alone would have been jeered at as the bearish wailing of sold-out bulls. But our powerful inner group on Wall Street could have effectively put an end to undue pool manipulation and the undue issuance of new securities through their control of our larger commercial banks and of the New York Stock Exchange. Private warnings, which would have been heeded in many quarters, followed up by a steady, carefully planned enforcement of credit restriction over a period of many months as to new stock underwritings, backed by a sharp discouragement of pool manipulation and by the writing down of offending pool stocks to absurdly low figures for loaning purposes, all to the accompaniment of a few exemplary blows, would have effectively quieted down even a runaway bull market.

All this could have been done only if the leading investment bankers had themselves set the example by refraining from new stock offerings, by refusing to allow the prices of those stocks in which they were interested to be run up, and by having the Stock Exchange officials discourage the bidding up of stocks by bull pools. If bear raiders can be restrained, so too can wild, reckless bull pools. Restraint of this kind would have called for much fortitude and a noteworthy willingness to forgo illusory profits of great size; but such a courageous stand would have allowed the investment market to absorb and digest the securities already issued in an orderly manner. Thus, the inevitable business recession would have been but a severe recession, and not converted into the worst panic we have known in over half a century. Such restraint, perhaps, would have called for so high a degree of leadership and foresight as to seem fanciful; but by leadership a great nation falls or endures, and those who hold great power and great wealth cannot expect merely to enjoy the sweets of mastery.

What is perhaps more to the point, our investment bankers have repeatedly criticized the leaders in various industries for the failure of the more powerful elements to organize and control the lunatic fringe of such industries, so that sound business practices and restrictions in production could be carried out. They have even urged the more powerful elements in such industries to act by vigorous, strong-arm means. In the oil industry, for example, the rebellious, independent producers have been partially brought within the plans for prorating oil production as proposed by the larger units. So, too, in the motion-picture and the public-utility industries. A similar restraint could probably have been imposed upon the lunatic fringe in investment banking. Considerable difficulty would have been encountered, unquestionably, in organizing a group solidarity on Wall Street to carry out this end; but if Wall Street desires to rule American industry, free of blundering political control, it must organize its own vast house.

Our commercial bankers, moreover, followed the leadership or misunderstood the silence of the more powerful investment bankers. During the first two or three years of the Coolidge bull market, our commercial bankers undertook an amazing enlargement of their field of activity. Well over a decade ago our larger New York commercial banks undertook the sale of investment bonds through subsidiaries. The control and ownership of these investment banking affiliates, by a neat legal device, were inextricably tied up with the ownership of the stock of the parent bank. And the

reputation of the great parent commercial banks for prudent, cautious, and almost superhuman financial judgment lent these new selling organizations great prestige.

So long as these subsidiaries sold only conservative bonds, no great harm arose. But with the temporary drying up of the public demand for bonds these banking subsidiaries, in order to find grist for their mills, suddenly invaded the remaining and more precarious segment of the investment-banking field. They began underwriting and distributing common stocks. Smaller commercial banks throughout America followed their example pell-mell. Instead of trying to restrain the tendency to multiply and sell units of speculation, our commercial banks, unable to resist the glittering, though illusive, profits involved, set out to gather their share of the gold. They stepped beyond the established, cautious confines of commercial banking wherein they solicited deposits and made loans and wherein they had gained the public's confidence as cautious guardians of the public's funds and as conservative financial counselors; they also became, almost overnight, investment bankers. They accepted the common-stock theory completely. And even good American common stocks, ridden without stint and caution, can become jaded nags.

Under the eagerness of our commercial bankers, bank stocks were wildly exploited and sold. Vice presidents of large banks became ill-advised, 'ballyhoo' agents for various pools, and blindly, though conscientiously, aided in the hasty and ill-advised distribution of new units of speculation. The public expects and needs leadership and guidance in investment matters — even in a new economic era. It was as though our doctors, as a class, had suddenly abandoned the principles of science based on cautious experience and had preached a new medical era of escape from disease through auto-suggestion. The public had learned to distrust the optimism of brokers, but the public succumbed to the optimistic encouragement of commercial bankers. The six and a half billions of still unliquidated loans on securities held by commercial banks is a suggestion of the extent of the incautious counsel of our commercial bankers. For a sizable part of that stock was bought because commercial bankers so advised or sanctioned. And surely bankers cannot fairly blame our debacle upon the public madness when all the public sought was guidance from those who held themselves out as financial and investment experts.

To escape succeeding decades of similar distress we must look, in a democratic state, to the greater wisdom and more foreseeing courage of our financial leaders. Little help will come from expecting aid from governmental agencies, or from hoping for a miraculous forbearance on the part of the public in the face of exploitation. For it is scarcely a display of hard-headed common sense to expect a sudden acquisition by the public of wisdom greater than that possessed by their financial masters. Our financial miracle men, of whose wisdom and foresight we were so proud and trustful yesterday, must prove themselves in the future more than incautious, wordy medicine men. And unless our investment and commercial banking leaders prudently and courageously maintain our investment-banking machinery in balance as it distributes new securities, and unless they restrain it at critical times from ungoverned frenzies of self-destroying speed, our newly won world economic and banking mastery will bring neither America nor the world happiness or profit.

THE UNINTELLECTUAL BOY

BY FREDERICK WINSOR

I

THERE are signs that the colleges of the United States are beginning to insist on their right, as educational institutions, to demand intellectual activity from their students, a demand which certainly does not seem illogical or unreasonable. Colleges exist for the purpose of promoting intellectual training and for the advancement of knowledge. The millions of dollars that have been showered upon the colleges of this country by endowment or legislative appropriation have without question been entrusted to them in the belief that the acquirement of further intellectual training will benefit young people after their high school or secondary school training is over, and the obligation rests on the colleges to use those millions for that purpose. The colleges are waking up to the realization of that obligation. The change is coming; it is taking place under our very eyes; and, whether the alumni like it or not, it will soon be an accomplished fact. I desire to discuss here certain probable effects of the change, first on the American faith in the efficacy of a college course for everyone, and then on the secondary schools of the country, especially considering those which have been known as 'college preparatory schools.'

It is worth while to point out that the belief in a college education is something of very recent growth. Fifty years ago there was in America a very decided prejudice against the college man. He was variously accused of being ladylike, visionary, snobbish, and unpractical. Business houses and banks, as well as farmers and factory superintendents, looked askance at the applicant for work who carried in his hand a college diploma. To-day they all welcome him. What has happened since 1880 to cause this nation completely to change its estimate of the value of a college education? The answer is simple. America has observed the behavior and accomplishments of its college graduates, and approved what it has seen. Before 1915 this change in appraisal was coming fast, and the experience of the war settled the matter. The myth that college training was only a veneer, and that college men were effeminate snobs, exploded with finality when it was discovered that in the army, where every adventitious advantage is stripped from a man with his civilian clothes and all are started at scratch in an even competition, the college-bred men left their competitors far behind. There was no getting away from that evidence; it compelled a verdict in favor of the college man.

The new faith, however, is just as unreasoning as the old prejudice, and therefore just as blind. To people in general, what is an advantage to one man must be an advantage to every man, and so, to-day, it is almost an article of educational faith to say that every man should go to college, and therefore that the colleges should provide types of education suited to

every man. So positive is this faith that it has brought an irresistible pressure on the great universities, which have been forced by it, first, to accept human material utterly unfitted to be intellectually trained, and then to provide training for this material such as it could accept.

In his recent 'provocative'[1] book on the universities, Abraham Flexner has described in detail the situation resulting from this pressure, in respect both to pre-college training and to college undergraduate instruction. He points out that applicants for admission may offer as satisfactory evidence of fitness to do college work the fact of completion in high school of 'courses' in typewriting, bookkeeping, cooking, mechanical drawing, blacksmithing, and kindred subjects, — courses which cannot fairly be called studies at all, but are at best merely opportunities to acquire skill, — and that these will be accepted by all but a handful of American colleges on an equal basis with courses in science, mathematics, and languages, which require the use of the mind to master them. He points out, too, that the colleges which have admitted students so trained, finding it impossible for them to do intellectual college work, have been forced to provide for them college courses similar to these non-intellectual subjects of school 'study.' The list of such courses reads like the advertisement of a correspondence school: 'the writing of advertising copy,' 'elementary stenography,' 'newspaper practice,' 'principles of home laundry,' 'food etiquette and hospitality,' 'gymnastics and dancing for men, including practice in clog dancing.'

It is true that in the case of state universities the argument can be maintained that, since these institutions are supported by the taxpayers, they should provide such education as can be assimilated by all who desire to continue to go to school after having finished a high school course. None should be excluded who are willing to work, whether or not they are in the slightest degree intellectual. It is not an institution exclusively for the brainy which the taxpayers desire to establish, but a safe, pleasant, companionable resort for young men and women who do not have to go to work at the age of seventeen or eighteen and wish to postpone that disagreeable necessity for four years. The fact that this argument is seldom brought forward in so bald a form does not make it less true that it is the only possible reason why these universities fritter away the time of instructors and students on such nonsense as 'drug store practice' and 'elementary costume design.'

One might suppose that, while the individuals who spend their college years on such trivialities are getting nothing of educational value, their presence would nevertheless do no great harm to serious-minded seekers after learning who compose the rest of the college, but it must be remembered that the college is a community, a more or less compact social body, and that the presence of any considerable number of idlers, dullards, and butterflies makes it impossible to establish the undercurrent of intellectual enthusiasm which ought to be present in any community devoted to learning. If a college is to do its intellectual task well, it cannot tolerate the presence of those who interfere with it. Already, as was stated at the beginning of this paper, the signs of revolt are clear. Sooner or later the colleges are going to insist on their right to be truly temples of learning, and they will eject the money changers. They have already

[1] This adjective is not mine; I borrow it from the jacket of the book, *Universities, American, English, German.* — AUTHOR

begun the process by scrutinizing more closely the fitness of their candidates for admission. The time has passed when Harvard would give credit, for admission to its Scientific School, for courses in 'blacksmithing' and 'chipping and filing,' and even the state universities of the West and South will sooner or later perceive that no acquirement of any skill should be accepted as proof that an applicant can think. Just as soon as the colleges have excluded the mentally unfit, they will abandon courses that belong only in trade schools. They give them now merely because they think they must.

When this change has come over the colleges, — and it has already been accomplished or is in process at a good many of them, — the attitude of the public toward a college education is going to be quite different from what it is to-day, and decidedly more intelligent. Blind faith will be replaced by a reasoned appraisal. People are going to perceive that only those young men who are fitted intellectually for serious thinking can really benefit from four years of college, and that it is a waste of time for the dull, the slow, and the unintellectual to go to college at all.

II

I have discussed my subject so far only from the point of view of the college, but my real interest is secondary education. Not only is that the field in which my own experience lies, but from the point of view of numbers it is vastly more important than is university education. It is also more immediately important than university education, because it has a more direct effect on the life and civilization of the country. If our secondary schools could be brought to anything like a satisfactory standard of aim and achievement, an immediate improvement of the whole national life, social, political, economic, and æsthetic, would result. My contention is that the new attitude on the part of the public toward college education, and the abandonment of the idea that preparation for college should be the educational end and aim of all secondary school training, will free the schools from the most serious handicap from which they have suffered, and will increase enormously their chances of performing their real function of education. Up to the present moment every secondary school has been the slave of college entrance requirements. Its first and necessary business is to see to it that the school course of each boy meets the specific requirements for admission to the college of his choice, and any consideration of real educational values can have no weight whatever as against that necessity. The school which should to-day try to declare its own independence, and adopt the curriculum best designed in its opinion to fit its students both for life and for further study, would find that at graduation its students would be barred by this or that technicality from almost every worth-while college. If it tried, during even the single final year of its course, to provide the necessary options to meet these technicalities, it would find its ideal course gradually disintegrating under its very eyes.

Even when the public has become convinced that its dull, or slow, or unintellectual sons had better not waste their time by going to college, the situation will not have been greatly improved, for it will still seem a kind of disgrace to the boy to have to give up the idea of college, and every effort will continue to be made to avoid that disgrace. It is due to that ridiculous misconception that tutoring and cramming schools exist, and that every secondary school is hampered by the

necessity of abandoning sound education in favor of 'preparing for examinations.' The first step toward improving our secondary educational system is therefore clear: the public must be made to understand that individuals differ as widely in their educational needs as they do in physical appearance, and that there is no more disgrace involved in these differences than there is in differences of stature or coloring. Parents are incredibly childish and incredibly sheeplike. Just as a child is mortified beyond words if he is 'different,' even merely to the extent of being red-headed, and just as each sheep must go by the exact route taken by the sheep in front, so parents are mortified if their sons have not the exact talents of their neighbors' sons and cannot travel exactly the same road.

This habit of blind conformity has effects sufficiently disastrous in the ordinary affairs of life, especially in the choosing of a vocation, but in education, except for those who are so exactly the average size mentally that they are fitted perfectly by the stock on the educational shelves, it is fatal. The fact that our secondary schools are so universally called throughout the country 'prep' schools sufficiently indicates our attitude toward them. Instead of insisting that boys of from fourteen to eighteen be mentally developed by the schools in such a way as to encourage their talents and quicken their interests as each may require, the American public insists that they be clothed, each one of them, in the same mental garment. Actually, a boy's secondary education should be the very opposite of what we demand. It should be specially designed to fit his individual needs and his individual talents. It should not be a ready-to-wear garment, but should be carefully tailored, and the boy himself should take an active part in the fittings.

Let us consider, for a moment, the purpose of secondary education. First of all, as its name implies, it is a preparation for higher education. Now higher education demands of its votaries independent initiative, insatiable curiosity, a passion for truth reënforced by the straight thinking required to recognize truth, and sound methods and habits of work. Curiously enough, it does not require any very large stock of information as a foundation, but it does require a liberal point of view, a broad outlook, and a real love of the use of the intellect. The best college entrance test which I can think of would be an honest answer to a single question: Do you enjoy using your mind? So far, then, as secondary education is for the purpose of preparation for college work, its aim should be not so much the imparting of any particular set of facts as a training in methods, the establishment of a point of view, and constant, insistent, exacting practice in straight thinking.

But secondary education is not merely or chiefly preparation for college work; its most important function is training for life and living. Now the activities of a man's life, for which a school should prepare him, fall into four main classifications: his vocation, his civic relations, his family responsibilities, and the recreative occupations of his free time. If the secondary school course were planned solely with a view to preparing boys for these various classes of activities, and if its methods were such as to secure the constant practice in straight thinking which I have pointed out to be the vital requirement for college preparation, then its pupils should and would be fitted at the end of their course to go on to college, if they happened to have the kind of intellect which would benefit by college training, or to take up straightway the business of living, or to spend a few

years of special work in some one of the many fields which, as I shall suggest later, might well be substituted for a college course for boys who are not book-minded but are possessed of talents or interests worth cultivating.

III

If we examine the probable curriculum which would result, we shall find that in suggesting the possibility of organizing the secondary school course on such a basis I am not asking for any violent upheaval. I said that the school work should specifically prepare a boy for the four main kinds of activities which will fill his life, but the very first kind, his vocational work, can best be prepared for in school by the same sort of general training of the mind already suggested as being the vital need for college preparation. The boy wants a thorough understanding of mathematical relations, and a habit of accuracy in mathematical manipulations, not a training in business arithmetic or bookkeeping. In other words, vocational training has absolutely no place in the secondary school, and should be rigorously excluded from it. For every conceivable occupation in life there are already existing agencies for special training at which a boy can take, after he leaves school, courses which provide a far better preparation for the vocation of his choice than the schools can give. The secondary school needs every moment it can find for its own legitimate fields of instruction, and each vocational course thrust into its curriculum robs its students of some valuable part of its training and gives them in return something of no real value.

In revising the curriculum for our ideal secondary school, therefore, we must consider not four but three fields of activity for which the pupils need preparation, — their civic relations, their family responsibilities, and the use of their free time, — not forgetting that the consideration underlying all is that the pupils must be mentally well trained. The vehicle for this mental training lies convenient to our hand. The old established subjects of study will do the trick. Language, science, mathematics, and history have stood the test, and must always be the backbone of the curriculum. They provide training in the various kinds of thinking that men are called on to do, and if the instruction is aimed not to prepare for examinations but to promote thinking, if the underlying philosophy of each subject is more and more stressed as the pupils become more and more able to grasp it, they will provide a liberal foundation of intellectual experience which will prepare pupils to meet emergencies, to solve problems, and, later, to acquire further knowledge for themselves to meet all the ordinary needs of life.

For the mental training of the pupils, therefore, we can depend on the accepted subjects of study, but what of this specific training for civic relations and family responsibilities, and what about the development of resources for leisure moments? It is in these respects that the secondary schools of to-day are scandalously deficient, and it is just to correct these deficiencies that I offer certain suggestions.

It ought to be possible to prepare our future citizens to discharge their civic duties far better than we prepare them to-day. We give, to be sure, certain barren courses in 'civics,' of which the textbooks are not much more than catalogues of officialdom, containing explanations of just how officials are selected, just how laws are passed, and just what are the various branches of national, state, and local government, with clear statements about the distinction between the executive, legisla-

tive, and judicial branches of government, and brief explanations of methods of taxation and the enforcement of the laws. In a good many schools student self-government is said to exist, usually modeled on the government of an American city, and often, unfortunately, functioning at about the same level of inefficiency. From all this the pupils obtain a certain familiarity with the nomenclature and procedure of politics, but about the history of experiments in government as they have been tried down the centuries, about the philosophy of government, about established principles of liberty, or about the age-long conflict between the interests of society and the interests of the individual, they learn nothing, partly because these are inherently controversial subjects and so are avoided by the writers of textbooks who desire to offend no one lest the sale of their books be affected, and partly because few teachers are competent to teach such subjects. Nevertheless, without some knowledge of these principles no one can intelligently discharge his duties as a citizen or criticize the conduct of the government under which he lives. We cannot expect in the future to avoid the disastrous mistakes in legislation and organization which have littered the story of our nation's politics down to the present day unless we educate future generations in the principles of government. Our ideal secondary school, then, will find time somewhere for at least one course designed properly to prepare boys for their activities as citizens.

I approach the subject of the preparation of boys for family obligations with some misgivings, because such preparation calls for education in morals, a difficult and dangerous field. It is hideous to think of the horrors that would be perpetrated by the unfit teacher in such a subject, and of the banalities of the typical textbook which the typical school board would put into the hands of the pupil. Fortunately, however, our ideal school will be staffed by teachers of tact and taste and understanding, who can talk about sacred subjects, such as love and service and altruism, without making them common or ridiculous. In the coming secondary school curriculum, therefore, a place will be found for a course in ethics.

I have reserved till the last the question of how to prepare boys for the use of their future leisure, both because the suggestion is novel and because it is one of the most important functions of secondary education, rating second only to training in sound, straight thinking. The old labor-union slogan of eight hours for work, eight hours for sleep, and eight hours for play comes not far from summing up the day's apportionment for grown men. The secondary schools of to-day pay practically no attention to preparation for any kind of recreation except athletic sports. The instruction given in the arts, in music, and in literature is all aimed at fitting the pupils to pass examinations, not at providing them with a life interest. Indeed, of these three great fields of human interest, the first two rarely find a place at all in a secondary school curriculum. As a result the vast majority of American business men know of only two possible ways in which to use their spare time: either to be amused by someone else, at the theatre or over the air, or to 'play games.' Within themselves they have no resources. If, for one reason or another, their spare time is suddenly increased, they are nearly always bored to death, and from day to day they are hard put to it to use the leisure which is part of the daily régime with anything like real enjoyment. If they had had the opportunity as boys to experi-

ment with their own talents, most of them would have discovered that they had some gift worth cultivating.

My contention is that every secondary school, therefore, should have its music rooms, its studios, its workshops, and its reading rooms, and that its instruction in literature should have the definite purpose, in the earlier years, not of instruction in the facts of literary history, but of arousing any dormant interest in reading and in writing of which any pupil may be possessed. The use of all these facilities should not be for the main purpose of acquiring skill, though there would have to be some instruction in technique, since there can be no good teaching of adolescents without a chance for putting theory into practice or for some other form of self-expression. Every boy should make the acquaintance of a wide variety of forms of artistic expression, and should have a chance himself to experiment with some of them, and during the last years of his course he should be encouraged to carry on in a chosen field. From such a training the boy ought to be able to discover some real, abiding interest which would serve him as a delightful resource throughout his life, and would make him independent of outside assistance in the use of his leisure. Moreover, the development of his taste in art, which would be the certain result of such a training, would make it possible for him to hold in some kind of check the architects, interior decorators, and other specialists who, later in his life, may otherwise fatten on his ignorance. If such training could become universal, the artistic crudities of American civilization would very quickly disappear.

IV

If it should be contended that there is no room in the curriculum of the secondary school for the addition of such instruction as I am advocating, my answer is, first, that these subjects are of supreme importance, and room can therefore be made for them by displacing less important subjects. The course in the history of government could and should take the place of the present almost universal course in civics, without the sacrifice of any time at all. The course in ethics need not occupy more than two periods a week, but to my mind it could be made the most vitally important subject in the whole curriculum. Everyone knows how extensively the old sanctions have been weakened and the old validities are being questioned by the young people of this generation. They do not accept any 'ought,' whether it has behind it the authority of church, state, school, or family, without doubt and questioning. Among themselves they discuss all sorts of moral questions, and more often than not their inexperience and narrow vision lead them to mistaken conclusions. They need the guidance of sympathetic wisdom, and in such matters they have more confidence in the disinterested opinion of their teachers than in the insistence of their parents or in the teaching of their church. Our civilization depends for its successful continuance on the altruism of the men and women who compose it, and the continuance of a dominant altruistic morality should not be left to chance. Its cultivation belongs in the secondary school.

Whether or not boys preparing for college can find the time for the discovery and training of special talents I am not at all sure, but it may be observed that these boys have already discovered the possession of one special talent, the talent for learning, without which they ought not to be intending to go to college at all. Moreover, their college training should provide them

with all the resources needed for their future leisure. It is for the boys not going to the universities that such opportunities are needed, and as a practical school executive I maintain that time can easily be found for them.

I should like to point out here that out of such changes in the course of study as I have been advocating there develops naturally a new and happy alternative to 'going to college.' If a boy has, at school, discovered that he possesses talents or interest in some special branch of the fine arts, what could be more natural for him, instead of going to a school of advanced academic learning, than to pursue for one, two, or three years the study of that special branch, and what could be of more lasting benefit? He would pursue it with the intention, not of making it a profession, but of making himself proficient in it; his point of view would not be that of the professional, but that of the amateur. If the fear arises that he will become neither professional nor amateur, but dilettante, I should reply that that would depend almost entirely on the training that he had received at school. We cannot disregard entirely the boy's own character, but in the main his attitude toward such further studies will depend on the atmosphere of study as it existed in his school, and as he breathed it daily during his training there.

This brings me to my final word about our ideal secondary school, a brief discussion of the atmosphere which should prevail there. I have suggested that the non-academic-minded boy should not prepare for college, but for life, and inferentially that he should therefore not study all the 'college preparatory' subjects. Although his mental training should be derived from much the same subjects of study, they should be attacked by him from a different point of view, and with a slightly different purpose. I advocate the introduction, for him, of courses in the fine arts. But I want to emphasize the fact that I should insist, for him, on standards of work and achievement not less rigorous than those we set for his academic-minded brother. Education is a hard task-master, and grants its best rewards only to those who earn them by the sweat of their brow. I believe in discipline. Without discipline education becomes a flabby, effeminate, anæmic caricature of itself. The notion that boys of secondary school age should be allowed to decide for themselves what they should study, or what should constitute a day's work for them, sickens me. They are without wisdom, and without experience, and they need not only guidance but driving. Like a recruit for the army, the first thing that a new boy entering a secondary school needs is discipline. It should be friendly and sympathetic, of course, but it should be firm. For the first few years it must be imposed from without, but gradually the source of discipline should change, until finally, in the last year of school, it is imposed from within, and becomes self-discipline. If such an atmosphere of discipline can be created and maintained in a school, there is little danger of dilettantes appearing among its graduates.

V

My desire to provide in the secondary schools a sound training for the boy who has no special intellectual talent does not arise solely out of sympathy with the boy's personal needs. The political, social, and business leaders of the next generation are rather more likely to be drawn from the class of men who are not academic-minded than from the class which has special talents for learning. Leadership

depends on traits of character, not on intellect. It arises from an inborn urge to lead, and it is successful in operation in proportion to the strength of purpose, the tact, the determination, and the will power of the individual. It has nothing whatever to do with scholastic aptitude. Indeed, the very traits on which successful leadership depends are promoted by the overcoming of obstacles, and the school experience of the less intellectual among the school population, the very struggles they have to make in their competition with their better-endowed schoolmates, is likely to result in the growth of the very qualities required for leadership.

It must not be assumed for a moment, moreover, that the non-intellectual boy is necessarily unintelligent. Far from it. He is merely a person whose intelligence runs along practical instead of theoretical lines. It is high time that this distinction was emphasized. Throughout America, to-day, the teaching profession is becoming more and more converted to the belief that 'intelligence tests' are tests of intelligence. I wish to point out that they are no such thing. They are pretty reliable tests of academic talent, but that is all. The result of their application to the pupils of private schools is to indicate fairly conclusively that about one third of the whole number are not good college material. Most of the best private secondary schools are avowedly college preparatory schools, and they do not want this unfit material cluttering up their classes and burdening their instructors. Naturally, therefore, they get rid of it. As a result, hundreds of such boys are dropped from these schools yearly, not because they are idle or vicious, but merely because their intelligence is not of the intellectual order. Many of them are bright, wide-awake human beings, interested in life and in their fellow men. They would never succeed in learning, but they will succeed in life. Many of them will become leaders of men, and therefore it is of the utmost importance to the next generation that their training should be of the best. Yet what does secondary education provide to-day for these boys? Excellent training in athletics, but no training worth talking about for their minds. The public schools offer them futile courses in vocational training specially designed to obviate all necessity of thought. The best private schools drop them out or exclude them from the start. They drift, perforce, to cramming and tutoring schools, so that they may be shoehorned into college, and so avoid the disgrace which they and their parents believe attaches to failure to enter college. In college, the only possible way for them to survive is by continual tutoring, hiring other people to do for them the thinking that they themselves cannot do. If they receive the college degree they receive something to which they are really not entitled, and which they have not earned. Six years, if we include the last two years in school, have been spent on a kind of intellectual effort for which they are not fitted, and from which they gain practically nothing.

If these boys were subnormal, and not susceptible of any serious education, I should not consider them proper material for the secondary schools. Such is not the case. They are, I repeat, just as intelligent as their contemporaries, but intelligent along different lines. Along those lines they can be taught to think, to study, to investigate. They are capable, along those lines, of receiving the same sort of exacting, stimulating training which the best schools now give along academic lines. They need a preparation for life which is denied them to-day.

I have sketched the outlines of a secondary course of study which seems to me suited to the needs of such boys. The studios, the music rooms, the reading rooms, which would be needed would entail the expenditure of money, but in the public schools that money would be saved by scrapping the whole battery of laundry equipment, machine shop equipment, kitchen ranges, and what not that cost vastly more than the simple sort of apparatus I have in mind. To produce with one's hands has a certain truly educational value; to tend a machine is in itself mechanical, not educational. The private schools, however, if they are to do two tasks instead of one and educate simultaneously the intellectual-minded and the practical-minded boys, would have to provide both additional space and additional teaching staff. Nevertheless, when people come to realize that only by some such means can fair educational treatment be given a large proportion of the private school pupils, the necessary funds will surely be forthcoming.

A natural suggestion would be, not to incorporate in the existing college preparatory schools new courses and a new point of view which is sure to complicate their task, but to establish a totally new set of secondary schools designed especially for the education of boys not headed for the universities. That is the way the Germans have handled the problem, but I do not think it would be the best way for us. It presupposes the possibility of differentiating at twelve or fourteen years of age between the intellectually gifted and the practical-minded, and no such distinction is possible at that age. If such a division were made, it would mean the placing of a final label on the boys of each class, whereas experience shows that intellectual powers are not inborn, but may be developed or inspired by contact or by training in individuals who appeared to be hopelessly unintellectual. Moreover, to segregate the two classes of boys would deprive them of the educational value of contact with each other, and would tend to make them narrow and intolerant. Especially in a boarding school is it true that both classes of minds have their contributions to make to the common life, just as they will have in the community life for which they are preparing, and, living together, each will learn to respect and value the other's abilities. If what we may call, for want of a better term, the practical course of study in such a school were to be carried on in any slack or easy-going fashion, then it would, of course, weaken the whole institution, but we contemplate no such state of things. My proposal is an institution where every boy has to put into his lessons all he has in him, but where no boy is asked to perform tasks for which nature never fitted him.

When we have secondary schools so organized, when we have come to realize that it is perfect nonsense to suppose that all boys[2] should go to college, and when we realize that there is no more disgrace necessarily involved in a boy's not going to college than in his not having blue eyes, we shall have made a great stride toward sanity in American secondary education. The colleges will profit by it, the schools will profit by it, and most of all the community will profit by it, because at last real education, real mental training, will be given not only to the learned, but to the practical men who do the work of the world.

[2] Throughout this paper I have spoken exclusively about the education of boys. With the education of girls I have had no experience, and about it I suspect that I know nothing. I am inclined to believe, however, that everything I have said about schools for boys would apply with equal force to schools for girls. — AUTHOR

DAWN

BY EDWARD C. L. HEMSTED

THE slow-wrought colors of autumn, which have in them all the keen hope of spring and the rich fulfillment of summer, and so much music at the close, blended easily into the warm blue-gray and then velvet black of the Southern Japanese evening.

The island of Tomoshima in the Inland Sea, itself enclosing yet another and more secret sea, — for it is shaped like a hollow heart, through whose aortic vein could just flow in a navy to be in hiding, — was as silent as any country in the East can ever be.

The clamor of the Shinto temple bell had ceased with the setting sun. Somewhere across the water of the inner bay, but still upon the island, a Buddhist temple's lovely gong was ringing at decreasing but still long intervals, and the last tired woman, heavy-breasted, had wound her way down from the *daikon* fields, where the precious turnips were now all unearthed and hung to dry upon long bamboo poles.

An unbroken ring of hills, which is the island, completely surrounds the bay, where nothing ever happens, unless an occasional crown prince visits the military academy on the island, with the pomp of an escort and in a battle cruiser; the bay, where nothing ever has happened of great historic moment, where, no doubt, little ever will happen, but where always there seems a menace, the portent of a nascent clash of arms, the warning of some imminent disaster — perhaps only an earthquake.

On the highest point of this ring of hills, upon the east side of the island, whence the great new naval harbor of Nagasaki is visible with its cranes outlined even at evening against the black pines on the hills of the mainland, stood a single Englishman.

He stood just within the darker shadows of the wood, which runs up upon the inside of the island at this point, but which ends suddenly upon the summit.

Below him upon the outside of the ring of the island, and in the direction in which he was facing, the land was entirely cleared of trees and dropped steeply to the sea, nearly a thousand feet below.

Despite the steepness of the slope, however, the immense industry of a nation of Shinto persuasion, with an ever-increasing birth rate and no great colonies, had terraced the whole side of the hill, where now paddy was grown in tiny fields to within a few feet of the top.

Charles Surtees was not in the least lonely in Tomoshima. He lived there because he was paid to do so. He taught army cadets all the mornings the elements of the great commercial language of the world, and in the afternoons, particularly in autumn, he walked over the hills with a dog, which he had rescued as a puppy from a slow death at no man's hand — such is Eastern murder.

Surtees, indeed, was essentially happy. The air was warm and calm, yet had the virtue of the salt, however

different from the wind along an English coast. His work was simple, tedious stuff, but his real work was learning — learning himself, learning the East, watching the colors in the most perfect climate in the world; and he dreamed a good deal, too — dreamed of writing, like Claude Farrère, perhaps, for he was a young man and younger than his years; dreamed of travel, of going on and on round this musical world, collecting the memories of the bells of all the temples of the Middle Kingdom and the chants of all the ports from Penang to Vladivostok.

Certainly he never dreamed of home; partly because he had none, partly, too, because he supposed that if he ever did have one it would be entirely respectable, perhaps in Middlesex — and one does not dream of Middlesex.

Sometimes he dreamed of Europe as a whole, of Western things, chiefly of Western hills: the Fletschhorn with its hollow cave of ice, which in his memory was always in the shade; the hills behind Rome as he had come down them before Easter years ago — but the Via Appia was dead, dead as its catacombs, and gnarled before it died.

There were the young hills, of course, the South downs, green and careless, but they had not the *sérieux* that quite claimed respect from him; better, he thought, the quite childish hills behind Cadenabbia, which were always laughing at the lake, and where you could not even write poetry because of the onus of their mirth.

He loved them, of course, these different hills of home, but he had seen others since. Penang Hill, where piracy is a story only a century old; the real hills behind Kowloon, where wisdom looks unmoved at Europe in Hongkong and, perhaps, counts. He could n't tell.

Anyway, he was, he knew, just now a professor of English, and when he got some sort of leave he would go home across Siberia and buy furs at Chita and Korean lacquer on the way thither.

He thought neither of marriage nor of old age, and certainly he did not think of death — death, cold and useless, a dull beginning and a bitter end; death, the beginning of speculation for the living and the end of everything for the dead. Ugh!

Presently, as he stood, he started, as always, to count the seconds between the strokes on the distant gong. Nine seconds divided the first two strokes, then eight seconds and the third lovely note, then seven, then six. He stood getting his breath; then, as the intervals shortened, the swelling sound exasperated him and he stepped quickly out into the open, whistled to his dog, and turned along the ridge toward the military academy, kicking a loose stone irritably, then stumbling, catching at a dried twig and finding no hold, falling rather clumsily.

He lay where he had fallen and swore round, soft English oaths, and felt the pain in his ankle grow worse. Presently the dog came and licked his hand, and when he moved he knew that he had broken his ankle, and whistled again, an almost pleased, excited whistle. A night in the open — coldish toward dawn, perhaps, but rather fun. Bed for a week or so — his house in the compound was very comfortable. Then a holiday — he would go to Kiushiu.

If he lay quite still, his ankle did not hurt at all. He watched the lights come out in the harbor across the bay, where, anchored among her great sisters, Admiral Togo's flagship lay floating disarmed like a glorious memory on a dark mind.

She was to have been destroyed, he seemed to remember, after the Washington Conference, but in deference to public sentiment she floated still, but

unarmed and impotent, and, by day, like a toothless grandmother; but at night she looked fine enough.

Suddenly, below him, right below him on the island, where he knew no house was, a stealthy light flashed, and up the hillside in the now perfect quiet of the night the sharp clang of a challenge and an answer, then another light, then another, and then after a moment darkness again; and, when the eye became accustomed to it, a small boat rowing out to sea, back apparently to the harbor opposite, about six miles away.

Suddenly Surtees knew — quite certainly, though he could not tell how — that something was hidden there below him, something guarded in the night; something dark, like the warning which was everywhere about this vast arsenal of a bay. Something that he wanted to understand.

He moved, but his ankle hurt; then he waited for perhaps half an hour. In the dark the sense of foreboding was overwhelming, and the stir of some call. Nothing had moved below him; the little boat was long since lost to sight. His dog moved, anxious, uncomprehending.

Something went on working in Surtees's mind — it must have been for hours; presently it came to birth, and quite quietly, as if it were the most normal thing in the world, Surtees started down the long steep slope among the paddy fields. He went on hands and knees. He no more thought of physical pain than he thought of the Bernese Oberland at dawn. He went down because he had to, down into the Eastern night. He thought hard of adventure, something splendid in the abstract, and tried to believe that it was these thoughts which made his heart beat so fast — but he knew really.

He knew that there was no need to think about anything in the abstract. Here was his adventure now. Then he pretended that he thought he was being melodramatic — all this crawling about at midnight on a peaceful Japanese island in the lovely Inland Sea. It was perfectly preposterous, even a little vulgar. But whatever he thought, or thought he thought, he never stopped climbing down, and suddenly a late moon came full up behind Nagasaki, and less than a hundred feet below him he saw the sea and a long low wall, and inside it, lying in a tidy row, about thirty long shapely gleaming things, whose ends reflected a warm light, but whose straight bodies gleamed like steel.

Suddenly his leg hurt horribly. He winced. 'God!' he said. 'Guns! Hidden guns. How hellish! Where am I? Oh, this is filthy! I shall never get back. Am I a spy? I must get back, or — or —' His dog barked violently, bristled, and drew back on its forelegs like a cat about to spring, and behind the wall below him, for the whole hill was terraced upon low walls, a small-headed Japanese — a petty officer, it seemed — rose and said only, 'Sodegozaimasu.'

Surtees did not answer. The Japanese swung him on to his back and carried him down. When he got to the sea wall he laid him face upward on the grass between the muzzles of the great guns pointing outward and their protecting wall.

Surtees noticed that the guns were covered at either end with red lead. He remembered that he had never before seen a great naval gun lying dismounted on the ground, and they seemed to him, now, strange and uncouth and disquieting; but he was nearer to the Japanese soul, then, than any Japanese ever knew, for something of the night had entered into him and he thought not at all of his own posi-

tion; and then, letting his head sink back, he saw the stars paling into a new dawn in the Land of the Rising Sun.

He could not tell whether seconds only or minutes passed. Presently three Japanese sailors were round him and he was being lowered headfirst into a sack. He felt a rope cut into his ankles and then, as his head bumped over the ground, he gave one cry of anguish, for he was a European, he was young, and life had been good.

When he was in the water he struggled, and finally he dreamed again. He dreamed so much, did Surtees. He seemed to be gliding along under the sea at a great pace, smoothly, into a Western harbor . . . the shouts along the quay side . . . he could n't be sure — Naples perhaps. . . .

On the evening of the next day a gun was fired at sunset in honor of the late English professor, whose body, it was said, had been washed up just by the steps of the bathing place in the inner bay, where he must have bathed in the cool of the evening. The ankles had been chafed against the rocks, poor fellow. His body would be sent to Kobe for burial.

THE FAITH OF A COMMANDER

BY PAUL DONCOEUR

'My religious faith has formed a part of my character, and, in this way, of my career as a man and a soldier.' This unequivocal statement proves, were there need of it, that the work and nature, the methods and genius, of Marshal Foch can only be understood and expressed if the chronicler is familiar with the religious life and thought of the great soldier.

Yet it may seem an indelicacy and a breach of tact to make his faith an object of study and attention. Marshal Foch felt above all things a horror of display and of confidences. He never concealed his religion, but he never allowed it to receive an invidious publicity. I know, for I have been since childhood a friend of his family, how much he combined at once of pride and simplicity, candor and discretion. I do not wish in these pages to write anything intrusive; accordingly I shall confine myself to his public expressions of his religion. The inner secret is not a subject for publicity. But this inner life was so powerful and so fully penetrated his outer life that no one could be deceived: the entire world has learned that the conqueror of the war was a Christian. 'He was,' as Mr. Baldwin said, 'a great soldier, a great Christian, and a great gentleman.' And, as he paid his respects to him for the last time, M. Poincaré could not contain his admiration for this man who, as he said, 'had the strength to consider himself helpless before the Eternal and the greatness to attribute to divine generosity the gifts that were thought to be his glory.' 'Happy are they that believe!' Foch had told his pupils at the École Militaire. He felt in advance to what extent his faith would sustain him in his work and in his task as leader.

When after the war he visited his old school, Saint-Clément de Metz, where in 1869 and 1871 he had prepared for his matriculation at the École Polytechnique, he said to the young students: 'It was here that I learned to work.' Then, pointing to the chapel, he added: 'And now, go look in your chapel for the Light without which work is nothing.' It can be truly said that this light of faith and of prayer was his guide through all his life.

Born of an old Catholic family of the Pyrenees, he was brought up in the faith and piety of his ancestral home. A pupil of the ecclesiastical seminary of Polignan, then of the Jesuit colleges of Saint-Étienne and of Metz, his Catholic faith received from his teachers a lovely quality of simplicity and strength.

His faith before all else was loyal. A little before his death it happened that certain partisans of the *Action Française* wanted to hold a discussion with him. He always answered them: 'The Pope has condemned your views. I have nothing to discuss. That is all.'

He showed the same simple pride during the régime that held sway in France about 1900, when Catholic officials were pursued by informers. He never concealed the fact that he had a Jesuit brother, and he never failed to follow the parish services as a simple believer. At Ploujean in Brittany to the time of his death he sang at Mass with the Breton peasants, received the sacrament, and followed the procession, a taper in his hand.

But these actions were animated by the loftiest personal feeling. He possessed above all other things an extraordinary mystical conviction of the sovereign authority of God.

On the seventeenth of November, 1919, at the end of a long conversation during which he outlined to me his strategical principles and his conception of a leader, just as he was about to leave I saw him coming brusquely toward me again. 'And then especially, Father,' he said, to me, pointing to the sky, 'there is God. *It is He who gives victory.*'

From this throughout his whole life, but especially during the war, came his inveterate habit of prayer. One evening, for example, he was surprised at prayer on the day before a great battle. 'I pray when it's cold,' he said with humor; 'all the more reason to pray when it's hot.' He meant when there is danger. When a friend congratulated him on having received the supreme command at Doullens, he answered: 'Don't congratulate me yet. I'm none the prouder for that. And pray God it may not be too late.'

His conviction was extraordinarily intense that God as a sovereign master controls the world's course. He expressed this conviction more than ten times in public, and incessantly in private conversation.

On the day of King Albert's triumphal reëntry into Brussels, Cardinal Mercier paid his respects to Foch's 'genius.' 'No, no,' protested Foch. 'Genius has nothing to do with it. I have thought, planned, reflected. But when everything had been considered, I have never seen the way to a solution. Finally, when the "yes" had to be given on which thousands of lives were going to depend, *I felt myself to be the blind instrument of Providence.*'

Speaking of the battle of the Marne in September 1914 and of the even more daring march to the sea in October 1914, he again said to Father de Grandmaison: 'How was I able to accomplish what I did? *Because God willed it so.* I don't know how. *We are the blind instruments of Providence.*'

And still another time, referring to the most critical situation which he had known: 'From what source did that

unconquerable strength come to me? . . . I do not know. An instinct. *We are the blind instruments of Providence. It is God who guides everything.*'

But it would be wrong to think that this faith relieved him of the duty of action! It is well enough known with what intensity, prepared by fifty years of relentless work, he exerted his intelligence and energy to snatch victory from his foes. He has expressed his conviction on this point admirably: 'There is no need to confuse the miraculous with the providential. Strictly, it is not proper to speak of *the miracle of the Marne, or the miracle of the Yser . . . the miracle of Victory.* This would be to disparage the tremendous part played by our troops. As far as I am concerned, when at an historic moment a clear vision is given to a man and the event proves that this clear vision has determined movements of enormous consequence in an important war, I hold that this clear view (such as I think I had at the Marne, at the Yser, on the twenty-sixth of March) comes from a providential influence in the hands of which man is an instrument, and that the triumphal decision is brought from on high by a will superior and divine.'

The man who knew him most intimately, General Weygand, has very justly written: 'He was asked from what source a man could draw such unshakable firmness of character. From the strength of his mind, he told us, but also from his conscience as a soldier and a Christian.'

One evening in November 1928, the Marshal was at the family home in Valentine with his brother, the Jesuit priest. They were sitting near the great fire which had been kindled, and a secretary was reading from a religious work written by Father Foch. The Marshal listened, sitting on a stool beside the fire. When the reading came to an end, the priest asked the Marshal: 'What do you think of it?' 'It's too much for me,' the Marshal answered humorously. 'I'll tell you something, however. When I left Saint-Clément de Metz, Father Cosson gave me as his highest word of advice to call often on the Holy Spirit. Ever since that time I have said each day the traditional prayer *Veni, Sancte Spiritus,* followed by the liturgical prayer . . . *da nobis . . . recta sapere* . . . That prayer is the finest of all!'

To think justly and truly — his faith above all taught him that. That faith conformed to the teaching of his mother, his masters, his Church. He denied himself the subtleties in which the captious spirit indulges. He had an admirable sense of discipline. He wished, quite simply, to be a believer.

He died a believer. A great crucifix dominated the bed on which he died. I have leafed over his family books of prayer on his bureau, their pages yellowed. He understood the Evangel, the Missal, and the Imitation of Jesus Christ. They formed the daily nourishment of his thoughts and of his life. Foch loved to recall what Napoleon said of war, that it was an art primarily simple and all a matter of execution. But Foch would certainly have said no less of religion, of his own religion, that it was simple, and all a matter of execution; that is to say, a great truth infusing a whole life.

WASTING A BILLION A YEAR

BY LAWRENCE SULLIVAN

I

RESISTANCE to the centralization of authority and the multiplication of bureaucratic functions in Washington was born with the Federal government. Our constitutional history begins with a definition of the cleavage between the two major parties on this point during the last quarter of the eighteenth century. It is doubly significant, therefore, that voices of warning against our lumbering and top-heavy Federal establishment arise to-day with equal vigor from the Democratic and Republican ranks.

It is easy to imagine Thomas Jefferson shaking a long gnarled finger in the faces of the Hamiltonians in 1800 to admonish: —

> Demand has grown up for a greater concentration of powers in the Federal government. If we will fairly consider it, we must conclude that the remedy would be worse than the disease. What we need is not more Federal government, but better local government. From every position of consistency with our system, more centralization ought to be avoided. The states would protest promptly enough anything savoring of Federal usurpation. . . . Once the evasion of local responsibilities becomes a habit, there is no knowing how far the consequences may reach. Every step in such a progression will be unfortunate alike for states and nation.

But it must give the followers of Alexander Hamilton something of a start to realize that this quotation is, in fact, from the 1926 Memorial Day address of the Honorable Calvin Coolidge, then President of the United States by virtue of the largest popular majority ever given a Republican nominee up to that time.

Nor has any Democratic advocate of a general house cleaning in Washington risen to record his jubilation that one hundred and thirty-seven years of development under the Hamiltonian theory at last produced a vindication of the Jeffersonian doctrine by the heirs and successors of the Federalists. For to-day the problem is not an academic discussion between political theorists. It is, rather, a pressing affair of state commanding the serious and patriotic attention, not only of political gentlemen, but of the business world, educators, publicists, economists, and sociologists. Extreme commentators go so far as to suggest that democratic institutions are in the balance. If self-government cannot be made efficient, responsive, less burdensome financially and less wasteful of the busy citizen's time and energies, this group contends, then democratic forms must give way before the pressure of the age.

From this dilemma the country instinctively recoils. Hence the insistent demand to-day for effective reform. Both parties pledged themselves in their 1928 national platforms to revitalization of the Federal government through departmental reorganization. As further evidence that the problem already is above the status of routine partisan issues it is necessary only to cite, in connection with Mr. Coolidge's

Memorial Day address of 1926, the more recent statement of Representative Louis Ludlow, a Democratic Congressman from Indiana, made in the House on April 28, 1930: —

> During the last two decades bureaucratic power has grown by leaps and bounds, until Washington dominates, regulates, controls the nation even in the most intimate concerns of its citizens. Local self-government is vanishing in the rush to let Washington do it. Priceless rights and privileges which the forefathers intended to be exercised locally are being surrendered without a struggle into the vortex of Federal authority. Every day government is being removed farther and farther from the home and fireside into the tentacles of the already overwhelming Federal bureaucracy.

As a member of the Capitol Press Gallery for twenty-eight years, Mr. Ludlow watched the Federal government 'grow up like Topsy.' His plea for reorganization grew out of a sincere conviction, he told his colleagues in the House, 'that bureaucracy ultimately will be the ruin of this country unless something is done to check it.'

Among thousands throughout the country who shouted public hosannas in response to Mr. Ludlow's demand for a non-partisan, quasi-legislative commission to curb centralization were the governors of seventeen states, eight ex-governors, and nineteen judges of state supreme courts. Henry Ford and Thomas Edison expressed their agreement, as did Nicholas Murray Butler, Owen D. Young, John W. Davis, John R. Commons, George B. Cortelyou, William Allen White, and Charles D. Hilles. In July 1930, the annual Conference of Governors, at Salt Lake City, made the subject one of the chief topics of the agenda. A political or social tendency which commands the attention of such a group of men is more, obviously, than a figment of Congressional imagination.

II

Only an appreciation of the meaner practicalities of the legislative process in Congress can explain why the difficulties in the path of effective reform thus far have proved insurmountable. The subject has been under investigation almost constantly for twenty years. It has been accepted by influential leaders in both parties for almost a decade that the existing Federal establishment is costing approximately a *billion* dollars a year more than would be required for the same functions under an efficient organization. Half of this amount would be saved annually in direct appropriations and the remainder in the cost which citizens bear in essential contacts with their government. Why, then, is nothing accomplished?

The preponderance of evidence places the responsibility squarely upon Congress. Unable itself to work out a programme of reorganization, it declines doggedly, nevertheless, to extend the necessary authority to an executive agency. Whenever a specific plan for reorganization is presented in Congress, there immediately leap to arms the original sponsors of every useless bureau and every dead function marked for the grave. The Senator whose sister's son may be Chief of the Bureau of the Animal Industry will see to it that that agency never is consolidated with the Stockyards Administration. And the venerable Congressman from Michigan who fought for the establishment of the National Commission on Fine Arts will filibuster to the end of his days against any measure to consolidate that organization with the National Capital Park and Planning Commission. Nor will the delegation from Mississippi assent to the abandonment of the Cotton Ginning Laboratory so long as the Wood Products Labo-

ratory is to be continued at Madison, Wisconsin.

Thus do personal, political, or sectional interests enlist anywhere from one to a hundred defenders in Congress for every bureau, office, agency, experiment station, and research laboratory. Indeed, inquiry discloses that every R. F. D. route has its little bloc of defenders, who will make certain that Star Route No. 33,817 never shall be motorized before Star Route No. 17,641. In these circumstances, any measure to redistribute the administrative functions of the government induces as much legislative logrolling as a Congressional reapportionment or a rivers and harbors bill.

'All right,' runs the Cloak Room bargain, 'keep the Naval Observatory out of the Weather Bureau, and Keokuk will be made a terminal on the Mississippi Barge Line.'

No other set of forces could have placed the Public Health Service and the Prohibition Unit in the Treasury Department, or maintained the Geological Survey in the Department of the Interior while the Bureau of Mines thrived in the Department of Commerce. No other legislative system could have provided twenty-six separate purchasing bureaus for the Treasury Department.

The whole range of these operations in primitive barter was called into play as recently as May 1930, when Congress took up President Hoover's recommendation that the National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers, the veteran relief agency established after the Civil War, and the Bureau of Pensions, which administers the pensions of all warriors on the rolls up to 1917, be consolidated with the Veterans Bureau, which looks after World War service men. Committee hearings developed that the consolidation would save approximately $1,500,000 annually in administrative expenses. Yet only by a series of compromises on unrelated legislation was the consolidation measure rescued from the oblivion of the House Calendar. The President formally proclaimed the consolidation in September 1930.

In the case of the Prohibition Unit, even the compromises could not bring about a reorganization patterned after the predetermined principle. Illicit traffic in non-industrial alcohol is the problem of the Department of Justice, while illicit traffic in industrial beverages remains the charge of the Treasury.

Congress has had before it since June 1924 the report of the most recent Joint Committee on Reorganization of the Executive Departments. This report shows that construction projects are initiated and supervised by no less than twenty-five separate agencies of the government, seven of which are in the Interior Department. Five others are in the Department of Agriculture, three in the Department of Commerce, three in the Treasury Department, and the remainder scattered from the Panama Canal Office to the Bureau of Immigration. The same committee reported that marine charts are prepared daily by the Bureau of Navigation, Navy Department; Geodetic Survey, Commerce Department; and the Lake Survey, War Department. Twenty-four agencies are engaged in topographical surveys and mapping. Engineering research is carried on by twenty-two bureaus and offices. Fifteen divisions administer rivers and harbors projects.

The captain of an American ship coming into an American port is required to deal with thirteen Federal officials operating in seven different departments before he may land his passengers and cargo. The Public Health Service inspects the vessel at Quarantine; anchorage is assigned by the War Department; the Commerce

Department inspects his boilers and life-saving devices; one bureau of the Labor Department helps to sign off his crew and another inspects his immigrants; the Department of Commerce enters the registry of the voyage and the Treasury Department attends to customs on the cargo. The master must go to another bureau for changes that may have occurred in lighthouse signals, to another for charts of domestic waters, and to still another for charts of foreign waters. When his bottom is loaded again, the captain has to go back through most of these formalities to get away from port.

Seven years have elapsed since these symptomatic facts were laid before Congress by a special committee specifically created by Congressional authority to report them. But nothing has happened.

III

Woodrow Wilson once likened the structure of the United States Government to an old plantation house he had known as a boy, in Georgia. In early Colonial days the structure had begun as a single square room of hand-fashioned red brick. Three years later a log cabin had been attached at the rear. Another five years saw the old brick façade extended in two directions, with bricks of another size and color. The second generation ran out a wing from each end of the newer brick additions and graced the whole with a spacious and fashionable porch sustained by imposing white columns. Another generation replaced the old log portion with still a fourth style of brick, lifted the building from the ground, dug out a cellar, and underlaid the whole with a foundation of stone and mortar. It was, in the end, a very substantial building, which served quite well as a plantation homestead. Especially striking was it to those who knew that it had been designed in the first instance as a mere prospector's shack beyond the Fall Line.

It was his own hope, Mr. Wilson explained in the 1912 campaign, that he might bring about this final phase of modernization and unification as applied to the Federal government. There were, to his mind, 'a great many old lean-tos which need to be ripped away, so that the light and air of the modern world may enter the central structure.'

The World War, of course, frustrated this hope, and the old homestead stands to-day as it stood in 1912 — with some twenty more lean-tos added in the interim. So rambling and disconnected is the edifice to-day that even the inhabitant is unable to find his way beyond his own little nook. In many sections the air remains the unwashed ozone of 1789.

Our generation remembers the debates which culminated in the establishment of the Department of Labor in 1913. But few recall that the entire governmental organism came into being by the mere process of adding chunk upon chunk to the prospector's shack of the Fathers through one hundred and forty-one years of national history.

Following the adoption of the Constitution, separate acts of Congress in 1789 created the Departments of State, War, and Treasury. The fourth member of the Cabinet was the Attorney-General, but he headed no department. He was merely a professional consultant for the executive branch. A temporary Postmaster-General was authorized in September 1789, but the Post Office Department was not created until 1794, and its head did not become a member of the Cabinet until 1829.

Some four years after the creation of the Post Office, the naval functions of the military establishment were transferred to the new Navy Depart-

ment. For more than fifty years the organization of the executive arm remained on substantially this basis.

The second generation of American statesmen added the Department of the Interior, in 1849, and the Department of Justice, in 1870. Two years later the Post Office was raised to the rank of equality with all other departments, its present footing. The Commissioner of Agriculture, an emergency officer authorized by Congress in 1862 to ensure food supplies during the rebellion, became the head of a department equal in rank twenty-seven years later, in 1889.

In the next addition to the structure, in 1903, the Department of Commerce and Labor was created by a compromise between two evenly matched Congressional groups, one of which wished to foster commerce and the other to advance the interests of the worker. In 1913 these two functions were divided between the Department of Commerce and a new Department of Labor.

Far more significant than the chronology of the development, however, is the analysis of the haphazard legislative processes by which the new departments came into being. Forever experimenting in new fields of governmental activity, Congress early in the nineteenth century hit upon the commission as the ideal administrative agency for its successive ventures. Set up at the rate of four or five during each session of Congress after about 1850, these scattered commissions were, at intervals of about twenty years, swept pell-mell into new departments.

When the Department of Commerce and Labor was established in 1903, there were transferred from the Treasury such widely scattered functions as the Lighthouse Establishment, Steamboat Inspection Service, Bureau of Navigation, Bureau of Standards, Coast and Geodetic Survey, Bureau of Immigration, and the Bureau of Statistics. The Interior Department contributed at the same time the Census Office, and the State Department the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. Two independent agencies created since the organization of the Department of Agriculture in 1889 completed the new branch of the government. These were the Bureau of Labor Statistics and the Fish Commission.

The record does not show that anyone suggested at the time that labor, commerce, lighthouses, fish, and statistics presented a rather wide scope of activities for a single department of the government. Yet this case epitomizes the systematology of our governmental structure.

And the system explains that rarefied form of bureaucratic floundering witnessed to-day in the Bureau of Reclamation's spending millions of dollars every year to bring into fertility thousands of acres of reclaimed land, while the Department of Agriculture and the Federal Farm Board send their agents to the far corners of the country preaching the gospel of acreage reduction for every major crop. It explains, too, the phenomena of the Forestry Service, Department of Agriculture, spending thousands of dollars monthly in conservation propaganda while the Wood Utilization Committee, under the Department of Commerce, searches intensively for new uses for lumber and new methods by which wood may be substituted for metals in industrial construction. Similar instances of two agencies of government working at cross-purposes might be cited in every department.

Never in our national history has there been a general realignment of functions according to a unified administrative plan.

IV

'First the blade, and then the ear, then the full corn shall appear,' runs the Scriptural genesis of bureaucracy: First a commission, then a bureau, eventually a new department. There is no other definition of the Federal province to-day. Those things which have been turned over to some bureau, commission, or office are matters of Federal concern; those which have not been delegated remain matters for the states. The political forces and processes which from time to time produced these new agencies of regulation go far toward explaining the present-day chaos in our constitutional theory.

As national development presented new problems, demand arose for a measure of governmental control. In the state legislatures the control efforts in all economic affairs were frustrated immediately by the argument that economic forces are not confined by state boundaries. The issue went, therefore, to Congress.

Unable to determine upon a new national policy in a single session, Congress created a commission to investigate and administer the new problem and report, with recommendations, at the ensuing session. In the next session the commission was continued for a second year, the report indicating that the new problem had many ramifications. Quite naturally it came about in the vast majority of cases that the division between those who wished to give the new problem over to the Federal government and those who wished it to remain in the old legal status was deep-rooted and about equal in point of votes. Thus a clearly defined national policy seldom was achieved. Gradually the commission expanded its activities from year to year, gaining increasing appropriations easily as a compromise between the two opposing Congressional groups, and so entrenched itself as a new independent establishment of the government. The Post Office began as an independent establishment in 1794, and was not recognized as a department until 1872. The Department of Agriculture began as a commission in 1862. The Department of Labor began as the Bureau of Labor, in the Interior Department, in 1884.

But it was not until the last half century that the national urge toward new commissions developed alarming symptoms. The revolt against the spoils system called into being the Civil Service Commission in 1882; the evils of railroad rebating gave birth to the Interstate Commerce Commission in 1887. These were among the first commissions, in the present-day meaning of the word. They were new agencies of government vested by Congress with quasi-judicial authority, created specifically to administer some particular phase of national life. The important departure in each case is found in the fact that such agencies are responsible to no elective or administrative authority; their spheres of operation are broadly defined by Congress in the respective organic acts; the appointive terms of the actual administrators are fixed by law. As a result, these administrators are, for all practical purposes, above political accountability. A department head who is found to be an unfaithful public servant may carry down a President. Or he may be brought to trial in the courts. But it is axiomatic in Washington that, right or wrong, an administrative commissioner is as strong — or weak — as the group which sustains him in Congress.

From about 1890, the mania for boards, commissions, and joint committees developed rapidly. Theodore Roosevelt's administration brought nineteen new boards and fifty-seven

new commissions into being between 1901 and 1909. President Taft's four years recorded the launching of thirteen additional commissions and thirty-two new boards.

Counting every sort of board, commission, committee, joint committee, and special delegation, 492 independent administrative and legislative agencies were created between March 4, 1901, the beginning of the Roosevelt era, and March 4, 1929, the end of Mr. Coolidge's administration.

Among the more important new agencies created in the pre-war years were the International Waterways Commission and the Board of Engineers for Rivers and Harbors, in 1902; the Joint Army and Navy Board, 1903; Crop Reporting Board, 1905 (since combined with the Department of Agriculture); Inland Waterways Commission, 1908; International Joint Commission, 1909; Federal Reserve Board, 1913; Federal Trade Commission, 1914; National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, 1915; Council for National Defense, United States Shipping Board, United States Tariff Commission, and Farm Loan Board, 1916.

With the outbreak of the World War, every agency of the government was suddenly burdened with added duties, and a score of new independent establishments were created almost overnight to administer the problem of sustaining about half the world with food and munitions. Between June 30, 1916, and June 30, 1918, the number of civil employees in the Federal service increased from 438,057 to 917,760, more than 109 per cent.

Purely military functions were lopped off rapidly after the Armistice, but the trail of post-war problems, administered by such agencies as the Veterans Bureau, Railroad Administration, Allied Debt Funding Commission, and the Alien Property Custodian, imposed upon the Federal machinery a burden which at once routed all hope of a return to the pre-war personnel basis. The low point of the post-war deflation of the government pay roll was reached in 1923, when the civil list was reduced to about 550,000 persons. Since that time it has swung upward rapidly to more than 700,000.

Meanwhile, the march of the commissions has continued. The Federal Power Commission came into being in 1920; the Federal Narcotic Control Board and the German Mixed Claims Commission in 1922; the American Battle Monuments Commission, the Personnel Classification Board, and the Mexican General Claims Commission in 1923. The next year brought out the International Water Commission, the Interdepartmental Board on Simplified Office Procedure, the Board of Tax Appeals, the Inland Waterways Corporation, the National Capital Park and Planning Commission, the Pueblo Lands Board, District of Columbia Memorial Commission, United States Commission for the Celebration of the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of George Washington, the Federal Oil Conservation Board, the Alaskan Game Commission.

Between the end of the Wilson administration, March 4, 1921, and the inauguration of President Hoover on March 4, 1929, no less than thirty-two new boards and sixty-two additional commissions were called into being, either by Congressional resolution or by Presidential proclamation. Many of these, of course, were of the fact-finding type, which have reported and disbanded. It is true, nevertheless, that in no fiscal year since 1920 has the number of independent establishments listed in the annual budget been fewer than in the preceding year.

Reduced to a sentence, all the facts mean simply that, over a period of some

thirty years, a governmental establishment commanding a personnel of some 700,000 men and women faced, on the average, three major enterprises every two months which required the creation of special agencies.

Nothing could be more eloquent of the need for reorganization to provide for the United States a twentieth-century system of government.

V

The history of bureaucracy demonstrates that there is about a newly established agency of government only one certainty — it will grow! The Department of Agriculture's appropriation for 1889, its first year as a Cabinet branch, was $1,134,000. For the fiscal year 1930 the Department's budget was $154,232,000. In 1912 the Children's Bureau was established with an appropriation of $25,000; last year's budget was $1,020,000. The Federal Trade Commission began in 1914 with $75,000, and last year got $1,289,000.

A stenographer here, a new survey there, an emergency enterprise, a special conference — the working out of this inevitable tendency in some two-score agencies of the government accounted for the addition of some $15,000,000 to the Civil Service pay roll within the District of Columbia alone between 1928 and 1930.

The general administrative budget of the Secretary of the Interior, for example, which covers salaries, printing, and similar routine expenses, increased from $939,885 in 1928 to $950,500 in 1930. The same group of expenses in the Department of Justice were $4,197,498 in 1928, $4,624,000 in 1930. General appropriations for the Department of Labor were $712,454 in 1928, $735,922 in 1930.

Even larger increases are encountered in the Budget Bureau's reports covering the various branches of the Navy Department. The Bureau of Supplies and Accounts was allotted $152,000,000 for 'pay, subsistence, and transportation' in 1930, against $141,000,000 in 1928. No increase in naval personnel had been authorized in the interim. The Navy's Bureau of Aeronautics received $31,000,000 in 1930, as against $22,000,000 in 1928. In the same interval civil salaries in the Navy Department increased from $315,000 to $400,000 a year.

Nor is the administrative branch the only yeasty agency. Between 1928 and 1930 the annual outlay for the legislative establishment increased from $16,402,048 to $19,520,299.

In the last analysis, full responsibility for this tendency toward constant uncoördinated expansion rests upon Congress. If the drain of ever-increasing pay rolls, traveling expenses, and printing bills ever is checked, Congress must do it. Congress holds the purse strings. Until both House and Senate awaken to the menace of bureaucracy, the nation can hope for no relief from its present burdensome taxes.

But a hint as to the sort of mountains which are yet to be removed is found in the recent remarks of Representative Samuel A. Kendall, of Pennsylvania, ranking Republican member of the House Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads. After a conference with President Hoover at the Executive Offices late in November, 1930, Mr. Kendall told newspapermen he had called to express his 'uncompromising opposition to the efforts of the Postmaster-General to wipe out the postal deficit.'

'I wish the deficit were twice as large,' Mr. Kendall elaborated. 'That would mean generally improved service, more people at work, more rural routes. If they want to save money, let them start on the Navy, or the Army, or the Department of Agriculture.'

'Have you, as a member of the Committee, made any investigation to determine whether the postal budget might be reduced without impairing the service?' Mr. Kendall was asked.

'No,' he replied without hesitation. 'Congress created the Post Office Department, and when Congress decides to change it, it will do so without a lot of investigating.'

Let thoughtful citizens pause to consider that, under the existing seniority rules of the House, it is only a matter of time until Mr. Kendall will be chairman of the powerful Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads, which appropriates about one *billion* dollars of public money every year.

He, perhaps, was a little more frank than most of his colleagues would have been in expressing their views for publication; but his statement reveals rather fairly the current mine-run mental processes of members of the House of Representatives on the grave national problem of bureaucracy. Mr. Kendall knows very well, of course, that the same argument is advanced every year by the chairman of the Naval Affairs Committee against reduction in the naval budget, by the chairman of the Committee on Agriculture and Forestry against any curtailment in the Department of Agriculture — and so on through the entire Federal budget. Meanwhile the postal deficit continues at about $80,000,000 annually.

If this order ever is to be changed, the people of the nation must speak for themselves. The nation has few spokesmen in Congress to-day.

VI

During the first two years of Mr. Hoover's term, seventeen commissions, committees, or boards were established — which compares with forty-six new agencies set up during the last two years of Mr. Coolidge's administration. The most important of the new Hoover commissions were the Federal Farm Board, the National Commission on Law Observance and Enforcement, the President's Commissions on Conservation of the Public Domain, the White House Conference on Child Health and Protection, the National Business Survey Conference, the Emergency Committee on Employment, the National Negro Memorial Committee, and the Commission on Social Trends. Only one of these, the Farm Board, is a permanent agency of government. The remainder are fact-finding committees.

Once chided that soon he would appoint a new commission every day, President Hoover replied, 'That is wrong — I shall probably need to appoint two a day.'

He explained: —

> My conception of government leads me to the firm conviction that we have arrived at a time in our history when, because of the increasing complexity of our civilization and the delicacy of its adjustments, we must make doubly certain that we discover the truth. It is necessary that we make the fullest use of the best brains and the best judgment and the best leadership in our country before we determine upon policies which affect the welfare of a hundred and twenty million people. And I propose to do it. . . . By his position the President must, within his capacities, give leadership to the development of the moral, social, and economic forces outside of government which make for betterment of our country. If we are to curtail the extension of the arm of government into the affairs of our people we must do it by inspiration of individuals, by coöperation with voluntary organizations, that they, through their own initiative, through their own actions, should remedy abuse and initiate progress. Self-government comprises more than political institutions. It is more than municipal governments and state governments, legislatures and executive officers. The safeguard against oppressive invasion of

government into the lives and liberties of our people is that we shall cure abuse and forward progress without government action. That is self-government in the highest form which democracy conceives it — self-government outside of government.

Early in the administration of President Harding, the then Secretary of Commerce, Herbert Hoover, interested himself in the problem of departmental reorganization, going so far in 1923 as to prepare a detailed outline of a 'functional grouping' which he submitted later to the Joint Committee on Reorganization. The principle of 'functional grouping' implies merely that the Secret Service Division is quite remote from the chief purposes of the Treasury Department, and that the administration of Alaska and Hawaii falls as naturally to the Department of Labor as to the Department of the Interior, to which both possessions now are assigned.

To use Mr. Hoover's own language, the principle means simply 'that all administrative activities of the same major purpose should be placed in groups under single-headed responsibility. . . . There is no worse agency of government than commissions and committees for executive action. Action requires undivided mind and undivided responsibility.'

Testifying before the Joint Committee on Reorganization on January 22, 1924, Mr. Hoover set forth that 'our industries and business are badgered to death for duplicate information by a host of non-coördinating agencies.' As evidence of how badly the functions of government are scattered, he offered a chart showing that the complete reorganization of the executive arm, to bring all related activities under unified responsibility, would necessitate the transfer of fourteen fragments of educational functions from three departments; six health fragments from five sources; eight aid-to-industry segments from four sources; and sixteen public-works agencies from five sources. As a means of coördinating all the scattered public-welfare activities of the government, he advocated the creation of an eleventh department, to be known as the Department of Education and Relief, with one assistant secretary for education, one for public health and child welfare, and a third for veterans' affairs and pensions.

Significant from the standpoint of practical considerations is the fact that this programme does not open the question of the legitimate bounds of Federal activities. It confines itself instead to the single point that, whatever the Federal functions may be at a given date, the manifest duty of Congress and the President is to provide that they shall be administered efficiently, economically, and with that wholesome flexibility which is so sadly lacking in our bureaucratic organization to-day. But the question, for example, whether maternity aid is a proper function of the national government does not, for the moment, arise.

Mr. Hoover again urged reorganization — this time without details — in his first general message to Congress, on December 3, 1929. He said on that occasion: —

> This subject has been under consideration for over twenty years. It was promised by both political parties in the recent campaign. It has been repeatedly examined by committees and commissions — Congressional, executive, and voluntary. . . . The conclusions of these investigations have been unanimous that reorganization is a necessity of sound administration, of economy, of more effective governmental policies, and of relief to the citizen from unnecessary harassment in his relations with a multitude of scattered governmental agencies. . . . There is no proper development and adherence to broad national

policies and no central point where the searchlight of public opinion may concentrate itself. . . .

A second broad principle which should govern the reorganization, Mr. Hoover suggested, was that 'all administrative activities should be separated from boards and commissions and placed under individual responsibility, while quasi-legislative and quasi-judicial and broadly advisory functions should be removed from individual authority and assigned to boards or commissions.'

These principles were put forward by the President as 'the distillation of the common sense of generations.'

But broad schemes for reform had been presented to Congress many times before. With bills to bridge the Kissimmee at Okochobee, they have been referred to committee. And *that*, as the Congressman from North Carolina had said so often to the Congressman from South Carolina, was *that*. It was these considerations that prompted the President to add to his message: —

With this background of all previous experience I can see no hope for the development of sound reorganization of the government unless Congress be willing to delegate its authority over the problem (subject to defined principles) to the Executive, who should act upon approval of a joint committee of Congress; or with the reservation of powers of revision by Congress within some limited period adequate for its consideration.

To date Congress has taken no action on these recommendations. Neither has it submitted any other programme. Meanwhile, a new, and larger, national budget is upon the land — and the dead hand of bureaucracy is cooling in *rigor mortis* upon the throat of democracy. Before our very eyes, in the words of Lord Hewart of Bury, the Lord Chief Justice of England, in his recent slashing attack upon Great Britain's bureaucracy, 'the whole system of self-government is being undermined, and that, too, in a way which no self-respecting people, if they were aware of the facts, would for a moment tolerate.'

To which there echoes everlastingly above the vulgar din of logrolling and back scratching on Capitol Hill the warning of Woodrow Wilson, uttered as long ago as 1912: —

The history of Liberty is a history of the limitation of governmental power, not the increase of it. When we resist, therefore, the concentration of power, we are resisting the processes of death, because concentration of power is what always precedes the destruction of human liberties.

WHAT IS SCIENTIFIC EXACTITUDE?

BY T. SWANN HARDING

I

NOT long ago I heard a Unitarian minister (over the radio!) define religion as a spiritual service to ideal and somewhat intangible values. Having adopted that very intelligent postulate, he built an interesting and quite logical argument upon it. But he offended me in one way, and that was by saying, 'Of course, I cannot demonstrate the spiritual forces of religion to you with "scientific certitude." They do not stand up under the rigors of laboratory analysis, but they are none the less real, I assure you.' Similarly I have often heard workers in the social or the biological sciences say to workers in physical science: 'Of course, we cannot make statements about things in our domain with the scientific exactitude you can use in yours, but our findings do have value.'

What is this scientific exactitude? Twenty years' intimate experience with physical science has failed to reveal it to me. I can understand religious certitude and mathematical exactitude, but scientific exactitude completely eludes me. The Unitarian minister definitely knew what he was talking about; he defined the entity quite well, all things considered, and, granting his postulate, his logical structure was very good. He believed in what he said. It had an emotional appeal for him. Ergo it was absolutely true for him, he had certitude, and there was nothing further to be said. In reality his logical structure was a gloss or embellishment and was quite unnecessary, for his hearers must each experience religious truth intuitively, and it had for them an individual significance in each case. The minister's logic cannot produce that intuitive conviction in anyone because it is not a thing of logic. It is felt to be certainly true, and it possesses an absolutism no scientific proposition ever can possess.

I am aware that 'mathematical exactitude' is an expression often abused and that many advanced mathematicians rebuke laymen, saying, 'You must not say that, because mathematics is no longer exact.' I disagree. At least I disagree with their definition of mathematics and believe that, when they say that, they have science mixed up with mathematics. Thus, when you say that the square on the hypothenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares on the other two sides, you state something which is exact. But when you say, 'The square on the hypothenuse of this right-angled triangle which I have drawn here on paper is equal to the sum of the squares on the other two sides,' you are over in a different preserve altogether. You are then dealing with science, and your statement is not exact because no instrument of precision exists sufficiently refined for you absolutely to prove it, while you cannot draw on paper points without dimensions and lines with only one dimension to begin with. You cannot even prove that you are dealing with a right-angled triangle in the first place.

This is obviously the distinction Bertrand Russell had in mind when he wrote: —

> Pure mathematics consists entirely of such asseverations as that, if such and such a proposition is true of anything, then such and such another proposition is true of that same thing. It is essential not to discuss whether the first proposition is really true, and not to mention what the anything is of which it is supposed to be true. If our hypothesis is about anything, and not about some one or more particular things, then our deductions constitute mathematics.

Such statements, based, of course, upon a few undefined initial postulates, have the most precise logical exactitude it is possible to attain.

In the laboratory, however, I met little of such exactitude. If in reading a polariscope (or any instrument of precision), or in making my final weighing incidental to a phosphorus determination, I managed to get four or five results which were exactly alike, I at once became suspicious of myself. I felt quite certain that something was 'wrong.' Instead of such exactitude I expected to find errors of five per cent not at all unusual, while I should have been a victim of extreme anxiety if most results did not bob back and forth, above and below the ideal mathematical value, to the extent of two or three per cent. To secure what science calls exactitude I averaged these results and took the final average as correct, but, please observe that immediately I did so I had invoked the austere logic of mathematics and had left science and reality altogether.

This also is precisely the attitude of the physicist confronted with a gas composed, he assumes, of minute particles which are in violent straight-line motion of different velocity per particle. Suppose he wants to compute the position and velocity of a specific molecule. Each molecule is supposed to be a rigid sphere and its motions are assumed to be governed by the ordinary laws of collisions in mechanics which work so well when two automobiles come together. Yet the task is hopeless. For no physicist can hope to know exactly the initial conditions in a complex case like this where the number of entities (particles) is so great. So what does the scientist do — stand awed? Not at all. He falls back on the exactitude of mathematics; he ceases to attend individual molecules and begins to deal with aggregates en masse; he employs the principle of large numbers and concentrates on averages; he invokes statistics. He leaves reality and utilizes the æsthetic exactitude of pure mathematics, thus attaining his type of certitude.

Thirty years ago Rowland said: 'I do not know what an atom of iron may be, but it must be as complicated a structure as a grand piano.' To-day the electrons in Bohr's atom are in rapid motion in their orbits; however, in Shrödinger's atom — built by another system of logic — the electrons do not move about, but fluctuate in intensity and set up light waves in surrounding space! All of these scientific objects are abstractions or fictions having reality only so far as they are mathematical.

Scientists at Wilson Observatory measure the speeds of three hitherto unclocked nebulæ and report them as 3100, 4600, and 4900 miles per second in a direction away from the sun. But astronomers note that the further away a nebula is the faster it moves. Dr. Walter S. Adams suggests that all these measured speeds may be illusory or fictional. Dr. Harlow Shapley remarks that 'the measured velocity is probably not a measure of actual motion, but more likely a measure of crumpling space.' Professor Eddington insists that astronomers have merely been observ-

ing the slowing down of vibrations due to the fact that the light from these distant objects has traveled part way around the cosmos, and that the nebulæ are probably not receding from us at all. The exactitude of the measurements made may have been considerable, mathematically, but the scientific certitude they offer is almost nil.

II

As I see it, we confront only three kinds of knowledge, whatever sphere of activity we consider. The first is the intuitive knowledge of the mystic, which is based squarely upon feeling, is not called upon to be logical, and cannot be verified empirically. That such knowledge satisfies many people I have no doubt. That they can live successfully thereby is obvious. It is, however, unfortunate that such people will repeatedly resort to logic and attempts at empirical verification when their knowledge is purely intuitive. That causes much confusion, and the great masses of men would be far better off if it could be avoided.

The other two types of knowledge we confront are the mathematical and the scientific. They are based upon postulates just as surely as is intuitive knowledge, and therefore do not differ qualitatively. But they are based upon as few undefined postulates as possible; their other terms are very carefully and precisely defined and they are logically consistent in the systems they produce — for, of course, in mathematics or in science you can have many systems, each logically consistent, each useful to a certain extent, yet each contradictory of the other.

Then how do science and mathematics differ? They differ in that the propositions of the latter are purely hypothetical and cannot be verified in experience, while the propositions of the former are empirical and can be verified in experience. Mathematics is, therefore, more autonomous than science, but it is purely a convention. Both mathematics and science use logic for purposes of their own. In both cases the final propositions are true only if founded logically upon the basic, undefined postulates, and the systems are true only if the postulates are true.

In this classification the simple geometry of surveying comes under science, because it can be verified empirically; the same goes for practical arithmetic. On the other hand, geometric systems like those of Euclid, Riemann, and Lobachevsky are purely logical mathematical systems because they cannot be verified in experience. We have no instruments of sufficiently refined precision, for instance, to prove that the sum of the angles of any specific triangle is equal to two right angles, but there is a strong, logical necessity for our general acceptance of this assumption and we find it useful.

But my interest at the moment is in the fact that all three types of knowledge are more similar than most laymen think, and that science is at best far from being the domain of precise exactitude. According to myth it is stated that the Buddha was born of a virgin. I am not familiar with any attempt on the part of followers of this religious leader to prove the fact logically. My impression is that they realize this is mystic or intuitive knowledge and that logic and empiricism have nothing whatever to do with its validity. But I believe it is quite generally known that people in much more 'advanced' countries than those whose inhabitants worship Buddha attempt the impossible feat of establishing by 'logical proofs' the fact that another religious leader was born of a virgin.

The people who could be convinced by logical proofs would not be mystically religious in the first place, and, if convinced by logical proof, would be believing something altogether different from what mystically religious people believe anyway. The validity of their religion rests, for them, upon something quite different from logical proof. It has, indeed, certitude and a finality which science might well envy, but it should not be subjected to the processes either of logic or of empiricism.

On the other hand, you can make a very great many exact observations without being able to reach a logically valid conclusion. As Poincaré put it, you may measure every bit of wood on the ship in the most meticulous fashion without ever arriving at data from which you can calculate the age of the captain. In the same way, while we have a vast store of physical and astronomical data, it is very doubtful whether any of our theories about the formation of the universe have much greater validity than myths, for the simple reason that we are now and seem destined to remain ignorant of the initial condition of the matter composing this universe. In this case we have something quite like a mystical intuition, even though it be presumably arrived at after the correlation of many careful observations. These two cases offer an excellent contrast between science and religion.

III

How indeed does science reach its conclusions anyway, and how exact are they?

This question brings us back to postulates which all scientists, like mathematicians or religious people, must make, and to the actual manner in which data are collected and conclusions or generalizations are reached. I shall take a simple example for purposes of explanation. I shall stick to biology — in fact, to a nutrition investigator testing a food for its vitamin content by the use of rats in the usual manner. How does he use logic and mathematics in his work? Just what exactitude have his final generalizations? Can he be entirely impersonal? What safeguards might he use in evaluating his results objectively?

Since the scientist does not live forever, and therefore cannot observe everything, he must be selective. He must first select the problems with which he cares to deal. The so-called 'pure' scientist selects those problems which are, or appear to be, the most important links in the chain of scientific logic. This has to be done whether immediate applications impend or not, otherwise there can be no chain upon which to depend. Other scientists make practical applications of scientific principles to immediately useful ends. But even the pure scientist must not only select his problem; he must select the results he intends to regard as significant, and, in order to do that, must be as free from emotionally disturbing factors as it is possible to have him.

Suppose, to take a simple instance, a nutrition scientist wants to test a food for its content of the growth-promoting vitamin A. He uses rats. These are the progeny of brother and sister matings and have been bred with extreme care; they are as nearly like one another as it is possible to get living organisms. Since the rat reacts to the absence of vitamin A very much as a human being does, and since a human being is a complex organism with which to experiment, the choice of carefully bred rats is judicious. The rats are next depleted of their entire store of vitamin A, for rats, like humans, can store

small amounts of this vitamin. When their store is gone the young rats show symptoms of an easily recognized eye disease, and young rats are used, of course, because growth is the function regulated by vitamin A. The investigator now usually decides to divide his rats into six groups, and each group is to be fed a different amount of the food containing vitamin A — say from one to six grams thereof per rat per day for a period of eight weeks, no other source of this vitamin being fed.

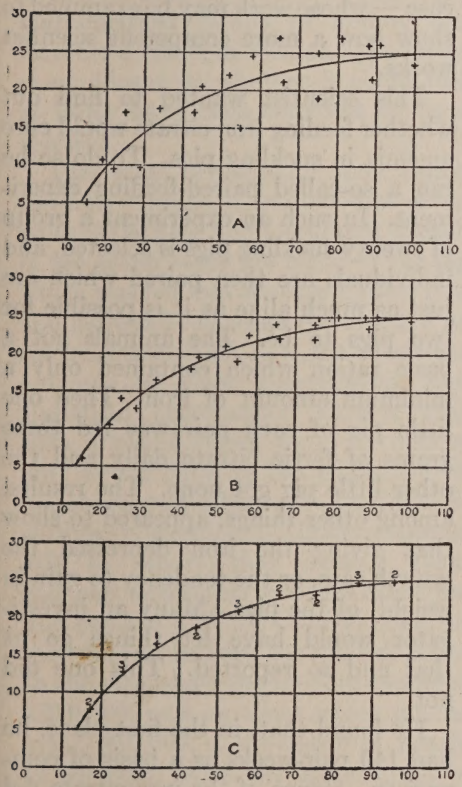
When the results are examined it is quite evident that one gram of the food does not contain enough vitamin A to sustain the animals, because all ten of them die. This is a clear-cut result. On two grams, however, four of the group live and four die, and the individuals lose or gain in weight the following number of grams in the eight weeks, or until their death: −36, −25, −15, −16, −8, +2, −44, −12, of which the average is −19. It will be seen that some of the animals lost vastly more weight than others, and that one actually gained in weight. Also half died and half lived. Yet all were treated alike. Finally, how much does the average loss of 19 grams for the group actually mean with divergences of from −44 to +2 involved? Nevertheless these results are typical of those regularly reported by scientific investigators who use such averages.

On the three-gram ration, ten rats live and five die, and the losses or gains in weight are as follows: −1, +27, +14, +17, +9, +15, −14, +15, −28, +21, +1, +6, +26, −5, +2, or an average of +7 for the group. Does this average mean anything with divergences within the group of from a weight loss of 28 to a weight gain of 27 grams during the test period? Again it will be seen that one third of the rats died and two thirds lived. But such results (and these have merely been formulated hypothetically by way of illustration) are typical, and their averages are commonly reported. Why could not investigators cull out large negative figures like −14 and −28 and average the others, especially if some manufacturer who was paying for the investigation very much wanted his special food to appear especially high in vitamin A? Suppose by mere chance this hypothetical investigator had decided to use only eight rats in this case and that he had picked the individuals giving gains of +27, +14, +17, +15, +9, +15, +21, and +26 — see how potent the food tested would have appeared in vitamin A!

At this point I should remind you that such results are usually expressed by a scientist in the form of a graph or a curve. He does not pretend to know all of the points on that curve, because they are infinite in number. He does ascertain a certain finite number of points and then draws his curve. He does not draw what we might call a 'natural' curve which zigzags in every direction, because he assumes that no such complex curve would express any finding in physical or natural science. That, please observe, is a metaphysical assumption of a postulated simplicity at the bottom of things. In order, therefore, to get a 'smooth' curve, the scientist usually omits points which stand too far out of line and assumes that he has made a sensible accidental error in that case. Points very near the line are averaged, so to speak, to make a smooth curve, and the assumption is made that the errors involved were unavoidably inherent in the method used and that they will cancel each other.

If the introduction of a typical curve here can be pardoned, — and I confess that I do this with trepidation, for I am quite as timid about mathematics in its more intricately ornate forms as

any of my readers, — I believe I can show what I mean still more dramatically. As a matter of fact, I shall be quite bold while I am about it and introduce three curves. These curves happen to have been drawn theoretically by a scientist interested in statistical methods as applied to forestry. But the exposition I am giving applies to such curves generally, whether they represent the actions of rats or stars or trees.



Curve A, it is quite apparent, is a highly fictional piece of business; while it does express the general drift of things in a very superficial way, it is marked by so little exactitude that not a single individual observation is touched by it. The particular bits of data in curve B, however, all hover much more closely to the line, and we may say that the curve therefore expresses the general state of things much more exactly than curve A. It is disconcerting to reflect, however, that though the data differ so markedly, the curves themselves are exactly alike.

But let us turn to curve C. This is based on averages. The two crosses in the second block in A and B, the three in the third, and so on, have been averaged, and, whichever of these two you use, you get curve C as a result. We now have the thing demonstrated in two ways. Not only will individual data as diverse as those in curves A and B give, when plotted, a curve that is identical and runs from 5 and 14 to 25 and 100 in exactly the same sweep, but if a third curve is plotted, using the averaged data from either A or B, this new curve, C, runs in the same identical way from 5 and 14 to 25 and 100. It is therefore apparent that the artistic ability to plot an æsthetically gratifying curve, which satisfies the eye and the passion for regularity and continuity, does not add the value of exactitude to the individual observations originally made or transmute inexactitude into precision. The final curve is beautifully exact, but it is mathematical, not scientific.

IV

Returning now to our hypothetical nutrition investigator: when he fed four grams of the food to the rats, let us suppose that he used eighteen animals of which two died and sixteen lived. The individual gains or losses in weight in grams during the eight weeks, or until death, were, we may assume: −14, +4, −7, +21, +12, +17, +20, −18, +17, +30, +20, +21, +18, −11, +23, +13, +22, +10, giving an average for the group of +11 grams. Then eight rats were fed five grams daily, all lived, the average gain in weight for the group was 22 grams, and

individual gains were 25, 16, 29, 17, 19, 12, 31, and 27 grams. At a six-gram weight all five animals lived, the average gain for the group was 39 grams, and the individuals gained 26, 45, 43, 36, and 45 grams respectively. These detailed figures are introduced because they are typical of actual data often reported in scientific investigations of this character, and because by comparison it is very easy to see that the selective function of the scientist could do a great deal to make a food appear to contain an excessive amount of vitamin A when it was really not so rich in that substance after all.

This could be done with a show of great honesty, too, and high talk of exactitude and certitude. For did not certain rats thrive and gain 26 or 27 grams when fed only three grams of the substance for the eight-week test period? Surely they did. But just as surely two individuals lost 18 and 11 grams in weight, and finally died when fed four grams of the food daily throughout the test period. I think this should dispose of the notion that the scientist is a mere dispassionate observer, studying purely objective facts with instruments of precision and recording his results willy-nilly. Instead of that he is compelled to exercise judgment and to be the selecting agency determining first the problem to be studied, and secondly the data to be admitted as significant. These functions it is apparent he cannot exercise as he should when depending upon fees from commercial firms, or when he is animated by strong sentimental loyalties to individuals, or prey to powerful personal prejudices.

In the theoretical investigation we have just so briefly examined there were certain deficiencies. In the first place, such results do not have real value unless at least 100 and perhaps 200 or 250 rats were used in the crucial experiments — that is, for the feedings at the three- and four-gram rates. Consequently the averages given — and just such averages are given repeatedly as exact — are statistically absurd, because there is entirely too great a deviation among the individuals for any average to be made justifiably. There are investigators who are far more critical of their results and who are slow to claim positive certitude. One comes to mind — this is an actual case — whose work may be examined to show how a more competent scientist works.

This scientist wanted to find out whether feeding iron citrate would cure anæmia in suckling pigs. To do so he ran a so-called paired-feeding experiment. In such an experiment a group of twenty suckling pigs is selected, and individuals are then paired which are just as much alike as it is possible for two pigs to be. The animals got a basic ration which contained only a minimum amount of iron. Then one little pig of each pair was fed three grams of ferric citrate daily and the other little pig got none. The results, among other things, appeared to show that giving the iron depressed the growth rate, or the tendency to gain in weight, of the pigs. Many an investigator would have let things go at that and so reported. This one did not.

He found that, in the first place, he had 143 pair-weeks as a basis of comparison. Hence, if the iron citrate did not affect the growth rate, 71.5 pair-weeks would favor the check pigs and 71.5 the test pigs. Upon examining the weekly gains in weight of the animals, he found that 79.5 actually favored the check and 63.5 the test pigs, meaning that there was a deviation of 8 from the ideal result, and, on the face of it, it certainly appeared that the pigs which got no iron gained weight

faster. But the scientist next calculated the probabilities, and the so-called 'standard deviation of the frequency distribution' of the outcome in a group of 143 events came to 6. In plain language, this meant that the deviation of 8 could easily occur in one of any six trials by pure chance; that the apparent result was not significant and could safely be regarded as negligible. In short, and without getting mixed up in a great deal of detail which would be useless to us here, there are mathematical means of finding out whether a result in such an experiment is significant or whether it could just as likely have been achieved by pure chance.

This same investigator later tested the iron content of the blood of seven pairs of the pigs, and found that in each of the seven cases the blood of the pig which was fed iron contained more iron and more red cells than the blood of its control mate. This, now, is a consistent outcome in seven comparisons, and statistical examination showed that such a result could occur by chance only about once in 128 trials, and it was therefore mathematically, if not scientifically, significant. Hence it seemed safe to report that feeding suckling pigs additional iron increased the iron content and the red-cell count of their blood. In fact, the red-cell count on the pigs which got the iron averaged 8,070,000, and on those which got no iron 7,210,000, a difference of nearly 12 per cent. Also the iron content of the blood of the former was 0.0479 per cent and of the latter 0.0438, or a difference of 9.4 per cent. However, this should not be overlooked (and the investigator did not overlook it): the pigs which got no additional iron were not anæmic. That was an empirical observation of scientific significance. The investigator therefore did not consider even these results significant, and his ultimate report was negative for the entire work. Unfortunately too many investigators desire to get a positive report to press too quickly to undertake such devastating and thoroughgoing examination of their own results, though, needless to say, the true scientist follows the example of the man who studied the pigs.

This does not mean that the careful scientist has attained exactitude and can speak with positive certitude. While means of refining exactitude exist, we know of none to make scientific exactitude perfect. The minute we perfect our results, by averaging or by drawing a curve and assuming that we have the correct solution to our problem, we have become mathematical. An irreducible minimum of scientific doubt must remain after the most patiently critical investigation, for scientific exactitude is a fiction.

V

I have adhered rather closely to biology, but the same general rules hold in physical science. The kinetic theory of gas pressure assumes that a gas consists of infinitesimal particles all of which are in violent, straight-line motion of varying velocities and never stop unless impeded by a confining wall or another particle. We derive a certain theory of gas pressure in gross, however, by assuming a uniform velocity for the particles, a thing which is certainly untrue, for some surely go slower and some faster. However, the very simple law works well enough; it is stated in terms of an 'ideal' gas which does not exist, and we use that as a measuring rod with which to evaluate the actions of 'real' gases. Here is a logical structure of pure theory put to some practical use. But beneath this simple law it is certainly true that the tiny particles of gases behave quite

erratically, although some deeper simplicity still may be found in time to underlie their antics. However, certain assumptions are made and certain data are selected, correlated, and put to good use.

Scientists make calculations involving gravitation — say calculations of the orbit of a planet. They assume that there is not in the near-by universe some enormous, yet invisible, body which may be exerting a powerful force hereabouts. That is possible, but the assumption is made that no such body exists. Also, in all physical measurement, such assumptions are made as that the velocity of light, or of the earth in its orbit, is constant. There is no final way of testing these assumptions. There is no final way of knowing that some distant stellar body does not exert a peculiar, but powerful, influence upon some physical phenomena we examine here, meanwhile assuming the effect to be negligible. Finally, when it comes to drawing a graph or curve to express his findings, the physicist, just like the biologist, must content himself with knowing the location of only a few points out of an infinite number on that curve; others he must ignore because they are too far out of line; others still he must interpolate, and assume the position of, when he draws a pretty, smooth curve to illustrate the general principle he has found, or wishes to use to 'explain' phenomena he has observed. In short, no scientist can ever be purely objective and act as nature's automaton-secretary. He must select, interpret, interpolate, and, finally, dare to generalize without knowing all the particulars concerned.

This leads us directly back to the three types of knowledge we noted in the beginning, which seem to confuse so many people. The religious person or the mystic has intuitive knowledge. This knowledge has emotional validity, and that emotional validity, for the persons accepting it, is its truth. It does not depend upon logic, nor does it require verification in experience. Its certitude is compelling and final. If these simple facts could only be widely comprehended, not only would dissension between creeds be abolished, but religious people would cease trying to prove their contentions by objective means, and the so-called 'warfare' between science and religion would simply be annihilated.

Mathematical like religious knowledge is based upon undefined postulates, but it adopts just as few such undefined terms as it possibly can, instead of using them wholesale. It builds systems upon these postulates with logical consistency. There are various mathematical systems, depending upon the basic postulates taken. They differ from each other, and are, in fact, often in logical contradiction, however consistent within themselves; but it is also a curious fact that, logic being what it is, each one of them may be applied practically to reality and will assist man in dealing with the phenomena his senses apprehend. Mathematical systems have real æsthetic beauty, appreciated, like all high art, by the few, for their perfect logic is worthy of admiration. Their curious utility is still more interesting.

Scientific knowledge also assumes postulates and is compelled to take a certain number of them as undefined terms or axioms upon which to build. One of them is the assumption that light has a constant velocity; another is the postulate of continuity which permits the scientist to interpolate points on his graphs. In building up from these postulates, both logic and mathematics are used, but they are not paramount. The paramount thing in science is checking up against the phenomena our senses bring us, which

we call reality. As we apprehend reality more completely, scientific principles must fall and be rebuilt, using logic and mathematics in the process. But scientific exactitude (and therefore scientific certainty) can never be absolute. Such certitude is possible only in a theoretical system like mathematics, or in an intuitive but emotionally valid system like a religion. It is very curious to me, and long has been, that this simple fact should not have been realized and that those who alone have absolute certitude in their possession so often refer to science as alone exact and seek to use it as a criterion of metaphysical values which need no such buttresses.

THE BIG TOP IN SOUTH AMERICA

BY JAY ZARADO

I

With the big top in South America, life was in many ways different from circus life in the United States. Most of our journeys were by sea; on land we traveled always in a special train, but our trips were not long. We lived in hotels and pensions, and did not go to the lot until time for the performance. We held one parade in each town, on the opening day; after that, our band usually went out every afternoon in the red and gold band wagon and toured the principal streets. At home we played in all weathers; but on our South American journey, if the weather was bad, we did not show. We gave but two matinées a week, the principal one on Sunday. Our tent was smaller and had but one ring; each act worked alone, for South American audiences are not accustomed to watching more than one act at a time. Our programme was changed every day or so, according to the length of time we spent in a given town. This meant that each performer had to be prepared with two or more acts.

The ring was placed in the centre of the big top, surrounded by a high and wide curbing. Boxes with canvas partitions, seating six persons, encircled the ring. Behind them stood six rows of chairs. The 'blues,' the cheaper plank seats, rose against the side wall. In the larger towns we usually showed in a theatre. The theatres were convenient to our purpose, containing, as they did, a circus ring in themselves. It was only necessary to remove the flooring and set up our own ring in its accustomed place. The boxes were often movable and the seats were arranged to circle the ring. The ceilings also were so constructed that aerial acts of any kind could work under them without interfering with the decorations or the lighting system.

We made a congenial company, and thoroughly enjoyed our tour. Our work gave us time for sight-seeing, and we visited all the interesting places we could find. Americans and British came to our show in numbers and arranged many entertainments for us. We were able to learn from them much about the countries through which we passed,

and they helped us to see places out of the ordinarily traveled tourist paths. Adventures of all kinds befell us and many times we were in actual danger. We were nearly four years making the tour, and played throughout all South America except Nicaragua and Colombia, which were in the throes of revolution; Paraguay, where financial depression prevailed; and the Guianas, to which lack of time forbade our going.

Our audiences were appreciative and kind. Little children were often sent to us with gifts of flowers, and one tiny Spanish maid gave me her most treasured possession, a doll, because she said that I was a most wonderful being. At first it was hard to get used to the slow, unruffled calmness of the spectators, but gradually we did so and learned truly to like them. The native as a rule thinks slowly, unless he is angry, and it takes him a long time to arrive at a conclusion. We grew impatient many times, especially while we were traveling.

I remember a time when our train came to a stop, apparently for no reason. After a while we walked toward the engine to find out what was the cause of the delay. All the crew were gathered around the engineer holding a conference. We had felt a bump farther back, and presently we learned that the engine had hit a cow. The train went on a short distance and then came to a stop. Nothing apparently was wrong with the engine, but a large mass of some kind had caught beneath it, which the engine seemed unable to surmount. We listened to the argument that raged about the situation, and one of us finally suggested crawling under the engine to see what the obstruction might be. None of the crew would go — they had not decided which one of them should do so. We might have spent the rest of the day there waiting for them to reach a decision, but one of our men got under the engine and when he came out we had to laugh at his disgusted expression. The great mass was a piece of the cow.

On the way to San José, Costa Rica, we were delayed by a landslide. We waited three days for a temporary track to be laid and then walked forward as far as we could and watched the operation. As fast as the track could be set another landslide wrecked it. We waited three days more, and decided to take a chance the next time the slide came to a temporary halt. We had the railroad crew lay the track, and then had an engine push us over, with another engine on the other side to pick us up. It was a hurry-up job and the crew did not want to attempt it, but we won our way.

Of course the train had to stand on the temporary track, not at all a secure resting place, until the other engine could be coupled on. The ground shook and the railroad men wailed that we should all be killed. And it is true that we heaved a sigh of relief when the second engine drew us off and we left the hillside to its quaking.

The railroad in Ecuador is a rough one; switchbacks are numerous and loose rock pelts the train from all sides. I sat looking pensively out of the window on one of our journeys there and saw a huge rock take the car step away right before my gaze.

II

Our most exciting experience on a railroad occurred in the southern part of Brazil. We were on our way to Santa Maria. At noon, with about five hours of our journey left, a strike went into effect. We did not know what all the agitation was about when the train stopped and the crew refused to take us any farther. After an argument,

they consented to go on, and we arrived in the town where we were to play about dusk. At the station we were met by a howling mob, armed with guns, knives, and clubs. It was not quite the reception we expected. The leaders of the strike came and rescued us, and we were allowed to go to hotels and next day to put up the big top. But we had to wait for permission to open.

The train crew that brought us into the town had to answer for operating the train after the time announced for all traffic to stop. We had unwittingly become a bone of contention, and feeling against us ran high. The strikers took the attitude that if we were friendly to them we should have stayed out in the jungle until the strike was decided. A meeting, to be attended by everyone interested, was to take place in the plaza in the heart of the town. We put up the show and gave our parade and hoped to open that night. The town was filled with the strikers, some three thousand of them. Our boss was not a little worried at their anything but friendly attitude.

The meeting started late in the afternoon and was still in progress when we made ready for the show at night. There we were in the tents ready to give the show, and two blocks away in the plaza an embittered mob that might suddenly be filled with an appetite for destruction! We heard the sound of their excited voices as the meeting broke up.

They started as one man for the circus tents!

With our band playing, we stood waiting behind our canvas walls. There was a rush of many feet, and the mob had surrounded us. In our dressing-room tent, we tried to guess what the shouting might mean. We could not make out a single word. Then the leaders of the strike appeared at the door with a score or more friends and raised the shout: 'Viva el circo!'

Our hearts went back to their proper places and we showed to an enthusiastic audience in a packed tent. One of the railroad officials had turned the tide for us by a most eloquent and earnest plea for mercy. Faced with the possible injury and destruction of the property of so many innocent Americans, he put aside all thoughts of the company's part in the dispute, and pleaded solely for us.

After we had played seven days, the strike was still unsettled, and we left under armed guard for our next town. The morning our train pulled out, track walkers twice removed dynamite from the tracks as we were slowly moving away. The strikers resented the presence of the soldiers, who had been sent by the government at the request of the railroad officials to escort our train. Once or twice the train put on speed to escape bands of strikers along the road, as our boss did not want the guard to fire on them and they looked as if they meant us no good. Some months later we learned that the official who had so eloquently pleaded for us had been shot and killed in his private car by an employee whom he had suspended pending an investigation of some affair.

We were generally guarded by police armed with swords, guns, and knives. I do not suppose that we faced actual danger, but we did face unbounded curiosity. In Guayaquil, Ecuador, the fire department had to turn the hose on the crowd. They could not buy tickets fast enough, and were so afraid that they would not get into the tent that they stormed the ticket box.

Many of them did not want to see the show, but they did want to see us. A special squad of police had to be sent to guard the dressing room. Some of the Peeping Toms had slashed the

side wall and we had mended it as best we could. The picked squad of police peeked through the slashes. Our boss sent for the *comandante* of police and he came with a new *capitán* for the chosen troop.

The new capitán was a short, important official, very conscious of the honor done him. The comandante ordered him to station his men every three feet around the tent. He did so. Then he took his huge sword and slashed a six-foot gash in the side wall, stuck in his head and shoulders, and announced that not only would he guard the outside, but he would look in often to see that we were not molested. So we draped kimonos around ourselves and dressed beneath them as best we could.

Our lot on one occasion happened to be not far from the fringe of the tropical jungle. We were packing up after the last performance when an excited and frightened Indian boy from the side show ran to the dressing room and told us that a large snake had just got away and the boss wanted us all to help recapture it before it got to the jungle.

I had not been in the side show and had no idea of the size of the snake, but I ran with the rest to help if I could. I started toward the nearest lantern, which was being held by an Indian boy. He stood near a fence and beneath it I saw something wriggling. I made a grab and found out that it was the snake. I called to the boy to run for help and made a try at catching the tail of the creature, which was fast disappearing under the rail. The Indian boy dropped the lantern and fled, and I got hold of the tail. For several minutes I had a lot of snake on my hands. I could not let go. The reptile seemed a mile long; I kept pulling it through the fence and shouting for help. Those were frenzied moments, but they came to an end finally with the head of the wriggling thing held by one of my hands against the muddy ground, the tail by the other, and the rest of me sitting on its middle. At last I was able to look up.

Most of the show had arrived and were offering all kinds of advice. I caught sight of the owner and called out: —

'Here, come and get your varmint! If anything else decides to leave the show I shall not try to stop it. I might have been dragged into the jungle. This thing is a mile long.'

He laughed and assured me that it was only a fourteen-foot python; I never verified it. By the time that both of us had been dug from the mud I had made up my mind that I would be careful about pursuing escaped snakes in the future.

III

In Quito, Ecuador, we had abundant opportunity to acquaint ourselves with the Indians. The place is full of them. We had to take down the 'blues,' as they would only sit on the ground. On one of their innumerable feast or gala days we met a group of some fifteen or twenty with huge, terrifying headdresses and queer masks and costumes. They were at the foot of a hill we had to climb to reach the lot. Some of them were dancing, but when we came in view they muttered among themselves and stood still. I had heard that they considered it bad luck to meet a foreigner during their ceremonial dances.

They stood in a half-circle looking at us, and somehow the tales we had heard of head-hunters in that country rose uneasily in our minds. The street was not well lighted, and we felt very much unprotected, eight or ten of us amid the score of Indians. Suddenly one of them let out a wild yell and

applied a torch to the long, mysterious wands they all carried. The rest of them followed suit, and we raced up the hill as if a host of devils were after us. Glowing sparks, balls, and other fiery missiles came showering down about us, for it seemed that the Indians were supplied with Roman candles, sky-rockets, and other fireworks. It was not, after all, an unfriendly attack. But being bombarded with fireworks in the dark at the foot of a steep hill by Indians of uncertain temper gave us an excuse to be a little startled.

In a town in the rugged little country of Uruguay we found the whole populace aroused by an incident that had occurred just before our arrival. Until the affair should be decided, business was at a standstill.

Early in the morning, an emaciated Indian, weary and ill, was found at the outskirts of the town with the mutilated body of his Indian wife. When he was able to tell what had happened to him he said that in the company of his wife and another Indian he had come down from the hills to trade with the townspeople. A severe storm arose; they lost their way, and wandered into a barren and desolate stretch of country. His male companion died; the surviving Indian and his wife were sick, weak, and hungry. Their only food was the scant green things growing among the rocks. By the time the storm had passed and he had found the road, she was very weak and ill. He carried her for miles and sat beside her at last, watching her die. Then he patiently took up her body and started on toward the town; he would not leave her. But he was a primitive Indian; he was hungry and weak and needed food, and when the craving for it became too strong he cut flesh from her body and ate it.

A storm of criticism and discussion arose when the incident became known. The police, after an investigation, decided that the Indian had done the best he knew how to do, and that he had a right to preserve his own life. To us it seemed that he differed greatly from the rest of the natives, for a peon has a horror of a dead body. Once we saw a woman apparently drop dead on her doorstep, and the passing crowd fled in terror. When one of us wanted to go to her aid, they would not allow him to do so. We did go to a drug store and have a doctor summoned, who pronounced her dead.

The native Indian seems to suffer from many fears. Once I became quite ill of a fever, and at night I wakened after a feverish doze and wanted some medicine. None of the hotel help would come near me and I started down the street for the drug store alone. On the way back I had to pass a dark, deserted lot. I heard voices and could see men — not very nice-looking men, either. I grew too weak to walk; there was nothing to cling to, and I could not ask those rough-looking men for aid, so when I could no longer walk I crawled. I heard them muttering and saw some of them cross themselves, and they went away. There were buildings at the end of the vacant lot and I could walk the rest of the way holding myself against the wall. Our boss told me that I was safe because I was on my knees; the Indians will not touch a kneeling woman.

IV

Showing in the Andes was both exciting and picturesque. One night a cloud floated along and enveloped the dressing room and we had to feel our way through it into the big top to work. Quito, Ecuador, right on the equator, is cold and snowy and a place of lovely, rugged scenery. Cotopaxi, highest active volcano in the world, looms a solid white peak among a forest of others.

Its black rim and the red fire shooting from the crater are awesome. On the way across the Andes, from Chile to Argentina, we saw the beautiful statue of the Christ of the Andes.

Only one month in the year is it possible to show in a tent in Bolivia, on account of the extreme cold and snow. When we arrived in our first town in that country, Oruro, we were greeted by the cheerful news that people died there suddenly from the effects of the rarefied air. An opera troupe just closing its engagement had buried some of its number. A business man arrived from the United States the night before we came and was found dead in bed the next morning. And we were supposed to do acrobatic and gymnastic stunts!

The snow came down on the big top so heavily that it broke one of the centre poles. But none of us noticed any difficulty in working, except a back-bending contortionist who contorted and could not straighten again. We took him out of the ring into the dressing room and unkinked him, and he did not try to twist himself so severely for a while.

If our acrobats did not find the atmosphere of Bolivia unpropitious, it seemed as though other members of the circus did. A beautiful white horse that belonged to the bareback riders died in La Paz of indigestion. One of our clowns lost his mind. He did not become violent, but suffered from delusions, principally the conviction that people were putting knock-out drops in his coffee. He had to sit alone in restaurants after two quarrels with show people who ate within reach of his coffee. Moreover, our boxing kangaroo curled up and died one day without any explanation.

In La Paz, natives who had a grudge against North Americans showered the parade with rocks. The horse I rode, when one of them hit his flank, developed a speed I never knew he possessed. Once a street car nudged him, very gently; he ran away, and it took two hours and a squad of police to get us back to the lot after he stopped.

The Indian women wear funny little round hats with brims, and petticoat after petticoat, reaching down to the ground. They cook strange little cakes in the markets, not distasteful except for the smoky flavor, for they are cooked over llama chips. The llamas are funny-looking creatures, with thick woolly hides, backs like goats, long necks like camels, and a terrible disposition. They kick and bite without excuse. Without them the natives could not live. Their wool is marketed, they bear burdens over rocks and hills where no horse could travel, and their chips furnish fuel. It is forbidden by law to export them.

V

All the way down the west coast we were disturbed by earthquakes. We grew so accustomed to them that we could distinguish their characteristics; we could almost tell how severe they were likely to prove by the particular kind of shaking they gave us. The common variety seems to shake with a sidewise motion; but those that cavort up and down are the kind that demolish cities. A matinée in Lima, Peru, was almost disorganized by an earthquake accompanied by subterranean rumbling. In Antofagasta, Chile, we were greeted by an earthquake followed by a tidal wave that damaged shipping and the waterfront. It occurred at about four in the morning and ruined a night's sleep. Although it lasted only three minutes, it seemed as though the ground trembled for an hour.

In the history of every country are

landmarks, hallowed often as places of sacrifice. The great granite rock, El Morro, rises in the air out of the rocky coast line, a veritable monument to the dead. One can picture the general who tied his coat across the eyes of his horse and rode it over the cliff to destruction in the scattered rocks at its base, washed by the sea. El Morro stands at the entrance to the harbor of Arica. Inland, and across a desert which took two hours to traverse by train, is Tacna. Bounded on the north by hills and on the south by a desert, Tacna obviously cannot exist apart from Arica, the seaport.

We were granted permission to play in the two famous disputed provinces, subject to certain restrictions and military orders. We lived in specified hotels and the way to the lot was always marked by soldiers. We were forbidden to pass beyond the business section of Tacna at any time. One morning, rising early to watch the sunrise, we saw troops, weary and dust-covered, marching into their barracks. Nearly all the audience was composed of soldiers; the town contains little else.

At Iquique, Chile, steamers cannot approach the shore because of the rocks and reefs, and in landing I found a fresh thrill to add to my growing collection. Some five of us in a small boat were being rowed from the ship to the mainland. A little more than halfway to the shore the boatmen stopped rowing and rested on their oars. The waves were high, and it seemed a decidedly unfavorable place to linger.

'Why do you stop here?' I asked.

'Beneath us is a reef,' said one of the oarsmen. 'Right there,' pointing ahead a few feet, 'is a large arm of it. It is necessary to wait here for a wave to take us over — much water.'

I was so astonished that I just looked at him. Then along came 'much water' and over the reef we went. I secretly wondered if the boats could always depend on large and obliging waves just when they needed to reach shore.

In the United States, danger was an ever-constant presence; but in South America we seemed to skate continually on the thin edge of destruction. By the time we had reached São Paulo, Brazil, we had passed through nearly every experience possible for human beings to endure and still exist. Two of our number had died — one in Ecuador of yellow fever and one in Southern Brazil of heart disease. The rest of us will probably live to a ripe old age.

São Paulo, Brazil, is in the heart of the coffee country and one of the loveliest cities we saw in our whole journey. We had been playing there some six weeks when influenza broke out. The natives in the congested part of the town died like flies. All day long processions carrying the dead to the cemeteries filled the streets. The very poor died so rapidly and in such numbers that it was not possible to bury them that way. Yet in the heat of the tropics the dead must be cared for at once, especially during an epidemic. They went to the incinerator.

The foreign women established relief stations throughout the poor districts and did what they could to relieve the sufferers. The North American women established a soup kitchen and distributed soup, milk, and groceries among them. Many wealthy families donated the supplies. North American business men gave some of their time each day assisting, and the women in relays kept the kitchen running all through the epidemic. The government closed every place where the public could gather, and we lost forty-two possible show days. I worked in the soup kitchen, and many of us helped the doctors, too. At night the death cart creaked along the quiet

streets picking up the dead of the very poor and taking them to the incinerator. Many of the street lights were extinguished; there was no one to care for them. The shadows of the doorways held bodies waiting for the cart.

We were tired at the close of the day, weary of the despair in the pinched faces we saw. We had no way of knowing when the show would reopen. Everything was at a standstill. We tried to find things to cheer us up, things to laugh at. The only incident I recall that brought a smile to my lips is this.

One night, after the closing of the kitchen, some of the women, I myself among them, were being taken home in a car belonging to one of the doctors. The doctor stopped his car close to where I lived to let someone out, and I said that I would also leave the car there, as I had only a short half-block to go. Just then the death cart passed the car and stopped in the middle of the block. We all watched the driver and his helper as they picked up a couple of bodies lying on the sidewalk. The cart was nearly full and the last body they picked up completed the load. It was the body of a Negro woman perhaps thirty years of age, and naked. It lay on the top of the load as the cart slowly moved away. Under the street light at the intersection the driver and his helper suddenly leaped from the cart, shouting. They ran up the street and out of sight. Then the last body, that of the Negro woman, rose and sat up. We could plainly see the whites of her eyes as she rolled them from side to side. She looked at the bodies on which she was lying and let out a healthy shriek; then she leaped from the cart, looking like anything at all except a corpse, and an instant later fled by, going at a clip that did credit to her fright. Her eyes bulged almost from their sockets and her arms were outstretched. She screamed until her breath gave out and she vanished in the shadows far down the street.

The overstrained nerves of us all found a vent in hearty laughter.

I worked every day until the kitchen closed and never had a sign of the disease, although I was exposed to it all the time. As a matter of fact, not a single member of the circus troupe came down with it.

Gradually the epidemic diminished, and we took the train for Rio de Janeiro. Business was normal in the city and we were glad of it. We practised daily and soon were ready to open. In a month we had forgotten the horrors of the flu, and life found its accustomed pace again.

VI

After the epidemic in Brazil, we thought that we had encountered every odd and perilous experience that the southern continent had to offer. But we found that we were mistaken. The crowning episode of all remained to complete the tour.

Of course we knew why, from the Isthmus to the Cape and back again, the store fronts are protected by steel curtains, well oiled. They shed bullets. In the province of Pernambuco we ran right into a revolution in full swing. Not a little spluttering revolution, but a very active and genuine one.

We had played in a theatre for two days to very good business in a sleepy town on the seacoast. It was a hot day, and a number of us were watching the band as they climbed into the red and gold band wagon for the late afternoon parade. The driver started the team, the band struck up a lively march, and the parade swung off. As the wagon reached the first intersection, we heard the sound of running feet and a scattered volley of shots. We saw the driver

bend low and whip up the team and the band boys get under their seats. All but the drummer, who climbed inside the bass drum. Around the corner they raced and back to the stable beside the theatre.

Then we could see nothing more, and the deserted street was still. People who a few moments before had been going in and out of the stores had vanished completely. The steel curtains of the store fronts came down with a bang like the report of a cannon and presented a solid front of metal. Silence everywhere.

Through the suddenly quiet street we went to our hotels. We even took dinner without any interruption. We thought that perhaps the trouble would not amount to much, and at our usual time we gathered to make ready for the show that night. Nevertheless only one or two of the cafés were open, and these welcomed their patrons through small doors in the steel curtains protecting the entrances. In the foyer of the theatre was a cigar store. A steel curtain was drawn also over the theatre entrance, and here too admission was only by a small door in the sheet of metal. Quite a few people had gathered at the ticket booth inside the cigar store. A few cars drew up to the curb and a crowd began to enter through the small door. Several people stood on the sidewalk, talking. Without any warning, a party of revolutionists swept around the corner on foot, their first appearance since the scattered volley of the afternoon. They opened fire on the crowd in front of the theatre. There was a rush for the small door; some of that crowd never reached it, but lay still on the walk. Some got into their cars and sped away. Those who could entered the foyer, and the door was closed tightly after them. The shooting persisted steadily for a while up and down the street, but in about an hour it died away. Some scattered shots were audible in the outskirts of the town.

I lived a block from the theatre and I wanted to go to the hotel, as it was decided that we should not attempt to give a performance. Many of our number, who had put up at a distance, decided not to risk attempting to reach their hotels. They made temporary beds in the dressing rooms and prepared to spend the night there. I started out with several others for the hotel on the next corner. The old stage doorman assured us that we should not be harmed because we were foreigners, but he cautioned us not to run. He said that if we ran we might be fired on, for then the revolutionists could not see that we were not natives.

With this advice ringing in our ears, we set out. The street was lined with trees and not well lighted. We had gone about half the distance when a man behind one of the trees fired as we passed it at someone in the shadows across the way. I forgot all about not running, and made the rest of the distance in zero flat. I did not stop until I was safely inside the hotel.

All entrances were being barricaded, and the proprietor told us that most of the garrison had joined the revolutionists. The revolt was against the governor, who took his loyal troops to the palace; the barracks and the town were in the hands of the rebels. A woman, against all warning, tried to cross the tiny park in front of the hotel, stopped a couple of bullets, and lay still. We made up our minds to stay inside.

Under the roof we found a lookout post which the proprietor used, and from that point of vantage we watched the streets below. He pointed out the palace to us, and it was from there that the steady sound of firing came. When the tone of the firing changed he said

that it was because the governor had given his men steel-nosed bullets; they can penetrate an adobe wall. None of us slept that night. About two in the morning we heard the bursting of shells from a gunboat that had been rushed to the scene. We were not over four blocks from the barracks, and the gunners were trying to find its range. The shells fell near, some of them too near for comfort, but none close enough to work us harm.

Through the dawn of the third morning, when provisions were running low in the hotel, we heard the tramp of marching feet. We rushed to the lookout and waited for the newest development. We heard the proprietor give a cry of joy. Across the street in front of the little park he pointed, and we saw files of little brown soldiers, eyes on the ground, covered with gray dust, and weary. So dusty were they that I thought they were rebels, for they carried no flag. They looked like toy soldiers from our perch under the eaves — little brown toys, gray with dust. With their coming the governor ordered the people to resume business, and some obeyed. The days were tranquil enough, but the nights were still noisy with shooting. After a day or two, we reopened the circus, but business was indifferent and we soon arranged to take up our disorganized route.

But the whole northern part of Brazil seemed in imminent danger of rising in revolt, and we thought that the time had come to return to the United States.

It was one thing to reach a decision, but quite another to be on our way. However our route was mapped out, its path lay through cities and towns that had joined the revolt. We appealed to the government. The officials were only too glad to get us out of the country and made all haste to ask an ocean liner to put into a port town for us. We faced an all-day journey to reach the appointed port. In automobiles we were carried to the railroad station — past the death cart and its gruesome burden again, past bodies lying in the gutters, past soldiers standing guard. Our driver tried to set a record for speed. We protested. He told us that we were fortunate to find a driver at all. We were, yet it was hard to determine the greater danger — the stray bullets or the lurching car. Even the station had a room full of dead awaiting their trip to the incinerator.

On the train at last, we were guarded again by troops — grim ones this time, with rifles ready for action. All day we rolled through sacked towns, groups of penniless and wandering peons, bands of marauders, and marching rebels. The firing, sometimes distant, sometimes close — our ears were full of it, our heads rang with it. It seemed years since we had stood ready for the show behind the big top, in peace and quiet.

Toward the end of our journey, in the cool of the early evening, we sighted the little port town. How welcome was our first glimpse of the liner lying at her dock with the British flag at her masthead! She looked so large and graceful and strong! On the high seas we relaxed. The sound of the incessant firing died in the distance; the scuff of marching feet and the racket of shells grew still. We rested happily and compared experiences with each other to the amusement of the ship's crew. The liner was to touch at Para, Brazil, to take on a cargo of nuts. There we played in the large theatre while the ship was loading. Then we started for the North.

COMMON LAW AND THE COMMON WELFARE

BY WILLIAM B. MUNRO

FORTY years ago the most conspicuous failure in the American governmental system was the administration of our large cities. To-day, by common consent, it is the administration of the law. The breakdown in public confidence has shifted from the city halls to the courthouses. By so doing it has moved closer to the foundations of democratic government.

The problem of enforcing the law is the most urgent of all the problems now confronting the people of the United States. Almost any able-bodied citizen can give you, offhand, a simple solution for it — ranging from the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment to the abolition of trial by jury. But a good deal of the trouble is far too fundamental to be eradicated by any such minor surgery. It reaches into the spirit of the laws themselves and is not merely a matter of law observance. Much of it is the outcome of a great and steadily widening gulf between the common law and the common welfare.

I

To keep the law in close articulation with the needs of the people, or with what the people think they need, is a task that calls for a high quality of statesmanship — a higher quality than a democracy can usually provide. It presents the problem of being conservative and at the same time liberal, thus reconciling order with progress. For on the one hand there is a mass of legal traditions and principles, delicately adjusted to each other, which cannot be abruptly transformed without damage to the entire mechanism. On the other hand there is a fluid public opinion, not harnessed by traditions, an impatient electorate clamoring insistently for statutory provisions and judicial interpretations which defy all the principles of economics and disregard all the lessons of social evolution.

The layman does not realize that the traditions of the law are fundamentally conservative and must always be so if law is to continue an instrument of protection, not of oppression. There is a reason for this. Law in its early stages was the outgrowth of religion. Its origin was attributed to supernatural sources, and its principles, being of divine origin, were deemed to be immutable, eternal. The assumption of supernatural origin duly passed out of the picture, but the idea of fixity in legal principles has remained. It was worked into the fabric of the common law in its formative stages and it permeates the whole corpus of American jurisprudence to-day. Lawyers and judges everywhere are wont to look upon legal principles as absolute, and of universal validity, without variation as to time, or place, or circumstance. But the trouble with absolute principles is that they stand, while the social order which they seek to regulate is dynamic and progressive.

During the past thirty years we have gone through a social revolution in America, one of the greatest of its kind that have ever taken place within the

same length of time in human history. As respects our social outlook and economic ideals we are now a very long way from the turn of the twentieth century. But there has been no appreciable transformation of our legal framework or in our juristic conceptions during these three decades.

Faced with a multitude of new relations between man and man, the law has tried to meet this exigency by making some adjustment of its traditional formulas and by stretching its ancient rubrics to cover the new requirements. The result is seen in a great deal of public dissatisfaction, not only with the enforcement of the law, but with the substance of it. The rank and file of the people demand that the legal system shall fit the age, while lawmakers and courts are endeavoring to warp the age into consonance with doctrines of the law which grew up in earlier and far less complex times. The lawmakers and the courts are thinking in terms of sound principles, while the people are thinking in terms of the living generation's immediate needs. This gulf which lies between the legal mind and the public mind must somehow be bridged if the orderly rule of law is to be maintained in democratic communities.

II

This task is not an easy one at best. It is made more difficult by the fact that the common law, which is the basis of our legal system, developed its principles in days when conditions of life were far more elementary and human relations much less involved than they are to-day. It is jointly the product of rural England and pioneer America. It is a body of precepts, principles, and points of view devised for use in the English mediæval shire and duly adapted to the needs of frontier settlements in the United States.

Hence the most outstanding characteristic of the common law is its intense individualism. It lays great stress on individual freedom, individual obligation, individual liability. Its primary aim has always been to assure to every man a fair field and no favor, with free competition as its ruling economic slogan. Accordingly the common law takes it for granted that the best interests of organized society can best be served by letting John Doe and Richard Roe fight it out in the courts as individuals, with little regard to the fact that issues of the highest social import may be involved.

In pioneer agricultural communities this conception of a legal transaction as affecting two individuals only, plaintiff and defendant, is usually adequate. But in the highly industrialized and strongly urbanized social order of to-day it is not enough. The concept of a legal issue must envisage men in the mass, and the well-being of such men, not for themselves alone, but for their posterity. Legislators from time to time realize this need and strive to meet it. Thus the special statutes which regulate the hours of labor for women are quite as mindful of a future as of the present generation.

During the period since the incoming of the twentieth century the public mind in the United States has been slowly but steadily relaxing its emphasis on individualism and on individual rights. Our people are becoming more socially-minded, which is what always happens when a country grows up and gets rid of its youthful exuberance. The American public mind is now thinking more in terms of social justice and social righteousness, less in terms of individual freedom, free competition, freedom of contract, and the sanctity of private property, which are the four corner stones of the common law. This change of mind is being

strongly reflected in the increasing output of regulatory statutes, most of which are cutting loose from common-law principles and are setting up new obligations, new liabilities. The statutes which regulate the public utility companies, for example, the banks, the insurance companies, and the other economic enterprises which are deemed to be affected with a public interest — these statutes are roughly brushing aside the old common-law assumption that every able-bodied citizen is able to look out for himself.

Blue-sky laws have elbowed the doctrine of *caveat emptor* out of the way. Usury laws make it no longer needful for the borrower to beware. Perhaps the most conspicuous departures from the old landmarks of legal individualism are to be found in the workmen's compensation laws which have now been enacted in virtually all the states. These laws were needed, and only by enacting them could the ends of justice be served in this industrial age, but their provisions certainly cut a wide swath through the common law of contracts and the common law of torts as the nineteenth-century lawyer understood and admired them.

By the artifice of a statute the law can be stepped up into line with the more urgent needs of the social order when it is strongly pushed from behind — by organized labor, by organized capital, by any influence which can make itself effectively felt in the legislative chambers. But its settled tendency is to lag behind. New and significant developments in the methods and processes of industry, trade, and credit are taking place year by year; the tempo of economic progress is speeded up, and the relations of the individual citizen to his fellows are being gravely altered by these changes; but too often the laws of the land are following at a distance or not following at all.

III

Let me take a couple of illustrations. There is the law of suretyship. Its well-known doctrines were developed in days when the surety was almost invariably a neighbor and friend — some kind-hearted fellow who gave bond as a favor, without money and without price, and with no expectation of personal emolument. Moreover the legal relation of principal and surety, even fifty years ago, was a relatively uncommon one because business transactions in those days were concluded for the most part between persons who knew each other and who went on the confidence of personal knowledge.

The principles of the law of suretyship were adjusted to that situation. They treated the surety with tender consideration and rightly so, for he was a good fellow and deserved the law's solicitude. He might easily get into trouble and suffer loss through no fault of his own, and the law tried to protect him. So it made contracts of suretyship a sort of privileged order among contracts and gave the surety all manner of defenses which were not available in ordinary actions of contract. It stipulated, for example, that any alteration in the principal contract would release the surety from his obligations even when such alteration was to his benefit. It provided that any increase in the liability of the principal would release the surety. From somewhere in the back of my mind I recall a case where an increase in the capital stock of a bank was held to release the surety for the cashier. At any rate the law developed in such a way as to give the surety the maximum number of loopholes, which is what he deserved — good fellow that he used to be.

But now all this has changed. Contracts of suretyship have become about as common as any other kind of con-

tracts. Bonds are demanded and given in all sorts of transactions and for the faithful performance of all sorts of things. They have become so common, in fact, that personal sureties have almost wholly dropped out of the picture. The liability is now assumed, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, by regular bonding and surety companies who do it for a cash consideration without any element of personal favor in the transaction at all. By reason of this change in the essential relation there is no longer any good reason why contracts of suretyship should have a place of special privilege in the eyes of the law or the courts. Yet we are still in bondage to the old formulas. Neither the substance nor the interpretation of the law has been radically overhauled to square with the new realities.

Take another example. One of the most conspicuous changes in our business methods during the past fifteen years is represented by the extraordinary growth of installment buying. In some lines of business, such as automobiles, pianos, radios, and household furniture, a very large part of the total sales are made on conditional contracts with provision for weekly or monthly payments, with a vendor's right of repossession in the event of any default. It has been estimated that there is four or five billion dollars' worth of merchandise being paid for on the installment plan in the United States to-day. Unquestionably this system of 'pay as you use it' has become a fixture in the process of marketing, and on our next wave of business prosperity it is likely to be expanded to even larger proportions.

Now in connection with this method of selling goods under conditional contracts there has grown up a new marketing device known as the sales agency. Despite its name, the sales agency is not in truth an agency at all. It buys outright and sells. The relation of a sales agency to its customers is merely that of vendor and purchaser. Yet the flavor of agency is also there, for a sales agency often has the exclusive right to handle certain goods in a designated territory; it is required to sell at fixed prices and it gives a warranty on behalf of its principal. Here we have, then, a curious jumble of relations in which somebody sells you merchandise as a principal but warrants it as an agent while holding the title under a conditional contract of sale with the right of repossession in the event of default.

We have a law of sales, and we have a law of agency; but we have developed no new set of legal principles fitted to the process which has come to play so large a part in the country's marketing system during the past dozen years. Jurists and courts have merely tried to stretch the old law of conditional sales to cover the new economic relationships. From the standpoint of economic justice and a square deal it covers them inadequately. It has given the sales agency a virtually free hand to make and enforce conditional contracts of a jug-handled type in which every opportunity for bald injustice is placed at the vendor's disposal. The seller keeps the title, but passes to the purchaser all the risks of ownership. These conditional contracts of sale are bought, sold, and bartered by so-called finance companies; they are pledged to banks as collateral; they are marketable securities, to all intents, and ought to be put under regulation as such. They represent a huge equity in personal property, owned by millions of installment buyers, but an equity to which the law has thus far proffered no special protection whatsoever. It has held to the old common-law doctrine that when a man makes a bad bargain he is assumed to have done it with his eyes open and

must take the consequences. That assumption is no longer valid in these days of high-pressure salesmanship by sales agencies of 100 per cent efficiency. Some day, before very long, the installment buyer will rise up and claim special statutory protection, just as the insurance policyholder, the bank depositor, and the factory worker have done.

IV

One might give further illustrations of the common law's obliviousness of great changes in the life of the people, more particularly in the case of changes due to the rural exodus and the migration of people into the cities. To take a palpable instance, there is its persistent adherence to the principle that a municipal corporation is not liable for the torts of its agents or employees if these happen to have been committed in the performance of a 'governmental' function. Hence a city or town remains immune from legal liability when injury to the person or property of an individual citizen is caused by the negligence or malfeasance of its employees in the police, fire, or health departments, or in connection with the schools, hospitals, parks, or even with its sanitary departments.

Whatever justification there may have been for this municipal immunity in pioneer days, when cities were small and had only a few employees, it seems out of harmony with present conditions in great urban communities which are pushing their activities into every branch of the common life and are maintaining on their pay rolls many thousands of governmental employees whose work comes into daily contact with the life of the citizen. 'Reason is the life of the law,' said Coke, but to the average layman there does not seem to be much reason in the rule that, when a truck belonging to the city water department negligently does you damage, the doctrine of *respondeat superior* applies and the municipal treasury is liable in damages, but that when a fire engine is at fault this doctrine does not apply, because the fire department is performing a governmental function and hence becomes by legal fiction invested with the sovereign privilege of knocking people down. From the standpoint of the injured individual it makes no difference to what city department the vehicle belongs. It is a curious fact, moreover, that although this doctrine that 'the king can do no wrong' originated in England, it has never been extended in England to municipal corporations. An English city is liable for the torts of its agents and employees, no matter what kind of work they are doing, whether it be governmental or quasi-commercial. The liability includes even the work of its police officers.

This difference in legal immunity may explain, in part at least, the superior efficiency of police personnel and work in the cities of Great Britain. The English city cannot afford to have malfeasance in its police establishment. The cost in damage awards to individual citizens would be too great. But the American city can afford to tolerate any degree of police inefficiency and ineptitude, for its mayor and council can rest on the assurance that the city is free from legal liability no matter how bad the situation may become. One of the first steps needed in the way of toning up the governmental departments of American municipal administration, therefore, is the statutory extension of legal liability to all of them.

V

Turn for a moment from the common law itself to the machinery which we have provided for its enforcement. Its

chief reliance, the jury system, is under fire to-day from many quarters, and every lawyer has his own explanation of what the trouble is; but may it not be that the real affliction is one for the social psychologist rather than for the lawyer to diagnose? It is a fact beyond peradventure, at any rate, that the whole character of the American population has altered during the past fifty years while the essential features of the jury system have undergone in this interval no change whatever. Can we fairly expect an institution to go on unchanged, unchanging, into a new environment and yet function unfalteringly? It is expecting a great deal.

The trial jury is an Anglo-Saxon institution, born and bred. It is intimately related to the genius of the Anglo-Saxon race, and in the course of five centuries it has never gained a secure foothold in any countries other than those in which Anglo-Saxon stock and traditions predominate. The jury system has been transplanted to Australia, ten thousand miles away, and has flourished there, but it has never been persuaded to take firm root in France, although England and France are geographically separated by only thirty miles of Channel.

Race and racial genius are to judicial institutions what soil and climate are to organic life — they determine whether things will grow and thrive. Hence the transplantation of the jury system to America was easily accomplished, and the jury functioned here without disclosing any conspicuous defects so long as the United States remained predominantly a land of Anglo-Saxon blood and inheritance. But during the last half of the nineteenth century great waves of immigration came, bringing many millions of aliens from lands where trial by jury had never existed and where the whole philosophy of the jury system was unknown. In due course these newcomers and their immediate descendants came to form a large element in the national population. In most of our industrial cities they now outnumber the original stock; in some cases they far outnumber them. And it is in these communities that the jury system now gives the least satisfaction. It functions at its worst in those cosmopolitan industrial areas where the alien infusion has been most pronounced. In the native and rural portions of the country the jury is holding its own, but the combination of urban and alien is proving too much for it.

Now the essence of the jury system is that those who constitute the jury shall keep firmly in mind the interests of public security as well as the rights of the individual offender. When the prime interests of society are lost to view, or are inadequately considered, the whole philosophy of trial by jury loses its underpinning. Hence the jury system postulates, above all things else, a strong popular confidence in the social order, the state, and the government. Among men and women of Anglo-Saxon birth or heritage this zeal for the maintenance of public order is traditional. But the millions of immigrants who have come to America during the past fifty years have for the most part brought no such tradition along with them. They came to this country with no profound respect for the governments or courts which they left behind them. To most of these newcomers — Jews, Poles, Armenians, and Slavs — the state, the government, the law, and the social order in their own homelands were agencies of special privilege and barriers in the way of individual liberty. It has not been easy to re-orient these people, to break down the old aversions, and to make them realize that in America the reign of law and the even-handed administra-

tion of justice are essential agencies for the promotion of individual liberty.

But though this educating of the masses to an appreciation of their own individual interest in the public security is a difficult task, some way to accomplish it must be found. The jury system, in spite of its varied shortcomings, must be preserved as an integral part of our judicial mechanism. It must not only be preserved but strengthened, for quite aside from its other merits the value of the jury as a connecting link between law and public opinion is too great to be lost.

VI

In a highly developed industrial society such as we have in twentieth-century America the law should not be, and cannot be, a thing apart. Laws do not function in a vacuum. They must be related to the spirit and the needs of the hour. Most lawmakers do not yet realize that the making of the law is the greatest of all the social sciences. Progress in the natural sciences during the past fifty years has been by means of research, and the progress of jurisprudence must be by that method also. Otherwise we shall continue to have that strange spectacle which the world is querulously watching in Chicago to-day — namely, some of the finest industrial technique and some of the worst judicial administration on the face of the earth, both operating side by side.

Every new application of science to industry makes our civilization more complex, and hence makes the art of legislation more difficult, for the difficulties of efficient lawmaking increase as the square of the newly created human relations. To be safe, the progress of the law ought to go faster than the advance of applied science, but unhappily it is doing nothing of the kind. If the great expounders of the law in earlier days — Marshall, Taney, Kent, and Story — were to rise from their narrow cells and survey the handiwork of their posterity, they would be appalled by the stupendous progress that we have made in industry, in transportation, in communication, and in material wealth. But would they be equally impressed by any improvement in the quality of the laws or in the methods by which the laws are administered? To ask that question is to answer it.

Our immediate goal, therefore, should be to bring the law abreast of the newer developments in business, in government, and in social organization. In place of the old formulas we should seek to find concepts that will stand the test of actual operations, and on these we should begin to rebuild with an eye on the realities of everyday life. Lawyers and judges cannot do this alone; they must have lay coöperation. But lawyers must assume the leadership in any upbuilding of the law, for if the progress of the law is to be securely founded it must link itself with the past. Lawyers form the largest element in legislatures, and through their recruiting of the bench they control the spirit of legal interpretation. The legal profession is conservative, traditionally and necessarily so — I would even say fortunately so, for a democratic society needs a strong stabilizing force such as the members of the bench and the bar supply. The legal mind puts its stress on *order*, while the lay mind lays its emphasis on *progress*. Far from being antagonistic, however, these two are quite reconcilable. There can be no sound progress unless it is built upon order; and there can be no sure maintenance of order unless it permits and facilitates progress. To coordinate these two is the fundamental task on which both the makers and the interpreters of the law may well bestow their energies.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

The patriot malgré lui

Derek and Ronnie are twins. Their father was a British officer and their mother a nurse, and the two of them constitute the one souvenir of the war that has not yet lost its interest. All the rest, — tin hats and revolvers, trench maps and army orders, *Times* broadsheets and a copy of the *Peninsula Press*, a few medals, and the sword that never did anything more useful than cut wedding cakes, — all have become mere impedimenta, shrinking at every trek of the small family. But Derek and Ronnie keep the war problem up to date.

They timed their arrival for the fall of 1918. Londoners, as to the manner born; but of what a London they were citizens only vague memories hint, for at the age of three they came to America.

And of all countries for boys to be happy in, commend me to God's own. Its land is a boy's land — full of undefined possibility, with no need to be tidy or careful about anything. Its pleasures are boys' pleasures — motion, things happening, doing something, going somewhere. Its public life is gregarious boyhood writ large; nowhere will you get so swift an insight into the national psychology as in watching a crowd of boys at play. Its heroes are boys' heroes — naïve, visionary, arrogant, brutal. Not always in life, perhaps (though these qualities may all be virtues in their time and place); but read its fiction — read what Derek and Ronnie read. And watch the movies.

And now they are to return to England. A process rather of instinct than of deliberation has dictated the break-up of the family, the dispatch of Derek and Ronnie in quest of some obscure good that is not to be had here. And now that the decision is made, it seems worth while to try to put into rational terms the feelings that have forced it.

Were their father the bull-necked patriot of current mythology, there would be no problem. No question could then arise as to the comparison of values. But their father was a heretic at Cambridge, a congenital free lance in the army, politics, and the civil service, to whom America has brought the happiest and best years of his life, with fair promise of more to come. Moreover there can be no question, so far as reasonable foresight can determine, but that the boys' careers must lie either in North America or in Soviet Russia. That is surely obvious enough to need no arguing. Further, to turn them into little English public-school gentlemen is certainly no part of the intention. That type, admirable as it is and has been, becomes increasingly an anachronism: its qualities less and less relevant to the civilization of the twentieth century, its limitations more and more conspicuous — even in England. What, then, can be those things in which America as an educational environment is deficient and England preferable?

Let me attempt to set them briefly in order.

First, a very simple definite fact. Derek and Ronnie need men to teach them — all-round, well-bred, satisfactory men. On an income of less than

five thousand a year they cannot have that in America. And the more I think about it the more important seems that consideration. The school-teacher represents the world to the child — this world, not the Kingdom of Heaven: its problems, its pressures, its demands, its opportunities. Women cannot do that, and it is not altogether a father's job, either. His rôle is to give some human imitation of the providence children nowadays resolutely refuse to seek in the empyrean: the sort of providence one sees in *Outward Bound* rather than in the Old Testament (there is none in the New). As I have seen it these eight years, American fathers put up a pretty good stand at this end of the wicket; but the woman-ridden educational scheme has consequences on which much — some of it quite unsavory — could be written.

Next comes the historical sense. Now this is very likely prejudice. I suppose it is unreasonable to expect the historical sense in a nation founded on a revolution and with a population density only one twentieth that of England. At all events, it is lacking. The lack of it possibly makes for strength in certain spheres (diplomacy, despite much to the contrary, is not one of them); but it does not make, anywhere, for understanding. Even if one allows the American assumption that there are many things in the world it is simply not worth while for an American to try to understand, the fact remains that no American institution of importance — from football to the gold standard or the labor injunction — can be understood without a due sense of historical process. I say 'sense' advisedly; for it is a matter of feeling as much as of thinking or knowing, something acquired as much from the speech and manners of people as from things seen or read in books. In it, or near it, lie the roots of culture, tolerance, patience — all those qualities which constitute wisdom in human affairs.

One more specific deficiency — and it is with deficiencies, be it remembered, that I am solely concerned. I doubt whether anywhere in the United States the elements of self-expression are taught effectively: handwriting that has speed, legibility, and character; grammar, scope, and accuracy in the use of words. Derek and Ronnie have been undergoing a 'progressive' education in which very much value is put on self-expression; but they have not acquired these rudiments of it, and their English runs distressingly to clichés and stereotypes. The explanation, it seems, is twofold. Adequate expression in any medium demands meticulous care in training and long practice, involving some drudgery, under discipline. The progressive educators, with their reliance on spontaneity, are up against an insoluble paradox in this matter. But there is a second and more fundamental cause of failure. Adequate expression — adequate in the European sense — is literally not valued in America: neither by the teachers who are supposed to impart it, nor by most of the writers who are supposed to have acquired it. Neither for esteem nor for cash is it a sine qua non. The result is that in the vast majority of schools serious effort in this direction has been openly abandoned — and with it the last defense against the commercialization of what should have been the cultural life of America.

Now comes a broader issue — the question of character. To set down quite naïvely the deficiency that needs making good — well, the word that comes to my mind is 'soft.' This is perhaps surprising: softness is not commonly considered an American trait, least of all just now. In trying to explain, let me say that the cue comes

straight from the behavior of Derek and Ronnie, though I am going to state the matter in broader terms.

It is the natural outcome of the American environment. Most of the problems that arise in the American scene have been — ostensibly, at least — essentially simple, to be solved — again ostensibly — by a vigorous application of techniques that are also simple. The vigor of the application has been a substitute for the elaboration of the technique. In reality, the problems have perhaps not been — certainly are not now — at all simple, and the solutions have proved only pseudo-solutions; but so ample is the margin in every direction that things have got along passably none the less.

Take any major issue of American affairs from Roosevelt to Coolidge, and the same tendencies reveal themselves — a tendency to treat all problems as either simple in their elements or capable of drastic simplification, and a habit of tackling them by a vigorous application of techniques that are really quite rudimentary. The result is what I call softness — an indisposition, or an inability, steadfastly to face situations that will by no means admit of this simplification, and an indisposition, or inability, to apply techniques of finer temper and greater subtlety. Under the apparent vigor lies this essential weakness — a weakness that has been many times manifest in the past thirteen years.

Now take Derek. Derek has acquired the technique of success in American boydom. He puts on a big sweater and an aggressive manner, 'bums around' with the gang, can say, 'Is that so?' with the special intonation attributed to police and gunmen (I'll wager Elizabeth's England was full of such expressions) — and most of the time he gets what he wants. That is because the things he wants are pretty much the same as what the other fellow wants, and the other fellow instinctively understands the simple technique by which they are to be acquired. Whether it works on the particular occasion or not, the result is never a fiasco, and Derek's self-esteem is seldom injured.

But with Ronnie it is different. Ronnie likes curious detail and the discovery of the unusual. While Derek pounds away on the piano, Ronnie prefers the sound — and the movement — of his violin. The things Ronnie wants are largely what the rest do not want; they do not fit into the accredited technique, and Ronnie cannot go after them without implying — however unconsciously — an adverse judgment on the gang values. The result is that a good deal of the time Ronnie is relegated to younger children, or solitude, or the grown-ups. And the mischief is that Derek, Ronnie, and most other people are convinced that Derek is the stronger. To all appearance it is so; but in a trying situation Ronnie will be going strong, quietly and evenly, long after Derek's vigor and morale are exhausted.

Now this is good for neither of them. Left alone, Derek will grow up in the secure self-esteem of his pseudo-strength, unaware — until too late, perhaps — of its limitations. And Ronnie, even if his self-esteem does not suffer by the prevalent objectification of an inadequate scale of values, will have the handicap of a constant psychological tension which may eventually weaken him to the point of a colorless submission or a painful subjective confusion. For both of them the final result will be some failure of potential capacity.

I am not saying that this situation would not arise anywhere else, though its terms would not, in contemporary

Europe, be so simple or emphatic. Even in boydom, social techniques are not as rudimentary. But there is the added advantage of a plunge into a world of different values, the effort to adapt and to understand. And there, from a parental point of view, lies the root of the matter.

Personality itself is perhaps just a bundle of valuations; however tattered and out-at-elbows it may be, we have no choice but to cherish it. To the stay-at-home or the tourist, other lands are necessarily just foreign countries — more or less interesting spectacles devoid of inner meaning. That is why they pall so rapidly. If England is to be more than that to Derek and Ronnie, the time is now or never. What it is all about, what fragment of eternal meaning it may have uttered, may not be, from a strictly utilitarian point of view on American soil, a very important matter. But the expatriate has no choice of opinion; and the rest is perhaps, after all, mere rationalization.

There is one risk involved in the success of the somewhat costly experiment: the risk that Derek and Ronnie may have, in a certain sense, no fixed home anywhere. But is not that, since the war, the fate of all us Europeans?

The title provocative

Poets have always had difficulty in getting their poems read. But the poets of the past had the advantage of a device which to-day is seemingly unknown: the Title Provocative.

Take, for instance, Cowper's celebrated caption: —

To Mrs. Newton, on receiving a barrel of oysters

No one with a spark of curiosity could encounter this title without wishing immediately to read the poem, for, aside from the obvious question of why Mrs. Newton chose this particular delicacy as a gift to a poet, one feels a not unnatural concern for the condition in which the oysters arrived. It is the same concern that instinctively prompts one to wonder what happened to the fish in Gray's lesser elegy: —

Ode on the death of a favorite cat, drowned in a tub of goldfishes

Both Cowper and Gray, being keen psychologists as well as poets, were fully cognizant of the power of human curiosity, and, we may be sure, left little details of information out of their titles purposely. Another example of Cowper's art, and one, by the way, also apropos of dumb animals, is this: —

On a mischievous bull, which the owner of him sold at the author's instance

No unresolved musical cadence ever dangled more tantalizingly in the air than this inescapable question: What mischief did the bull do?

But for the following achievement nothing short of the canniness of a Scotsman would suffice: —

The death and dying words of poor Mailie, the author's only pet yowe

The reader of Burns unfamiliar with the Scottish dialect is left in delicious and half-scandalized uncertainty as to whether the 'yowe' is a dumb animal or something slightly more human — that is, until he satisfies both curiosity and conscience by reading the poem.

Wordsworth had the same knack in a high degree. Note the quiet suppression of information in this title: —

On a celebrated event in ancient history

Almost anybody would nibble at that bait; but even the most obdurate reader could not resist the title next following: —

Upon the same event

This, we make bold to say, is probably the most maddening title in the history of English verse.

Wordsworth is also capable of a thing like this: —

Extempore effusion upon the death of James Hogg

The ordinary man, little acquainted with poetizings and still less so with extemporizings, is completely stumped to know (until he investigates the poem) just what an extempore effusion on such a subject would be like. And he is even more puzzled by the problem set by the chesslike complication of the following: —

Lines composed at Grasmere, during a walk one evening, after a stormy day, the author having just read in a newspaper that the dissolution of Mr. Fox was hourly expected

Very cleverly, you see, Wordsworth piles one detail on another and then — omits the date of the newspaper.

Candor is conspicuous in this confession by another poet: —

On revisiting the seashore, after long absence, under strong medical recommendation not to bathe

Did he or did he not disobey the doctor's orders? Well, reader, if you are determined to know, you can find the poem in the Complete Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and, should you not happen to possess said works, you can find them in any large library or well-stocked bookstore. And if, in addition to this, you are still eager for more medical information, say,

On the benefit received by His Majesty from sea-bathing in the year 1789,

you are invited to consult the index of the Complete Poetical Works of William Cowper and, having found the above-quoted title, to turn to the like-named poem. Even then you will probably not rest until you have convinced yourself that Coleridge and His Majesty either were or were not suffering from the same bodily affliction.

Nothing, however, can whet curiosity like a touch of scandal. What could be more intriguing than this little masterpiece of sedate anonymity by Coleridge?

On a connubial rupture in high life, 1796

(Coleridge omitted the month and day so that the title might not be a dead give-away.) Or consider the possible overtones of the same author's touching address

To an unfortunate woman whom the author had known in the days of her innocence.

Who with any humaneness in his heart could turn from this title without making certain just what misfortune the poor woman was suffering from? For pathos and the power to arouse solicitude it can be matched only by a third expression of Coleridge's genius: —

Lines on a friend, who died of a frenzy fever, induced by calumnious reports

What, what were the reports?

And now, lest I exalt the poets of the past to too high a pedestal and the reader suppose that they were unfailingly clever and provocative, I add one title that is frankly a failure: —

On the death of Mrs. Throckmorton's bullfinch. 1788. (It was eaten by a rat)

Probably we shall never know why Cowper added the parenthetical detail. He may have momentarily forgotten himself and thought he was writing the poem and not the title. In any case, what could be less provocative than to be told in so many words exactly how Mrs. Throckmorton's bullfinch died? After that who would bother to read the poem?

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

MAY, 1931

THE NEW PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

An Odyssey of the Unemployed

BY ROBERT WHITCOMB

I

AFTER several months of riding freight trains, joining bread lines, sleeping in jails or Salvation Army 'flophouses' or box cars, I began to realize that Wall Street had crashed and that unemployment was a national problem. At first I had no idea of the magnitude of the disaster; I saw it all purely in terms of my own personal difficulties. All that I knew was that I had been fired out of an unsatisfactory newspaper job in a suburb of New York City and would have to look for another berth.

After I had failed to find work in New York, I decided to 'hit the road' south and try my luck elsewhere. It struck me then as a particularly happy solution of my problem and I made a gay start. I had seventeen dollars in my pocket and was leaving no dependents behind me. All I needed to do was to support myself. If I could earn enough to pay for my meals and lodging, I could keep going indefinitely until I found steady work. When I went broke, I thought, I could stop wherever I happened to be and pick up expenses by doing odd jobs — fixing fences, mowing lawns, hoeing gardens, running errands, washing dishes. I would not even balk at such manual labor as working on a railroad section or on the highway, or digging ditches, picking fruit, shocking wheat, chopping trees — anything the world would pay for.

United States Highway No. 1, which runs along the Atlantic Coast from Maine to Florida, was thronged with pedestrians in January of 1930 when I set out upon it, headed south. There was a sprinkling of adventurers, most of them posing as hatless college boys with Boston bags. Some were disappointed office workers on their way from New York to Miami. A few were obviously just graduating from the Boy Scouts and were indulging their *Wanderlust*. Nine tenths of them, however, were workmen in overalls. By the time I came to the short-leaf pines and open spaces south of Richmond, I had talked with a number of these men and learned that many were heads of families forced away from home by unemployment. Among them were skilled laborers, — carpenters, plasterers, operators of machines, — most of them willing enough to forgo their union status if they could only find some sort

of work at any sort of wages. All of these wanderers were trying to 'hitch-hike' their way along, but it was a discouraging business; their numbers had spoiled the sport, and most of them were doing more hiking than hitching.

On the northern edge of South Carolina my eyes were opened to a new aspect of the situation. As I came abreast of a patch of pine woods a red-faced man stepped out of a parked car and demanded to know where I was going. I asked whose business it was, whereupon he brandished a six-shooter and threatened to show me the inside of the county jail. Somehow I managed to conciliate him, and as his wrath subsided he explained that so many 'bums' were traveling through that citizens had to watch their property. For the first time I realized the dangers of being a stranger, particularly a stranger on foot. Later I learned that the wise vagrant is aware of this peril and prepares himself to meet it when it arises. I ran across one young hobo who carried a copy of the New Testament in his pocket for the sole purpose of impressing those officers of the law who chose to search him.

I rode through South Carolina and Georgia in one lucky lift and then made for New Orleans. By this time I had exhausted my slender resources and found myself walking the streets of a strange city without a penny to my name. I had definitely joined the ranks of the 'down-and-outers.' This last was a subtle shift which I hardly noticed at the time. I was young, husky, and willing to work; like Mr. Micawber, I felt that something was bound to turn up. Besides, I was experiencing the same sensations which an explorer must feel when he ventures into unknown territory: I was curious to catch a glimpse of human nature in the raw and see for myself how men treated their less fortunate fellows. So, humbly, hopefully, I applied for work. As failure followed failure, I fought against the thought that my outlook was desperate.

If I had purposely planned to test my chances under the most unfavorable circumstances, I could not have hit upon a worse place than New Orleans at this time. I had arrived in the city at the height of that hysterical season which they call Mardi Gras. From all the corners and hollows of the earth tourists and sight-seers were pouring in, and they were followed by a ragged army of hoboes, bums, street fakers, and touts who converged upon the city from every point of the compass. While the carnival reigns it is always a problem for the New Orleans police to keep an eye on pickpockets, and this year the depression had made their task doubly difficult. Crowds of jobless outcasts shuffled through the streets. The authorities made up their minds that unemployment was not to be tolerated. A general clean-up was chronicled in the newspapers and every day hundreds of unfortunates were literally kicked out of town. Scores of others were arrested on the charge of 'no visible means of support' and were herded into the lice-ridden cells of Parish Prison. So rigorous were the police that laborers walking home from work were occasionally picked up and forced to spend a night in jail before they could prove their residence, their solvency, and their employment.

I had already had several brushes with the police and I knew their attitude. 'No visible means of support' is the club they use in sending many an innocent victim to jail for weeks on end. So far I had escaped this penalty, and on one occasion by a very narrow margin. I had tried to get out of town before I was thrown out, but was turned back in a freight yard by a pugnacious railroad detective. Fortu-

nately, he let me off with a surly warning. 'Don't let me lay eyes on you again,' he said, shoving me by the shoulder. 'You've got too damn much nerve, out seeing the country while respectable people must pay their way.' So I began to realize what I was in for.

At this juncture I heard that men were wanted on the banana wharf, unloading the heavy bunches of fruit at thirty-five cents an hour. I applied, only to be told that the jobs had all been taken. As I turned to leave the place, I observed a 'No Smoking' sign and put my pipe in my pocket; but a 'copper' had seen me and came running up excitedly. After so many weeks of tramping about, I presented anything but a prepossessing appearance: my clothes were baggy and covered with mud, and I was sadly in need of a shave. The cop gave me one quick glance and launched into a flood of abusive language. Then he asked me a lot of personal questions. I tried to answer courteously, but I might better have saved my breath. He was one of the kind to whom 'orders is orders,' and since I had been caught smoking on the sacred banana wharf of New Orleans there was nothing for it but that I must be arrested for investigation. While we were waiting for the patrol wagon, a well-dressed man in the company of a woman passed by smoking a cigarette; my captor politely informed him that smoking was not permitted.

This was the first time I had ever been arrested and it gave me my first introduction to a 'bull pen.' I was thrown into a large cell crowded with nearly a hundred prisoners of all shades and conditions — drunks, 'dopes,' Negroes, fops, old men, burly and surly brutes, all waiting to face the judge in the morning. Among them were skilled mechanics whose only crime was unemployment. The place was brilliantly lighted and it seethed with cursing, vomiting, snoring men who slept all over the floor. As I surveyed this pirate's crew, I tried to pick out the hardened criminals from the mere down-and-outers, and I could not. I was beginning to feel a mental kinship with these underdogs whose circumstances had placed them outside the law.

My sympathies were particularly aroused by one old man with ragged clothes and matted hair who sat on a concrete bench, his head sunk in his hands. Now and then he opened his eyes wearily at some fresh disturbance. By easy questioning I learned some of his history. He was a Florida carpenter, and at one time he had had a home of his own and money in the bank. The collapse of the land boom had paralyzed the building trades, and the depression which followed had ruined him. With his home wiped out and his savings all but exhausted, he had been compelled to hit the road with his tool bag. The last of his money was soon spent and there was no carpentry work anywhere. The only employment he found between Florida and New Orleans was in the pine forests, and that was too strenuous for him. A younger man jumped quickly into the vacancy he left. Finally he wearied of his heavy tool kit and threw it away. He kept drifting, walking almost every step of the way. He slept by the road, begging food at stores and homes. When he reached the city, he was arrested for vagrancy and now he seemed to think that he would be sentenced to thirty days. Although he dreaded the intolerable conditions of the New Orleans jails, he welcomed the thought of being released from the responsibility of getting food and carrying on.

When my case came up, I was lucky to get a 'floater' — a discharge with a warning to leave town within a few

hours. Meanwhile I had heard about the Llano del Rio Colony in western Louisiana, near Leesville, which is run as a coöperative venture. There, I was told, I could earn food, clothing, and shelter; they had no unemployment. I determined to go there. Being a young and husky worker, I was accepted without any cash payment for membership, and I soon discovered that many a young hobo took advantage of this hospitality to winter in the colony for his keep. I came to the place with high hopes, but I left it feeling that I had witnessed the failure of a communistic experiment on American soil.

II

Fifteen years ago Llano was organized on a mud flat which was at that time the site of a deserted lumber camp. Since then hundreds have joined it and left it, but the population still manages to keep ahead of the original group. Everybody except the youngest children works eight hours a day, receiving no money but sharing all things in common. Everyone eats in the community dining hall, cafeteria style. The work, which is not strenuous, allows for a wide range of aptitudes. There are a farm and a garden, a sawmill, an ice plant, a printing shop, a laundry, a general store, a tailor shop, a shoe shop, a library, and a garage. There are also a dance hall, an orchestra, and a rudimentary theatre.

The colonists think of the outside world as tottering and the capitalistic system as about to crash. While I was there the weekly newspaper printed a front-page open letter to President Hoover from the Llano dictator, George T. Pickett, informing him that the 'Llano Way' was the only way to solve national unemployment, and that given the land, the equipment, and proper leadership, the army of the unemployed could soon be supporting itself without money. One gathered that Mr. Pickett knew who could supply the leadership.

In spite of the brave spirit of most of its people, Llano is an unhappy place. A cloud of drab desolation seems to hang over it. Everyone is ill clad in patched, secondhand clothing. While I was there most of the men were wearing suits from a shipment of drivers' uniforms which had come from R. H. Macy's in New York. Their food is extremely plain, the staples being rice, sweet potatoes, and gravy; so unvarying is the diet that one of the school children named these three delicacies as the principal products of the state. The community is full of elderly Middle-Western farmers who have sunk their last dollar in a Llano membership and are depressed by the feeling that they are married to the place, for better or for worse, until death do them part. Even the children are a joyless lot. The older ones work in the fields during half of each day in a special 'Kid Kolony,' and they struck me as being the most vulgar and obscene little ragamuffins that I had ever met with. The workers' councils and the dictatorship of the fiery little manager are very suggestive of Soviet Russia; in their so-called psychological meetings they wage bitter battles over petty questions of authority. I soon lost whatever enthusiasm I had worked up over their ideas, and in the end I left before I was kicked out.

From Llano I hitch-hiked to Fort Worth, Texas. I had now grown utterly despondent. Wherever I went I encountered the same stagnation of business. I had come two thousand miles in search of work, and the only things I had to show for my pains were tattered clothes and empty pockets. Moreover, my seedy appearance now made it almost impossible for me to get

any lifts from motorists; when I signaled to a passing car, the driver would give one look at me and step on the gas. I had become a suspicious character. This drove me to 'hopping' my first freight; it was either that or walk.

Hitch-hiking is a lonely business, but freight riding is full of companionship in misery. I was plunged at once into the mysteries of professional hobodom and learned to think in terms of railroad divisions, 'brakies,' 'shacks,' 'dicks,' 'bulls,' and 'red-ball' and 'manifest' expresses. I grew accustomed to approaching groups of hoboes as one of them, exchanging information about rumors of construction jobs and the intricacies of railroad yards. Little by little I came to realize that riding freights is like an exciting game, with the lost goals symbolized at best by a term in jail and at worst by an amputated leg or an unmarked grave in potter's field.

From Fort Worth I started toward Oklahoma City by rail, but was stranded off the main line in Shawnee along with a tall lad of twenty who said he came from Arkansas. As we camped in a 'jungle' around a fire, waiting for a train to pass, he told me his story. When he left school, he had gone to work on pipe lines in or near the oil fields. Then, considering himself a man with a trade and a future, he married a girl from his home town. Shortly afterward the pipe line was finished and he had to look for another job; meanwhile the effects of the Wall Street crash were being felt in the Middle West and there was no work to be had. Leaving his wife with her people, he set out to look elsewhere and he was now on his way to the oil fields at Oklahoma City. For several weeks he had been traveling without money and had had very little to eat. He appeared to be almost starving and devoured ravenously some bread that I gave him; indeed, that was what had set him talking about himself.

We rode the same train that night. Every few minutes he would mutter hopelessly that if he did n't get something to do pretty soon he would rob somebody. He felt, and made me feel, abjectly depressed. At dawn, as we approached the city with its hundreds of pumping oil wells, his manner changed. 'Listen to them rigs!' he exclaimed with enthusiasm. Just then he spotted a long pipe line running along the ground as far as we could see in the semi-darkness. 'They're laying a line. Come on — you can get a job, too.' He hopped off. For some reason I stayed where I was and kept on west into the city, but the memory of his hollow face with dark rings under the eyes and of his toes just coming through the holes in his shoes remained with me; I could not forget him even in the months of misery that followed when I heard the same story, with variations, over and over again.

In Oklahoma City crowds of overalled and heavy-booted men stood about in the streets. I asked them what chance a man had in the oil fields. They told me that all the jobs had been filled long since, but that men were still pouring in from all over the world because they had heard about the oil boom. The city, they said, had been maintaining bread lines for local men out of work, but was unable to do anything for the army of 'foreigners.' Later that same day I rode west out of Oklahoma City, wondering how my young friend from Arkansas had fared and hoping that his unusual enthusiasm had won him a place where others had failed.

III

At El Reno, Oklahoma, my next stop, I was held up several days by a railroad detective who had developed

peculiar methods of his own for dealing with hoboes. At every railroad yard where valuable freight pauses temporarily, detectives are stationed to guard the property; but it is not an easy thing to do, for some of the yards are miles long. This bull at El Reno is an elderly man who takes the responsibilities of his job very seriously. By firing a pistol into the air, he frightens all the free 'passengers' off the freights as they pass through. This, as it happens, works a great hardship on the town, because the hungry men collect there in large numbers, begging food; and if they cannot beg it they steal it. Once a week, however, the detective has his day off, and then all the accumulated hoboes hop the same train.

That gathering at El Reno, which soon numbered several dozen, gave me some opportunity for observation. We were collected in the jungle off the railroad property, beside a muddy river. The weather was cold and rainy, the farmers were hostile, and we were lonely, idle, and depressed. There was no food, and therefore no cooking. Nobody knew just when the train would come that would be unguarded, so we hated to go away, even to get food, for fear of being stranded there another week. Conversation was at low ebb, but surged up sporadically, usually about wheedling meals from kind-hearted people, a little about the new oil fields at Hobbs, New Mexico, and other topics such as train routes, prize fighters, murders, or socialism.

In the group were a few old-timers who looked upon work as vulgar, and several horny-handed day laborers who were plainly stamped with the self-respect of men who know all about the dignity of labor. Then there were two admirably built young fellows in black sweaters, whose faces were almost the same color. They were sheet-metal workers from West Virginia. Being laid off, they tried to get into the Navy, but failed. Now they were going through to California, where they knew a foreman in a steel mill. They had not washed since they left West Virginia, had scarcely eaten, and had had only one good sleep — in a box car. They were dead broke, but kept going on their nerve.

Another man, bound for Hobbs, was an experienced oil-field worker who said he was married. He carried a suitcase tied with a rope over his shoulder and had an overcoat slung over his arm.

Later, when everybody in the jungle dashed out to climb aboard the same freight, I saw this overloaded man trip on the overcoat and go heels over head, just missing the wheels. But he scrambled up, and he and I made the same car. There was nowhere to hide, so we clung to opposite sides between two box cars. The conductor, passing over the top, spotted the pair of us and literally climbed down on top of me. He was one of the few really mean railroad men that I encountered. It seemed necessary to his honor and dignity to kick me off the train, and by kick I mean *kick*, for he used his heel and ground it into my shoulder. Somehow I managed to hold my grip until the train had gathered speed; then I induced him to let me stay on until the first stop, when he saw to it that all of us were again stranded.

Shortly afterward, when we had caught another freight and were nearing Amarillo in the Panhandle of Texas, hoboes kept jumping on at each small division until our box car had accumulated fifty-odd. As our numbers increased our spirits rose and we gave vent to much smart talk. The President was roundly flayed as the prime cause of all evil, and a member of the train crew who stuck his head in at the

side door was just as roundly booed. At one point the railroad tracks ran parallel to the highway and we passed one of those 'Forward America' signs with its catchwords painted in huge letters: 'Business Is Good — Keep It Good.' Every man jack of us guffawed uproariously. We knew how to take a joke, even when it was on us.

I traveled for several divisions into New Mexico with one of this group. He was a six-foot Hollander, a plasterer by trade. Until a month prior to the time I met him he had been the affluent owner of an automobile; he had toured almost every state in the Union with his wife and daughter. Now he was willing to take any kind of job that would pay for his meals and leave him a dollar to send home — and he could n't find it. He looked over every town through which we passed for construction work. When he was hungry he felt that the only honorable thing for him to do was to ask fellow plasterers for a stake; this he did without hesitation, because when he was working he had often helped others in the same way. He could no more go into a bakery and ask for bread than he could go into a bank and ask for money. Endowed with a strong personality, he was taking defeat philosophically. In the course of my wanderings I met hundreds of such men; they were fighting for their very lives in the face of weather hazards and a constant fear of the police, with their minds tormented by thoughts of their hungry families at home.

As we pulled into the small railroad town of Vaughn, New Mexico, we saw a carnival in full swing. This gave Dutch the bright idea that we might stage a prize fight and earn a stake. This would never have occurred to me in a million years, but with the proposition before me I accepted. We soon learned, however, that the carnival already had its quota of fighters. Then Dutch saw a plasterer's mixing board tied to the back of an automobile and nothing would do but that we must wait for the owner to appear; a plasterer might know of some work. When he came he turned out to be one of the carnival fighters. He knew about a temporary job for Dutch, but none for me, so I left them engaged in earnest conversation about plastering and fighting. Hoboes do not part sorrowfully; they have already parted too many times with too many people. But I remember Dutch particularly because, since I was still fresh at the game, these early impressions struck deep, because he really was a fine example of a simple man, and because he and I had made a freight together when all the other 'boes' missed it.

The example of Dutch trying so tenaciously to follow his trade and getting a break at last put new heart into me and led me to make further efforts to follow mine. I had started out by dropping into newspaper offices wherever I had gone, but had long since given it up as hopeless. Invariably the newspaper men to whom I told my story had turned me down. They said that my story was n't news, but I think their real reason was that they did n't believe me. Now, however, I resolved to try my luck again. In Albuquerque I called upon the Scripps-Howard *State Tribune* and was overjoyed when they gave me a front-page three-column head on the double ground that hoboes were interesting material and that the paper's advertisers were constantly being approached by them. The city editor called it 'a good yarn,' and to him it might just as well have been fiction. Nevertheless, I was encouraged, and I applied at many a newspaper office thereafter; but only in a few scattered cases did my fellow journalists show any interest in me.

IV

All the details of my wanderings up to this point are still indelibly fixed in my mind. The manner of life into which circumstances had thrust me was totally new; every little incident was an exciting adventure and made a lasting impression upon me. But now the novelty was beginning to wear off. I had passed my apprenticeship, I had learned the ropes, I had become a professional hobo like any other. The incidents attending the getting of food or the catching of freights, which had once made me glow with hope or fear, were now all in the day's work; I accepted them as a matter of course. The romance was gone and my mind dwelt more and more upon the hard realities of my situation. I felt more keenly the gnawings of hunger and the biting cold. The accumulated effect of endless days and nights spent in weary tramping about with insufficient food and sleep was beginning to tell upon my strength. The hopelessness of it all crushed my spirits, and my brain seemed to go sluggish and soggy. Urged onward by necessity, I kept going from place to place, weary in body and mind, meeting everywhere the same demoralization of business, until, when I reached the Pacific Coast, I had taken the full measure of the economic paralysis that held the richest nation in the world bound and prostrate.

Even now, as I look back upon it in calm retrospect, I cannot trace the exact route of my vagabondage during those last dreadful months. The days, painfully monotonous, wove themselves into a monstrous nightmare in which time, places, people, and events were merged in an endless stream of dull horrors. I have tried, in thinking back over it, to bring order out of this chaos, but I cannot. Only a few disjointed episodes remain distinct and clear, like notes of distant chimes heard above the roar of New York's traffic.

I recall an experiment I undertook in Raton, New Mexico, a seemingly prosperous small city with a rudimentary daily newspaper. I tried to get work in every possible way of which I had ever heard. I applied at hotels, garages, churches, factories, stores, and at the office of the City Clerk and the Chamber of Commerce. I canvassed private houses for odd jobs. There was simply nothing to be had. One hotel was about to hold a convention and there were to be some temporary jobs in connection with it, but the manager would not consider anyone who did not live in Raton. At the Chamber of Commerce they informed me that if there were any work it would be given to local men, many of whom were already listed. And then, by chance, after a hungry morning, an aviator passing through town offered me the price of a meal for carrying his bag, which I did, although I had the feeling that he was merely helping me and would not have had his bag carried otherwise. This was the only job I found, although I canvassed the town with vengeful thoroughness in an effort to convince myself that nothing vital was wrong with me.

I have a vivid recollection of my arrival in Cheyenne, Wyoming, in the teeth of a May snowstorm. Along with a dozen others, I had spent a cold night riding in a box car. We had lain on the floor in that attitude peculiar to hoboes — knees curled up, the right hand between them, and the left arm crooked under the head to serve as a pillow. How I could sleep in a lumbering freight train with the weather around zero, I can't say; but that is what I seem to have done. My wardrobe consisted of a sweater, a blue shirt, a pair of trousers, socks and shoes; no hat, no underwear, and nothing really

warm except the sweater. I remember how we shivered off at Cheyenne. We made for a boiler room and slept right next to the boiler until ordered out.

I remember, later, coming into the Mojave Desert from San Bernardino. It grew hotter and hotter until the temperature reached 120 degrees. There was a road job at Bagdad, between Barstow and Needles, and I got a place working on the bridge gang. The foremen showed no pity for our suffering in the intense heat. We drank gallons of water every day, and sweated and vomited until we were weak. To avoid the sun as much as we could, we started work at four in the morning. Even at night it was too hot to sleep, and I had to give it up at the end of a week. During that one week I saw dozens of hoboes, fresh from the road, eager to try their hand. They had plenty of warning that they could not last, but work was too scarce to pass it up without a try. I saw several quit, deathly sick, while eager men, their noses up at the rumor of jobs, jumped into the vacancies. I have heard about the beggars in Italy, aggressive, dodging labor, but I have seen the American beggar fighting for his self-respect at 120 degrees Fahrenheit.

Every city through which I passed in the South and West was overrun, not only with local men out of work, but with itinerants traveling through. On the whole, these itinerants were willing enough to earn their way, but since they could not they were forced to beg. Hoboes get their food in diverse ways, by asking for nickels and dimes on the main streets or 'stems,' by soliciting at private houses, by begging for food directly at bakeries and grocery stores, or by offering to work in restaurants. I often found proprietors of restaurants, large and small, so hounded by these men that they would n't even let me peel potatoes in exchange for something to eat. Countless times when I applied at hotels for dishwashing or porter's work, an indignant manager would tell me that I looked young and husky enough to get a steady job; if I offered to explain how hard I had tried to secure just that, the manager always thought I was lying.

Over the Sierra Nevadas, in California, I saw unemployment in its most naked stage. For that is the land of milk and honey, and tales of its mild winters and its golden opportunities had drawn thousands of wanderers from other states. It is also the land of the 'bindlestiffs' — old or middle-aged men who carry their blanket rolls on their shoulders and sleep out of doors the year round. The state swarms with them. You can scarcely travel a mile along any main road in California without seeing several bindlestiffs picking up their beds and walking. The Sacramento, San Joaquin, and Imperial Valleys are infested with them. The rivers are lined with their camps. As on the Atlantic Coast, where I saw a double stream of men coming and going to and from the mythical paradise of Florida, so on the Pacific Coast I witnessed the same phenomenon. Every main-line freight has its cargo of West-bound hopefuls or East-bound cynics.

In Modesto I heard that a canning factory was to open the next morning to preserve a large shipment of peaches, the first of the season. The town was agog with the news. I was on hand at 7.30, half an hour early, but so were several thousand others, both men and women. A full crew had already been picked. The bindlestiffs were congregating about the fruit centres to rush the farms at the first sign of a ripening crop. In Fresno, the raisin town, their bedrolls were hanging by the hundreds all around the railroad station and the local water tank.

Urged blindly on, I shunted here and there along the California coast from San Diego to Eureka, in the redwood belt. I stayed a month in San Francisco and then took a trip to Seattle. Conditions, I found, were just as bad in Washington and Oregon as elsewhere. I thought of getting on board a ship, one bound for New York if possible, but many sailors were stranded 'on the beach' in every port and my chance of getting a berth was practically nil. So I came back a thousand miles to San Pedro, the harbor of Los Angeles, and slept for a week in a clean box car on a railroad siding. Laborers west of the Mississippi think nothing of traveling a thousand miles for a few weeks' work. For example, there was a rumor of new railroad operations near Klamath Falls, Oregon; on the Mexican border I talked with laborers who had heard of it and were ready to set out for Oregon at the first word that construction was actually to begin.

I remember that I got a 'workaway' on a White Flyer steamer, washing dishes from San Pedro to San Francisco. There I spent a night in jail and almost got a job as counterman in a chain restaurant. Failing this, I hitch-hiked back to Pedro, picking up a dollar in some newspaper office along the way. My nice, clean box car was still on its siding and as I crawled into it it seemed almost like coming home again. The thought released a flood of fond memories, and as I lay on the floor I took sober stock of my situation. For ten weary months that seemed ten years I had done everything that a man could do to find employment, and I had failed. I could no longer believe, as I had feared at one time, that the trouble sprang from some inadequacy of my own character or abilities. No, the fault was not mine. Mysterious forces which no one understood had paralyzed the entire nation, and I was just one among millions of helpless victims. It was no good trying to go on. Without more ado I resolved to return to New York. Three weeks later I stepped off a moving van on the Manhattan side of the Holland Tunnel with fifty cents of the San Pedro dollar in my pocket.

The metropolitan newspapers were full of stories about unemployment. Economic articles were invading the Sunday feature sections and the literary reviews, and even the poets were singing about it. Nobody, however, seemed to know anything about the human side of unemployment. As if a conspiracy were afoot to hide the truth by subtle distortion, all the newspapers referred to the unemployed as 'the idle.' Well, maybe they were, but I doubt it. For ten months I was one of them and during that time I worked temporarily in gardens, in printing shops, in newspaper offices. I carried bricks, shoveled snow, worked on the highways, washed dishes, peeled potatoes, 'shelled' garlic, cooked 'hamburgers.' I was a packer, a checker, a tally man, a mess boy aboard ship. I mixed lime, covered doughnuts with sugar, acted as stevedore on the Seattle docks, planted corn, cucumbers, and other vegetables too numerous to mention. I helped a carpenter build an addition to a small house, scraped a motor boat, tinkered with Fords, fixed typewriters. And between whiles I was always on the move. Thus it was to be 'idle'!

For me, all this is now a bad dream from which I have waked, but for countless others it remains the grimmest of realities. And as I walk about New York in a good 'front,' with neat clothes and a clean white shirt, I can still seem to taste the peculiar flavor of mush and molasses; I can still catch the strains of the 'Prisoner's Song,' hear the pounding of locomotives, and feel the coal dust in my eyes.

THE HISTORY OF THE KING BEE

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

I

HONEYCOMB is made up of cells of two sizes, the larger being used for the raising of drones, which are male, while the others serve for the smaller and more numerous workers. These latter, though practically neuter, because of their arrested sexual development, are essentially female.

As each of these varieties of cells affords just enough room to accommodate a full-grown grub of the sex for which it is intended, it is necessary that each shall receive an egg according to its kind; and in this particular the queen makes no mistake. She lays a male egg in each of the larger cells, and a female in each of the smaller.

That an animal can have this ability to produce one sex or the other in conformity with some outer circumstance is rather hard to believe. It does not fit in with our accustomed analogies. But the fact takes place without explanation or apology; and when we patiently look into other facts in hope of explaining this one, we find, as is so often the case with science, that we have stepped into a new theatre of wonders.

A virgin queen — one that has by no possible chance become impregnated — can lay eggs and produce young quite as readily as an animal that has become a mother in the usual way. But her eggs will produce only the drones, or males. The virgin queen will have all sons and no daughters. But after she has met the male, in what is known as her 'wedding flight,' she can lay eggs of either kind.

From this it becomes evident that the male eggs laid by a queen after she has been fertilized are eggs untouched by the father's substance, being the same that she laid when she was a virgin. It is only for the production of daughters that the male help is necessary. And the female eggs which she lays are the same as the others except that she has brought them into contact with a supply of the male principle. She holds in her body a lifetime supply of the sperm acquired in her wedding flight, and she can apply it or withhold it according as circumstances require. That this is the truth of the matter has long ceased to be a matter of doubt. The modern microscope has enabled investigators to arrive at the inner facts, looking closely at queen bees and their eggs under the various conditions.

There has been much speculation as to whether a queen discriminates between the large cells and the small by an act that is mental or by some influence that is purely physical. Does she do it by particular observation and an act of will, or are we rather to conclude that the different widths of the cells act upon her muscles in such a way as to fertilize the egg in one case and in the other leave it untouched? Is the queen using intelligence or is she a mere automaton? This is a point which remains a mystery.

For a long time after the facts had been determined, any such statement of the powers of the queen bee was re-

ceived with skepticism not only among practical beekeepers but among scientists who had had other theories. That a queen bee could receive from the male a store of sperm sufficient to last her throughout the four or five years of her life, and that she could fertilize hundreds of thousands of eggs and so make them female, and withhold the sperm from others, which would in consequence be male, was considered ridiculous — preposterous. It was another of those far-fetched scientific theories.

That the large cells *do* produce male bees while the smaller ones bring forth female is a fact beyond question; and practical beekeepers, having an everyday familiarity with the circumstances, naturally formed opinions as to how the sex was controlled. And their theory was that it was simply a matter of feeding. The queen, they thought, laid eggs that had no particular leanings in the matter of sex, their original state being neither male nor female; and then, after the eggs had hatched, the nurse bees, by some difference in the food which they carried to the two kinds of cells, caused the little worm in a large cell to grow up as a male and that in a small cell to become a female. If this seems too much to expect of mere victuals, we must remember that the practical beekeeper arrived at this way of reasoning by noting how a queen bee is made; and here we see doings almost as outlandish.

II

A queen bee, or perfect female, although she differs from a worker bee in size, shape, function, and a whole set of instincts, is hatched from the same sort of egg as the worker. The difference is wholly due to feeding. Nurse bees will take any one of the recently hatched larvæ in the small cells, and simply by giving it a different diet and a little more room will cause it to become a queen bee instead of a worker. In fact, any beekeeper can make this change; and among those who raise queen bees for the market it is a matter of everyday practice. The operation consists in transferring one of the young larvæ from one of the small cells into a very large one, a queen cell, which the beekeeper makes artificially; whereupon the nurse bees take note of the change and bring up the little worm as a queen. This explains to us how the practical bee man got his theory that sex was the result of feeding. If food can make certain physical transformation, why cannot it determine those bodily details upon which sex depends? The thing the bee man was already familiar with was enough of a miracle; and by making one miracle cover both cases he felt better satisfied. This was an interesting point in human nature, but it was bad natural history. Laboratory workers absolutely proved the other theory to be right; the queen does determine the sex at the time she lays the egg, even though science cannot tell whether she does it willfully or not. And so the result of scientific progress was to make two miracles grow where only one grew before.

On each of the hind legs of the worker bee is a brush for gathering pollen, and a basket-shaped arrangement for carrying it home. On the legs of the queen bee these tools are lacking. On the abdomen of the worker bee are pockets which extrude the plates of building wax, and on either side of the head is a coiled, intracellular gland which is supposed to be the source of the nitrogenous food which is fed to the young. The queen has neither of these devices. The worker is able to reach into the nectar-bearing chalices of flowers and gather honey, while the queen, with a shorter jaw, can do no such work. The queen is sexually complete, while the workers have but the rudiments of their

sex; and along with this egg-laying power of the queen comes an entirely different set of instincts. While the workers are free to go forth and explore the world of flowers, the queen remains a recluse in the hive. A queen is longer and more tapering than a worker, and her wings fall far short, when folded, of reaching the end of her body.

But it is in the mechanism of the sting that we find the most surprising contrast. The worker bee has a straight sting which is a marvel of tool designing. It consists of two barbed spears which fit against one another inside a sheath and are worked by a muscle of their own. They operate by a pumping movement, the spears thrusting forward alternately and thus taking a deeper and deeper hold on the flesh while formic acid flows into the wound from a poison sac. In this way the sting may go on doing its work quite independent of the bee. The sting of a worker bee takes such strong hold that it usually resists the bee's best efforts to extract it, and when it pulls out of the bee's body it is likely to bring a part of the intestine with it. In consequence of this loss the bee dies. A queen bee, on the other hand, has a sting that is curved like a scimitar and is easily removed from the wound. It is never lost and may be used repeatedly. But, though she has this formidable-looking weapon, a queen may be handled without fear. The sole function of her weapon is to kill rival queens. She is not a defender of the hive, and so she lacks entirely the instinct of stinging.

In these instances we see two creatures with quite different tool equipment — a fitting of the means to the end as by an intellectual response to what is needed. Yet it is all due to the giving to one of a richer food than to the other. The same egg that produced the worker would have produced the queen provided the little worm had been given a more liberal supply of the nitrogenous element gathered from the flowers. And yet the same egg, naturally a male, would have produced a drone had not the touch of fertilizing sperm transformed the male into the female. It is all quite incredible, but yet a fact. It is easy to conceive of food being seized upon by the life forces and used as building material or as fuel, but how can it be the guiding factor in determining a machine design? We naturally think of an ingenious tool as being an invention, a product of thought; and then when we look upon the queen's curved scimitar and compare it with the sting of the worker we wonder whether it is proper to ask the question, How much does nitrogen know? In what secret recesses of the elements, in what ultimate interstices of carbon and hydrogen and nitrogen does the mystery of life hide itself? Certainly this seems to be a great deal for mere victuals to do! It is simply a fact.

When a queen is five or six days out of the cell in which she was hatched, and is about to become the active head of the hive, she takes what is known as the 'wedding flight,' high in air. It is the only time in her life that she leaves the hive without the swarm. In this high, swift flight she is pursued by drone bees, the strongest flier among the number finally catching her; and when she has been impregnated she turns back toward the hive, while the male, having done her a lifetime service, drops dead in mid-air. And though a queen usually lives and remains active until sometime in her fourth year, and though she can, at the height of the season, lay more than three thousand eggs a day, she is able to touch each egg that she drops in a worker cell with its own small share of the dead father's substance! She is now practically both male and female, both married and un-

married, the virgin nature giving life to sons, and the male principle, which she holds in store, giving the magic touch which turns a passing egg from male to female.

This most important bee of the swarm, easily distinguished by her general appearance, is constantly engaged, during the honey season, in laying eggs. As she goes round and round over the surface of the comb, she is accompanied by special attendants, often likened to a royal escort, whose duty it is to feed her. There may be fifty or sixty thousand brood cells in the hive which need to be gone over once in twenty-one days, that being the time it takes for an egg to develop into a bee and leave the cell vacant; and such constant production of eggs would be impossible without a constant supply of food. When she comes to the mouth of an empty cell she thrusts her head into it as if to satisfy herself that it is in proper condition; and then she bends her body and deposits an egg in the bottom. And this routine she keeps up with the monotonous regularity of a weaver throwing his shuttle, or a woman taking stitches in a taboret.

As a farmer must make hay while the sun shines, so the bee must do the year's work while the flowers are in bloom. If there is not a great multitude of these short-lived workers in May and June, there will not be enough honey to carry the clustered swarm through the dark months of winter; and besides, there must be a surplus of children in order that migrating swarms may go out and increase the number of colonies in the world. This is fundamental in the economy of nature. The trees in the orchard, like the clover in the field and the vegetables in the garden, have got to be impregnated in order that they may bear; for male and female created He them. As man lives largely upon the young of others, — grain, nuts, fruit, and eggs, — and even the meat which seems to make him independent of the plant is itself the product of grain, it is most important to him that the winged commerce be carried on. Summer's mission has not begun until by some device there has been a meeting between the plants; and so much of this work devolves upon the bee that it may be said not to live for itself at all, but fundamentally for plants. And ultimately for man. Not even a pickle can get on the table except by the intervention of the queen's offspring. The pickle, as sour as it may have become, has had to provide a drop of honey as bounty to its bee.

A bee's egg, hardly visible at the bottom of the cell, hatches in three or four days and becomes a small white worm. The nurse bees feed the little worm on a milky jelly specially secreted, and after three days of this food they change the diet to a half-digested mixture of honey and pollen. The result of such care is that the little white worm is soon a big, fat grub entirely filling its allotted quarters in the comb; whereupon the nurse bees seal it over with a porous, convex lid, and leave it to undergo the miracle of becoming a bee. In about twenty-one days from the time the egg was laid, the new bee gnaws its way through the lid and steps forth, somewhat pale and delicate-looking, but all complete. It is now ready to begin a career of steady loafing, if it is a drone, or, if it is of the other variety, to start to work at once and lend a hand in the raising of more bees. But if it is to be a queen bee, the feeding of the royal jelly is kept up, instead of being stopped at the end of three days, and the queen is complete in about sixteen days instead of twenty-one.

III

From this general view of the state of marriage in the hive (the whole com-

plexity of which I have tried to convey in the shortest possible form) the reader will now readily understand why it was that up to quite recent times, and despite the fact that the human race had been paying attention to the bee from the earliest ages, not one fact was ever discovered regarding the sex of bees. And yet the mysteries of bee life were a continual source of speculation. Virgil, who was born on the fifteenth day of October of the year 70 B.C., and whose two thousandth birthday was recently a live topic in the newspapers, reflected the whole biological knowledge of his day when he represented the bees as having no sex at all. The young, it was then thought, were somehow generated from the inner material of flowers. He says: —

Nor shall the bees the less thy wonder move,
That none indulge the joys of mutual love;
None waste their strength by amorous toils
subdued,
No pangs of labour renovate the brood.
By instinct led, at springtide's genial hour
They gather all the race from herb and flower;
Hence springs the people, hence th' imperial lord,
Their domes and waxen kingdoms rise restored.

Here we observe, instead of complete ignorance, a certain knowledge of the bee. Somehow the ancients had learned that there is no sexual intercourse in the hive — and how they learned that in a day when the observation hive had not been invented is more than I can imagine. And this belief, even upon the strongest circumstantial evidence, might have been difficult were it not that the age accepted without question the doctrine of spontaneous generation.

From Virgil we learn that man could himself cause nature to bring forth bees in case the hives became weak in population. All that was necessary was to kill a fine young bull and allow it to decay under a shed. The ancient Greeks believed that, as flies spring by spontaneous generation from rotting meat, so the bee, which goes through the maggot form, could be had from the special carcass of a young bull. In the fourth book of the *Georgics*, which is devoted wholly to beekeeping, we have a full account of this method of replenishing the swarms, and how it was revealed to the human race from the lips of Proteus. It has been said that the fourth book of the *Georgics* is the greatest book on bees ever written; but when we consider that exactly one half of it is taken up with this matter of creating bees from bulls, and that the actual information in the other half might easily be written on one page, this opinion would hardly seem to come from one who had taken the trouble to read the *Georgics*. It is a supreme achievement in poetry, but hardly to be recommended to one who is looking for information about the bee.

Virgil's knowledge of the bee was essentially the same as that of Aristotle, who wrote three hundred years before him, and about the same as that of Tusser, who wrote during the time of Shakespeare. All this while the human mind had before it the familiar problem of the bee — the mystery of its sex and the inscrutable way in which it produced its young. And this is to say nothing of all the sugarless centuries before Aristotle, during which the bees were as much a matter of concern to the Oriental husbandman as were his oxen or his sheep.

To all these men and the people of their times, that principal bee of the swarm, catching the eye by its distinctive size and shape, was known as the King Bee. And here a question asks itself: If they knew nothing whatever of the sex of bees, how could they agree so unanimously, and so long, that this one was a male? This question, asking itself, answers itself quite as easily. This bee was the most important bee in the

hive; hence it must be of the masculine kind. It had influence and a large following; hence it was ordained by nature to be a monarch. And if this sort of reasoning does not fall in with the spirit of the present generation of thinkers, we must make allowance for quite recent developments in history. The sex of this bee was settled on grounds not of nature but of human nature.

The bee has always been used to point a moral. In the respect that it is industrious it has served as an example for the people; and in the respect that the bee is an obedient citizen and a loyal soldier it has been held up as the pattern of orderly government. The word 'royal' recurs often in all bee literature, the monarch being fed on royal jelly and attended by the royal escort; and so it was only natural that actual kings and queens looked upon the bee as giving countenance to their own human status. The hive became the prototype of royal sway. And while the kings were using the bee as the symbol of their craft, — the House of Valois making conquest in garments embroidered with aureate bees, and bearing the assuring motto, 'The king bee has no sting,' and even Napoleon adopting the golden bee as if it were Nature's stamp and seal attesting the validity of his form of government, — the supposed kings in the beehives of the world were going their perpetual rounds from empty cell to empty cell and doing their best to keep up with their task of laying eggs.

IV

From the very first, the bee has been not merely an insect, but a point of view. But times change. And one of the ways in which we of the modern age differ from Aristotle and Virgil and Shakespeare is that we no longer believe in a king bee. When the swarm is alluded to by the modern mind it is always in the terms of democracy. The bee, we are told, is 'a highly socialized insect.' The swarm illustrates the working out of human interests and is a model of coöperation. We no longer say of the bees, with Shakespeare, that 'they have a king and officers of sorts,' nor do we agree with his Archbishop of Canterbury that the order and obedience there exhibited are Nature's pattern for princes and their subjects. We are more likely to be informed that in a bee community the children are the property of the state, and cared for in common. Thus the bee, but yesterday a Royalist, is well on its way to becoming a Communist. For these are the days of the twilight of the kings. Inside the hive as well as out, it is the Ragnarok of royalty.

The world is full of meanings, of established symbols and ready-made points of view. We are born into a secondhand universe, a world that has been too much used by others. Language itself is but the labels that have been pasted on things by poets, preachers, and propagandists, and by the time we arrive on the scene we are expected to see it through 'the spectacles of books.'

Now the plain truth regarding bees is that the principal bee of the swarm is neither a king nor a queen nor the head of a 'community'; neither democratic, aristocratic, nor socialist. She is simply the mother of the whole lot. Whether there be forty or fifty or sixty thousand of them, they are all her children. The daughters all remain at home and are brought up as spinsters so that they may tend to the work of bringing up the young. If a beehive is to be given any sort of poetic twist, we must say that it is a monument to the sacredness of the family.

If a gold-banded Italian queen be put

into a colony of German or black bees, in place of their own queen, it will be but thirty-five days before the whole swarm will consist of pure-bred Italian bees and there will not be a black bee left. The reason will be, of course, that the fertilized Italian queen lays eggs that are purely the product of herself and the Italian drone which she met on her wedding flight. The black bees will simply be engaged in bringing up her brood. And if a black or German queen, fertilized by a black drone, be put into a swarm of Italians, the swarm will all be black in the same length of time. It was by such experiments and observations that we have been able to determine the maximum length of life of a bee during the working season.

When we consider that the cells of brood comb have eggs in them and that this principal bee of the hive is so constantly engaged in putting them there, we naturally wonder how the bee-keepers of the past could all mistake her for a male. We must remember that the hive — whether artificially made of cork or straw or tile or mud, or whether established by the bees themselves in the hollow of a tree — was naturally a place of inner darkness. And if the swarm settled somewhat in the open, as in the cleft of a rock, it would hardly be a place in which the curious-minded observer would care to tarry. To get the honey, the ancient beekeeper had first to destroy the bees. The invention of the observation hive, banishing the darkness in which the bee had usually dwelt, and the perfecting of the modern microscope, spying into spermathecæ and making manifest the infinitely little, discovered in a few years what the ages had been unable to come at.

In the course of time, and before science had become fully equipped to determine the facts, it became rumored that this principal bee was not a king at all, but a member of the other sex. Swammerdam (1637–1680) first ascertained the sex of bees, by dissection; but credit for first publishing the theory should go to an English beekeeper named Butler, who in 1609 published his *Feminine Monarchy*. It was a novelty of literature which did not attract much attention.

This was at a time when cane sugar was beginning to be plentiful in Europe, and honey, which had heretofore been one of the prime necessities of life, was becoming less important. The four books of Virgil's *Georgics* reflect the story of the bee up to this time. They are poetical treatises on the four branches of husbandry — agriculture, arboriculture, cattle raising, and bee-keeping; and the fact that the bee is given the same amount of attention as the other subjects attests the great importance of this insect in an age that knew nothing of cane syrup or sugar. Even in Virgil's time rumors had reached Europe of a 'reed honey' made from a plant that grew in India, but as yet the beehive constituted the sugar factory of the world. And when examples of the cane product came to Europe during the Middle Ages, it was in small quantities that were regarded with curiosity and handled as a drug.

As long as Europe knew so little of sugar cane, and in any case had no district that was suited to its growth, the peoples of the Occident, both pagan and Christian, were mainly dependent upon the bee for their sweetening. A New World had to be discovered; and then the sugar cane, specimens of which had been brought to Spain by the Moors, had to prove its adaptability to the West Indies before Europe could begin to have a plentiful supply of sugar.

In Shakespeare's day, while sugar had ceased to be a drug and a curiosity, and confections were freely made by

people who were not apothecaries, the bee still held a place of importance in the world. The great dramatist had evidently never heard of the theory that the principal bee was a female, as propounded in the obscure book brought out in his latter years. His plays show his belief in all the traditions of the king bee. From Virgil to Shakespeare was a stretch of some sixteen hundred years, and in all that time scientists had advanced but little in their knowledge of the hive. The people ate their honey unflavored with the truth. In retrospect, it seems a pity that the modern style of scientific and carefully measured hive, increasing the output of the swarm many times over, had not been invented when the world most needed it. A thousand years ago it would have made its inventor immortal. Two thousand years ago Virgil would have written his name among the gods.

V

Few people, even among those who read bee books with the most practical purposes in mind, get such a final grasp of the nature of the swarm as to have what I should call a bee's point of view. One day in the summer of 1919 I had an experience with a swarm of bees which made plain to me more than anything else possibly could the ultimate nature of a swarm of bees.

It was on the twelfth day of July, 1919, that I heard the oncoming of a swarm of bees, and saw them arrive and settle on a little slope of false roofing at the corner of my house. The wooden cornice beneath the low eaves continues horizontally for a little distance after it turns the corner of the stone wall, giving a purely decorative touch to each of these corners on the gable end; and this little useless piece of cornice is roofed with a small area of shingle work. It was an ideal landing place for a swarm of bees that had arrived at what they now considered their new home. This was a triangular tunnel or vacant space under the roof which was left after we had partitioned off some upstairs bedrooms; and into this cavity in the architecture they began to disappear through a crack in the cornice. The directness with which they found their way to my house and into this crack was enough to convince any logical mind — which some nature writers do not seem to have — that bees have scouts who have taken observation of suitable places beforehand.

Pretty soon the interesting event at my house had drawn a small audience, my wife deploring that there would be a mess of honey under a part of the roof where it was inaccessible, and that we should have a swarm of bees for many years where we did not want them. She had learned enough about bees to know that a bee's home is a permanent institution. It remains year after year, no matter how many swarms of older bees migrate from it as the seasons pass.

And then I made a stroke of prophecy. It was a very hot day. Leaning on my hoe, with which I had been touching up the garden, I said I did not believe that the bees would stay there. They would find it so hot in that enclosed space that their comb would melt. And this would cause them to move.

I had myself been up under that roof, in another part, on such a day as this; and I did not believe that the bees would approve of the temperature. And even while we were talking it over the bees began to pour out through the crack and gather en masse on the little slope of shingles. And when they had all come forth they took wing and settled on a small plum tree, from a low branch of which they suspended themselves in a big clump. I was somewhat surprised by this immediate fulfilling

of my prediction. I had only meant that they would ultimately desert the location, and this by way of consoling my wife. But it was a wonderful piece of prophecy, and it made a due impression on the neighbors.

As I had no bees of my own, but satisfied my whilom curiosity by studying those of a neighbor who had seventy colonies, I decided that they ought to belong to him; and so I telephoned him that I would make him a present of thirty or forty thousand bees provided he would send over a hive properly outfitted with empty comb to tempt them in. About four o'clock in the afternoon there came along a farm boy, barefoot and scantily attired, and wheeling a heavy wheelbarrow on which was the prepared hive. So now I got ready to hive them; and having spread a bed sheet on the grass, and placed the hive in position, I gave the little plum tree a vigorous jolt and saw the big, live clump fall and sort of melt out softly on the sheet. And almost without hesitation the great population, 'almost a cityful,' began to flow hiveward.

This flowing of a big swarm toward and into the low entrance of a hive is a spectacle well worth an effort at description if one had the space. As the bees are used to hanging in clumps and walking all over one another, they go along two and three layers deep; they are their own moving sidewalk. And, so going, they give an excellent demonstration of that philosophic concept which the public is now trying so hard to get a grasp of — relative and positive motion. While the top layer of bees is moving at a slow rate of speed relative to the layer of bees on which it is walking, it is making great positive speed toward the entrance of the hive. It is this effortless sliding along that gives the crowd such a mobile and liquidlike sort of flow. What is known as the Wisconsin type of hive has a little porch with an overhanging roof on the gable end, like the original Langstroth hive; and I have wondered whether Langstroth, who was a preacher, was influenced by his lifelong calling to make the first hive so much like a little white church. However this may be, a church is what such a hive looks like; and then it seems a great white temple, capable of holding an inconceivable throng, as you stoop down close and keep watching these thousands and thousands of communicants making their way in.

When the last bee had entered, I closed up the opening with a block; lifted the load on the wheelbarrow, and sent the farm boy struggling manfully homeward. This, I supposed, was the end of a pleasing summer-day incident. And so I turned my attention to the garden again.

In an hour or so, as the shadows were beginning to reach out in the direction of night, I gave over my work in the garden and went up the path past the corner of the house; and there on the plum tree, hanging from the selfsame limb and clinging partly to the trunk, as before, was that very swarm of bees again. For a swarm of bees to leave a furnished hive which they had voluntarily entered and come back to continue some allegiance to a particular limb of a tree was impossible. But there they were. It was like a magician's trick — an object is put in a box and sealed securely, and then it defies all law and appears right under your nose.

While my jaw was still hanging open with astonishment, I perceived what had taken place. The bees that I sent away had been hanging on the tree several hours. These that I saw now were a part of the swarm that had separated one by one and gone afield for some reason. They were off for-

aging or house hunting. While they were thus absent I had hived the others and sent them away. And now the wanderers had returned as the sun declined; and here they were, looking just like the ones I had sent away. Calculating five thousand bees to the quart, there must have been fifteen thousand now on the tree.

Their whole adventure, so far, seemed to have been as follows. A swarm of bees had been led by their scouts to a bad location. The scouts must have found the place on some cooler day than this, when its comb-melting qualities would not be evident. Finding it a mistake, they had settled on the little plum tree pending the choice of another location. Bees have got to stay together. They can do nothing alone, and any that wander away must come back to the rest of the swarm. And so this present detachment, having wandered away, had come back to join the rest; and in spite of the fact that the others had gone they settled and stayed here. They did this solely because it was headquarters. It was the bees' home office or temporary address until they could find a permanent location and all depart together; and to come back to it was according to bee rules. Anyway, this was how I added up their moves and mishaps — correctly, so far as I know — while I stood there thinking them over.

And now I naturally wondered what these bees would do. Would they find a suitable home and move into it, or would they return to the old home from which they had migrated? On the following morning I should probably find them gone; and this would be all I should ever know of them.

But next morning they were still there. And on the morning following they were still there. To come to the point at once, they stayed on my tree permanently, coming and going individually, but hanging in a clump — or rather they stayed as permanently as bees can stay, considering the length of a bee's life. They dwindled gradually as time passed; and finally the last bee of all lost his hold and fell off, or failed to come back at night. And this was on the first day of September. Altogether they were with me seven weeks — fifty days, to be exact; and in that time I had ample opportunity to look them over, show them to visitors, and note their conduct under the new conditions.

VI

Of course it did not take me longer than a day to discover the one great thing that had happened to them. The queen was gone. She was with the contingent I had sent away. And this part of the swarm, being queenless, would do nothing. More strictly stated, they *could* do nothing, for there was nothing for them to do. Bees, in all their multiform activities in the hive, are engaged in raising young. And with no queen laying eggs there are no young to hatch. Therefore, why should they waste their efforts in building cells, bringing home nectar and pollen, and doing all those things that we see done around a hive?

At this juncture in our narrative it might seem in order to enlarge upon the dolefulness of their plight. We might regard them as a dead swarm, a clump of naturally busy bees with all their instincts frustrated and no object left in life. Certainly they were there till the hand of death should claim them; and it would be easy to write in eloquent terms about the tragedy of a queenless swarm.

But it is better to stick to facts. Those bees lived longer than they would have lived had they found a home and kept on working as they do at the height of the season. They came

and went from this hiveless and combless cluster and fared quite as well as they would have done in a hive. Bees live on the nectar which they sip from flowers, carrying the surplus home in their honey bags for the feeding of others; and these bees of mine were in no want. They did not starve to death. Rain fell on the cluster repeatedly, and several times the wind was high; but this did not seem to have any ill effect on them. They hung there in their rounded formation, and certainly the most of them remained dry in spite of any storm. Those on the outside could enter the cluster if they wished, while the wings of others would shingle the outer surface. And in fair weather they were free to go in search of flowers and live their natural life in the field.

When we think of bees in accordance with figures of speech we say that the bee lays up stores for itself in winter and thus shows foresight. But as the extreme length of a bee's life in the working season is thirty-five days it is quite apparent that none of these busy workers of the flowery months ever live to enjoy a drop of the honey that is stored. They are working entirely for posterity. A bee in summer does not absolutely need a comb to cling to or cells to contain honey or pollen. Those cells are cradles and incubators for the young that are being raised, and they are sealed storage space for supplies that will serve to carry later generations over the winter. So far as the individual bees are concerned, any swarm could hang on a tree and do quite well. Certainly these bees of mine lived more than the usual life of the hard worker.

When I say that they dwindled till there were but a few that could be easily counted, and that these dwindled till there was but one living on the accustomed spot, I am speaking in exact terms. A few days before the end I went out to make my usual inspection toward evening and there were six bees surviving. But there they were at the usual headquarters, as much a swarm of bees as if there had been forty thousand of them. On the last day of August there was but one bee. It was spending the night on a place on the bark where a little wax had been deposited and a single cell built up to the height of about a sixteenth of an inch. And on the first of September that bee was not to be seen. The last one or two of the swarm had lived forty-nine to fifty days after the time when they arrived at my home.

During the time that I had this swarm on hand I found that people generally are much surprised to find that bees can subsist quite well apart from a comb and a sheltered hive and without doing any of the usual work of a bee. Many visitors were brought to see what I had done with a swarm of bees; and I was expected to explain the hows and whys of my seemingly domesticated colony. From considerable experience in delivering myself of bee philosophy I came to be of the opinion that a swarm in this condition would be the ideal object lesson for lecturing purposes. I do not know, however, how anyone could plan beforehand to intercept a swarm of bees in their flight from one home to another and then manage to rob them of their queen.

Bees in a clump hang loosely, so that those inside can come to the surface at will, and this they are always doing. Thus, while the clump keeps its entity, the individual bees are always flying abroad and returning and changing places with others. On a warm day there was always an aura of bees hovering about the surface as they came and went. The swarm was by no means dead or disheartened. They did not build comb, because that is a part of raising young, and in the absence of a

queen there was no such work to do. As for their disposition to sting, I could put my face quite close to the cluster and watch them at leisure. Around a hive one is likely to be stung when he stands in the line of flight — that is, when he is interfering with the work. In such a clump as this the bees seemed to be quite tolerant of company.

A general point of view is that a bee stings in self-defense. But a bee usually dies as the result of the loss of its sting, and what sort of self-defense is it that so surely ends in death? Here again we see that bees live and die in the support and defense of the hive, and not of themselves. What a bee lives for would be hard to say, looking at the thing from an individual and selfish standpoint. Like the rest of animated nature, vegetable as well as animal, bees are engaged in the work of propagation. And they seem to be wholly and heartily taken up with the work.

RUSHING THE CHEROKEE STRIP

BY SETH K. HUMPHREY

I

With the passing of the frontier, pioneering degenerated into mad scrambles for lands taken from the various Indian reservations. But after the experiences at the opening of the Cherokee Strip, in September 1893, the government had to put an end to these land rushes en masse at a given signal. Giving away reservation plums at a tenth of their value incited to murder; and murder, as a means of deciding who should win the prizes, fell into disrepute. Thereupon the government went into the lottery business, raffling off subsequent offerings of Indians' lands by the drawing of numbers in envelopes from a big box.

The Cherokee Strip — more correctly, the Cherokee Outlet — was a stretch of prairie country about sixty miles wide, extending for two hundred miles along the north line of the Indian Territory. North of it was Kansas; south, the four-year-old Territory of Oklahoma. Its great extent, and its location next to settled country, drew the biggest crowd of adventurers ever gathered for the single purpose of collecting a farm from the government. There were also a few farmers present.

I went over from Nebraska to join the excitement. And of all the land booms this last of its kind was the wildest, most tragic, and most ridiculous.

The Cherokees were originally a powerful Indian nation in Georgia. Successive treaties had cut their lands to what they considered an irreducible minimum. They might have hung to this minimum for some time had not gold been found on their reservation; this shortened the story of the Cherokees in Georgia with a bang. They were ejected by a strong military force and led seven hundred miles through the wilds to the Indian Territory. Four thousand out of fourteen thousand died on the way.

Horrible? No worse, this exile of the

Cherokees, than that of some other Indian tribes to 'the Dump,' except that there were more of the Cherokees to make a showing in the death total.

From their reservation in the Indian Territory, the Cherokees were granted a 'perpetual outlet west' to the great buffalo plains running up the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains. Hence the name for this long tract, 'the Cherokee Outlet.' Successive treaties, again, had cut down their holdings in the Indian Territory. The last to go was this Outlet; now it was to be rushed for on the crack of a gun at twelve o'clock noon, Saturday, September 16, 1893.

The rush was to be made from a line-up on both the Kansas and the Oklahoma boundaries. I chose the Kansas State line, since two of my brothers, land men like myself, were living within twenty miles of the Cherokee border. At this point a railroad crossed the Strip, running southward to Oklahoma and Texas. My older brother and I, being landowners and therefore ineligible as homesteaders, were to make the run solely for the fun of it; and, to get an extra kick out of the experience, we were going in on bicycles. I might anticipate by saying that we added novelty to the spectacle. Every other conveyance then known to man was in that race, but no bicycles except ours.

A week before the opening, we were exercising our steel bronchos along the Cherokee border. Thousands of boomers were already there, but arrivals just before twelve o'clock on the chosen Saturday would have the same chance in the rush. Yet most of these had been squatting here for a month or more — members of that vast fraternity who spend a good part of their lives aimlessly waiting for something to turn up. A prairie-schooner crowd, largely, camped next to their tented wagons with their pots and pans and open fires, wherever space offered along the edges of the Kansas farms.

Did the farm owners object? Not many, if any. They were having a brisk local market for all their produce, from pigs and chickens to corn and oats. Objection might not have been effective anyway, with the southern borders of their farms virtually appropriated by the motley crowd waiting for the big run.

It was a hundred in the shade, with no shade, and the south wind everlastingly blowing during the day, bowling the heat along on a steady run from Texas to Canada, burning every green thing on the way.

North of the boomers were the cultivated farms and tree-sheltered homes of Kansas. At their feet was the promised land of untouched prairie; not a tree, not a building, nothing but the dried grass of a dry September, stretching as far south and east and west as they could see. Rich land, waiting for them at a dollar and a half per acre, and worth twenty — but they were not to enter until the crack of the soldiers' rifles out front gave them the signal to go.

The new country had been surveyed in the usual way: four little holes at mile corners, with a small mound between them bearing the notched stone from which the land numbers could be read by those who knew how to do it. There were the half-mile marks, too, pointing east-west, or north-south, to send the boomer on the run to his mile corner, where he was supposed to stake a little flag marked with his name and land number, to notify all comers that that quarter section had been taken.

This is the procedure: at the signal gun, Mr. Boomer starts on the fly — on a wise little prairie mustang if he has good sense, or anything else from

a race horse to a prairie schooner if he has n't — and keeps going until he thinks he is well clear of all others still running; then he and his partner — they should run in pairs, to witness each other's time of staking claim — veer away from each other about a half mile, so as not to stake the same quarter section, jump off their conveyances, stick their flags, and note the time. The marking at the mile corner is then to be done as soon as possible; but that first setting up of the flag is the legal time of entry.

A pretty plan, neatly worked out in advance on paper; but in the confusion of a wild race partners cannot always stick together, and several others may be staking the same claims just over the brows of as many little hills.

II

Days before the run, matters began to look ominous. Already there were twice as many waiting boomers as waiting farms — and heaven knew what the proportion would be on the day of the rush. The idea was penetrating the deluded crowd that this was to be a *race* — not a prairie-schooner parade to a happy new home. Moreover, four sections in each township of thirty-six — one claim in every nine — were reserved for educational and state purposes. Thus one man out of every nine who might succeed in staking a claim ahead of the crowd was bound to find himself on reserved land. By the time he could look up his land numbers at the mile corner, his chance of going on and getting another claim would be nil.

With a faint comprehending of the difficulties, there came the temptation to sneak into the Strip at night ahead of the run, choose a good piece of land, hide on it, and be there with the proper markings when the boomers came tearing along. In the confusion, one could quietly emerge from long grass, or a hole in the ground, with not much chance of getting caught at the trick.

It looked easy, and it was easy. Under cover of darkness, more and more were slipping across the line. These too-previous gentry were known as 'sooners.' The soldier patrol was supposed to put them out; but the usual penalty for sooners caught in the act by boomers after the opening was sudden death.

The patrolling of the Strip by soldiers was totally inadequate. So the bright minds in Washington who were engineering the project from afar got up a scheme for beating the sooners. Everybody must register before the run, said they, and have a sealed certificate with his signature attached, to make his claim good when he came to prove up at the Land Office. Notaries were posted all along the line delivering the certificates; everybody lined up and got one. The poor fellows already in had none. It was a clever turn — on those already in the Strip; but during those last few nights sooners, twenty now to one before, flocked across the border, armed with the certificates. Anybody versed even a little bit in the ways of the Western land boomer would have withheld these tokens until the morning of the run.

But every new complication added to the excitement, and this one boomed business for the soldier patrol. Many a soldier, on discovering a hidden sooner, found himself susceptible to the touch of a ten-dollar bill; then he would inform a comrade in arms, who also would drop around on the hiding man; and so on, between friends, until the sooner's money was exhausted. The last soldier, getting nothing, would virtuously escort the depleted sooner out to his officer on the border,

and receive credit for the act — not much as compared to a 'ten spot,' but better than nothing at all.

Meanwhile, the crowd on the border grew — and it grew distinctly tougher. The very notion of standing on land worth thirty dollars an acre, with one's toes touching land to be handed over to the quickest man at one-fifty per acre, was tempting to men of the quick kind. We were now getting men in decided contrast to the inarticulate, prairie-schooner crowd; men ranging all the way from mounted gun toters off the ranges to city sports with fast horses hitched to buckboards. Most of the fancy horses were to fail. It takes a prairie-bred horse to dodge badger holes and gopher mounds and hit the bunch grass with a sure foot.

Speed, anyway, was only a single item in this peculiar race; the consistent winners were to be men off the ranges with good mounts and plenty of gun bluff to clear off those who had arrived ahead of them. The race might be to the swift, but the land was going to the tough.

III

Finally the eventful morning broke. A day exactly like all the rest — hot, dry, a south wind rising with the sun. Dead ahead, a hot prairie wilderness where there was not a well, scarcely a stream not gone to a dry bed, and but an occasional water tank on the one railroad running south to Texas. This water would be available only for the comparatively few who could stake their claims near by.

Naturally there was a wild eagerness to make the run next to this railroad; not only because of its water tanks in a waterless country, but to get land near it, and also for a chance at the town lots in the several sites which had been laid out near the tank stations. A boomer could take a farm or a town lot — but not both.

So at this point in the waiting line we had an immense number of 'town siters' added to the land seekers. For their special accommodation a train of ten cattle cars was to be run, stopping for a moment at each town site. Its engine toed the starting line along with all the rest of us, with steam up and loaded to the cowcatcher with a human swarm, waiting for the crack of the gun at twelve o'clock noon.

The train was to run not faster than eight miles an hour, so as to give no advantage over the horsemen; but a flock of one-dollar bills fluttering around the engine warped the trainmen's judgment, and they ran it fifteen. Another fight provoker, this, in the already hectic scrap for land.

As we walked down to the starting line that morning, coatless, of course, and pushing our bicycles, — there was too much of a crowd to ride, — I happened to be just ahead of my brother and a deputy sheriff, a friend of his. The deputy was telling of the valiant but futile efforts to disarm the boomers while they were in the law-abiding State of Kansas, and thus cut down the inevitable shooting in the Strip. Only a few hundred guns had been collected, he said.

'Probably,' he remarked sadly, 'there are guns on most of the men all around us.'

Suddenly I happened to think that the barrel of my good old Smith and Wesson hammerless was at that moment sticking out at least an inch and a half from my hip pocket. I was carrying five hundred dollars cash in a money belt, to be ready for any possible business turn in the Strip, and I felt the need of protection. Without undue haste, but quite soon, I slipped around behind that deputy sheriff.

Equipment for the run had to include water as the first essential; then food for several days — or for a day only, if one were going to a town site — and a blanket to roll up in on the prairie at night. Those with wheeled vehicles could be more generous in carrying oats, but neither they nor the horseback riders could hope to run the race if carrying any water at all for their horses. In any event, the horses took a long chance for their lives in this merry race.

This crowd of the final morning was as like the pastoral collection of a week before as a political convention is like a Sunday-school picnic. If, a week before, there had been two boomers to every claim, twenty had gathered now. A simple calculation showed that south of every mile of line there were a hundred and twenty-five claims available, or one for every claimant if they had been standing forty feet apart. Here, with all kinds of conveyances ranged four to seven tiers deep, they must have averaged about a man to the foot. Not as bad elsewhere, but nowhere were there anything like enough claims to go round.

As my brother and I were strolling along the line we came upon a friend of his, gazing down at the ground with blood in his eye.

'Somebody will get this land,' he muttered, kicking the dust with his foot. 'Why not I?' At the crack of the rifle, he was going to stick his flag right there in front of his feet. Would we two stand by, and bear witness for him that he was the first man to claim this quarter section?

We glanced at each other, and winked. We had n't been born yesterday in the land game.

Carefully we explained that ours was a pleasure party exclusively, — we did n't want anything on our minds to mar the serenity, — and besides, how about the eight hundred and sixty-four men with blood in their eye now digging their toes into the half-mile front of this same pretty farm? No, — sorry, — but we still had a craving for life, such as it was.

But this raised interesting questions about what was to happen after twelve o'clock noon, in this most stupendous race ever run. I sat down on a little knoll just behind the line and viewed the prospect — calmly, not having any fevered ideas about the government owing me a farm.

First, about that man with blood in his eye. Who *would* get that farm — and the hundreds of other farms like it, lying in the first row against the border? And the next row of farms, a half mile out? Or the next — and next? Or any within, say, the first five miles?

The whole jam would be going over them practically at once. Ten, or a hundred, — or none, — might drop the flag on any one of these near-by claims; swearing to the time would mean nothing, with country watches running minutes apart, where it was to be a matter of seconds. Then what earthly judge could decide which got to any claim first?

Why try to get there first, if it could n't be done? Why not drop off and stick a flag anywhere, then fight it out with perhaps a dozen others who had done the same thing on the same quarter section?

As clear as daylight, — or, to use a more apt Western term, as 'sure as shootin',' — getting a farm anywhere within that first five miles was to be a matter of bluff, or buying off, with the chances in favor of the nerviest man. Beyond ten miles, most settlements would be arranged by just plain 'shootin' past the ears.'

Then I took to picking winners — an engaging pastime at any race.

About those two-wheeled racing gigs, and the sports with the buckboards, and the fastest horses: these men could never have ridden in a gig, or a springy rig, over any kind of prairie without knowing that speed would very soon toss them into the air. A slow trot is the best that can be done over raw prairie. Then why the fast horses, even if they should happen to miss the prairie holes? Few winners in that lot.

Those range men on their prairie mounts, swinging easily into the front line: it is past eleven now; they will not ride fast — they never do. Among them are some not so good at riding anyway — merely tough chaps, engaged in keeping out of jail. But they all have prairie mounts, and they all will ride sure. No hurry. They are taking this afternoon ride, not to win a race, but to get land by the gun route. Most of them will get it — if they don't have a falling out and try to get each other.

The prairie schooner — the 'covered wagon,' as this generation knows it: here by the hundreds, loaded with stoves and chairs and babies and chickens, with now and then a pig; pushing in against the back of the racing line, without exactly knowing why.

In spite of what the moving pictures tell you, take it from me that while prairie schooners have housed many good and deserving people, they have housed more scalawags, and most often of all the wandering ne'er-do-well, the all-wise, know-nothing soldier of misfortune, the nomadic Western renter. Elsewhere, he is the sage of the corner grocery. He does better at wrestling with the tariff than at making a living for his wife and children. His farming is a joke. He moves along every year — broke, plus one more in the family. And he blames everything except the child upon the currency.

For months he has been camping all the way down from 'Ioway' or somewhere, to have, at last, a farm of his own in the Cherokee Strip. But now his cocksureness is wobbling; something in the figures lined up ahead dispels his dream of a home for the asking. His great lumbering schooner cannot make the run — this much penetrates. So he proceeds to 'on-hitch' his least-winded plough horse, and gets astride.

IV

A quarter to twelve. The line stiffened and became more quiet with the tension of waiting. Out in front a hundred yards, and twice as far apart, were soldiers, resting easily on their rifles, contemplating the line. I casually wondered how they would manage to dodge the onrush; perhaps that was what they themselves were thinking about.

The engine, a few hundred feet away, coughed gently at the starting line, while its tender, and the tops of its ten cattle cars trailing back into the State of Kansas, were alive with men. Inside the cars, the boomers were packed standing, with their arms sticking out where horns ought to be.

Just then, as we learned afterward, a few miles east of us somebody's revolver was accidentally discharged. A middle-aged man on horseback, mistaking it for the starting gun, dashed at a gallop across the line.

'Come back!' yelled the crowd, in a wild, inarticulate roar; but the man imagined the pack at his heels.

'Halt!' commanded the soldier in front. No one could have heard him above the din.

That soldier did what he had a right to do: he shot the man through the head. Too bad that he did not think to shoot the horse.

Five minutes. Three minutes. The soldiers now stood with rifles pointed upward, waiting for the first sound of firing to come along their line from the east. A cannon at its eastern end was to give the first signal; this the rifles were to take up and carry on as fast as sound could travel the length of the Cherokee Strip.

All set!

At one minute to twelve o'clock my brother and I, noticing that the soldier out front was squinting upward along his rifle barrel and intent on the coming signal, slipped out fifty feet in front of the line, along the railroad embankment. It was the best possible place from which to view the start.

There were supposed to be somewhere around one hundred thousand men in line on the Kansas border. Within the two-mile range of vision from our point of vantage, there were at the least calculation five thousand, and probably nearer eight.

The waiting line, viewed from out front, was a breath-taking sight. The back of the line was ragged, incoherent; the front was even, smooth, solid. It *looked* like the line-up that it was. I thought I had realized the immensity of the spectacle; but that one minute out in front gave the unmatched thrill of an impending race with six thousand starters in sight.

First in the line was a solid bank of horses, — with riders, or hitched to gigs, buckboards, carts, wagons, — but to the eye there were two miles of tossing heads, and shiny chests, and restless front legs of horses. The medley of grotesque speed outfits, the stupendous gamble, the uniqueness and the farce and the tragedy of it — these faded before the acute expectancy of a horse race beyond words, incomparable.

While we stood, numb with looking, the rifles snapped, and the line broke with a huge, crackling roar. That one thundering moment of horseflesh by the mile quivering in its first leap forward was a gift of the gods, and its like will never come again. The next instant we were in a crash of vehicles whizzing past us. It was like trying to see a hundred three-ring circuses at once; and it was over while the mind was reaching for the start. But between the crack of the rifles and the dip of the last lumbering prairie schooner over the hills there was begun, made, and finished a chapter by itself in racing history.

Then we sat down on the little mound of made earth that had fended off the rush, and looked out at about half-a-dozen wrecks picking themselves up on the prairie.

With returning sanity came details of the run. The first to be remarked was the early trailing of the racers, well strung out from the start; and not all of those in the lead were horsemen. Some of the racing rigs were making good; fast horses were all right, so long as they could keep their feet. One man in a two-wheel spring cart was well up with the first horseback riders as they went over the hills; at every bounce he threatened to miss the seat on the come-back, but our last view showed him still hitting safe.

The funniest of all the starters was the engine, with her ten carloads of men. From our exclusive stand fifty feet directly in front of her, I happened to be contemplating the thing as the race's chief absurdity when the rush began. The engine tooted incessantly and labored hard, but of course she could not get under way with anything like the quickness of the horses. The incongruity of starting a contrivance like that with a lot of horses and calling it a *race* made us laugh — not only at her waddling so ridiculously behind at the start, but because we

knew that the crowd aboard intended to be way ahead of the horsemen long before the finish of the race, if moral suasion or cash inducement could make the old girl cough a little faster than the rules allowed.

Of course, everybody on the train was openly mad with excitement, without a chance to vent his emotion in any but some noise-making way. With the first toots of the engine came revolver shots from the crowds along the tops of the cars, and a few from those inside. The fusillade, keeping up all the while the train was pulling out past us, had a most exhilarating effect; my old gun, I suddenly noticed, was barking with the rest of them.

For any man who was a fair sprinter, the best chances of the run were aboard that train. It was to stop only at a few town sites, but one was not bound to take a town lot because he was on the train; he could run either way into the country and stake a farm, and be in competition only with those off the train. He would be limited to the farms within running distance of the town sites, but those, naturally, were the most valuable farms in the Cherokee Strip. That train carried into the Strip what might be termed a load of legally qualified sooners.

V

The last of all the freak conveyances to leave the border were a couple of bicycles. Leisurely we started south on the Texas stage trail that followed the general direction of the railway track. We wanted to get in as far as possible that night, camp on the prairie among the boomers, then go on to the town sites Sunday morning for a change of scenery.

Freight wagons were already on the road in an almost solid stream, carrying supplies to the boomers. It had never been more than a prairie trail, up to this twelve o'clock noon; now, surprised by the extraordinary traffic, it sank dejectedly into a couple of sandy ruts. Many of the wagons avoided it; so did we, and rode on the prairie, except where the horse paths inside the tracks had not been cut to a powder by too many heavy shoes.

Traveling over virgin prairie on bicycles is possible, but not to be lightly recommended as a pleasure trip. At a hundred in the shade in a shadeless country, and with a strong head wind just blown in from Texas, it might with reason be mildly discouraged. This was our sentiment, after having done twenty miles of it.

A country two hours old, with a boomer sitting on every square half mile, — or even three or four gentlemen sitting on the same quarter section, and regarding one another with disfavor, — still looks remarkably like untouched prairie. Three or four men to the half mile make a scanty population. The rush had gone by, and now — until darkness should set in — it was to be a case of suspended animation.

Some of these personal arguments probably were settled at once, on the spot, and in broad daylight; but the general understanding was that, in the case of several men on the same tract, the first night in the Strip was to determine which got there first. That first night was to be a tough one for tenderfeet.

Twice during the afternoon we sampled the cussedness of those riding ahead of us. These knights of the front line had fired the grass — nothing like a prairie fire in a strong head wind to take the courage out of boomers already dropping behind. On the upland prairie, where we happened to encounter these amiable gestures, the

grass was thin. In thin grass a prairie fire runs slowly and has a way of creeping ahead of itself in spots, giving one a chance to step sideways across a bit of its line where there is no flame at all. We slipped through with no inconvenience, carrying our bicycles over the hot stretches of ground to save the tires. Men on not too timid horses could have picked the open spots as easily; but vehicles, especially prairie schooners and freight wagons, are not good at dodging sidewise, and horses refuse to jump through even such mild little tongues of flame as these were.

The freighters stuck to the beaten-down trail, as offering a safe but narrow path through.

In the deep thick grass of the draws, prairie fires travel with a roaring heat at high speed. There were reports of these same fires catching prairie schooners in draws, consuming them, and badly burning the occupants. Fortunately the great drought had left few valleys sufficiently grass-grown to be dangerous.

Other reports had to do with sooners. Feeling ran high; and at least one sooner paid the penalty. Some boomers told of a deep ravine where they had found a man hanging to a tree. On his shirt was pinned a note: 'Too Soon.'

My younger brother had an experience with a particularly nervy sooner that afternoon. He had made the run for land on a sure-footed mustang; had run at the head of the line for ten miles, in an hour and ten minutes, to a section picked out before the opening. Arrived there, he found a sooner coolly standing beside a horse whose hair was not even damp.

My brother promptly told him that that horse had not traveled a foot since the opening. For answer, he found himself looking into the little round hole of the sooner's rifle. He at once conceded the point, went on three miles farther, and staked a claim. At a time like that, the wrong end of a gun is the most convincing of arguments.

At six o'clock we were only twenty miles in; but that twenty miles loomed up like a day's work. Inflating and mending tires had taken a good deal of time, since we had been riding on the sharp stubble left by the fires. Deflation, too, of our own energy by the rough prairie and a head wind had slowed us down to little better than a walk. Six miles ahead was Pond Creek, the first town site of any importance. We could make that in the morning.

So we picked a little dip in the land where there were no gopher holes, — rattlesnakes have a way of inviting themselves as guests into the gophers' homes, — spread our blankets, and sat down to a hearty supper. But with the water it was different. A general inquiry for water since the middle of the afternoon had made everybody cautious in the use of the canteen, in spite of the heat.

After supper we strolled over to a little rise and had a view of the country. It was a fine stretch of prairie, slightly depressed, and for that reason more desirable than the upland. Perhaps that was why we noticed considerably more than one man to the half mile.

Very soon after sunset came darkness, and with it a multitude of stars. It was a blaze of light above, but pitch-dark below; the brilliant starlight of an over-clear air seems to have little power to illuminate the earth.

But these matters did not interest us. Dog-tired, we rolled up in our blankets, rested our heads on our bicycle wheels, and dropped off to sleep.

A little before midnight, we woke up

to a distant clatter of hoofs, shouting, and shooting.

'Number — section — township — range — K-e-e-p o-f-f and g-e-t o-f-f!' Then crack! crack! went the rifles, after each call, from the pretty country we had been admiring at sundown.

The exercises had begun.

Evidently a gang on horseback were cleaning up a few quarter sections in the district for their own use. Once they swung around within a few rods of us, judging by the sound; but we could not see them, and it stands to reason that they did not see us, or we should have had callers.

The affair seems to have been no more than the time-honored business of 'shootin' past the ears.' In those first nights and days of the merry life in the Cherokee Strip, a few well-placed shots next to the organs of hearing started many a tenderfoot on the run for his home town back East.

After listening to the clean-up for a while, we fell asleep. Suddenly, at early daylight, a clatter of hoofs woke us again. Three horsemen had drawn up, and were looking at us. Then, 'Whatcher doin' here?'

This was where the gun came in handy. It enabled us to talk with more assurance. We told them the facts: we were not claiming this land, — did n't care whose it was, — were just camping on it, and intended to stay there till *after breakfast.*

They were sensible men. They noted the gun, and the accent, then rode away. If they had ignored both, and had ordered us then and there to move on, we should have done so. In that case *we* should have been the sensible ones.

Since daybreak, boomers had been straggling northward, bound for Kansas and all points east. One young fellow who stopped for a moment while we were eating breakfast was a fair sample of the 'headed-out' crowd. He asked for water, and we gave him a biscuit. Our few drops were no more. He had staked a claim in our nice little valley, along with a half-dozen others on the same tract; and of course nobody under heaven could know who had arrived first. But for him the delicate question had been settled by the gay horsemen of the night before. By the time they were through with him, he felt assured that he must have arrived about a week late.

'I would n't live here next to such neighbors anyway,' he told us with considerable heat. There was no need to tell him, since he had lost his claim, that if he had stayed he never would have had those men for neighbors. Farming in the Cherokee Strip was the last thing in the minds of any of these gun toters. Somebody would have to live on these claims for five years as homesteaders, but not they; their plan was to get possession, file on it, then sell their relinquishments to farmers.

It was to be the story of every move into the prairie frontier: first-crop settlers, mostly 'fly-by-nights,' then a second incoming of farmers. Always the huge economic waste of an almost complete resettling.

VI

Now we were off for the town sites. Inside of the first mile, our tires were hopelessly down. It was to be a walk and a push of six miles to Pond Creek. Same heat, same howling head wind. We had to lean our way against it at about two miles an hour.

The one weak spot in our equipment — in everybody's equipment — was the size of the canteens. All of us might better have carried twice the weight and had twice as much water. Now, as the forenoon wore on, that dry

breakfast and the heat were making an impression.

We were meeting boomers all the time now, headed out, with the usual story of several on a claim. By a lucky chance, we happened to spy a wagon with two barrels in it, half a mile off on the prairie. It was water — warm to the touch, but still water. The men said they had hauled it in from Slate Creek, Kansas.

We knew Slate Creek. It was all right to bathe in, if one could wash off afterward. But they gave us all we could drink, and our canteens full, for forty cents. A little farther on we came upon several men examining something in the bank of a little ravine. It was a drop-by-drop trickle of what had been a spring, and they were in line for the water. We tipped them off to the two barrels from Slate Creek.

The town site of Pond Creek had stopped only a small portion of the boomers riding on that cattle train. Most of them had preferred to seek their fortunes in Enid, twenty miles farther south, where the government had established its Land Office.

Pond Creek, less than a day old, was already admitting that it might turn out to be a small town. This was a most extraordinary concession. If any new frontier town, having the bare prospect of surviving as a post office, could not sell lots at least one mile out, its citizens were deemed lacking in the true spirit of progress.

But Pond Creek was growing, that Sunday morning, as fast as tents and board shacks could be put up on the newly acquired lots. Wagons and freight trains during the night had brought in lumber and building materials. The sound of the saw and hammer and plenty of shouting was in the air. Dust was already inches thick on the city streets, kicked up by horses and vehicles in from the surrounding country for water and supplies. Lunch counters across the open fronts of tents were passing out ham sandwiches and black coffee to crowds several deep. At one of these, as we stood waiting, someone announced, 'Lady coming!'

Instantly a clear way was made to the counter — and here came the lady! A bedraggled, sand-biting creature like the rest of us; but in lonely state she ambled up, got her butterless bun and creamless coffee, and shuffled off again. There's chivalry for you!

Under the railroad's water tank a preacher of the exhorter type was delivering the town's first sermon to a shifting handful, as boomers came and went around the friendly tap provided by the company. Down the track a group that passed as a dancing show gave the town its first suggestion of paint.

Men coming in from the upland claims told of horses dying for lack of water, and of men desperately short of it. Few had comprehended the meaning of a waterless country. One man told of getting his horses to town only by giving them spoonfuls of whiskey along the way. How those few whiffs could have spread cheer over the vast extent of a horse it is difficult to understand.

But, whatever else Pond Creek lacked in the way of social and other advantages, water was in abundance. We celebrated the profusion by washing our faces.

VII

Of course we had to see the Big Town, Enid, and share the excitement of the Land Office on its first business day, Monday. Pond Creek's hectic Sunday was only a starter.

We shipped our crippled bicycles out on the train bound north. Their last service had been as pillows the

night before, so low had they fallen from their proud estate; but it hardly seemed worth while to push them another twenty miles merely to rest our heads on the front wheels. Those spokes had an unpleasant way of raking one's ear during the unconscious moments.

Enid was said to have a population of five thousand that Monday morning. The man who gave us this opinion admitted that the number was 'varyin' purty rapid.' This looked reasonable, considering that it had varied from nothing to five thousand since Saturday.

The scenes and activities were much like those in Pond Creek, except that they were on a larger scale and the city was one day older, which made it twice as old as Pond Creek. This wide difference in ages was beginning to tell. Enid had a post office in a little tent, and a hotel in a big one — the Heywood, if I remember rightly. We had boiled beef and potatoes for dinner. This showed that culture was creeping in, and we might as well go back to Kansas.

Off on one of the town lots was a small safe, with a banner on it marked 'THE TIMES.' A newspaper office was being built around it. In a tent bearing a big canvas sign, 'REAL ESTATE & LOANS,' I found one of our discarded agents of the farm-mortgage days, from the extreme northwest of Nebraska. He was one of those men always in the vanguard of the chronic pioneers.

But the government Land Office was the centre of an activity all its own. Entrymen from all over the district were driving in to file their claims. There was a notion widely prevailing that the first to file on a disputed claim gained thereby an advantage. Soldiers held the men to a line, and the line extended off on the prairie for more than a mile — some said two miles. Those way out would be in line for twenty-four, thirty-six hours. There seemed to be no way to speed up the work in the office.

The great spectacle was over. The sordid business of fighting for titles was on.

We had got, richly, all that we came for. Hundreds of boomers, disillusioned, landless, now lined the track, waiting for a chance to get out of the Strip. In the wild scramble to get aboard the north-bound train that night my brother and I were among the winners — by a hair.

The last of the Prairie Frontiers!

THE GHOST OF ALEXANDER PERKS, A.B.

BY ROBERT DEAN FRISBIE

I

THE *Pirara* is a garrulous old hooker, proud of her departed days and fond of reminiscing to me during the night watches below. At times she is querulous, too, complaining of the cargoes of rancid copra she must carry in her old age; of the native passengers who mess up her decks, tie awnings of patchwork quilts to the rigging, and whittle their initials in the rail; or of the parsimony of her owners, who refuse to buy a new winch — the old one is in a sorry plight — or replace the rusty old foretopmast stay. She even growls at me, her mate, though the Lord knows that I do my best; but it *is* hard to keep awake on clear nights during the twelve-to-four watch.

'Lackadaisy!' she groaned to-night, breaking into my dreams. 'This is a lubber's shift! Rancid copra bulging my poor old ribs; engine-room grease and bilge water washing over my kelson. Why don't you pay a little attention to the pumps? You haven't sounded my well for a week! Fine mate you are for such a lady as me!'

'That is unfair!' I cried in my sleep. 'You know that I watched Six-Seas pumping during the dogwatch.'

The old schooner laughed derisively. 'What a fib!' she cried. 'Watched, indeed! You sat on the wheel box twiddling your thumbs, and you took Six-Seas' word for it when he said the pumps had sucked!' Then sharply, not giving me time to reply: 'Don't say anything! Not a word out of you! You'll only lie and make me angry, and that'll be bad for your soul and my digestion!'

She fell silent as she wallowed in a long trough; then, with a groan, — more from habit than anything else, for, like all old folks, she makes much of her troubles, — she rose to the top of a long sea and lumbered down the other side.

'There's another one over, thank the good Lord!' she muttered. 'My, what a number of rollers there are in the ocean! It is perfectly ridiculous! I've crossed as many as seven thousand in a single day. That was on the good old Shanghai–Frisco run when beating against the northwesterlies. Ah, those were the days! No filthy copra then, but cases of silks and tea, and clean mats of rice with little tins of opium hidden in them. And in those days Captain Pester gave my spars a coat of varnish every four months, all my standing rigging was served, and the brass on my rail shone beautifully. There were no broken catheads or rusty jib-boom guys on me then.'

One bell sounded. I heard it in my sleep, but refused to waken for another moment or two.

'Get up, get up!' the old schooner cried maliciously. She concluded, her voice dwindling away to a murmur that finally merged into the plash of water along her sides: 'Get up and go on deck, Lazybones, and finish your sleep while you're on watch.'

There was a scratching on my cabin port light; then the senile whine of old

Seaside, the Kanaka second mate: 'One bell! One bell! Ropati *tané!*'

I opened my eyes. The scratching continued, irritating me. Knowing it would not stop until I replied, I pounded on the bulkhead, and growled, 'All right, Seaside, you old fool! I hear you!'

The scratching stopped. I jumped out of my berth, lit the lamp, and dressed. Then, turning the lamp low, I climbed on deck just as the Seth Thomas clock struck eight times and the second mate repeated the hour on the ship's bell. He was alone, with the wheel lashed, for we had given the sailors the entire night below so we could work them all day on the morrow holystoning, scraping, and oiling decks.

The old man grinned at me, exposing his three yellow wolf-fang teeth. He sat on the wheel box with the binnacle light full on his deeply wrinkled face, making his sharp little eyes glow evilly. I glanced at the compass and then went to the weather rail to feel the wind. We seemed to be keeping on our course, full and by on the port tack. Returning to Seaside, I asked: —

'Well, old man, how's your friend the ghost to-night?'

I was referring to Mr. Alexander Perks, A.B., the spirit that is supposed to haunt this trading schooner. Mind you, I don't believe a word of it; but the sailors claim they see the old gentleman snooping around every night, trying to get one of them to play draughts with him. Personally, I say it's all nonsense, for I have a theory that there are no such things as ghosts.

'Up and about,' came from Seaside's grinning lips. 'Listen, there he is now!'

'It's only the wind, Seaside, you old fool,' I replied. 'Only the wind moaning in the shrouds.'

'It's Perks,' the old man declared, his smile fading and an indignant flash appearing in his eyes. Abruptly he turned and pointed to the galley. 'And there he is; I must go and have a yarn with him. I'll be back by and by.'

I glanced forward. There *was* a nebulous glimmer visible through the galley door, and I could understand how a simple native like Seaside might imagine it a ghost. Of course I knew better.

'It's only the moonlight, Seaside,' I said as the old man started forward. 'Only the moonlight shining through the galley window.'

The silly old fellow laughed in his cackling way as he crossed the midship-house deck. 'It's gone now, but still the moon shines,' he said. A moment later he had dropped into the waist and entered the galley, leaving me to my thoughts.

II

Rats and ghosts, I mused, are favorable omens to a sailor, for they always desert a ship that is doomed. There was the old *Lillah Allers*, for instance, which was named after her owner's wife — the owner was his own skipper. If I remember rightly, Mrs. Allers died aboard during a blow off the Horn. Lillah must have been a terror to the captain, for she used to come on deck when the wind freshened and make suggestions about taking in the royals, reefing the t'gallant-s'ls, or tying up the flying jib.

'Woman,' Captain Allers would say to her in his sternest tone, 'thy place is below; get thee below to thy sewing!'

This would make the old lady rave, for she believed that in a tight place she was more level-headed than the captain; also, she claimed to have presentiments which never failed her. Well, she died that night off the Horn while she was in the midst of one of her presenti-

ments. She had rushed on deck to declare that something terrible was about to happen. Just then the spanker backed, carried away its boom tackle, and, jibing over, caught her on the nape of the neck. She was buried in Latitude 60°18′ South; but her spirit stayed by the ship, and Captain Allers used to swear that every time the wind freshened to a gale he could see her hovering above the poop deck, gesticulating frantically, pointing aloft in an effort to give some advice about handling the ship.

'Poor old *Lillah Allers!*' I continued my musing, thinking of the ship, not the lady. The last time Captain Allers took her out of the Golden Gate he knew he would come to grief, for the night before he had seen the ghost of his late wife, a Gladstone bag and a hatbox in her hands, walking hurriedly down the gangplank.

'The ship is doomed!' he told the mate as soon as they were out of the bay, but before they had dropped the pilot. 'My wife's spirit has deserted us!'

The mate respectfully suggested that the captain might have mentioned this before they threw off their dock lines. He added that he would just step into his cabin for his gear and go ashore with the pilot; but the captain would n't hear of it.

Well, they dropped the pilot, hoisted the old *Lillah Allers's* kites, and sailed over the horizon, never to be seen or heard of again!

I walked to the weather rail and watched the clouds of phosphorescence rise and subside. A school of bonito was over our windward quarter, streaking the sea with parallel lines of fire. I could hear from above our masts the squawking of a tropic bird, and from the galley Seaside's whine as he cried: 'Jump me, Perks! You've got to jump!' or cackling with glee as he told the ghost that he had made the king row. The poor deluded native was imagining he was playing draughts with the spirit of Able-bodied Seaman Alexander Perks!

I returned to my musings, letting my mind wander to stories of other haunted ships. There was the *Ghost Ship* of Richard Middleton that was blown into Host's turnip patch by the great gale; the *Flying Dutchman;* the *Marie Celeste;* the Maori canoe of ill omen that appears at night in the lagoon of an island before a great catastrophe is to occur. Then there was Captain Arthur Mason's *Wampa* with its mysterious Hindu stowaway, who saved the ship during a hurricane by taking orders from the ghost of the dead captain and transmitting them to the crew. Haunted ships are as common as haunted houses, for sailors are as superstitious as old women; their lives are governed by omens and presentiments. Even I, who have a theory that such things are all nonsense, find myself half believing in them at times. There is Perks, for instance. Much though I deride his existence, it is sometimes difficult to disbelieve in him; in fact, it requires all the cogency of my theory to prove him an illusion.

III

'I beat him,' said Seaside as he climbed over the break of the midship house.

'Suppose you turn in instead of snooping around deck and playing checkers with imaginary spectres,' I replied sharply. 'You'll be good for nothing to-morrow unless you get some sleep.'

'Old men seldom sleep,' the second mate told me; 'and to-night I could never lie in my bunk, I'd be that fidgety.'

'What's all the trouble?'

The old man came close to me and whispered: 'We make Vostok Island to-morrow, Captain Andy says, and I'm to go ashore for birds' eggs!'

'All the more reason for you to sleep to-night.'

'But Perks?'

'What about him?'

Seaside leaned against the weather rail and let his sharp little eyes wander aloft. He shook his head knowingly, and again the fatuous grin played across his mouth; but in another moment he was whispering his story to me — whispering it because, as he said, he did not want Perks to overhear.

Three years ago, according to Seaside, the *Pirara* was not a haunted ship; but one day Captain Andy decided to put into Vostok Island for sea birds' eggs, and then all the trouble started. They came along the reef in the afternoon, and Seaside was landed with some empty boxes for the eggs. The reef boat put back to the schooner, leaving him alone. The old man waded through the shallows and climbed up the beach with his boxes, untroubled by an inkling of the harrowing experience which lay ahead.

It was a dreary place, he told me, of coral formation and without more than six feet elevation on its highest point. Not a coconut tree grew there, nor a bush, nor a blade of grass; but inland the island was overgrown with great puka trees, whose huge soft and porous trunks towered straight and slimy two hundred feet in the air, and there broke into a mass of foliage so dense that only a dismal leaden light seeped through, lugubrious, as is the fading refulgence of twilight. The ground swarmed with black Norwegian rats and coconut crabs, the latter a foot long, their bodies scarlet-red, their eyes protruding, their claws powerful enough to snap off a man's finger. Millions of birds roosted like owls on the limbs of the trees, squawking with a deafening clamor, leaving their perches by the thousand as the old native passed beneath them. Other than these there was no sign of life on that unearthly island.

Seaside felt the awe of the unknown gnaw his bones; his knees weakened and his skin became clammy as he picked his way deep into the jungle, climbing over the trunks of fallen giants, stumbling into crab holes, sinking into quagmires of guano and decayed vegetation. He kept clear of the trunks of the trees, for, he said, they swarmed with rats and crabs climbing to the roosting birds to feed on their eggs and young. Often he could see fights carried on between them, when the boobies would pounce on the rats that were sucking their eggs, tear them from the limbs, and hurl them to the ground; or screaming birds would dive at and circle about a coconut crab that held a fledgling in its claws. It was a horrible scene of carnage that had been carried on for thousands of years — a death struggle between the species.

On into the island went Seaside, his boxes under his arms, hunting for an open space by the eastern beach where the terns should lay their eggs. The gloom of the jungle deepened, the air became rank and nauseating with the stench of sea birds' droppings, decaying flesh, damp vegetation. And the deeper he penetrated the more alive the ground became with evil creeping things.

Suddenly he halted in panic terror, his hair on end and his eyes bulging. Directly in front of him, hanging by a long rope of bark, was a dead man! A few rags of cloth hung to him, a sailor cap sat jauntily on his head. He must have been long dead. Seaside shuddered when he told me that one arm had dropped off; its yellowed bones lay, rat-gnawed, on the ground.

Seaside did not know how long he stood staring at the dead man; but when he did regain enough courage to move he turned with a yell, dropped his boxes, and rushed wildly through the jungle, hunting for the outer beach! He must have run in circles, for an hour passed and still he was in the depth of the island. It seemed that the jungle, with its millions of loathsome creatures feeding on one another, had no end. Twice again he came upon the dead man, each time to increase his terror and send him rushing wildly away.

Several hours passed, when suddenly, it seemed, darkness closed about him, dense and impenetrable. The blackness pressed him from all sides as though a sable shroud had been thrown over him and he had been sunk deep in the sea. He staggered a few feet forward and bumped against a tree. A rat dropped on his head and ran down his body. All about him he could hear sharp squeals, the clicking of the crabs' claws, and, above, the clamor of the birds, though they were quieter now except when a rat or a crab crept upon their young — then the air would be alive with their screams.

Seaside sank on his knees at the foot of the tree. Gradually he became calmer. 'After all,' he reasoned, 'the crabs and the rats can't kill me; the worst that can happen will be a sleepless night on this island.' He felt a little better after this, but still far from easy. He told me an hour must have passed before he saw the ghost of Able-bodied Seaman Alexander Perks.

He had been staring into the darkness, his eyes shifting from side to side, when all at once a nebulous thing formed a few yards from him, danced back and forth among the trees, and then gradually took the shape of a man. It approached to within a few feet, bowed extravagantly, and lifted its hat. Seaside said that the jungle became aglow with an eerie light which disclosed the dead man a few feet to one side, swinging slightly now, while a dozen rats below his feet were leaping into the air, trying to get at him. After this Seaside lost cognizance of things.

When he came to, there was Perks, sitting on one of the boxes that he had brought ashore for eggs, talking in the hollow tone common among ghosts. 'It's a shame,' he was saying, 'a beastly shame!'

Seaside snapped his eyes closed and started repeating the Lord's Prayer, but still he could hear Perks muttering: 'I see you've come to, now. It's about time. 'Ere I've been marooned fer four years on this blinkin' island, and the first bloke as comes 'as n't the courtesy to treat me wid common civility. So strike me pink if it ain't a shame!'

Seaside opened one eye a fraction of an inch. He noted that the spectre appeared to have a kindly face; but he was far from reassured, so he snapped his eyes shut again and started trembling violently as again he went over the prayer.

'Prayin', so 'elp me, prayin'!' moaned Perks. 'But I suppose it *is* queer-like to see a man o' my profession — Able-bodied Seaman I am, Alexander Perks, A.B. — on a bloomin' island like this. But it's all right, matey, I'm 'armless — only a poor marooned mariner wot's died by 'is own 'and after two years of lonely and pathetic life on this blinkin' desert island.'

Seaside opened both his eyes at this, for he felt sorry for the spirit. He had seen plenty of ghosts before, and though they always filled him with terror he realized that there were both the harmless and the vicious kinds.

'It must have been lonely,' he managed to gasp.

'Lonely ain't no word fer it,' Perks said with a shake of his head. 'It's been unsocial as 'ell. I've been livin' a

retired and 'omeless life widout even a bloke to play draughts wid!'

Here Seaside saw tears stream down the poor fellow's cheeks. 'You like to play draughts?' he asked, his fright now gone.

The ghost's eyes brightened with an unearthly light. 'It's been my lifelong 'abit,' he replied, 'and even since my late and lamented end it bides by me.' After a moment's silence a wistful glow appeared in his eyes; he leaned forward and asked: 'Matey, you don't 'appen, let's say, to play draughts, do you? I've the most 'andsome checkerboard on the north beach, beamy and symmetrical.'

Seaside told him that he played a game now and then, whereupon the ghost insisted that they go to the beach and play. Of course this suited the old native, for at least it would mean their getting out of the foul damp air of the jungle. He rose and followed Perks, who drifted among the trees, leaving a ghostly light behind him by which Seaside could with difficulty pick his way. In the course of a half hour they broke through the trees to the clean white outer beach, sparkling with moonlight and swept by a fine breeze from off the sea. Perks stopped before a large slab of coral.

'Ain't it 'andsome?' he asked. 'I marked the squares wid octopus ink, as you can see, and my men are black shells and white ones; only when I makes a king I turns 'im over instead of pilin' one on top of tother, they being too round-like to stand. But I ain't 'ad a game since my sad end, it bein' against nature fer a ghost to move the men. Before my decease I played myself.'

'That must have been a tiresome game,' Seaside ventured.

'Strike me pink, but it was awful,' Perks said; 'always winning from myself, one way or tother! It got so discouragin', never winning a game decisive-like, that I put an end to it all and done away wid myself!'

They sat with the slab between them and started a game, Seaside moving Perks's men for him. One game after the other he lost to the ghost, sometimes no more than getting a single man to the king row. The night waned, but still they played. Perks became more and more excited over the game; he would scream like a banshee when he won, and an evil glint would come into his eyes when he jumped three men at once or slipped into a saddle between two of Seaside's men. They were near the end of their twentieth game when dawn broke. Gradually Perks dissolved in the morning light, and his voice became fainter until it was lost in a scarcely audible moan which told Seaside of another game he had lost.

The old native looked up from the checkerboard. The sun was just breaking above the horizon; in the offing lay the *Pirara*, her boat over the side and not twenty yards from the reef.

Seaside told me there was the devil to pay when he met Captain Andy and tried to explain why he had no birds' eggs and why he had n't been on the reef the evening before. He mentioned something about being delayed by a ghost; but at this the captain flew off the handle, cursing all superstitious sailors to Gehenna and back again. Seaside stood it as long as he could; then slunk forward and told his story to the sailors. They all knew it was true, and sympathized mightily.

But the strange thing was that, as soon as he came on deck the next night to stand his watch, there was Alexander Perks waiting for him, smiling and bowing and lifting his hat and suggesting a game of draughts. The old gentleman had stowed away, slipping

into the ship's boat under cover of daylight!

Seaside broke from his story, turned quickly and said: 'All right, Perks, I'm coming.'

A cold shiver ran down my back. There, not six feet away, was a strange misty thing, bowing extravagantly and lifting his hat. I shook myself to dispel the illusion; then turned aft, refusing to glance toward the thing for several moments, for I don't believe in ghosts and don't want my convictions shaken by hallucinations. When I did turn, both Seaside and the imaginary Perks were gone.

IV

'Lackadaisy!' the old *Pirara* groaned while I was putting in my twelve-to-four watch below. 'Death comes to old and young alike.'

'What a hackneyed thing to say!' I replied sharply — the old hooker had nearly wakened me. 'You might be a little more original.'

'Patience, my son,' she went on, a note of true pathos in her voice. 'You should be more considerate of the dying.'

'Dying?'

'Alas, yes; my day has come, and now I find myself so close to Christening Grooves that —'

'Christening Grooves! What's that?'

'Such ignorance! It's the paradise for dead ships, where every morning the ghost ships waken on the grooves of launching, stout, tight, shining with paint and varnish and polished brass. Every morning the crowds are there, watching fair maidens break bottles of champagne on the ghost ships' bows. Then everybody cheers while the band plays "Life on the Ocean Wave," the cameras click, and the ships slip gracefully into the water!'

'And every morning it happens all over again?'

'Every morning.'

'Why do you moan about dying, then?'

'Death is a sad thing,' the old lady sighed. 'For instance, all of you, whom I have learned to love, will probably perish at sea! Alas! You should n't have allowed Mr. Perks to go ashore!'

I shuddered in my sleep as I queried, 'Perks ashore?'

'Of course,' she replied. 'He's back on Vostok Island again. He went ashore with Seaside this morning when the captain sent him after birds' eggs. Why, even the rats were trying to jump into the boat!'

'Then we're lost!' I cried in my sleep.

The old lady became sarcastic. 'Don't let that trouble you,' she murmured. 'Fiddler's Green is quite as good a paradise for sailors as is Christening Grooves for ships.'

She chuckled to herself.

'One bell! One bell! Ropati *tané!*' came Seaside's senile whine, followed by the scratching on the cabin port.

I jumped from my berth and ran on deck. 'Seaside, you old fool!' I shouted. 'Is it true that Perks went ashore with you?'

The old sinner grinned and nodded his head in affirmation.

Twenty-four hours later we were all in the reef boat, watching the *Pirara* plunge to Christening Grooves before we started pulling the hundred and twenty miles back to Vostok Island.

POOR MARTY

BY WILLA CATHER

A lament for Martha, the old kitchenmaid, by her fellow servant, the stableman. The servants are not Negroes, but 'poor whites.'
(*Old Virginia*)

I

Who will scour the pots and pans,
Now Marty's gone away?
Who will scald the milking cans
And put the cream away?
Who will wash the goblets tall,
And chiney plates along the wall,
Platters big and platters small,
Never let one crack or fall,
Now Marty's gone away?
Ding-dong-dell, ding-dong-dell, poor Marty's gone away.

Who will clean the kitchen sink,
Ringed with grease as black as ink?
Not the Mistress, strict and cold,
Not the Master, meek and old,
Not our Miss in lawn and lace,
White of hand and fair of face.
Nor her sister, Marty's dear,
Played the harp for her to hear.
(Ever would the poor soul smile,
Rocking on her tired feet
When the harp strings sounded sweet —
Wiping all her goblets clear
To the music of her dear.)
Who will wash the things away,
Wash them three times every day?
Sixty years she never missed
While her hand hung to her wrist,
Never broke a plate or cup.
Who will wash our dishes up,

Now Marty's gone away?
Ding-dong-dell, ding-dong-dell, poor Marty's gone away.

Who will start the kitchen fire,
Now Marty's gone away?
When the house is all but dead,
Maids and mistress fast abed,
Windows rattle, stair steps groan,
Cookstove gray and cold as stone,
And the handle of the door
Froze to make your fingers sore.
Marty she was thin and old,
Little fleshed against the cold.
But she loved the maidies well,
Ever feared abroad to dwell.
All her life she feared to fall
Unto strangers after all,
To abide the poorhouse end.
Love and fear can both befriend.

Who will feed the winter birds,
Now Marty's gone away?
Snowbirds brown and robins red
Used to flutter round her head,
At the window open wide.
'T was our Mistress' fantasy
Neither cat nor dog might bide
For poor Marty's company,
But the birds came through the air
For the crust she had to spare.
Ding-dong-dell, ding-dong-dell, poor Marty's laid away.

II

On a moonlit winter night
Marty made her kitchen bright,
Wiped the pot-black from her hand
For before her Lord to stand,
She knew no other way.
No man earthly saw her go,
But she was gone afar we know
Before the break of day.

Mistress rang her silver bell,
Fixed to scold poor Marty well;
Master drummed his pewter pot
For his shaving water hot;
Miss and Missy waited long
Never thinking aught was wrong.
I must give my beasts their corn
With no bite or sup that morn,
For Marty's gone away.

Little had she here to leave,
Naught to will and none to grieve.
Hire nor wages did she draw
But her keep and bed of straw.
'T was our Mistress' fantasy
Marty might not trusted be
With fire to warm nor light to see,
In her kitchen loft.
But our Mistress could not bar
Light from moon or light from star,
Or from farther off.

'Martha,' said the angel, 'rise;
Come with me to Paradise.
Never heed thy needy shift,
Hers the shame who gave the gift.
Never hide thy choppy hand;
He, who waits, will understand
When He sees thee. Martha, rise;
Come with me to Paradise.'

Would that I prepared might be,
Clean of all this world like she;
Hands that never gathered aught,
But in faithful service wrought.
Naked as a babe new born
Went she forth that winter morn,
And not a stain she bare.
She, I pray, may housèd be
With Kindness, Love, and Charity —
Better off in ease than we,
Now poor Marty's gone.

AMERICAN EDUCATION

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

COMPLAINT within the teaching profession about the quality of education in America has lately taken an interesting turn. For forty years, to my knowledge, — I do not know how much longer, — professional criticism has confined itself pretty strictly to matters that went on under the general system, and has not questioned the system itself. It has run to questions of pedagogic method and curricular content; to the *what* and the *how*. One notices with satisfaction, however, that within the past year some of our educators have gone beyond these matters and touched the system's structural principles. The presidents of Brown, Haverford, and St. Stephen's have spoken out plainly. Professor Giddings, of Columbia, has been very explicit, and even the president of Columbia has made some observations that might be construed as disparaging. These gentlemen have spoken informally, mostly by implication, and not pretending to present anything like a complete thesis on the subject; nevertheless their implications are clear.

One wishes they had gone further; one hopes they may yet do so. My own reason for writing is that perhaps a layman's view of the situation may call out additional professional comment on it. One need make no apology for the intervention, for the subject is quite within the layman's competence. Matters of content and method (the *what* and the *how*) are primarily a professional concern, and the layman speaks of them under correction. But the system itself is not a technical affair, and its points of strength and weakness lie as properly under lay review as under professional review. In any kind of fairness, indeed, if professional opinion takes responsibility for correctness in technical matters it has enough on its shoulders, and lay opinion may well take the lead on matters which are not technical.

I

On its moral and social side, our educational system is indeed a noble experiment — none more so. In all the history of noble experiments I know of none to match it. There is every evidence of its being purely an expression — no, one may put it even stronger than that, an organization — of a truly noble, selfless, and affectionate desire. The representative American, whatever his faults, has been notably characterized by the wish that his children might do better by themselves than he could do by himself. He wished them to have all the advantages that he had been obliged to get on without, all the 'opportunities,' not only for material well-being but also for self-advancement in the realm of the spirit. I quite believe that in its essence and intention our system may be fairly called no less than an organization of this desire; and as such it cannot be too much admired or too highly praised.

But unfortunately Nature recks

little of the nobleness prompting any human enterprise. Perhaps it is rather a hard thing to say, but the truth is that Nature seems much more solicitous about her reputation for order than she is about keeping up her character for morals. Apparently no pressure of noble and unselfish moral earnestness will cozen the sharp old lady into countenancing a breach of order. Hence any enterprise, however nobly and disinterestedly conceived, will fail if it be not also organized intelligently. We are having a fine illustration of this great truth in the fate of the other noble experiment which Mr. Hoover commended on moral grounds in one of his campaign speeches; and an equally conspicuous illustration of it is furnished by the current output of our educational institutions.

Our educational pot has always been sufficiently astir; there can be no doubt of that. It would seem that there is no possible permutation or combination in pedagogic theory and practice that we have not tried. The roster of our undergraduate and secondary courses reads like the advertisement of a bargain counter. One of our pioneer women's colleges offers, among other curious odds and ends, some sort of 'course' in baby tending! Our floundering ventures in university training have long been fair game for our cartoonists. Only this morning I saw a capital cartoon in a New York paper, prompted by a news item on some new variant of a cafeteria or serve-self educational scheme vamped up in one of our top-heavy state universities. But now, after all this feverish and hopeful fiddling with the mechanics of education, the current product seems to be, if anything, a little poorer than any that has gone before it.

This statement may rest as it lies. I see no point in a digression to define education or to describe the marks that set off an educated person. If I were writing on oyster culture, I should consider it a waste of space to define an oyster, because everyone likely to read my paper would know well enough what an oyster is; at least, he would know very well what it is not. Similarly, everyone likely to read this article may be presumed to know an educated person from an uneducated person. But if this seems a cavalier way of dealing with one's readers, one may establish a perfect understanding by a reference to Mr. James Truslow Adams's paper in the November 1929 issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*. It is enough to say that one who, by whatever means, has compassed just the discipline intimated by Mr. Adams, — a discipline directed as steadily toward *being* and *becoming* as toward *doing* and *getting*, — and who in all his works and ways reflects that discipline, is an educated person. One who has not compassed it, and whose works and ways do not reflect it, may not properly be called an educated person, no matter what his training, learning, aptitudes, and accomplishments may be.

Mr. Adams's paper makes it clear that the educated American is not often to be met with; and there is a pretty complete consensus that he is at present much scarcer than he was, say, twenty-five years ago. An Italian nobleman of high culture, who has seen a great deal of our college and university life, lately told me that he had made a curious observation while here, and asked me whether I thought it was a fair one, and if so, how I should account for it. He said he had now and then met Americans who were extremely well educated, but they were all in the neighborhood of sixty years old; he had not seen a single person below that age who impressed him as

having been even respectably educated, although interest in the matter had led him to look everywhere. It is unsafe to generalize from a single opinion, but it may be worth remembering that this reference is the judgment of one foreign observer of experience and distinction.

This state of things is obviously not due to any deficiency in our mechanical equipment. What impresses one most, I think, at sight of the Continental school, is the very moderate character of its plant and general apparatus of learning, as compared with ours. I have elsewhere remarked that no live-wire, up-to-date, go-getting American college president would look twice at the University of Poitiers or the old university at Brussels. Even Bonn, the aristocrat of German universities, is a very modest and plain affair in its physical aspects. The secondary schools of France and Belgium have in our eyes an appearance of simplicity almost primitive. Yet see what comes out of them. Compare the order of disciplined intelligence that somehow manages to squeeze itself out of Poitiers and Brussels with that which floats through one of our universities. With every imaginable accessory and externality in his favor, the American simply makes no comparison. Put a cost-accounting system on education in France and America, with reference to the quality of the product, — if such a thing were possible, — and the result would be, I think, a most disquieting surprise.

Nor have the French and Belgians any natural advantage over us in respect of raw material. I firmly believe that the run-of-mine American is just as intelligent as the run-of-mine Frenchman, and the picked American as the picked Frenchman. The trouble is not there, nor can I see that it lies anywhere in the technique of pedagogy; I must needs be shown wherein our pedagogy is not entitled to a clean bill. Yet the fact is that with relatively poor equipment, with no better raw material and no better pedagogy than ours, French institutions turn out extremely well-educated men, and ours do not.

The whole trouble is that the American system from beginning to end is gauged to the run-of-mine American rather than to the picked American. The run-of-mine Frenchman does not get any nearer the university than the adjacent woodpile. He does not get into the French equivalent of our undergraduate college. If he gets through the French equivalent of our secondary school, he does so by what our ancestors called the uncovenanted mercies of Providence, and every step of his progress is larded with bitter sweat. The chief reason why my Italian friend found no educated Americans under sixty years of age is that forty years ago the run-of-mine American did not, as a rule, get much nearer the founts of the higher learning than the run-of-mine Frenchman does to-day, and for the same reason — he could not, speaking strictly, 'make the grade.' The newspapers some time ago quoted the president of Columbia as saying that during the past half century the changes in school and college instruction, as to both form and content, have been so complete that it is probably safe to say that to-day no student in Columbia College, and perhaps no professor on its faculty, could pass satisfactorily the examination tests that were set for admission to Columbia College fifty years ago.

The root idea, or ideal, of our system is the very fine one that educational opportunity should be open to all. The practical approach to this ideal, however, was not planned intelligently, but, on the contrary, very stupidly; it

was planned on the official assumption that everybody is educable, and this assumption still remains official. Instead of firmly establishing the natural limit to opportunity — the ability to make any kind of use of it — and then making opportunity as free as possible within that limit, our system says, Let them all come, and we will scratch up some sort of brummagem opportunity for each of them. What they do not learn at school, the college will teach them; the university will go through some motions for them on what the college failed to get into their heads. This is no jaunty exaggeration. I have a friend who has spent years in a Mid-Western state university, trying to teach elementary English composition to adult illiterates. I have visited his classes, seen what they were about, seen his pupils, examined their work, and speak whereof I know. A short time ago, in another enormous university, — a university, mind; not a grade school, but a university dealing with adult persons, — two instructors published samples of the kind of thing produced for them by their students. Here are a few: —

Being a tough hunk of meat, I passed up the steak.

Lincoln's mind grew as his country kneaded it.

The camel carries a water tank with him; he is also a rough rider and has four gates.

As soon as music starts, silence rains, but as soon as it stops it gets worse than ever.

College students as a general rule like such readings that will take the least mental inertia.

Modern dress is extreme and ought to be checked.

Although the Irish are usually content with small jobs, they have won a niche in the backbone of the country.

At the hands of some upper-classmen and second-year men, Shakespeare fared as follows: —

Edmund, in *King Lear*, 'committed a base act and allowed his illegitimate father to see a forged letter.' Cordelia's death 'was the straw that broke the camel's back and killed the king.' Lear's fool 'was prostrated on the neck of the king.' 'Hotspur,' averred a sophomore, 'was a wild, irresolute man. He loved honor above all. He would go out and kill twenty Scotchmen before breakfast.' Kate was 'a woman who had something to do with hot spurs.'

Also Milton: —

'Diabetes was Milton's Italian friend,' one student explained. Another said, 'Satan had all the emotions of a woman, and was a sort of trustee in heaven, so to speak.' The theme of *Comus* was given as 'purity protestriate.' Mammon, in *Paradise Lost*, suggests that the best way 'to endure hell is to raise hell and build a pavilion.'

Would it be unfair to ask the reader how long he thinks that order of intelligence would be permitted to display itself at the University of Brussels or the University of Poitiers?

II

The history of our system shows a significant interplay between the sentiment for an indiscriminate and prodigal distribution of 'opportunity' and certain popular ideas or pseudo-ideas that flourished beside it. One of these was the popular conception of democracy. It is an interesting fact that this originally got its currency through the use of the word by politicians as a talking point. Practically all publicists now quite arbitrarily use the word 'democratic' as a synonym for 'republican' — as when, for instance, they speak of the United States and France as 'great democracies.' The proper antithesis of democracy is not autocracy, monarchy, or oligarchy, but absolutism; and, as we all know, absolutism is much deeper entrenched

in these republican countries than in monarchical Denmark, say. The term, too, became debased in its more special uses. In the America which Dickens visited, a democratic society meant one in which 'one man was just as good as another, or a little better'; this phrase itself is of sound American coinage current with the merchant. Democratic manners to-day, as a rule, mean merely coarse manners; for instance, the ostentatiously 'democratic' luncheon etiquette of our booster clubs means that all hands shall, under some sort of penalty, call each fellow member by his given name, regardless of previous acquaintance or the lack of it.

Thus the educational free-for-all sentiment got a very powerful endorsement. It was democratic. Poverty-stricken Tom, from the slashes, should go through school, college, and university hand in hand with Dick, the scion of Wall Street, and toplofty Harry of the Back Bay. Democracy so willed it, in spite of Nature's insuperable differentiations whereby Tom had first-rate school ability, Harry had excellent ability in other directions but no school ability, and Dick was a *Dummkopf* with no ability of any kind. Privately these differentiations might be recognized, indeed must be, but it was of the essence of democracy that there should be no official or institutional recognition of them. The unspeakable silliness of our truant laws, which make compulsory attendance a matter purely of school age instead of school ability, appropriately expresses this limitation.

The very human but rather ignoble tendency to self-assertion which led us to put the label of democracy on what was merely indiscriminate or vulgar led us also to put the label of greatness on what was merely big. With a whole civilization groveling in the unintelligent worship of bigness, a great school must be a big school. The thing to notice is how admirably this fell in with pseudo-democratic doctrine and also with the noble but ill-starred sentiment pervading our system. To make a big school, students must be got; to get them, standards of eligibility must be brought down to a common denominator of intelligence, aptitude, and interest. Then, when they are got, something has to be found for them to do that they can do, or at least upon which they are able to mark time, — such as 'courses in English,' the number of which exhibited annually by our institutions will amaze the reader, if he has curiosity enough about it to look it up, — and this means a profound sophistication of requirements. It can be seen at once how solidly sentiment and pseudo-democratic doctrine stood behind these developments and encouraged them.

By another interesting coincidence — these coincidences in the history of our system are really remarkable — these developments also met, as if made to order, the great and sudden expansion of the nation's industrial life, the glorification of profit making, and the implied disparagement of all intellectual, æsthetic, and even moral processes which did not tend directly or indirectly to profit making. It was promptly perceived that the ineducable person might become a successful banker, industrialist, broker, bond salesman, or what not; plenty such there were who could manage no more than to read the stock quotations and write their own signatures — Daniel Drew, for instance, and Cornelius Vanderbilt. Thus vocationalism came at once to the burdened system's aid. Circumstances were created whereby the ineducable person might bear directly on the business of banking, brokerage, industry, and so on, with the prestige of a college or university

career thrown in. The elective bargain counter was extended all over the academic floor space; its limit was only at the line where imaginative ingenuity broke down and ceased to work; and certain fragile windflowers, such as 'courses in English,' were distributed over it here and there, partly by way of garnishment, partly as camouflage. Thus everything was made satisfactory all round. The ineducable person was taken care of with an academic career to all appearances as respectable as anybody's; sentiment was assuaged; democratic doctrine was satisfied; the general regard for size was satisfied, and so was the general preoccupation with profit.

III

In discussing the effect of all this, I wish to make it as clear as possible that I am not laying the slightest blame upon our educators. They had to take the system as they found it; its faults were none of their making. They had to meet measurably the egregious demands of a noble but undiscriminating sentiment, a preposterous misconception of the democratic principle, a childish reverence for bigness, and an exclusive preoccupation with profit making. It is a large order; if in practice they were able to meet these demands by ever so little obliquely, one might reasonably ask no more. With this clearly understood, we may observe that one immediate effect is a calamitous overlapping of effort, whereby the lines marking off the school from the college and the college from the university have been obliterated. As in the case I cited, the university is doing work that by the handsomest possible concession one would say should be done in the eighth grade. The secondary school and the undergraduate college, again, are overlapping on the university in their furtherance of vocationalism. Hence, whatever may be done for sentiment or democracy or the promotion of profit making, none of them are doing anything for education. An institution, like an individual, has only twenty-four hours a day, and only a limited amount of attention at its disposal; and so much of time and attention as it devotes to one pursuit it must take from another.

This overlapping, indeed, gives rise to a great deal of justifiable avoidance on the part of educators, or what I understand is better known as 'passing the buck.' In looking over an undergraduate college last year, I remarked to the president that, on the one hand, he seemed to be doing a good deal of rather elementary school work, and at the same time trespassing pretty heavily on the university, especially in his science courses; so that on the whole his college made me think of the small boy's objection to some asparagus that his mother offered him — it tasted raw at one end and rotten at the other. He said this was so; he had to give way to vocationalism somewhat — much more than he wished; he was doing his best against it. As for the other matter, it was the fault of the schools; they left ragged holes in the boys' preparation. 'Don't you think we should do something for the poor fellows who come to us with these deficiencies?'

'Certainly,' I replied. 'Fire them.'

'Ah, but then we should have no students, and should be obliged to shut up shop.'

'Well, but at that,' I suggested, 'would it really be such a killing misfortune?'

'Possibly so, I think,' he answered, after a moment's reflection. 'My ideas are the same as yours precisely, but needs must when the devil drives. We are doing only half a job, I know,

— perhaps not that, — but we are doing it better than any other college, and perhaps that justifies us in keeping on.'

There may be something in this, — I personally doubt it, — but that is another matter. The point is that we can see clearly just what it is to which this lamentable situation runs back. The secondary school must take in all the shaky material sent up from the grade school, for of such is the kingdom of democracy. In its turn the grade school must take in all the enormous masses of human ineptitude that are dumped on it by the truant laws; and thus from one end of our system to the other do we see the ramification of the four social principles that our civilization has foisted on it as fundamental.

A second immediate effect is the loss, in practice, of any functional distinction between formative knowledge and instrumental knowledge. Formerly a student gave up, in round numbers, the first twenty years of his life to formative knowledge; his pursuits during this time were directed exclusively toward the *being* and *becoming*. That was the stated business of the school and college, and they kept him so busy with it that he hardly knew there was such a thing as instrumental knowledge in the world. He got his introduction to that later, at the university or technical school, where first he began to concern himself with the *doing* and *getting*. I have not space to discuss this aspect of our system at length, — done properly, it would take many pages, — but I think the reader will have no trouble about perceiving it in all its relations with what has been said already.

A third effect is the grotesque and monstrous shift of responsibility from the student to the teacher. Formerly the teacher had none of it; now he has practically all of it. The student who formerly presented himself was capable of learning; that was what he was there for; it was 'up to' him to do it, and he did it. The teacher directed him, perhaps helped him a little, — precious little, in my experience, — but took no responsibility whatever for the student's progress. The run-of-mine student now arrives, incapable of anything, usually indifferent and incurious toward everything. Well, what is to be done? He may be relied on to do nothing particularly striking for himself, — Nature has attended to that, — therefore what is done must be done either for him or with him; and thus the burden of responsibility immediately passes to the teacher, and there it remains.

IV

For some reason that I have never been able to discover, Mr. Jefferson seems to be regarded as a great democrat; on public occasions he is regularly invoked as such by gentlemen who have some sort of political axe to grind, so possibly that view of him arose in this way. The fact is that he was not even a doctrinaire republican, as his relation to the French Revolution clearly shows. When Mr. Jefferson was revising the Virginia Statutes in 1797, he drew up a comprehensive plan for public education. Each ward should have a primary school for the three R's, open to all. Each year the best pupil in each school should be sent to the grade school, of which there were to be twenty, conveniently situated in various parts of the state. They should be kept there one year or two years, according to results shown, and then all dismissed but one, who should be continued six years. 'By this means,' said the good old man, 'twenty of the best geniuses will be raked from the rubbish annually' — a most unfortunate expres-

sion for a democrat to use! At the end of six years, the best ten out of the twenty were to be sent to college, and the rest turned adrift.

As an expression of sound public policy, this plan has never been improved upon. Professor Chinard, who has lately put us all under great obligations by his superb study — by far the best ever made — of Mr. Jefferson's public life, thinks it quite possible that those who formed the French system had this plan before them. Whether so or not, the French system is wholly in accord with Mr. Jefferson's hard good sense in accepting the fact that the vast majority of his countrymen were ineducable, and with his equally hard realism in permitting this fact to determine the fundamentals of his plan. The Faculty of Literature at the University of Poitiers is domiciled in the Hôtel Fumée, an exquisitely beautiful family mansion, built about 1510 by a rich lawyer. From an outside view, which is all I ever had of either property, I should say the Hôtel Fumée carries about as much floor space as Mr. James Speyer's residence on Fifth Avenue. I venture to say that if Columbia University cleared out all its ineducable students, root and branch, its Faculty of Literature could do a land-office business in a house the size of Mr. James Speyer's, with maybe a room or two to rent.

From what Professor Giddings and the presidents of Brown, Haverford, and St. Stephen's have said, I infer that this is the season of repentance. Whether or not it will lead to a season of good works is another matter; I think it highly improbable. Nevertheless it seems useful at the present time that the situation should be diagnosed, and its 'indications,' as the doctors say, taken into account. Artemus Ward once said the trouble with Napoleon was that he tried to do too much and did it. Just this is the trouble with American education. In my judgment, the indications are simply that the whole school population of the country, above the primary grade, should be cut down by 90 per cent. If anyone thinks that this proportion is too high, let him take it out on Mr. Jefferson, who is much bigger than I am; my figures are fairly liberal as compared with his. With him on my side I make bold to believe that nine tenths of our student population, in university, college, grade schools, and secondary schools, have no more justification for being where they are than they would have for an intrusion upon the French Academy or the Royal Society; and that unless and until this mass is cut adrift the prospects for American education will show no improvement worth considering.

Professional criticism has already suggested that the college and university — and I believe there has been some similar hint about the secondary school — should slough off the otiose bulk of those brought to them by the mere *vis inertiæ*, and those who present themselves because it is the thing to do, or as a liberation from home or a furlough for parents; likewise those who are going in for contacts, athletics, husbands, the atmosphere and flavor of college life, or for what I understand the authorities now delicately call 'extra-curricular activities,' whereof the coonskin coat and pocket flask are said to be the symbols. At present this would no doubt account for 60 per cent of Mr. Jefferson's 'rubbish,' probably 70, but that is not enough. The intention of Mr. Jefferson's plan was to off-load all ineducable persons, no matter what their disposition, and to have this relief applied continuously at every point in the system above the primary school.

This reform seems unlikely to be

carried out, and I do not urge it or even recommend it. Conversance with human history begets a deal of respect for Nature's well-established policy of progress by trial and error, and a profound circumspection about trying to anticipate it. The experienced person regards root-and-branch reforms, even good ones, with justifiable doubt. One may be by no means sure — far from it — that it would be a good thing 'by and large' and in the long run for the United States to produce any educated people, or that in its present summary sacrifice of its educable individuals it is not taking precisely the right way with them. I am not disposed to dogmatize either way, and hence I do not recommend this reform, or, indeed, any reform. I am merely recording observations of certain social phenomena, placing them in their right relations and drawing the conclusions that seem warranted in the premises. As to the final desirability of the state of things contemplated by these conclusions, I have nothing to say.

V

Still, education seems as yet to be a subject of experiment with us, and I observe with interest that, according to some educators, the next experiment will be with the revival of the small college. There is obviously no more saving grace in smallness than in bigness; everything depends upon what the small college is like. The forecast, however, sets one's fancy going. Perhaps — one must have one's doubts about it, but perhaps — without too much infringement on Nature's policy, or deflection of our great moral and social mission to the world at large, one small laboratory experiment might be tried, such as has never yet been tried by us. I mean an experiment in educating educable persons only. It would be interesting and possibly useful to set up two small institutions, a school and an undergraduate college, both so well endowed as not to care a straw whether a student came near them or not, and both committed wholly to the pursuit of formative knowledge; the school's attendance limited, say, to sixty, and the college's to two hundred. The school should take pupils at the age of eight, and carry them on until they could meet the college's requirements. Neither institution should take any account whatever of bogus democratic doctrine, the idolatry of mass, vocationalism, or the pretended rights of ineducable persons. If such persons presented themselves they should be turned away, and if anyone got in and afterward was found for any reason or to any degree ineducable he should be forthwith bounced out.

These institutions should be largely a reversion to type, their distinction being that of representing the pure type, without a trace of hybridization. Requirements for entrance to the college should be the ability to read and write Latin and Greek prose with such ease and correctness as to show that language difficulties were forever left behind; knowledge of arithmetic and of algebra up to quadratics; nothing more. The four years' course in college should cover the whole range of Greek and Latin literature from Homer's time to that of Erasmus, mathematics as far as the differential calculus, a compendium of formal logic, and one of the history of the English language (not literature), and nothing more; and this should lead to the degree of Bachelor of Arts, the only degree that the college should confer.

My notion is that the instructors in these institutions could pretty well follow their own devices for five years, having no students to teach, but that

in ten years things would look up a little, and that in fifty years a review of the experiment would be interesting. One could then make the observations and comparisons necessary to determine what it was worth. I cannot say flatly that I recommend this experiment; I merely say that it would be interesting, might be useful enough to be worth its cost, and incidentally some poor few, at least, of our educable fry would lay up out of it a treasure more to be desired than gold — yea, than much fine gold. Yet it is nothing that I would urge, for quite possibly the Larger Good requires that things should go on as they are now going.

Probably, however, I should give (though in all diffidence) some decorous hint about the sort of thing I should look for from it, if it were carried out under strictly aseptic experimental conditions. The literature of Greece and Rome represents the longest continuous record available to us, — a matter of some twenty-five hundred years or more, if mediæval and Renaissance literature were included, as it should be, — as well as the fullest and most diversified record, of what the human mind has ever been busy about. Therefore the one great benefit of the 'grand old fortifying classical curriculum,' as far as it went, was that on one's way through it one saw by centuries instead of weeks, by whole periods instead of years, the operation of the human mind upon every aspect of collective human life, every department of spiritual, industrial, commercial, and social activity; one touched the theory and practice of every science and every art. Hence a person came out from this discipline with not only a trained mind but an experienced mind. He was like one who had had a profound and weighty experience. He was habituated to the long-time point of view, and instinctively brought it to bear on current affairs and happenings. In short, he was mature.

'*Sobald er reflektirt*,' said Goethe of Lord Byron, '*ist er ein Kind*.' Byron was one of the great natural forces in literature, — all praise to him for that, — but of maturity, the best assurance of a right interpretation and right use of personal experience of the world and its affairs, he had none. So, too, the composite American is one of the greatest natural forces that have ever appeared in human society. Perhaps it is as such, and such only, that Nature proposes to use him, and she may intend to fade him out and supersede him when this function in her inscrutable economy is fulfilled, — she has never been any too scrupulous about turning such tricks, — and, if so, it would be hazardous to tamper with the fundamentals of a training that fits him for her purpose. Our system seems to have been constructed in anticipation of just this purpose on the part of Nature; it confirms him in a perpetual adolescence, permits his inner adjustment to the world and its affairs to proceed by a series of juvenile, casual, and disorderly improvisations — *Sobald er reflektirt ist er ein Kind*.

A FLYING TRIPTYCH

BY JAMES MERRIAM MOORE

I. INTO PALE ALTITUDES

THE airy desert that surrounds the earth in rising zones, each of a blue more wan and rare, has been charted as high as planes can fly or pilots breathe. These records read in feet, in pounds, in power, in rate of climb — all mechanical. The little box of polished wood and bright brass and steel, the barograph that I hold in my lap to cushion it from the last jarring of our landing gear against the hard earth which flings us finally into the air, will write a scrawl of ink on a blue-lined roll, to be checked and pondered over. But for me, as we gather speed in a first wide circle over the airdrome, under a clear sky of blue and gold light, there also begins a record that will still be ethereal on dull, repressive days, among walls and trees and people.

(*500 feet*) Almost at once, nosing up for the long pull, surroundings drop away; and if our arms, thrown wide, could infinitely expand as though taking a great breath, they would touch no lateral obstacle. In the prairies of the air there is no lateral dimension. Downward there is dimension, the most definite; upward also, but that is vague.

(*2000 feet*) Our airdrome lies on one of many low capes reaching out into sea and bay. The land contracts, but the sea expands to the horizon. Only in the air, or when we look at a globe, do we realize that the world is really two-thirds water. The monotony of a sea voyage and the constant changes of scene in land travel prevent true comparison under earth-bound circumstances.

(*5000 feet*) No one has yet painted the ocean from the air. When someone does, critics will be disappointed because it will no longer be a sea they recognize. All the liquid, fluent aspects will be gone. The waves will have stopped, the surface will be plane and frozen, and the aqueous blue, the ultramarine, the flowing purple, will be faded to an indeterminate sheen of ice and sky. The waves will be smoothed as a mason smooths cement, but the whitecaps will remain, wreathed and motionless on the surface, just as when sweepers, clearing the ice for a winter game, leave fine sweepings of powdery snow to mark the curves of ordered broom strokes on the rink, or when a strong gust of wind, blowing snow from the tops of drifts along the shore, dusts the ice with tenuous festoons.

Xenophon's air scouts would never have cried, 'Thalassa! Thalassa!' into the roar of their loud-sounding propellers; they would have thought rather of the polished steel mirror over which some Lacedemonian girl bent with numb fingers, combing her hair on a winter morning.

(*10,000 feet*) In climbing, the engine always seems to labor. There is no sense of free flight, and if the observer does not wish to find himself always lifting forward in his seat with some involuntary idea of helping the plane,

he had better keep his interest over the side.

(*15,000 feet*) Looking across from ocean to land again, it is now only a map we see, for not only have the ground forms shrunk to map size, but the various familiar colors have vanished. That is not home down there, but only the conventional, colorless symbol of it. The blue of the hills on the horizon has closed in, creeping beneath us, as the first wisps of oncoming fog precede the dark matrix bank. Perhaps a bit of warmth that is the green of a young, lonely tree, or the red of a roof, flashes through the blue, smoky haze for a last moment. Another hundred feet higher and it has gone. The lines of the ground forms are still distinct, but the whole world is blue — all the blues that range from wood smoke to silver.

(*20,000 feet*) Beauty lies in color, not in form or line. And blue is God's color: see how much He uses it, especially in places He reserved to Himself so long. But Whistler soloed from Elysian Field over the Thames. I wonder at what altitude he painted. Our meter reads 20,000 now. And I had cautioned myself to take some oxygen at 18,000. Hateful to bother with it while the blues are so fine. How heavy is that familiar-looking glove that gropes for the tube. It misses. Now it is back. There! It has taken the tube and is bringing it up toward my face. Heavy. Heave — heave. Once more. Ah!

The weight is gone. And in its place, suddenly, I have a quick, logical fear. Thrusting forward, I pound the pilot's shoulder. He turns his head, grins, makes the motion of putting a tube (his finger) in his mouth, and nods vigorously. Yes, he is using his oxygen flask. Quite right, too. Many good flyers have been spoiled by indulging in æsthetic lassitudes in high places. Such are the prerogatives of observers only.

II. THE SUNSHINE OF THE DEAD

Because we were born and live on the land, our minds enlarge it and our thoughts are based on it, although it is only a fringe to the sea and a focusing point for the spaces of the air. When we start on an ocean voyage we watch, at first, the land recede. Finally, toward the end of the first day, — so slow is water travel and so low the prospect, — the 'old' land is lost over the horizon astern. From then on, consciously or not, our expectant glances are always over the bows; we look for the 'new' land that surely lies ahead. Columbus would not have sailed into the West without belief in ultimate continents.

So in the air, when land is lost in haze, when all that remains to us is three paling shades of blue in lieu of land and sea and sky, we unconsciously cease to look down, and we look ahead, upward — for what?

As sailors have sailed out into the blue of sea and never returned, so flyers have flown into the blue of air and have not come back. The mystery of ocean is old, and thus we have legends of Atlantis and those ephemeral lands where the lost have found each other. So now, above, will not the wan light begin to color and deepen again to mark some airy Hy Brasil? Beyond a certain altitude will not the elastic pull of earth stretch thin and break? We have no right to believe there is something higher — our feelings are not proof of it; yet always, inevitably, above a certain point, we look up, expectant.

But the engine strains and labors. We gain no more. We shall not reach Hy Brasil on this voyage. The stick in

front of me moves forward cautiously (our support is so tenuous now) and we nose into level flight. The strain is over. We sail freely in a pale infinity of shaded blue. The pilot cuts off the motor and in the vast silence turns to speak. I did not tell you before, but, to add the last touch to a dream, he is of another race — Oriental, Buddhist. And his precise, small voice comes back as through a telephone. He moves his arm across the void: —

'I do not like up here. Desso-late. Desso-late.'

With earth and sea utterly relinquished, we have attained while still mortal the first experience and phase of immortality. Even the sun that we knew as golden and warm is a diffused radiance of silver, like northern lights. And we think: this cold glory was the last light they saw, those who came up before us and never returned — the sunshine of the dead.

III. THE RETURN OF OISIN

Oisin, son of an Irish king, went to live under the sea with the lady Niamh. After a year, vaguely troubled with the nightmare that he would never again reach earth, he begged from her the means of return and went back in spite of her warning and her grief. When he set foot on earth the magic fell away and the century of his faërie sojourn fell upon him. A bent old man sought friends long dead.

Our compass has lost its meaning. North, south, east, and west will not help us to find the earth we have left. If we should float into some hiatus in the natural laws we know, what unrecorded Odyssey would begin! But the pull of earth is still drawing; our bodies sense it though we have no other guide. Blessed Saint Gravity, the final patron of the upper air.

The scream of the motor is cut to a whisper in the void. We are dropping fast in great swooping circles, swallowing to soothe our clacking ears. The deep blue below melts toward the horizon as we bore down into it. The horizon is a circle, not an arc. Suddenly a ploughed field flashes as a streak of white among blue forests. The map emerges to meet us. It grows, rolling outward in all directions. Familiar ground forms appear. A tiny light pricks out. Down there it is almost dusk now, though our sun is turning more brilliant and golden. Suddenly its pink light strikes the ground and all the lost warm colors glow again.

There is only one zone left now. I lean over the side, breathing deep in anticipation. And it comes, warming and dispersing the keen, soulless air; the smell of soil and smoke and flowers, faint, homely, hardly sensed on earth, but to the flyer the poignant signal of return from the zones where there are no time and no space, where all senses are canceled except those of the process of thought and the motion of body in a medium too infinite itself to move.

After the loss of all criterions it is easy to fear lest we also have been away from earth too long. It is natural eagerly to watch the familiar landmarks appear, define themselves, and grow. But land and water, even brick and steel, remain for ages. Will those dark moving marks down there be the same folk we left? The tragedy of Oisin wells up as the motor roars and quiets, roars and quiets, in the last spiral before landing. The moving dots are people now, symbols no longer — people having only faces and shoulders, like cherubim.

And finally, as we float in, I distinguish one face I know so well, a pale carnation nestling in gray fur. Oisin is a myth. Our wheels strike. The trees and houses surround us again.

GEORGE BORROW

BY ARTHUR COLTON

I

FORTY years ago William I. Knapp was teaching Spanish at Yale. Like Borrow, he was a natural linguist rather than a precise philologist. Certainly he knew Spanish — in fact, he wrote a Spanish grammar; French, of course; Italian and German not so well; Gypsy enough for conversation, and Arabic perhaps not enough. The exact degree of Borrow's knowledge of some fifteen languages, including Hebrew, Armenian, Manchu, and the chief European tongues, is also doubtful, but he must have spoken Spanish, Gypsy, Welsh, and Russian fluently. Like Borrow, Knapp went to Catholic Spain on a Protestant mission. He sedulously followed the trails of Borrow's journeyings there some forty years after him. Like Borrow, he was a 'character,' but not of the same kind — a fleshy, sedentary man, social, volatile, and full of the milk of human kindness.

We were but three or four in his Spanish class. We learned to read Spanish easily enough, and have all, I presume, forgotten it as easily. The memory of that class throws a slant light on the obscure problem of education. Our interest was to keep him talking. 'But, gentlemen, we must return to the lesson!' 'But, professor, what do you think of . . .' 'Ah, well, now as to that . . .'

The Spanish language has faded from our casual memories; but there were other and curiously fruitful things: glimpses of the great world of men and affairs, old Spain and its byways and peoples, the background of history and romance, the emotional quality of Spanish words, odds and ends of anecdotes oddly remembered. George Borrow used to vex his father by taking no interest in law, but poring over queer Armenian words and being intimate with unkempt gypsies. One seems to get more education from the byways than the highways. One learns and recites a thousand lessons. Peace to their dust! But what one remembers are William Graham Sumner's grinding snarl as he emptied the nothingness out of a popular fallacy, and Knapp's globular chuckle over a compost-scented proverb of Sancho Panza's. It is the intonations, more than any argument, which linger and continue to convince that it is not necessary to be a fool, nor amiable to be a prig.

Knapp lived in Spain many years, became Madrid correspondent of the London *Times*, and brought home a notable collection of books, which ultimately formed the nucleus or starting point of the great Hispanic Society Museum in New York. He wrote the *Life of George Borrow*, connected his name permanently with an English classic, and died years ago in Paris. Incidentally he introduced me to *Lavengro* and *The Bible in Spain*.

II

Borrow is almost a cult. There are Borrovians, and there is the Gentile

world that knows him not. *The Bible in Spain* was well received, but *Lavengro* was unsuccessful. The downright Englishman wanted to know if he was reading facts or fancies, and there was no answer at the time. There are two questions here. Is *Lavengro* and *The Romany Rye* (to use the singular, since they are really one book in two volumes) an autobiography, a truthful narrative from the memory, a genuine thing so far as conscientious endeavor could make it? Or is it, as Borrow called it, a drama whose principal characters are Lavengro, Petulengro, Mrs. Herne, the Flaming Tinman, the Applewoman, Peter and Winifred Williams, the Man in Black, and Isopel Berners?

The question is answered by Knapp, so far as its inherent difficulty can be met. The second question, wherein lies, for some of us, the fascination of Borrow, we must answer for ourselves.

He was born in 1803. His father was an army officer employed in drilling recruits for the Napoleonic Wars, and the family moved from place to place, until in 1816 it settled in Norwich on the elder Borrow's retiring pension. From the age of thirteen to twenty-one Borrow lived in Norwich. In 1824 his father died, and he set out for London, April 1, 1824. He left London on May 22 of the following year, with a suddenly and oddly acquired twenty pounds in his pocket, for that wandering episode which occupies three fourths of *Lavengro-Romany Rye* and of Borrow's actual life covers about three months, from May 22 to about the middle of August. The disproportion is increased by the London episode, which absorbs about half the remaining fourth.

The disappointment of the public was therefore not unnatural in a 'Life' in which seven eighths were devoted to less than a year and a half, and largely to casual and extensive conversations. Was it a Life or a Story?

The last words of *The Romany Rye* are these: "'I should n't wonder," said I, as I proceeded rapidly along a broad causeway in the direction of the east, "if Mr. Petulengro and Tawno Chikno came originally from India. I think I'll go there."' It was August 1825, after the Horncastle Fair. Thereafter follows the so-called 'Veiled Period' of seven years, lying between *The Romany Rye* and *The Bible in Spain*. Borrow was wont to hint mysteriously of Far Eastern travel, but it seems that he never got beyond Constantinople, and that was years after in no very adventurous style. He seems to have gone, sometime in 1826, to Spain, the South of France, and as far as Genoa, probably on the one hundred pounds profit from the sale of the horse at Horncastle Fair. But the Veiled Period was only veiled because it was painful to remember, a period of poverty, failure, and humiliation, hack work and translations, passed in Norwich and London.

In 1833 he entered the employ of the Bible Society as a linguist, and spent the next two years in Russia; a large part of five years thereafter in Spain; and the veil was lifted. For the Russian period there are numerous letters. He lived in St. Petersburg, translating and editing. He proposed to go to Manchuria, but the project failed. For the Spanish period there is *The Bible in Spain*. In 1840 he returned from Spain, married a well-to-do widow, and settled in the country.

The dates of his principal books are: *The Gypsies in Spain*, 1841; *The Bible in Spain*, 1843; *Lavengro*, 1851; *The Romany Rye*, 1857; *Wild Wales*, 1862; *Romano Lavo-Lil*, 1874. He died in 1881.

III

Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn, in the preface to his autobiographical *Mid-Channel*, declared the difference between fiction and autobiography to be superficial. 'Both are forms of narrative in which experience is reëxpressed in an intelligible and timeless form. . . . The I that speaks in the autobiographical form is an inextricable blending of a person and a symbol, of a man and mankind, of the concrete and the universal. In brief, autobiography is not a method of reporting, but a form of Art.' Mr. Lewisohn was not fortunate in his phrasing. Good fiction is not all experience reëxpressed. Why 'timeless'? Is not a method of reporting itself a form of art? Personally I prefer art with a small *a*, and have a constitutional dislike for anyone who regards himself as a symbol. But with the general direction of the idea one may discreetly sympathize. An autobiography is generally the way a man's life looks to him, looking back, and so looked at it does not look like the Saxon Chronicle. *Dichtung und Wahrheit* in biography that is not *auto* — the school of M. André Maurois — is to some of us irritating to the point of profanity, but autobiography seems to be another matter. Even the lies that a man tells about himself are documentary and reveal him.

Borrow had an extraordinary memory. It seemed to him that he could not forget anything, and wished he could. His 'Note Books' are packed with conversations. *The Bible in Spain* was nearly all of it in his letters to the Bible Society, written on the spot, conversations and all. It is quite possible that most of the *Lavengro* conversations as well as incidents are substantially accurate. But he had obsessions. He was a queer person, subject to melancholia, and possessed of prejudices as hard and twisted as oak knots.

Knapp became convinced of two things: first, that Borrow never invented a character; and second, that the more one delved in the obscurities of that period, the more one was impressed with the truth of the picture. 'No truer books were ever penned. . . . Not in public documents, but in out-of-the-way pamphlets, obscure handbooks, local almanacs, rural newspapers, and old magazines, that is where I met *Lavengro* and *Romany Rye*, and rejoiced to find them true.'

Borrow first called his autobiography a 'Dream,' and then a 'Drama.' There were both dream and drama in it, and the public raised the cry of 'fiction.' He was a creature of moods and manias. *Lavengro* is more moody than *The Bible in Spain*. But he was no Dickens, and the curious and vivid people who throng his books were not created but remembered. He did not look back through a glass darkly. The incidents of the past came up alive and blended with talk; and went down on the page in prose as sound as William Cobbett's.

Why invent, if memory pours out an effortless flood? He remembers the shape of the buttons on the coat of a man seen once and forty years before. He never forgets a place or a name. His facts came easier than his fiction, and were better stuff. The fictional parts are usually perceptible. Names are altered, dates sometimes wrong. He often understates his age by several years. Whenever the dialogues run on his anti-popery obsession they become not only suspicious but tiresome. The Man in Black is not a character but a symbol, with little of human substance in him. Borrow's anti-popery vendetta seems to date from his Spanish experience. There is no trace of it in his writings before *The*

Bible in Spain. When he came to write *Lavengro*, he antedated the feeling.

IV

One afternoon in the summer of 1824 the funeral cortège of Byron was passing down Oxford Street in the brilliant sunlight, and Borrow met it. 'A glittering, gorgeous lordling!' Unhappy? A great poet? He would soon be out of fashion and forgotten. It might be better to have been a Milton in poverty and blindness, for fame after death is better than the top of fashion. Still, he wrote *Childe Harold*, and that ode. What had George Borrow to do with fame or fortune or fashion, toiling the long summer over Chronicles of Newgate, compiling criminal biographies for a grim-visaged publisher, and getting nowhere?

'A great poet, sir,' said a dapper, smirking man by his side, 'but unhappy. Fate of genius, sir. I too am frequently unhappy.'

So, turning away, he met his friend Ardry, who had seen Byron in Venice with two fair ladies and not looking unhappy. 'Come with me to Joey's. Three dogs are to be launched at his bear. As they pin him, imagine him to be the publisher.' 'No (said I), I am good for nothing. I think I shall stroll to London Bridge.'

On London Bridge he thought of suicide, and had a notable conversation with the Old Applewoman, and read in her book, the Life of the Blessed Mary Flanders, until the twilight dimmed the page.

He did not think he was like Byron, and was not, very much. Nevertheless he was as romantic as he was realistic, and his romanticism was of the Byronic era. The self-hero of the Byronic dream was an aristocratic wanderer with a dark background of mysterious sin. The Borrovian self-hero is a wanderer too, somewhat insistently mysterious, a tall youth with white hair, eccentric, imperturbable, and surprising, possessed of strange knowledge and at home with all men in all places.

He was something like Byron, something like Cobbett, something like Trelawney or Doughty, rather more like Richard Burton; something like Defoe. 'Hail to thee, Defoe! What does not my own poor self owe to thee!' He knew as much as Defoe did of criminal biography. He had fits of melancholia, and called them 'the horrors.' His prejudices were as bony and muscular as his forearm. His most lyrical admiration was for prize fighters. There were no 'fair ladies' in his story, except Isopel Berners, the Amazon of the dingle, tall, yellow-haired, aggressively virginal, and handy with her fists; a grand woman, who was born in a poorhouse, could not learn Armenian, and thought it unfair to marry him because he was mad.

As a silent brooding child, supposed to be weak-minded, he was sitting one day before a farmhouse, with a dog and an ape beside him, and drawing queer lines in the dust. A Jewish peddler, who knocked at the door, said that the child looked like a prophet's child, and leaned to inspect the lines. 'He started back and grew white as a sheet'; took off his hat, making strange gestures, cringing, chattering, showing his teeth, and departed muttering, 'Holy letters!'

Was it a straight recollection, or a family anecdote become visualized, or a mixture of both? A direct impression of early childhood, and a family anecdote become visualized, look much the same to one's backward gaze. To Borrow all incidents tended to look dramatic, and his writing instinct was to stop short and leave an overlap of mystery. The mysteries are more provocative than baffling. Where he had

seen Hebrew letters he does not tell, but that 'raging curiosity' was already awake, and that brooding persistency. The terror of the Jew needs no explaining. The Borrovian mystery differs from the Byronic. It is highly specialized.

'Petersburg has finer streets [than Madrid], Paris and Edinburgh more stately edifices, London far nobler squares, whilst Shiraz can boast more costly fountains, though not cooler waters. But the population! The population of Constantinople is extraordinary enough, but to form it twenty nations have contributed. But the population of Madrid, however strange and wild and composed of various elements, is strictly Spanish, and will remain so.' He had never been in Shiraz except in daydreams, nor as yet in Constantinople.

I do not believe that he met the Old Applewoman's long-lost son ten miles from Salisbury. I suspect he met a sailor ten miles from Salisbury and romanced the meeting into a dramatic coincidence. I believe with Knapp that Borrow's autobiography is not only substantially but peculiarly true, not because he had any conscience in the matter, but because his phenomenal memory gave him all he needed in vivid detail. He could not create character, but he saw it. He did not invent incident, but he made it live again, and sometimes it suffered sea changes. His dialogues with gypsies and Spaniards are flavored with the language in which they occurred. The effort to reproduce what came back to him so distinctly, so audibly, gives here and there a curiously tinctured English that reminds one of the colored idioms of Maeterlinck and Synge. His genius was based on his memory, but it was also dramatic and mimetic. A burly, positive Englishman, a queer stick, and a great writer.

V

An autobiography is the way a man's life looks to him looking back, and it does not look like a chronicle. It looks more like a dream than a drama. There are vast stretches of it in which the evidence that one lived at all is only inferential. It is not a continuous line, but disconnected, a matter of spurts and splashes. The memory jumps from picture to picture. Days are not equal to days, or years to years. There are moments that bulk larger than years, and flash out between featureless gray clouds. And through all the cloud and flash, the emerging and disappearing, the shifting panorama of memory, moves the portentous thing, one's self. 'In the universe I am nothing; for myself I am everything.' Life repeats life, the common human story, but each to itself is unique. 'We live and move in a world of shadows, in which there is one intense reality, the reality called you and I, which perhaps is the vaguest shadow of all,' says Gamaliel Bradford.

Miguel de Unamuno was professor and rector in the University of Salamanca until he was exiled in 1924 by the late dictator, De Rivera. He lectured on Greek literature and the Castilian language. He wrote on many subjects, but the burden of his thought was the intense reality called you and I, and the stark individuality of Spanish character. The Tower of Monterey stands over Salamanca like a phrase in stone, the condensation of a thought, a vision of itself, and 'To the soul that beholds you, Tower of Monterey, you say that he says the utmost that can be said who says himself, who strips his spirit naked in the icy clear light of the civil world. The greatest thing that men can see is another man.'

The importance of the single man dwindles toward nothing in the vast

universe, and melts into a negligible item of one species in the biological flood. From the ruins of ancient dogma we seek consolation in impersonal prospects and oblivious activity. But that is not Spain, nor Unamuno. *La vida es sueño.* Life is dream, but it is dream that abides. 'It is the only thing that abides. Life without dream is but digestion and respiration. My Tower of Monterey, tower of the Spanish renaissance, of renascent Spanishness, tells me that life is not breath that passes away, but dream that abides and triumphs.'

Borrow was in Salamanca in the summer of 1837, noted its magnificent melancholy, but did not mention the Tower of Monterey. The stark individualism of the Spaniard he painted in a score of characters, met and remembered, their looks and their downright talk. He had no philosophic outlook, and his religion, where it was not perfunctory, was national. Like Byron, 'when he thinks he is a child.' His ideas were personal and concrete. He disliked priests and gentility. He liked gypsies, jockeys, prize fighters, and strong ale.

'The truest books ever penned'? The superlative is unnecessary. But they are packed with reality. His eye and ear were devouring and his memory bottomless. He drew from life. Consciously and unconsciously he drew himself, as stark and individual as the Tower of Monterey, as singular and individual as Johnson or Byron or Thoreau. That Byron had a pose does not hide the reality of Byron. The pose was part of the reality. Borrow's picture of himself is edged with daydreams and self-heroism. So is mine; so is yours. The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts, and a touch of mystery makes most of us kin. His romance does not blur his reality. It sets it off.

How far are these conversations genuine? No one knows. Did Borrow himself know? When he thought of Slingsby the tinker, or the Jew Abarbenel, or Benedict Mol and his *Schatz*, or Williams the exhorter, or Mrs. Herne, or the Armenian merchant, or Baltasar the Nacional, or David Haggart on the Castle cliffs of Edinburgh — the recollection came up in a flood of talk. The books are true, not because he strictly wished to make them so, but true with respect to himself because they reveal him, and with respect to the story he tells because his imagination was not the kind that creates things, but the kind that holds them.

VI

The true Borrovian has probably something of Borrow in him, a taste for inns, wayside adventures, and racy humanity; for hard facts with an aura of mystery; for daydreaming and self-heroism. He dreams of being a peculiar person, odd and masterful, traveling as Borrow traveled, seeing the world, as in his time, out of its beaten tracks, free of its smooth conventions. He fancies that he too would rather sit by a gypsy campfire and talk with Jasper Petulengro than in any of those drawing-rooms the excellence of whose conversation is said to be the test of civilization.

Charles Leland, of the Breitmann Ballads, was investigating gypsies at about the date of Borrow's interest, and both were pioneers. Richard Ford at a near-by date had written his *Handbook for Travelers in Spain*, which is still an inspiration to go and do likewise, as well as a Baedeker of byways. Ford wrote to Borrow in 1841 urging him to publish his 'whole adventures for the last twenty years. . . . Avoid all fine writing, all description. . . . The world wants racy,

real, genuine scenes. . . . Avoid words, stick to deeds. Be bold. Avoid rant and cant. Dialogues always tell. . . . Give a peep into Spanish prisons.' The advice was admirable and may have been effective.

But Borrow's magic is his own. He ought to have written a 'Bible in Russia.' *Wild Wales*, though readable, is relatively tame; he was elderly then, and the fires burned low. Even more than *The Bible in Spain* is *Lavengro* the great book to the Borrovian. It reaches back and stirs the instincts of his youth, or memories of them, when his thoughts were long; when the world was before him full of unexampled events and queer people, and all its prospects and horizons were haunted by that intense reality, himself.

WHO WANTS MY MONEY?

BY FRANCES TAYLOR

I DON'T like to shop, but I do like to buy. There are thousands like me — busy business women and housewives who have a million things to do at home. I am a business woman working on commission, and I make money which I like to spend. My time is money — money for myself and for the retailer. But does the average retailer care? Apparently not, for he makes buying just as much of a time-wasting and nerve-racking performance for me as he possibly can.

It seems that many stores still think of their customers as women with unlimited time. To-day, however, most women are in business, busy with public affairs, or managing a family; with them time and the elimination of waste motions are important matters. They may be willing enough to shop carefully for large purchases like rugs, furniture, and expensive clothing, but the smaller items they wish to buy quickly without shopping.

To indicate how little the stores are aware of this fact, let me tell you of a recent attempt I made to spend my money.

One day in January I set out with a list something like this: two brassières like my last ones; one pair of flesh-colored side garters; two pairs of women's pajamas, cotton, sleeveless, size 38; two spools of white thread, number 60; an eggshell sweater; a pair of walking shoes like those I had bought the week before (they were so comfortable and good-looking that I thought I had better buy another pair before they were gone); four pairs of lisle socks, size 11; four sets of men's underwear, broadcloth shorts and white lisle shirts; an over-the-bed lamp in either blue or yellow; a fifteen-dollar wedding present. I allowed two hours for these errands.

Three and a half hours later I returned to my office exhausted — without the brassières, the sweater, the shoes, the socks, or the wedding present. So much for the bare story of my time. And what, you ask, did I do with it? Perhaps I should tell you

that I live and shop in one of the five largest cities in the United States. I went first to one of the largest department stores — one with a national reputation and officers who travel round the country making speeches about efficient store management and satisfied customers.

As I walk in the main entrance I decide to buy the pajamas first. I don't know where they are. Is there a direction booth near the door or anywhere in sight? There is not. I approach a pleasant-looking, hatless man and ask about pajamas. I find that I am talking to another customer. (What has become of the old-fashioned floor-walker? He may have been haughty, but you knew him by his clothes and his expression.) I ask a clerk for directions, thus costing the store selling time; she tells me that pajamas are on the fifth floor.

This store does not have express elevators. I enter a car with only one other passenger and we both say, 'Five,' as it starts upward. But the operator has been trained to stop a every floor, open the slow-moving double doors, announce the departments, close the doors, and start upward again. Why should store elevators be run differently from those in office buildings and hotels?

Arriving at the fifth floor, I survey a vast acreage of shoes, hats, skirts — everything but pajamas. Again I ask directions. First girl: 'Sorry, I am new to this floor.' A second girl sends me northeast, where I am promptly sent southwest. There are pajamas of all kinds except the ones I expected to find. Somewhat weary, I select a pair that will do, although they are striped (I wanted plain ones) and have no pockets (I adore pockets).

'Size 38, please.'

'We don't carry anything over size 18.'

To finish with the pajamas let me say that I had to go to three stores before I found them. A week later I learned that the first store had another department of pajamas on the sixth floor full of the kind and size I wanted. Did n't the salesgirl know this? Perhaps she did n't like my looks.

At any rate I knew where the corset department was. To avoid the slow elevator I found the stairs and walked down two flights.

'Brassières, flesh, size 38 — number 416 Toujours.'

The girl disappears for five minutes. 'All out of your size. We have discontinued the model.'

'But that is the model you fitted me to when I bought corsets two weeks ago.'

A shrug.

'How long will it take to order some for me?'

'Not less than three weeks. You had better be fitted to a new style.'

I am still getting along without those brassières.

At the notions counter I ask for a pair of flesh-colored side elastics and two spools of white thread, number 60. The girl returns a few minutes later to say that they are out of both; they are taking stock next week and the buyer can't order any goods until then.

By this time I have had enough of this store. I walk across the street to another one and go to the men's department. I ask for lisle socks and am shown some flashy ones which a fussy lad of eighteen would not think of wearing. 'No rayon, please.' 'We have n't anything but silk socks without rayon.' So I try for the underwear. Again I find sunset effects in rayon, but no plain white lisle.

The next day I visited an exclusive men's store and bought both socks and underwear of the kind I wanted. I noted too that they were cheaper than

the shoddy things which had been offered me the day before. That store is going to get more of my trade in future even if I have to dispense with the door man, auditorium, rest room, hospital, and free-delivery service to Kalamazoo.

But to get on with my shopping. Next I look for my shoes. The store is out of my size and is not going to reorder because spring is so near. This is January. It will take four weeks to get an order through and it may not come through at all. I give up the shoes.

Now for the sweater. I want a good one, so I go to a well-known firm that specializes in women's sport clothes; it has stores in six cities and an impressive shopping card which entitles me to charge purchases in any of them. I find just what I want, but not in my size. The saleswoman promises to get it for me in three days, so I leave my charge address, business address, and telephone number.

After a lapse of ten days I began to wonder what had happened to the sweater. I called up and talked to four people, having asked for the sweater department in the first place. The fourth person said, 'Oh, yes. The manufacturer told us that he was all out of the yarn for that sweater. We telephoned you, but you were out to lunch.' Evidently they have no stenographers in that store. I asked if there was any chance that the manufacturer might secure some more of the yarn. The voice replied, 'We heard this morning that he has some now and can deliver in a week.' Two weeks went by and I telephoned again. I still liked that sweater; having waited so long, I was determined to get it if it were humanly possible. This time I talked to five people before I found one who knew anything about it. She said, 'We heard a week ago that the yarn was unsatisfactory and that the manufacturer rejected it. I called you up, but you were out of town.'

So I am still without the sweater, but I have made a note to send that store some postage stamps and stationery next Christmas.

Now let me tell you of my experience with the lamp. I go to a store that has been advertising its lamp department extensively. I find the lamp counter, only to discover that nine other customers have found it before me. There is one salesgirl. She makes a sale and fills out the usual income-tax return on the sales slip. Going three aisles over, she makes her own change and wraps the bundle (very badly). The next customer asks for something which, apparently, will never be found, for the girl disappears and has n't been seen since. Finally, after waiting an interminable time, I reach the bursting point. I go to the head of the department and tell him that I have been standing at the lamp counter for eighteen minutes and that I have promised my family to be home for Easter Sunday. His manner makes me realize that I am the unreasonable shopper in her worst form; nevertheless, he takes two girls from a counter that is not busy and puts them on the one that is. He has been in full view of the counter all the time, talking over hockey matches with a friend. One of the girls listens to my request for an over-the-bed light in either blue or yellow. She hunts and she hunts and she hunts, only to report, 'We have only one over-the-bed light; it is pink and it is broken.'

I too am pink and broken, but I manage to reach another store. There I find just the shade I want and think that my troubles are over; but I have forgotten that I am in a systematized store. I decide to charge the purchase, and produce my shopping card and

charge coin. The girl disappears for a few minutes. She comes back with a check. 'If you will go over to the bundle counter with this check, the girl will give you your parcel.' I obey orders and wait at the bundle counter while the girl jiggles the telephone hook up and down with no results. She says, 'The charge girl does n't answer. I'll try again in a minute.' She does up three bundles and then tries again, this time with success. She tells the person at the other end, and several interested bystanders at the counter, that Mrs. Me, 1614 Where-I-live, wishes to charge a lamp at $5.95. She chews gum and I wait; I have no gum. A bell rings and she hangs up the receiver. She tells another girl what she is going to wear to a dance and then does up my bundle. Holding out a languid hand, she gives me the bundle and takes my check.

I call it a shopping day. I could hardly call it a buying day. I still have n't bought that wedding present, the shoes, the brassières, or the sweater. Somehow I have n't the strength. It's much easier to leave my money in the bank. If I must go shabby, my friends will understand; they too are busy women. Every time several of us meet, the conversation turns to the difficulties of buying. In business women's circles this topic takes the place of the eternal gabble about prohibition among business men.

I realize, of course, that the rapidity of style changes makes it hard for merchandise managers. They must try to plan their stocks to minimize markdowns. Then, too, they always have on their desks that dreadful little book, 'Beat Yesterday,' with its daily sales totals representing so many hurdles to be got over. Perhaps these are some of the reasons why retailers are thinking more and more about stock control and less and less about their customers' convenience. Whatever the cause, customers are finding it increasingly difficult to spend their money in the highly systematized stores. The situation calls for fewer gestures of service and better quality of performance. Staple stocks should be kept adequate regardless of inventory time. Stores should be so arranged that a customer can find his way about without hiring a guide or carrying a Baedeker map. Then some simple method should be developed to enable a customer to get her purchase in less time than it takes to make her selection. This last, I believe, would do much to increase sales and cut delivery costs. Many times I have articles charged and sent when I would gladly pay for them and carry them myself if it did n't take so much more time.

'Getting back to fundamentals' is the catch phrase of the day, and it applies with a peculiar emphasis to the modern retailer. So, from the bottom of my heart I beg him to heed the moral of my tale: Busy women have money to spend; make it easier for them to buy and they will spend it.

DAY BY DAY IN PEKING

BY IDA PRUITT

I

YESTERDAY I went with some tourists to the Heavenly Bridge to see the coolies' playground. In this wide vacant space north of the Temples of Heaven and Agriculture has grown up the business of amusing, feeding, and clothing the laborers of the city.

This vacant space was once marshland with growing reeds, but here for scores of years the ashes and garbage of the city have been dumped. And on this waste ground has collected a motley assemblage of houses and sheds made of box boards, tin cans, and cotton sheeting. These buildings are arranged with some semblance of squares, but with not too much insistence on order. Two-story theatre buildings are set haphazard, and around them cluster stalls, like lighters around an ocean freighter.

No one lives here, yet the place is always inhabited. The small tradesmen come with their wares at break of day, and some sooner; the amusement seekers throng throughout the hours of light; and for a few hours of darkness the place is in the hands of the caretakers, abandoned and scarce human, friendless old men.

There is a jumble of sheds to which secondhand-clothing merchants bring their wares every morning. Among the sleazy silk garments, or those of half-worn grandeur cast off by the rich, can be found occasionally some piece of rare old embroidery or tribute silk. Shoe stores are spread on the ground with only a canvas umbrella for shelter. The brocade slipper of a grand lady telling in its fading colors of dinners and Mah Jongg parties sits beside the leather-patched cloth shoe of the laborer, stitched into board-like stiffness. Under awnings are stretched tables flanked by benches and portable stoves. Here coolies sit and eat interminable bowls of Chinese macaroni. They drink sour bean soup while eating wheat cakes garnished with sesame seeds. They eat rice-flour dumplings in which a little red sugar has been hidden. They eat crullers and steamed meat pies, and bean-starch jelly garnished with vinegar and celery and sweet herbs. Great kettles of boiling tripe stand on the stoves. Paper-like pancakes of unleavened bread a foot in diameter are lying in piles waiting to be eaten with the boiled-off bits from the heads of sheep and pigs. The coolies sit at the tables eating and exchanging gossip, and make remarks about the passers-by.

The din is terrific. The secondhand-clothing men, standing within six feet of each other, try each to outsing his neighbor. Garment by garment they lift and wave before the passing crowd, chanting meanwhile the garment's virtues.

'Here is a coat that's scarcely been worn, and all for two dollars and fifteen cents.'

'This skirt of the latest fashion, pure silk and only three dollars.'

Occasionally there is a wag among them, but usually they are content to

sing the ware and its price. It is the rhythm and cadence of the song that matter, and the rhythmic swing of the garments from one pile to the other, broken only by a customer. They are brothers of the mediæval apprentices in Europe, with their continuous cry of 'What do you lack, what do you lack?'

Beggars whine, 'Oh, ladies and gentlemen, have pity on me! Give me a few cash. I have not eaten to-day,' and buzz most irritatingly at your elbow. There is no way to cope with them. If they are not given money, their patience is longer than yours and they follow from place to place. If you give the money, another beggar promptly takes the vacated place.

Barkers standing outside the doors of theatres and side shows shout the names of the performances going on inside, and the amazingly small price of the admission ticket. And through and above and below all the din is the sound of wooden drums and clashing cymbals and shrieking fiddles from the theatres and the singsong houses — in no way diminished by the match-box wooden walls.

II

Selecting the nearest tall building that was bursting with sound, we steered toward it. On the way we refrained from stepping on dogs, bumping into beggars purposely dodging in front of us, or rapt yokels not watching where they were going. We stepped across patches of mud and around a display of felt hats spread upon the ground, and came to the theatre.

'Come right in, the show is excellent. Come in.'

We paid twenty coppers apiece and entered. The ushers showed us to seats. As we were men and women, and the theatre old style and conservative, we all sat in the centre or men's portion. In the big modern theatres in the more fashionable part of town they now let men and women sit together in the women's part. In the most modern theatres, one may sit in any part. These coolie theatres, however, are traditional.

The play on the boards was a classic from the historical novel, *The Three Kingdoms*, and was being played in the classic way. A young warrior was telling the audience, by means of a very beautiful dance, of his extreme fatigue, perturbation, and anxiety. He was dressed in white quilted and gold-studded armor, and fastened to his shoulders were the fluttering flags which tell of military rank. He was Chao Yun, the Chinese Bayard, Balder, Cid, the epitome of knightly valor and beauty, who had followed faithfully, for years, the fortunes of Liu Pei, the founder of the latter Han dynasty.

In this play, Chao Yun, at great danger to himself, presses through the enemy's lines and rescues his master's son. The distracted and wounded mother, carrying a doll, limps across the stage. He does not see her; he still frantically hunts for her. While she stands in the corner, he, mid-stage with his back to the audience, takes a drink of tea. Meanwhile the enemy march in. They are represented by about fifteen men and boys dressed in ragged red embroidered uniforms. They come through one door, make many furious passes, circle the stage many times to show numbers and distance, and then march out again through the other door.

The interlude over, the hero finds the mother and child. He sings his joy, and she her pain and fear. He urges her, by trying to present her with a whip, to mount his horse. She refuses, pointing out that she is too sorely wounded to ride. He refuses to believe her. Then, hearing the enemy near by, he rushes

off to fight them and drive them away. This gives the mother her opportunity. She lays the child on the ground, and the hero comes back in time to see her disappearing down a well. This is managed by laying a chair on its side, over which she jumps, and as she jumps attendants peel off her outer coat, leaving her to run off the stage clad in gray to show that she is now a ghost.

In spite of the noise of the approaching enemy, the hero fills her grave with rocks to protect the body of his master's wife from defilement. This again is a beautiful dance, as he springs and dashes at the imaginary rocks with his spear. Then, with the heir apparent stuck tenderly in his belt, he dashes off the stage on his horse — that is, waving his whip. During most of this act the orchestra has been very noisy, with much beating of wooden drums and clashing of castanets, for this is a military play.

The story of *The Three Kingdoms*, China's feudal period, acted on every stage, told by every story-teller, known to every man, woman, and child, literate or illiterate, is the woof to the warp of their minds, their picture gallery of heroes, the stuff of which their ideals are made. There is difficulty in following the multitudinous characters in its episodic form of composition, but it well repays the reading, and often gives, besides, the cue to many of the words and deeds of the modern war lords.

The next play started off very slowly, apparently with some long-drawn-out misunderstanding, as two civil magistrates sat and sang interminably at each other. We went out. Passing through the food stalls, we came to the amusement tents. The first tent was but a hollow square formed by a single row of benches on which some of the audience sat. It was roofed over by a tent top, and inside the square two small boys, acrobats and contortionists, were tying themselves in knots and grotesque figures. We watched a minute, threw in a few coppers, and passed on. In the next enclosure a bear and a monkey were tied. The bear, at sight of us, was made to do the kowtow, for which we rewarded his master, he, poor brute, getting a clout on his nose for not kowtowing again quickly enough. The beggars were crowding against us as we stood by the benches, and as a particularly noisome woman, whose face had mostly disappeared, pressed too closely, we went on.

III

At the next tent the audience was chiefly women and children, who were sitting quietly. A tired, dispirited man of forty-odd was whacking a large packing case and telling the audience that nothing possibly could happen unless there were more coppers in the ring. He whacked the box in an absent-minded way, looking as if he wished he were home following a plough. One could see in his eyes the gourd vine over the home well, and almost hear the creaking of the windlass as the old ass turned it in his interminable circling; and the old grandfather sitting under the sunny wall telling endless stories to who would listen. We threw in a ten-cent note, hoping to hasten the dénouement; we were curious to see how these peasants managed the old box-and-boy trick. The man took up a small dull dagger, stuck it carefully, at an angle, into the box through several holes, giving meantime some dispirited patter. A few more coppers were thrown in. The audience was now told that half the money necessary was in hand. We debated throwing in another ten cents, but decided it was not worth while, and passed on. Other tents housed wrestlers or jugglers, and in one was a man selling

some sort of court-plaster made from some part of the snake's anatomy. He had about a dozen snakes, which he pulled out of a box as quickly as they crawled to shelter.

Across an open space was a tent with a cotton-sheeting wall from within which came the sound of fiddles and drums. A man stood at the entrance shouting. Twenty cents admission — this was high. Down a sheeting lane, around a corner, we went. Benches and tables were arranged against the wall and separated by a railing from the ring. In the ring a dozen fat ponies were going round and round. At sight of the augmented audience, a pleasant-faced peasant who was riding one of the horses jumped up in the saddle and gave a mild whoop. He then struck with his whip another horse, on which rode a plump peasant wife, and made it go a shade faster. He urged again; eventually some speed was achieved. Then suddenly we knew that we were watching a 'Wild West Show' in Chinese. Some enterprising person had seen a movie or a circus, or perhaps both. Faithfully our brave alternately beat and chased the horse carrying the fair. Leaning far over, he turned his head toward her with his best imitation Hollywood leer. He was so amused with himself that only half his muscles were able to leer; the rest registered humor, gleeful humor. He was like a small boy, who has just begun to outgrow the game, playing Indians. Lustfully, gleefully, he chased the stolid peasant wife, dressed like a mission schoolgirl. She rode on with never a change of expression, as though she were sitting on the home mat sewing a shoe sole. With one last amused whoop the brave stopped the troop. Stiffly the fair got down, and with obvious relief walked off to the family, sitting around the centre pole of the tent, and picked up a baby.

In this group were several half-grown children and one lassie of about eighteen who answered the barker's patter. He stood on a platform above the entrance, and she shouted her retorts automatically when her cue fell on her. Her mind was busy watching everything that went on around.

A couple of men now picked up a small black object which they placed on a table. After much patter it was unveiled, disclosing a midget, a tiny woman. She was led around the ring to show that she was real; scarce three feet high, she told all and sundry that she was forty-eight years old, and at the showman's bidding opened her mouth to show her few snaggly teeth.

It was time to go; also my quarrel with the harpy-like bench women had reached a stage that made departure advisable. They had started whining for their tips the moment we arrived and gathered an army of their sisters to help. Nor did the ordinary tip quiet them.

We now steered toward a row of tents farther on. We were entreated to look into peep shows which from experience we knew contained pictures of battles or bedroom scenes; we were urged to buy patent medicines warranted to take off all freckles, to have a gold tooth mounted or an ordinary one pulled. The row of tents sheltered story-tellers. A denser crowd than we had seen anywhere else sat or stood around, quiet, listening intently. These audiences were mostly men.

One story-teller stood by his table, teapot, and cups. On the other side sat a lad with a fiddle to accompany him. The story-teller accented his tale by the click of the wooden castanets in his left hand and illustrated it by the gestures of his right hand. He wore, as is usual, the clean white coat and trousers and the neatly fitting black shoes of the gentle classes. Enthralled by his

art, we listened and watched. We could catch only occasional phrases, not enough to get the drift of the story. The drama, however, was evident. He told the story with his whole body, with the castanets, the fiddle, and the table and boy besides. He stepped forward, he crouched, he bent back. His right hand gestured and his left clattered the castanets. But his face — smooth, mobile — expressed each change of mood with the precision and ease of a perfect instrument. We were fascinated and could have watched him for hours. But the beggars, like flies, had settled on the gallant major in our midst, and we moved on.

It reminded me of our first story-teller, whom we saw in a town on our way to the Great Wall. After our early dinner in the Chinese inn, we had wandered out to see the town. Down the street, lit only by the stars, we went, and came suddenly upon a silent group of people around a hollow square. At one end of the square was a lamp on a table. Its dim glow cast a large shadow on the wall behind, which accented and enforced the gestures of the tense man in front. Rapt in the warm gloom, the audience listened as he told them of the siege of Peking in 1900, of the Allies and of the Boxers.

IV

After the crudity of the side shows it was a pleasure to linger by each story-teller in turn, enjoying the finish and perfection of this most ancient of the arts.

We were getting tired, but one thing more was to be done — tea and the singsong girls. Piloted by our amused and interested rickshaw coolie, we walked up the stairs and found ourselves in a medium-sized room in which were placed many small tea tables. At one end of the room was a raised platform on which the girls sat in a row. The obsequious proprietor guided us to our seats and served us with tea and watermelon seeds and hot napkins. A boy with a basket of sweets tried in vain to lure us. On the stage a girl was singing. She was moderately pretty and neatly dressed. The long bangs and straight-cut clothes and direct glance would, however, proclaim her anywhere as a singsong girl. She beat at intervals on a small wooden drum standing on a tripod before her, and a spotty-faced young man accompanied her with a fiddle. The ballad was long.

When she had finished, the proprietor brought the fan on which the girls' names and their repertoires were written, and asked us to choose the next number. As we could not read sufficient Chinese, we looked at the stage and picked the prettiest girl. She had a roving eye and a dimpled cheek, and a long sleek braid of hair. We had picked well. The audience shouted, 'Good!' and she answered with smiles.

It was a small audience. Near the front sat an old man who, after carefully disposing of his fan, his hat, and the skirts of his gown, leaned back, closed his eyes, and with an expression of perfect joy on his face beat time to the music. His face was fine, sensitive, and cultured. Perhaps he enjoyed the emotions called forth by the story of the ballad. The girl may have been singing of the noble general carried captive to Mongolia, who, when tending his enemies' sheep, sang of home; or it may have been the ballad of the daughter of Meng and Chang, at the end of whose faithful search the Great Wall opened to return to her the bones of the husband torn from her side by the great tyrant Chin to help in building his masterpiece, the Great Wall. Perhaps it was an even more remote emotion that swayed the old man. Perhaps it was the music, the tech-

nique, the composition, the rendering. We leave him happy in his world of controlled sound.

At the back of the room was a man of thirty-odd, with an intelligent, guileless face. He might have been a headmaster in a small school, or a suburban merchant, secretary, perhaps, of a guild, a respected man of small affairs — a family man, spending his life between his desk and the home court, his thoughts full of his work, his recreation, and his children; a man of some minor importance in his own world, out, as we were, in a seldom-visited foreign country, aware and interested.

Three officers were sitting at a table by the door, and some nondescripts, perhaps two or three, were scattered about the room. A fat young man was sitting near the musicians, and the girl directed at him her choicest smiles. Sleek and indolent, he sat and appraised. He might have been a rich young man idling away his time. One remembered the stories of the Manchu princes frequenting these places in disguise, and scandalizing the court and the populace. But the Empire is no more, and, as the young man is alone, he cannot be very important. Perhaps he is merely the idle pensioner of an idle group. He goes up to the manager, exchanges a few words with him, looks again at the girl. They understand each other. He gives some instructions and goes away.

I thought of the rickshaws with blue cotton padded hoods in which these lassies ride alone at night, and of the bevy of bright-colored figures who had surged up the steps and chattered across the court of the general's house next door to us. But this was a simple singsong girl, and he was probably a middle-class young man, come to bespeak her presence at some tradesman's dinner. Perhaps she would find there some middle-aged merchant who would take her as his concubine. Such a marriage would be her highest hope. Marriage is necessarily the goal of these brotherless girls who support their parents by means of this profession. They have no dot; their fathers, poor peddlers and laborers, cannot arrange advantageous marriages; the girls must find their own husbands.

Once, on another visit, I sat and chatted with one of the older girls, while an artist friend drew their pictures. She told me that they live at home with their parents, start their apprenticeship to a master singer at about the age of twelve, and consider themselves failures if they are not married by eighteen. She said, sadly, that her younger sister had married, and she seemed to spend most of her time wondering why she had not achieved a like success. She could not have been over twenty.

As I looked at the row of girls on the stage, some plump, some thin, some pretty, some plain, some mere children, and some with the knowledge of ages in their eyes, it was obvious that some, at least, had not waited to be married.

We were now thoroughly tired, and decided that a quiet turn through the twilight, in the centuries-removed courts of a near-by temple, would take the turmoil of these hundreds of lives out of our ears and let us go home in peace.

V

It had been months since I last saw Chang Teh-fu, and I was surprised to come across him crouched on a street corner behind a basket of sweet cakes and oily crullers. It was a good corner for a peddler, as good as Peking offers. My rickshaw had difficulty in threading its way between the ranks of rickshaws parked outside the Navy Y. M. C. A. Each of these coolies is a potential customer, and a well-paying one, because

the American marines are notoriously free with their money.

But Chang Teh-fu did not look as though he were sharing in any prosperity. His two garments were ragged and filthy, and his face thin and stubbly. He greeted me, however, with a charming smile, and a courtly inquiry after my broken leg. And he arrived at my house the next day to tell me that he could not make ends meet. The most he could make a day was barely enough for the food of one, and he had his old mother.

His story is very common in China and illustrates one of the reasons why the average Chinese does not show more initiative and 'go-getting' traits.

The first time that I saw Chang Teh-fu was six or seven years ago. I was going to the bazaar to shop, and as my rickshaw touched the curb another arrived. I waited until the passenger had paid his fare, and then I spoke to the coolie. From his neck was growing a tumor as large as his head, which flopped with every step he took, and I asked him why he did not go to a hospital and have the tumor removed.

'Does n't it keep passengers away from you?' I inquired.

'Yes,' he said, 'but I can't take time off to go to a hospital. I have an old mother, and we eat each day what I earn each day.'

I gave him my card and told him that I would arrange for his mother's care if he went to the hospital. Strange to say, he had faith and went. The tumor was removed, and he and his mother were fed and the rent paid until his strength returned. A special license to pull in a favored spot was secured for him. Soon he bought his own rickshaw, on the installment plan, and got a position as a private coolie, which placed him in the aristocracy of rickshawdom. And we thought that all was well.

Then things began to happen. He asked for advances on his pay, and for time off, and so we got the story.

As his prosperity increased, his family increased. One by one, like bees to a honey pot, his wandering brothers came at the news of his regular wages — two brothers and a half-grown cousin, expecting to be supported; and, according to Chinese custom, he could not turn them out. He managed to find a job for one brother, but this brother then promptly got married and brought his wife home for Chang Teh-fu to support.

This marriage carried an extra grievance to him, for, as he said, 'If any one of us should marry, it should be I, as the oldest brother and the chief breadwinner.' But the mother had always been partial to the second brother, though he had never supported her or cared for her.

Chang Teh-fu now had the privilege of working and caring for a family of six adults on a wage that was adequate for the necessities of two, and the comforts were going to another. He took the only course open to him. He gave up his regular job and took again to pulling by the trip, and kept his earnings down. His plan worked. One by one his unwanted and unworking family drifted off, until he was again alone with his mother.

Such stories are only too common. An acquaintance who is running a sewing room for women told me of her effort to increase their personal production. The women all refused to speed up, and expressed themselves as content with what they were earning.

'If,' said one, 'we earn more, we shall only be required to support another person. Why should we tire ourselves?'

Just to finish Chang Teh-fu's personal tale, let me add that an old tubercular trouble flared up, he had to quit pulling rickshaw, and joined that next to the last resort of the Peking poor, the ranks of the peddlers, who may make a

bare living by selling eatables in the streets. And as he cannot earn enough for his mother and himself, he is on the border of the last rank, that of the beggars.

VI

On my way to the office this morning, I saw a condemned criminal going to his execution. The parade was in better formation than most Chinese processions. I use the word 'parade' advisedly, for there was distinctly the air of one, as well as the grimness of death, traveling with that group of people. A squad of ten soldiers, well uniformed in khaki and well mounted on Mongolian ponies, trim and alert, they rode in perfect alignment. As they kept the width of the street between them, they crowded the traffic to the side of the road and forced it to a standstill. The first two soldiers had no guns, but the following eight had each a carbine slung across his shoulder. Behind them walked two squads of police, three men in each, flanking the cart, which thus had a wide open space to itself.

The cart was an ordinary Peking cart of the roofless kind, drawn by one mule. It was led by a coolie in common blue clothes, and on the shafts rode another coolie who was obviously the second driver. But bristling from all sides of the cart and seated in it and on its low wooden sides were khaki-clad soldiers armed with rifles which they held in their hands, ready for use. The cart could not have held more than four or five, but they looked like quite a dozen.

In their midst sat a man in blue coolie clothes with his hands tied and a great cotton-sheathed something strapped to his back and hands. It towered four or five feet above him, looking like a gigantic executioner's sword in shape, and may have been intended as a symbol of what was about to happen to him. The man himself looked around with truculent defiance which ended in a hiccough and a vacant stare. He was probably drunk, as it is the custom to give condemned prisoners as much wine as they care for before starting on this gruesome journey. He was being taken to the execution ground between the Temple of Heaven and the Temple of Agriculture, and an account of his sins was to appear in the next day's paper. There had been many so-called robberies in town lately, and he was probably a thief who had not been clever enough to escape. He looked insignificant and mild, and as if he had long been undernourished.

I asked my rickshaw coolie if he had ever seen an execution. 'Yes,' he said, 'but there is not much to see. A live man does things, is worth watching. A shot in the forehead, and he is just a piece of dead flesh. And the blood and brains are not good to look at.'

Last week one of my assistants was telling of a patient of his who had just died. The old man had a shop where he made and sold brass ware. A workman whose apprenticeship was over and who had gone out to seek his fortune came back demanding money. The old man refused it, whereupon the ex-apprentice seized a chopping knife and hacked the old man so severely that he died in the hospital a day or two afterward.

'Have they caught the apprentice?'

'Yes, they got him the next day.'

'I suppose,' I said, 'that they will execute him.'

My assistant looked a little surprised, and then, being a university student and remembering that there was a difference between Chinese and foreign values, he said, 'He will probably get several months or perhaps a year or two in prison. There was no robbery, you see.'

This little dialogue brought an over-

whelming realization of the sanctity of property and the need for that sanctity. With millions living each day on what each day brings forth, — two meals or one, or none, — with millions who literally never have been really full but once or twice in their lives, while human beings teem on every hand, is this attitude any wonder? He who takes a life merely reduces the consuming population, of which there are millions too many anyway. He who takes property takes that of which there is much too little to go round.

THE UNREALIST

BY A. W. SMITH

I

THE Deputy Collector, Reggie Tring, sat in his shirt sleeves writing in his office in his bungalow in Iruporei. It was midday and a Sunday in June, and the doors and windows, which had warped and shrunk in the heat, were shut to keep out the hot, dusty wind. Little heaps of gritty dust crept through the crevices and collected on the sills. It was blown by a wind which brought no coolness and which only tried the temper. The punkah of Japanese matting swayed and flapped overhead in a hopeless fashion. The pulley over which the rope passed through the wall to the coolie squatting outside made a little squeaking at each stroke.

Tring picked up and read what he had just written. 'Hindu and Mohammedan, Pariah and Brahmin, are united firmly by a common bond — that forged by their aspiration to political freedom. Then let India gird her loins and, by wielding the powerful weapon of the vote, press on to the full realization of Democracy.'

He liked it. It was the peroration of an essay which he had decided to call 'A Mess of Pottage.' He read it again and liked it more. He arranged the sheets which he had written, squared them with meticulous care, tied them with a piece of pink office tape, and slipped them into a drawer, to repose there, one of a heap of similar manuscripts.

It was a harmless hobby, this of Tring's. Some day he wondered whether he might not have them published as a book to appeal to the few. In the meanwhile he sent them occasionally to a magazine of advanced thought and limited circulation called the *Modern World*. So far they had always been returned.

He leaned back in his chair, and as he did so a sheet of paper stuck to his forearm, detached itself, and fluttered to the floor. He did not bother to pick it up. The effort was too great, and someone would come along eventually and do it for him. In any case it was not important; it was only the rough outline of a judgment which he had finished writing that morning in a case which he had heard the day before. It was a rather involved and complicated case of land inheritance and Hindu family law in which the witnesses had

lied more exasperatingly and unoriginally than usual.

He looked wearily at the sheet of paper. It lifted a corner and skittered across the matting at each puff of the punkah. It halted under the lee of the desk, and when it was obviously going no farther Tring turned his attention to his finger nails. They were sore and the quicks were lifting in the intense dry heat. He was accustomed to their doing that as one of the minor discomforts of the hot season. When the sun blazed down pitilessly and the only clouds were the yellow clouds of gritty dust gathered up over mile after mile of heat-baked plain, with the apparent intention of getting into his hair and eyes, of filtering in gray heaps under the sills of his doors and windows, of getting into his tobacco and making his pipe stem gritty to his teeth, he, Reggie Tring, lonely and isolated in Iruporei, seemed to be the uncomfortable object of it all.

He got up and walked to the window. The wind was still raging outside and the dust pattered on the panes like raindrops. The trees, bare and stripped of leaves, waved dry bones of branches; the leaves, burned hard and brown, swirled in spirals where the dust devils danced. Under the meagre shadow of his compound walls lay three or four panting goats. They always chose that place, and nothing would keep them out. The earth was trampled by their sharp little feet to make more dust fuel for the bitter wind, and over them hung the sour smell of their droppings.

Tring wondered idly whether he would be able to take leave. He thought with longing of the green hills of Ootacamund and the rain whipping in over the rolling turf of the downs, where rhododendrons grew in the sheltered folds. He longed for the refreshing chill of the Nilgiris, — the Blue Hills, — only a matter of hours away, for wood fires and the quiet companionship of his own race and kind. He had applied for leave, and within ten days, if it was granted, he would be breathing the rare, unspoiled air of the hills.

In the bare branches of a neem tree, the koel, the brain-fever bird, ground out its harsh two-note song, repeated and repeated until the brain reeled and cried for respite.

Times were troubled, and Tring found himself the only Englishman in Iruporei. There were whisperings in the bazaars of which the deafest could not be unaware. They were not the stirring of incipient nationalism, but the outcome of jealousy of religion for religion. The great Mohammedan festival of Bakr'Id was at hand, and a chance word, a fancied slight, might serve to set the city aflame and to throw the two great classes of inhabitants — Hindu and Mohammedan — into rioting and bloodshed. Bakr'Id was always an anxious time in Iruporei, for then the Mohammedan had full license to slaughter cows and goats, a practice which the Hindu viewed with religious horror.

Tring was tired. For the past six months he had seen this coming and he wondered how far it was going to go. It had started with plans for rebuilding the walls of the mosque and the extension of its bounds. By an odd coincidence the tomb of a Hindu saint was discovered on the ground over which the mosque trustees intended to build. For months Tring had tried to find a solution of the problem, and now had come deadlock, tempers short, minds inflamed, and both parties ready to strike at a word. He had used all his tact, and now he could do no more than wait for the storm to break if it would.

Tring left his window and went wearily back to his desk. There seemed to be no way out, and he made up his

mind that trouble was bound to come. How or where it would break out, neither he nor anyone else could say. It would run like fire in dry grass through the bazaars, and it would bring the ruffianly element out of the slums and lanes of the city in the hope of loot. Tring stabbed viciously at a piece of blotting paper with his pencil. The point broke. Things snapped off short if you tried them too far. The Hindu-Mohammedan troubles in the city had got beyond his control. Only by luck could he scrape through. It was all futile anyhow.

'*Divide et impera.*' Tring laughed a little bitterly. It was the taunt which the half-baked lawyers would throw at him and his kind when trouble eventually came.

'Divide and rule.' Ha, ha, ha! The joke was on him and almost too rich not to share. Set race and race at each other's throats to make the ruling more easy. The last six months rose up to mock him — the whole infantile dispute with neither side disposed to move an inch to help.

He picked up his pencil again to go over his emergency riot scheme. The wooden point slid blankly over the paper. He looked at it in disgust.

'*Divide et impera cum* pencil *fracto*'— and why the devil did he put in a preposition where an ablative absolute should do the trick? What the hell was the good of a classical education when dealing with fractious Iruporei? 'Mother, is your child fractious? Is the little tongue coated? Give it California syrup of figs. . . .' He would get a bottle — a magnum of syrup of figs — and, properly iced, he would dose them all with a spoon.

Tring pulled himself up short. He wondered where his mind was wandering and he fought for supremacy over the figures which he knew only too well — of police on leave and police sick. The forces were ridiculously inadequate. With Mr. Khan Mahomed he had been over every inch of the ground.

Mr. Khan Mahomed was the Superintendent of Police and a Mohammedan. His courage was unquestioned, but could he be trusted? In most ways, yes; but this was Mohammedan against Hindu — Mr. Khan Mahomed against the hated idolater. Of course afterward they would say that Mr. Khan Mahomed had been biased.

Tring pulled the file out of his drawer. He had been over it until he knew it by heart. So many police at the Temple thana — so many at the police post at the Secunderabad Gate. The figures danced and jerked before his eyes. California syrup of figs was the best remedy, anyhow. Tring passed his hand over his forehead. The skin was dry and hot to touch. He shivered with cold.

'Damn,' said Tring.

He took quinine and aspirin from his drawer and dosed himself — fifteen grains of quinine and ten of aspirin. He pushed a thermometer into his mouth and lay down in a long Bombay chair with his feet on the sleeves.

So many police at the thana at the Temple, so many at the police post at the Secunderabad Gate, — that made so many, — deduct sick and on leave — He pulled his thermometer out and tried to read the silver ribbon of mercury wobbling before his blurred eyes. His hand was shaking and his teeth chattered. A hundred and one and five tenths. The ecstasy of fever gripped him: so many police at the thana — so many on leave and sick —

The room grew and the punkah waved uncertainly far, far up in the dim heights above him. The room tipped a little. Suddenly the walls contracted, the ceiling rushed toward him. He was burning up and he wanted

air. He put his arm over his eyes to keep out the nauseating sight of the rocking, pumping walls.

Mr. Khan Mahomed was a Mohammedan, but California syrup of figs was a nice peaceful remedy guaranteed to cure all ills.

Outside the wind blew and the brain-fever bird in the dry bones of the neem tree ground out his one-word song. The dust pattered on the windowpanes and Tring shut his eyes and tried to sleep as the quinine, buzzing in his ears, began to do its work.

II

Malaria was no new thing to Tring, and on the third day he got up — a little thinner, rather shaky, and very tired. The fever had gone, and he walked uncertainly across his bedroom to shave. His limbs felt like lead and every movement required a distinct effort. He took a fresh blade for his razor and lathered at the stubble on his chin. He examined his face in the mirror spotted with damp. His heavy lids drooped over his yellowed eyes and he wanted no more than to sleep somewhere in the cool.

He strove to overcome his lassitude. Down in his office they were waiting for Reginald Tring, Esq., B.A., of the Indian Civil Service, to administer the District of Iruporei. Somehow he must get Reginald Tring, Esq., to the office. He wondered how he was going to do it. Reginald Tring had to have his face smooth-shaved before he could sit in court. He finished his lathering and looked distastefully at his razor, wondering how he could lift it and scrape and slice to achieve that immaculate surface which convention and the traditions of his service demanded. It was too much. He dropped into a long chair, his hands hanging loosely over the arms. To sit down was good. It was all he wanted. Just to rest and watch the lifeless burnt-up fields stretching away to the line of low hills with tops of ragged yellow rock. His eye took the line of the horizon. There was no sound in the house, and outside only a murmur of voices from the servants' quarters. His mind became blank and his thoughts ceased to function. He was in a stupor, his eyes focused on nothing. The lather dried on his face and fell off in tiny flakes as light as snow.

He sat there a minute — half an hour — ten minutes. Tring came to with a start. To-day was Bakr'Id, and Mr. Tring, the Deputy Collector, had to be in the office. Somehow he had to get him there. He dug weakly with his razor at the dry soap on his face until, realizing the futility of it, he dipped his brush in the water and lathered again.

He left his bedroom and went down stairs strange and unfamiliar after three days in bed. He was almost surprised to find his study unchanged — and his papers as he had left them on his desk. In three days of fever upstairs he had somehow hoped and even expected that something might have happened. The absolute unchangedness came as a vague disappointment to him.

He looked at the clock — it had stopped for want of winding. He set it by his watch, glad that at least something had occurred to break the monotony. In ten minutes his car would be around to take him to his office in the Kucherry, where also were the court, the treasury with its net bags of fat clinking silver rupees, the guard of police, and the administrative offices of the Deputy Collector. All were shaded by trees under which the professional petition writers sat in a row, each squatting on his heels before his boxlike desk ready to turn the country-

man's halting flow of Tamil or Mahrathi into elaborate flowery English. Here, too, the lawyers' touts and the professional witnesses hung round — ready to swear to anything for pay.

Tring, waiting for his car, pulled open his drawer of essays and turned them over — 'A Mess of Pottage,' 'Democracy Wins,' 'Representation.' He wondered idly if they would ever be seen by a world which was urgently in need of them.

His telephone bell rang. Disturbed, he took the receiver off the hook. It was Mr. Khan Mahomed. His careful, clipped sentences came over the wire — his voice thin and excited. Things were quiet — so far, but there were rumors in the city.

'Yes — that's good,' Tring replied. 'I'll be down in a minute.' A thought struck him. 'I think I'll drive through the city. Meet me in ten minutes' time at the police thana at the Secunderabad Gate.' He hung up, and as he did so he heard his car stop in front of the house. Wearily he put on his sun helmet. He was vaguely excited. He sat back on the warm leather cushions and felt his lassitude coming over him again. Nothing mattered very much — after all, he was hardly to blame if two lots of people decided to knock each other about.

He braced himself. He had no right to think along those lines. His was the responsibility first and last. If Mr. Khan Mahomed fired a shot in self-defense, if Mohammedans battered Hindus, his and his alone was the responsibility. The correct and impartial administration of the district of Iruporei rested on the shoulders of Reginald Tring, Esq., of the Indian Civil Service.

He was driven down the shady road under the arching branches of the banyan trees. The sunlight striking through the leaves dappled the dust of the road. A bullock cart laden with straw creaked on its way to the city. Gypsies herded little undersized donkeys in a drove to help in some kind of road construction. It was just like any other day. These ordinary folk outside the city did n't care — why should they?

At the thana, police, off duty, lounged as usual. Mr. Khan Mahomed was waiting for him. He was in uniform, and this was unusual. He wore a revolver in its holster strapped to his belt. Tring looked at it with distaste, but said nothing. He hated firearms, but it was part of the uniform and presumably could not be helped. A police orderly climbed in front and they drove slowly through the crowded streets of the city.

In the bazaars, the air was stifling. The sun blazed down and they drove slowly through crowds which parted reluctantly to let them pass. The sellers of betel and pan leaves squatted with their trays in what shade they could find. A man with a barrow of over-sweet highly colored drinks tinkled a little bell. Over all there was an air of expectancy, of waiting for something to happen.

The sweat dripped into Tring's eyes and he wiped his forehead. He watched the little beads collecting on the back of his hand resting on the side of the car.

Outwardly the city pursued its everyday life. The usual smells rose in the still air — the smells of onion and garlic, of cardamons and turmeric, of ghi melting in the heat, and of heavy fat-fried foods. Underneath the surface there was something tense — the crowds moved faster and more warily. Shops were shuttered and closed which should be doing business. In the cloth bazaar hardly a stall was open.

Tring looked covertly at Mr. Khan Mahomed. His face was impassive,

but Tring happened to look down and saw that his fingers twitched a little. It annoyed him. Why should Khan Mahomed's hand twitch? If anyone's twitched, it should be his.

Far off in the distance they heard the sound of music — the clash of cymbals, the screech of pipes, and the deep braying of a conch. The police orderly stirred. The car stopped and the driver looked round for orders.

The crowds in the streets were listening, too. On a Mohammedan festival like Bakr'Id, a Hindu band — the sign of some kind of religious function — might start anything. Mohammedans don't play music and don't approve of it, and a Hindu band playing music would mean a disturbance of the faithful at prayer and an insult of the most deliberate kind, to be answered only with blows. In any case the playing of music in the city on Bakr'Id had been strictly forbidden.

Mr. Khan Mahomed looked at Tring for orders. The crowds in the bazaar were on the run.

'Go on,' said Tring, affecting a calm he did not feel. The car started with a jerk and turned down a side street.

'Hurry,' said Tring.

III

So it had come. At least it was what they had all expected. The crowd was moving with them with unanimous determination. At the street sides shutters were going up and men tied their loin cloths between their thighs.

Tring looked round him in curiosity, watching to see how Iruporei accepted the challenge. Nearer the band blared its discordant notes. The cymbals, beating a quick rhythm, were stirring the mob to action.

They left the car in a narrow lane and on foot came out on to a broad thoroughfare. Down the centre of it marched the band with banners waving bravely. In the middle of it swayed a flower-garlanded litter borne shoulder-high in which was the black waxen figure of Kali, the 'Dark Mother.' Four-armed, her eyes and palms were red, her tongue, face, and breasts bloodstained.

At the top end of the street was the mosque, and from it were pouring the worshipers, enraged at the disturbance of their prayers. In between, the street was empty, and the higher buildings on either side presented nothing but blank shuttered windows.

The three of them — Tring, Khan Mahomed, and the police orderly — found themselves alone in the empty middle of the street. Before them the waving banners and the crowd swaying round the litter steadily advanced. The crash of the cymbals, the hoarse bray of the conches, and the squeaking of the pipes almost drowned the deep angry murmur of the crowd behind.

Tring took in the situation. He had expected trouble, but nothing so deliberately planned as this. He turned to the Police Superintendent.

'Send your orderly to the Temple thana for police. Keep them in the side streets until we want them.'

The orderly ran off, his feet paddling in the deep white dust. He stripped off his shoes as he passed the car that he might run the faster.

Tring advanced toward the band. The crowd halted uncertainly. The band stopped short in its playing, a cymbal in the zealous hands of a rear-rank player clanging brassily for several clashy beats after the rest. The deep-throated 'Aah' of the angry crowd behind him swelled crescendo. It sent a shiver down Tring's spine. Mass anger was something new to him — it seemed inhuman, it was so uncontrolled.

The empty space in the street was smaller. '*Divide et impera*,' said Tring

under his breath as he walked forward alone through the air stifling and still in the hot sunshine.

'We take our Mother Kali to see the shrine behind the mosque,' they said in answer to his question.

'Forward, brothers!' shouted a solitary voice near the litter. 'They are only two — we are many. Forward!' The mob moved uncertainly.

'Go back!' shouted Tring. 'There is to be no going forward to-day, and no playing of music. Are you children to do this to-day? Go back! It is an order.'

'Forward, brothers!' The same voice at the back cried monotonously. 'Forward, or our Mother Kali will be angry with us!'

Behind him, Tring heard a slight creak of leather. Khan Mahomed's hand was easing the butt of his revolver in its holster.

'They are in ugly moods, sir,' he whispered rapidly, his thin lips drawn back from his teeth as he spoke. 'We can do nothing. We are but two. Shall I fire?'

Tring shivered. The responsibility was his. A doubt came into his mind. Was Khan Mahomed really impartial? Or would he like to see his brethren from the mosque fling themselves in religious fury on their enemies in front?

'Leave your revolver where it is,' said Tring. 'There is to be no shooting.'

Behind them the roar of the surging mob in front of the mosque swelled to a shout. The mullah, in the green turban of one who had made the pilgrimage to Mecca, was haranguing them from the steps of the building.

The empty space narrowed between the swaying mobs. They only awaited a false gesture to be at each other's throats. Anything might start it. There would be days of bloodshed and murder — of Iruporei out of hand — of looting and knifing in the dark at street corners — of the settlement of private wrongs. A trickle of sweat crept into Tring's eyes, blinding him for a moment.

'Silence!' he shouted. 'Silence!'

He strove to make himself heard. Behind him Khan Mahomed echoed him with the bellow, 'Silence, you! Silence! The Sahib is going to speak.'

Behind him the roar of the angry Mohammedan crowd died away to a mutter; before him the Hindus pushed and shuffled uncertainly. The same voice near the litter of the goddess reiterated monotonously, 'Forward, brothers, forward!'

'Silence!' Tring repeated. At last he felt that he was making himself heard. Once he could do that, the game was his. He could drive his wedge of police between them. He only wanted time. 'Silence!' he shouted again.

Without warning a stone buzzed past his ear, and the clamor broke out again. From behind came more stones and then a bottle. Tring heard Khan Mahomed grunt. A brick had taken him in the small of the back. He was on his knees and bent double, retching. His vomit made a muddy puddle at his feet. He was tugging at the revolver in his holster.

Tring ran to him. Overhead the bricks and stones were flying. The roar of both crowds swelled again. To Tring it seemed that the thing had got beyond control.

A bottle broke at his feet and the broken glass reflected the burning sun. A stone sang through the air and struck Tring on the cheek below the eye. He staggered and put his hand to the place, which was curiously numb. There was blood, sticky and warm, on his fingers. The thing had got beyond him. They could do no more. The two mobs were brandishing axes and sticks which had appeared like magic.

Tring looked round. So this was what it felt like at the end — at the end of six months' work trying to make people see sense. And now? And now was the end. They could do no more. Let the thing start — and clean up as best they could later. His world was crashing round his ears. It was unreal, though just what he had expected for months. He had better get out; a sense of his own danger came over him and put him into sudden panic.

He bent to put an arm round Khan Mahomed and a trickle of blood ran into the corner of his mouth. He savored it on his tongue. It was warm and salty to his taste and curiously refreshing.

With the taste came anger, sudden and gusty. He dragged Khan Mahomed's revolver from its holster and faced the crowds again, and as he did so the battle closed.

Tring stood with Khan Mahomed, still retching, between his feet and hit out with his fist at anyone who came near. The sticks were rising and falling like flails. A man naked but for a loin cloth struck at the Police Superintendent with an axe, and Tring fired at him blindly. The man dropped, choking — blood coming from between his clenched teeth.

The litter bearing the goddess swayed and plunged uncertainly, and round it the battle was heaviest. Tring fought all in sight with a cold berserk rage and cleared a space round him. As he beat about him the Police Superintendent got to his feet and joined him in keeping their circle clear.

As they struck out they saw red turbans of their police appear at the side street through which they themselves had come. Tring fought toward them. At their head was the chubby little Hindu subinspector.

'Divide and rule!' shouted Tring into his ear.

'What?' said the subinspector, puzzled. 'I think, sir, maybe we will make splits of the factions and send them down side streets helter-skelters.'

The police drove into the milling mob in the confined street. Tring joined them; he wanted nothing better than to make some settlement for his last six months' work.

'Divide and rule!' he yelled as isolated bunches were detached and driven into the lanes and alleys — where, away from the battle, they halted for breath.

At last it was done. The street was clear, and for the moment things were quiet. The roadway was littered with stones, broken bottles, and torn clothing. The police were picking up the wounded. Tring, standing on the steps of a house, felt very tired. He sat down. His head was aching. He looked at his watch. Barely an hour before, he had left his house.

Tring picked himself up and called his car. His head buzzed and ached. He wondered what the casualties had been. Gingerly he fingered the cut below his eye. It was becoming painful, and the drying blood on his cheek cracked and flaked when he spoke. He drove home.

On the table in his study was his mail. He picked up one envelope after another and sorted them. The most interesting he took first. His application for a week's leave had been refused. Everything, then, was as usual.

Tring ripped the cover of the next letter. It was from the *Modern World*. They accepted gladly his article 'Vox Populi Vox Dei.' Unnoticed from the envelope fell a check. It skittered across the floor at each puff of the punkah. At last it would come to rest under the lee of the desk.

DROUGHT

BY ELEANOR RISLEY

I

ONCE more Spring is calling, 'Step up, gentlemen, and place your bets.' And we advance behind our ploughs with, perhaps, a step less assured than that of last year, when Nature won all the bets.

Even the ponies and I do not amble twice a week to the village with as light an amble, for eggs are ten cents now, when they were twenty-five cents this time last year.

Last spring I used to stop to watch Joey — eighteen, and married — following the mules proudly up and down the furrows, while his child-wife ran about in the field picking rocks and carrying them to the stone wall, reminding one, in her ragged red sweater, of a spring robin hopping about and running with an early worm. How many weary years of rock picking in that field! And still the rocks spring like dragons' teeth from the land.

There are four farms on my road to the village. Joey's, the Turleys', — two bachelor brothers who live opposite each other, — and last, Jimmy Reed's. Jimmy lives with his mother and his young wife at the foot of the steep Reed hill where I always rest the ponies beside the busy, crystal-clear stream and watch Jimmy and his wife working in the wide, clean fields where later the cotton will bloom. We wave at each other happily, for the season is propitious, and it is spring.

At the ford I watch warily for the little island. If it is submerged, I dare not trust the swift waters from the mountains, but must turn to the longer road, where the crossing is safe. But to-day the pussy willows sway above the island, so the ponies drink their fill of the water they like best, and John, after his swim, visits, as he always does, the little mossy dens along the bank. For hope springs eternal that one great day he may come upon the 'varmint' which he knows hides there at night.

Among the green pines the dogwood stars, ineffably pure, white, like moonlight on snow, and across Tom Turley's pasture, against the azure sky, a long line of blushing redbuds. Beyond, old Rich Mountain, clothed in purple, benignant and mighty. Then comes the flower-bordered curve in the road that ever satisfies my soul, and I call John, who reluctantly abandons the hawk high in the tree, at which he barks defiance. For there is now no bounty on chicken hawks, and Arkansas expects every dog to do his duty.

From his accustomed stump John jumps into the cart. We are approaching the highway that leads to our county seat, and John, who has never learned to fear anything, might pause in the middle of the road to scratch his ear before a passing motor car, certain that it would stop for him.

Up the long, steep hill, where I rest the ponies and gaze at the sky, bluer from this depth, and smile that the mistletoe on the hardwood trees that slope south to the Ouachita River still

grows too high for holiday fears. And I look with a passing sadness at the churchyard with its remembered dead, and our little church on the summit of the hill. Around the curve, and there is the village, and Billy at his shop is shoeing a patient horse, or gazing thoughtfully at a grief-stricken motor car.

There are five houses in the village, and two small stores. If you fail to find what you desire in one, the storekeeper says, 'I kinder think the other store's got some o' thet ter-day.'

In the farther store the postmaster sits on a nail keg before the little cage which is our post-office department, bent on improving his mind with a book. For all the farmers are busy now, and the precious checkerboard lies idle and neglected on an adjacent flour sack. I receive my mail, and select another nail keg beside the postmaster and read aloud portions of my letters which may interest him. For the postmaster is my friend and confidant. He will say proudly, 'Here's one from the lady in New York. And here's one I do believe's got a check in it!'

II

Summer — and the little Robin and Joey, chopping cotton, look up wearily from their persistent, never-resting hoes. But Joey calls hopefully: —

'Hit 'pears now lak it might be weatherin' ter-morrer.'

But each day the clouds gather high in the sky, and, after a conference, disperse and vanish into thin air, and once more the sun sinks rose and gold behind the violet mountains. The days that follow are not hot days. The fields are not scorched by the sun alone. The corn and the cotton simply die of thirst. I note, in passing, that Tom Turley has moved his bed into the yard by the dusty crape-myrtle tree, for never have the stars, it seems to me, shone down upon us with such pitiless brilliancy.

Then one day, as I pass, Joey says, 'No'm, hit would n't do no good now effen it did rain. The corn hit dried up in ther tossle before it could make; an' ther cotton suares they fell off, an' them would set won't make now.'

Jimmy Reed sits idle with his drooping young wife among the withered rosebushes in the yard, and looks across to the burned fields that represent so many days of toil for them both, and so many dollars for fertilizer which was to be paid for from the cotton. He greets me as gallantly as ever, but when I turn again from the stream to call John, passing the compliments of the season with the hounds, I catch a look on Jimmy's young face that I wish I might forget.

Then one day when the dust is deep, and the rocks in the road seem to have grown and sharpened; when the ponies no longer pause to stand and pretend to drink long after they have finished of the cool mountain water, but plod disconsolately through the revealing waste that was our beautiful ford; when the oaks stand brown and desolate, marked for death among the haughty pines, and the ground is strewn with withered leaves as if already winter were here, I reproach myself, in this barren land where no bird sings, for my joy in the encircling mountains — splendid, gigantic bouquets of softest browns and deepest maroon, and scarlet and green and shining gold. Tom Turley waits at his gate and stops me, — it is the twelfth of August, — and leans on the wheel of the cart, and looks at me with a white face.

'I thought I'd jist break hit ter you kinder — before you git ter town. The bank — hit failed yesterday. The one where yore money is — and where all our school money is.'

Tom commends me for the way in which I bear the shock. Since I am a 'furrin womern,' he had not expected the stoicism of a mountaineer. But the school money! That is incredible! How many anxious conferences we have held at our own little schoolhouse at my corner in an endeavor to resign ourselves to the mandate which had gone forth for a consolidated school at the village. We know that we might have better teachers there, and more time given to smaller classes, and it might be well enough for the elder pupils, though 'hit'll be mighty hard fur ther womern ter git th'u 'ith ther work in ther ev'nin' 'ithout 'em — bein' so late on ther road.' But the little ones, who must be snatched from a breakfast at dawn, who must walk to our old schoolhouse, deserted and cold, and wait for a dangerous-looking bus to bear them away until nightfall, — for we cannot afford another bus at once, and the road is long and must be repaired, too, — 'thim leetle fellers thet hain't niver ben nowhere a-tall!' Who will care for them, swinging away in that rocking machine?

Then, too, we feel that we shall be standardized — we shall lose our individuality. No more will there be a community centre at our own schoolhouse, where we hold our pie suppers, and exhibitions, and our Christmas tree celebrations. The village will swallow us. After all our agony of resistance, and our final resignation, now the money for the new stone schoolhouse at the village, — our one consolation, — the money is lost!

At the village are sober faces. 'Frozen securities,' sighs the postmaster.

'Thet means us, I reckon,' grins Barton, looking up from a brilliant move of a checker-man.

'Finish the game,' I say to the postmaster. 'I am in no hurry for the mail.' I never have had the heart to interrupt a game.

An onlooker cries: 'He's finished, right now! Thet move o' Barton's finished him.'

Later, at the bank in town with my friend the newspaper man, I watch the long line of those who have responded to the bank's call for debts. Women in faded print gowns, with pained faces and trembling hands; men in patched overalls, their heads held high. They are facing, not our genial bankers, but a stranger, arrogant of manner, with a cold, set face — perhaps from poring over frozen securities.

A neighbor tells me that at another bank, where there is an unwonted air of anxiety and mystery, a man stands at the window with his 'cotton money' for the fertilizer bill, and asks for enough deducted to buy his wife and children winter shoes. He is refused. Banks must be wary now. Who knows when a run may start? Another asks for money enough from the first bales to purchase groceries. He is refused. He cries desperately: —

'All right! Thar's three more bales out ther to pick, and if you want 'em just go out and pick 'em!'

Still, we feel that these bankers have been our friends for years, and we are patient, and we speak with pride of the banker whose thirty-nine banks in our state failed in one week and who surrendered his own private fortune in gilt-edged securities and went back to the little home town to begin over again. But we wonder a little about banking laws, and why they do not protect depositors.

In the store next door I wait for the clerk whom I know and like. He is engaged with a man, evidently a laborer, who wears a faded shirt and no coat, though the day is chill and raw. Beside him stand two children with the remnants of shoes on their little feet.

The man counts aloud the silver in his hand. 'One dollar and twenty-nine cints.'

'All right,' says young George crisply. 'One sack of flour, twenty-four pounds — sixty cents. Beans — thirty-five cents. We have n't the lard in bulk. You 'll have to get a five-pound bucket — forty-five cents.'

'Wait. Hold on a minute.' And the man anxiously counts the money in his hand once more. 'I hain't got enough. You see, I got ter git er can er snuff, too.'

'Well,' says George helpfully, 'then get a few less beans — and cut out the snuff! You don't need the snuff — you can't eat snuff.'

The man shakes his head sadly.

'I cain't leave out ther snuff,' he says.

'You are n't like me,' cries George, in his superior, youthful wisdom. 'I don't use tobacco myself. *I* can't afford it.'

'Suppose you don't, George!' I say impertinently. 'What has that to do with it? Of course he can't leave out the snuff!'

The man turns to me and murmurs, 'Hit's ter pleasure my womern. She's purty puny this winter.'

Alas, the standard of living among our workingmen is too high; and ten cents is too much for 'pleasurin' an invalid.'

III

This was the beginning. Our county seat, a town of about thirty-five hundred, comes bravely to the rescue. 'Home money for the hungry at home' is the slogan.

Our county newspaper, of which we are so proud, the Chamber of Commerce, the various clubs, are active. A store in a vacant building — donated, with lights, heat, and water — receives gifts from the merchants and from the Red Cross, food, clothing, and shoes. A cobbler advertises to mend all shoes free of charge, and a truck driver offers to collect all donations from individuals. We boast that we are one of the five counties of Arkansas that do not accept financial aid from the Red Cross. Mercifully the winter is mild, but sometimes in the mountains our spring is tardy and cold — however, there is the Red Cross, ready to help.

Later, at the village, I sit in my especial chair between the big vinegar barrel and the medicine shelf, with its boxes of salve for flu and its bottles of tonic for chills. I listen to the conversation in silence and pride; for great patience and what diplomacy I possess have earned me, a woman, the right to a seat in the Wisdom Club beside the sacred, eternal checker game.

The talk is of our new stone schoolhouse in the village, for the county treasurer held a surety bond for forty thousand dollars which partially covered the public money. Then, in November, the closed bank paid the depositors twenty-five cents on the dollar, and promised more when the money could be collected. We shake our heads dubiously about the time this will take — with fertilizer at the same ruinous price. And we estimate and computate, and guess that the fertilizer bill takes about half of the cotton crop of our county!

But our beautiful schoolhouse grows each day, though the building has been delayed and our school is held in the church on the hill; for we must be kept firmly to a consolidated school. We reluctantly admit how fresh and well our children look, in spite of an unusually low diet — in other townships there are soup kitchens for the school children, but not in ours! Some of us reflect that we may thank the new bus, with its merry rides till dark instead of hurried work at home after school.

There was the usual Christmas celebration at the church, and though we knew that the programme far exceeded anything we ever gave at Piney Hill schoolhouse, yet somehow it was not the same, and perhaps we were a trifle lonely, and not yet reconciled. But our girls were beautiful, — cotton stockings this year in place of rayon or silk, — their finely cut features and their delicate complexions heightened by rouge. (We have each, for a long time, possessed a pair of silk stockings for Sunday, and long since we have attained to cosmetic consciousness.) There was much display of bright Christmas paper to cover the paucity of gifts.

Later my friend Jack, who works in town, but loves a country lass, said to me: —

'I just thort I'd ask you. I give my girl a mighty nice pair o' shoes fur a birthday present. She did n't wear 'em an' I found out the pore girl did n't hev no stockings. So I goes an' putts a pair on the tree fur her. She's mad, an' don't want to take 'em. She lows hit ain' no nice present ter give a girl. I told her I knowed it wuz, an' I wuz goin' ter ask you. Effen it don't missputt you none, you just tell her so, will you? Hit's all right, hain't it?'

'Of course. It is the usual gift nowadays,' I answered, and I wondered why anyone should consider stockings a more indelicate gift than shoes. Still, one must draw the line somewhere, and while our mountain girls are pliant as to short dresses, bobbed hair, and cosmetics, they are rigid as to their own ideas of propriety.

In these parlous times we felt that on Christmas Day we belonged with our own. Refusing invitations to the town or to Commonwealth College beyond, we dined with our nearest neighbors, and had backbone and turnips as the *pièce de résistance*, and precious canned peaches from the year before last for dessert. We were enabled to take some oranges — a gift to us from Florida — and the first grapefruit they had ever seen. Our host said sadly: —

'Commonly we have oranges for Christmas — but not this year.'

It was a good dinner; and afterward we sat about the fire in the clean, carpetless little room where the picture of the Father of our Country, tacked on the wall, looked sternly down upon us; and some of us took snuff, and some of us smoked pipes, and some of us 'rolled our own' of our home-grown tobacco, and we talked of Congress, and of the Red Cross, and of Farm Relief, and marveled that, while all wished to help us, there seemed no way of agreeing on a plan before we were past assistance, and must starve or riot as some of our sister counties. And we sniffed contemptuously at the prevalent advice that we plant next year 'only what we need to eat, and sell the surplus.'

'Who to?' asked Williams. 'Who'll we sell it to? Why, one farmer's beans hes ben knowed to glut the market in town; and we ain't got no means o' transportation. I give away all but the first load o' my watermelons last summer.'

And we all agree that while that might be sound advice when a farmer made his own shoes, and his own clothes, and his own medicine from herbs, yet, if cotton made at all, it was a cash crop and would bring in a little money for shoes and clothes, and medicines.

We look up at the picture of George Washington, and repeat that we love our country, but perhaps we draw a sharp line between our country and 'ther gov'mint.' And we speak in hushed voices of the renters in the most fertile counties in the state who to-day eat the salt bread of strangers.

IV

But Christmas, with its ephemeral good cheer, has passed and we are now in the winter of our discontent. I sit behind the stove at the post office, with the assembled Wisdom Club.

'Thar's a heap o' unemploymint,' says Ross, looking up from his newspaper. 'A piece hyar in ther paper says a revolution is a-comin'.'

'Yeah,' says Barton, 'an' hit's us communists in Arkansas (I don't low iny o' us iver seed one — I would n't know one effen I met hit in ther road) is whisperin' round an' makin' ther banks bust. Ther won't be no revolution — not in these-hyar United States. Whut'll happen is thim thet's hed a pair o' Sunday overhalls, they'll jist hev one pair now, an' thim thet's et three aigs fur breakfast 'll jist eat one — or none. Wheat so cheap they burn hit out West, an' bread hit's kim down one cint! Me, I take a bushel o' wheat an' hev it ground at ther mill — an' he takes toll fur hit. It's black-lookin', but a feller keeps a-workin' on it. Naw, we'll jist go on an' git used ter hit — an' purty soon we'll forgit it was n't allers lak thet.'

'Take heart,' grins Patton, 'I kim in ter pay ye yore rint. Hyar 't is.'

'Aw, ye need n't be in no hurry, Joe. Mebby we orter figger er leetle more on ther fertilizer bill.'

'Uh-huh. I'm 'bout through figgerin' thet fertilizer bill. Hyar 't is. One dollar an' fifty-four cints.'

There is a general grin — we do not laugh easily in the mountains — and Mr. Perry says: —

'You're in luck, Barton. I thought I had sixteen dollars rent, but I had forgotten my share of the fertilizer bill. Looks now as if I'm out seventy cents.'

'Hilton,' says another, 'he's got three tinants over in ther Hilton sittlemint. One of 'em kim out even, tother give him three cints, an' tother one lift him three cints in ther hole.'

The postmaster comes from helping our carrier sort the mail and seats himself opposite our champion checker player, bent on refreshing himself from his recent labor.

'It's you landed proprietors that make all the trouble,' he says, 'though you do give a renter a garden spot here. Now up there where the poor fellows are rioting for food it's the best land in the state, but the renter is not allowed to raise anything for himself. I can remember when he was not permitted to raise even a chicken. So when the cotton fails, where is he? We need n't holler. Most of us own our own farms, — such as they are, — and we've got plenty of wood to burn. We won't riot — unless the spring comes late. Bread lines in the cities, and right over in Oklahoma the children running after cars and begging for something to eat. We'll pull through — for a while, anyway.'

'Yeah,' says Tom Turley, 'we'll come through. The papers say hit's jist a transition period we're goin' through. Jist transition.'

'Transition?' asks Barton vaguely.

'He means changing from one thing to another,' answers the postmaster. 'I suppose life would n't go on at all without transition.'

'Uh-huh. I transitioned frum corn to Bermudy grass an' cows last year. Butter fat kims down to fifteen cints, — lowest usered ter be twinty-five, — an' yisterday I wuz offered four dollars fur my two half-growed Jersey calves. I low my transition hain't a-goin' ter holp much.'

'I was speakin' mainly about unemploymint,' says Tom. 'Hit'll pass.'

Billy, from his shop, posts a letter and strides down to the Wisdom Club.

'Unemployment pass! Why, it's a world condition, man! It'll not pass

until we learn to digest our machines. Mass production is all right, but the people will have to own the machines. What we've got to do is to digest the machines.'

There is an uneasy silence. Then Barton drawls: 'I don't know 'bout my digestin' er machine. Mebby I could do hit. I've been managin' ter digest ground-up wheat an' hawg meat, tryin' to stave off pellagry till poke-sallet time in ther spring; but I'd kinder hate ter tackle a machine jist now. Did ye-all hyar thet Collins down by the river died o' pellagry last week?'

'No, but we knew he war down 'ith it.'

'But, Billy,' I say timidly, — for well I know that I am in double jeopardy, at once from the strength of Billy's argument and again from an appearance of 'big talk' which may cost me my hard-earned membership in the club, — 'could n't we learn to digest the machines in the home, and give over mass production?'

'What do you want to go backwards for, woman? Mass production frees us from all kinds of drudgery. What do you want it in the home for?'

'Maybe to preserve the home,' I murmur, as I rise to go.

'Home!' cries the postmaster then. 'Where are homes, anyway? We just have automobiles — and Billy to mend them.'

I wait a moment as our largest landed proprietor seats himself on a nail keg.

Barton greets him with a grin. 'Hev ye asked fur holp yit?'

'No, but I reckon I will before summer.'

'Ye got to swear ye hain't got no credit.'

'I'd like for someone to prove I got credit,' he answers, with a sly glance at the postmaster. 'Besides, to git help yer neighbors has got to come in and swear ye ain't got nothin' to eat before ye can git anything. Me — I ain't popular enough with my neighbors to risk it. Though before we're out of this I reckon we'll all swear one another through.'

The other storekeeper, finding things dull at his store, wanders down. 'The school-teacher, she says some o' the chillern ain't got shoes, ner much to eat, an' Gray down by the river — he's plumb outern everything. He's —'

But there is a hush as Gray walks down to the medicine shelf and buys two bottles of chill tonic — on credit.

'Folks sick?' asks Barton sympathetically.

'Yeah. Water low all summer an' hed ter drink crick water. Hit ain't typhoid, though. Jist fever 'n' ager. Thompson's folks is all down 'ith ther typhoid.'

At the door I turn back, having forgotten my egg money. A young man whom I do not know speaks to the postmaster, who answers him in a low tone.

'Yes, hit's so. I wuz a long time payin' up last time. But ther town hes promised me road work, an' I'll pay up with my first money. Besides,' and he leans across the counter and cries hoarsely, 'I just got ter hev flour an' lard! I cain't let my womern an' chillern starve, kin I?'

'No, you can't,' says the postmaster. 'Make out your list.'

When the man has gone with his groceries the postmaster sighs: 'Times are hard. He'll never be able to pay. No crop. Big fertilizer bill. Sick wife. It's a queer world. They have all been telling us that we spend too much on foolish pleasures. I spent for Wells's *Outline of History*, and had to give up the only magazine I took — they were my foolish pleasure. Now they tell us to spend, spend! I've waited ten years for a good cellar. I'm building one now. After all, the money is safer in a cellar than in a bank.'

V

As I drive home through the silence of the stately pines, the gaunt cows, worn to the bone, have scarce the energy to move out of our way. John does not bark at them, but turns away his head from delicacy, for an emaciated cow is a grotesque object. A starved horse retains his noble personality to the last. From his long, accusing head to his bedraggled tail he is still a pathetic but an integral personality. But a starved cow divides herself into aliquot parts. All the life in her body gathers into her pleading eyes, and below her neck the poor animal seems to drag about an ungainly, discarded piece of furniture for which she has no use. O spring, come! Quick! Quick!

At home, resolved to do my bit, I take from the machine drawer the chicken money that escaped the bank, and count it carefully. I shall begin my long-coveted rock chimney and fireplace and provide one Collie, eighteen and married a year, with work. As to the rocks on my thirty acres, 'we ain't got nothin' else but.'

Collie sets blithely to work hauling rock, and as he mixes cement he talks incessantly and rapturously of his 'houn'.'

'My daddy-in-law's houn' is named Broke, so I named mine Benton, an' call him Bent. Bent and Broke. See? I reckon thar ain't no houn' in this country kin tech Bent, whin I git him trained. He's, ye might say, jist a pup now. We could hev got er place ter stay this winter an' help eround, but the feller would n't let me keep my houn'. Said he et too much. Why, I kin make more real money a-sellin' possum hides thin I could er made thar all winter.

'Possum hides is might' low now, though. I jist git fifteen cints — er at most six bits — fur ther best, whar I used ter git two and a half fur a plumb good possum hide. But Bent'll shore git 'em! I'll bet Bent agin iny houn' in this county!'

Then one morning Collie appears, silent and spiritless. In the afternoon he speaks suddenly, in a low, dead voice: 'I lost my houn'.'

'What! Not Bent! Did he die?'

'No'm. Ye see, whin I got married I borrowed the money fur hit. I owed the bank fur fertilizer, an' I did n't make no crop, an' I could n't git round ter payin' ther feller thet lent me ther money ter marry on. Last night he kim over 'n' took my houn'. He did n't give me even the goin' price. But my daddy-in-law's goin' ter git me another ter-day. Hit's blind, but it kin tree possums. I bet whin I git th'u 'ith him he'll be ther best houn' in the county.'

Poor Collie! I had chosen him for my work because he had few affiliations, lived with his father-in-law, a renter and a 'furriner,' and belonged to no clan. It was a long time before I could trace the ramifications of our mountain clans, and thus avoid gauche moments in a casual conversation. The clans are of the aristocrats — the old settlers. Beyond my north fence, in the same house, live four generations. The great-grandmother, aged one hundred and three, the other day administered a sound slap to her great-grandson, a grown man six feet tall, because he rearranged the chairs at the fireside. The man told me this with a proper pride in his great-grandmother's qualifications.

The grandfather said to me one day, 'I don't like ther looks er things round my place. Thar's tracks round about thet I don't even recognize.'

'Do you know all our tracks?' I asked in amazement.

'Yeas'm, I low I do. Leastwise the folks thet live hyar, an' in ther moun-

tings back thar. Course I kinder expect tracks, fur the fellers thet is cotched fur makin' liquor go past my place ter git ter ther reservation an' hide erwhile. But effen thar's iny thar they'll hev ter kim down. Thar hain't nothin' like thar commonly is ter eat this y'ar in ther mountings.'

My neighbor has been a mighty hunter in his day, and there are still others like him in our neighborhood. I fancy these men would never riot for food, though they might demand.

I have not forgotten how, at our last school meeting, though there was some difference of opinion, and some bitterness, in the belief that we had been gerrymandered in the apportionment, there was no chairman, and there was ominous quiet. The county superintendent of schools, who was but performing a duty, had sent us word that 'if we would treat him right' he would come this evening and speak to us. After a while we signed on the dotted line because we had to. But my neighbor who knows all tracks of man or beast, and who perhaps can neither read nor write, arose after the signing and, throwing back his fine old head like a deer, said with a slow dignity: —

'Afore ye leave we wants ye ter know that we know we hain't ben treated right. We hain't goin' ter make no trouble, because we cain't. But we wanted ye ter know hit.'

We love our country, but we are not awed by officials — even 'eddicated town fellers.'

VI

The winter wears on. One Saturday — farmer's day — we drive into the town for one of our quarterly visits. The sun shines, but the day is chill. Never have I seen the sheltering mountains closer, bluer, more serene, and never has the air seemed sweeter or more invigorating. As we rumble across the bridge of the Ouachita I look down at the clear green water that frets itself into white foam against the brown rocks below, and note with joy the faint, first signs of spring along its banks. Never has our county seat, with ivy clinging to the walls of our beautiful churches, with magnolia leaves glistening in our spacious park, and with its rich mosaic of native stone buildings, seemed to call a gladder welcome. But, though it is Saturday, the shops are deserted; only about the quarters of the Red Cross a crowd of men are assembled, and at the Chamber of Commerce a group of women, and a secretary filing applications for government loans.

I thread my way to the counter at the Red Cross store, where my friend the newspaper man, who has given every ounce of his strength to the cause of caring for our own people, stands wan and discouraged.

'Spring is on the way,' I say. 'Are n't we about through?'

He smiles — a trifle bitterly.

'*We* are about through, but I'm afraid they are not. I guess we may have to give up and ask financial aid of the Red Cross at last. We are now the last county in Arkansas that has not asked for help. We have cared for about two thousand and two hundred county families, and we have two hundred and eighty-five on the list in town.'

'But why not ask for aid?' I say stupidly. 'Surely the town has done its part.'

'Well, yes. But our people are proud and self-respecting. They feel that when help comes from us it is assistance from their own people — why, we are many of us related to these county people in one way or another. Red Cross aid is necessarily a mathematical thing; you become, perforce,

a number on a list — not a human being.'

'I understand,' I say, ashamedly.

'We want to keep our people a united community. But I guess we are about through. It is not that we do not appreciate the Red Cross. They have sent us cars from Sidney, Nebraska, from Geneseo, Illinois, and from Aberdeen, Idaho. Potatoes, and corn, and food, and clothing, and canned goods, from private subscription, and the railroads have deadheaded the cars to us. When a car comes in, the trucks thunder down to the station, and the whole town shouts! But the railroads are through now, too. Our people *must* have help for another two months at least. It's the timber workers, and the share croppers, and the renters, and, too, the farmers, who for some reason have exhausted their resources and their credit, that must be carried through. But I guess we'll have to have help. The merchants, and the country stores —'

'It's all very heartbreaking — and complicated,' I murmur, and accept two cans of cherries and strawberries from the Illinois car, and bear them proudly through the crowd that I may be seen to have accepted aid.

An old man comes in for his portion.

'Don't give me so much,' he says. 'Ther's others need it worse.'

Another, known to be on the verge of want, when asked if he wants help, replies, 'Hell no! Not so long's I kin crawl.'

For we are of pioneer stock, and charity, or even 'gov'mint aid,' is bitter medicine.

It is still too early for pussy willows at the ford, and the windflowers and violets have not come. But wan little shoots push up timidly, reluctant to leave the earth for a strange new world. The swift waters from the mountains may bear some of them away, some may wither in the hot little fists of children, some may live to flaunt the summer through, but Nature will take them all home. Not one can fall outside Nature. Neither can we — patient hillbillies of the Ouachitas.

Tom Turley leaves his plough to speak to me. I look across at his new barn. His old one burned in the winter, with all his precious oats. We held two 'workin's,' and his neighbor, with whom he had quarreled six years ago, — we are slow to forgive in the mountains, — came to the 'workin's' both days. If our great American satirist writes that 'God made Arkansas for the butt of ridicule,' we may remind him with the gentle Wordsworth that 'we have powers that he knows not of.'

Is it that, when Nature, indifferent, or obeying the malice of strange gods, deserts us, there springs up a spiritual compensation that brings kinder hearts and wider sympathies?

'Yes'm,' Tom calls, 'ther mules, an' all of us, is purty ganted up; but ef my shoes an' overhalls'll last out till grass, we'll all make it.'

For it is spring, and who knows that the cotton may not escape the drought, and the army worm, and the boll weevil, and the fertilizer bill, and that next fall possums may not be firm again?

It is spring. Step up, gentlemen, and place your bets.

NOBODY'S BUSINESS

BY GEORGE J. ANDERSON

I

By common repute, the management of American business has hitherto been credited with policies of farsighted and progressive action. If it is to merit that reputation in the present situation of industry, it will do well to face, squarely and without illusions, three conspicuous facts.

The first is psychological. Management is confronted by a public state of mind that is, generally speaking, more critical about the present control of industry, more anxious about its future conduct, than it has been for many years.

The second is economic. Our recent setback to prosperous advance represents no mere bend in the business road, but a genuine turning point, indicating a sharp change in direction and a real upgrade.

The third is ethical. To surmount the difficulties of a new industrial epoch, old motives and old driving power are clearly becoming inadequate. They need not, indeed they cannot, be entirely abandoned. But they can, and indeed they must, be coupled with a far larger measure of moral force than has yet been applied.

For the management of our industries to ignore the influence of these things, or even to minimize them, is to risk further and greater failure. Public opinion, disillusioned by economic losses and left skeptical of economic remedies, will obviously demand results somewhere. At the least, it may be content with the awkward repairs of politics. At the worst, it might accept the scrap values of violent change.

Under these conditions, industry cannot take so sharp a curve or make so steep a grade without both change of pace and change of gears.

If we fill in some details of these several situations, it may help to form an intelligible pattern for future policy. In the premise of Lincoln, 'If we could first know where we are, and whither we are tending, we could then better judge what to do, and how to do it.'

There is no reason for business management to resent the current trend of disillusionment, and every reason to try to comprehend it. In facing such a state of mind, the government of industry but repeats the history of the government of states. As the peoples emerge from the Great Depression, their reactions are not dissimilar to those with which they came out of the Great War. Upon the leaders of statecraft and upon the leaders of business is fixed the responsibility for the fact that these disasters, with all their attendant suffering, should happen at all. In a certain sense, the premiers of both agencies are held accountable to the commons.

Indeed, huge economic losses and widespread suffering, mental and physical, make the effects of depression direct kin, in the human sense, to those of war. Victims of the conflict between industries can no more draw subtle distinctions than can the victims of battle among nations. Both wars have

their carnage. To any sensitive mind, the slaughter of hopes and happiness, fringed with suicides, is nearly as appalling as the slaughter of humanity itself upon the battlefield. In both cases, too, helplessness to protect numbers of innocent noncombatants — women, children, and the aged — adds not only to the general misery but to the bitterness of the common soldier. Is it any wonder, then, that people ask why these things need be? That they demand policies and leaders of stature sufficient, if not wholly to prevent, at least greatly to allay the evil? To business the marvel should be, not the criticism, but its moderation.

The rebound of popular opinion is perhaps greater in the United States than elsewhere, for several reasons. Ours is not, like some of the older nations, an especially patient people. Because American management has in many respects achieved more, its public expects more. *Noblesse oblige.* Here, too, in the last decade, business self-conceit had reached fairly high levels. Conscious of its marked success and admitted progress, management has had, since the last great economic shock of 1921, not a little of 'the new era' attitude. Even old truths had passed away, and all industry had become new.

Reënforcing, perhaps stimulating, this state of mind was a period of official flattery almost unique in our political annals. One may safely hazard a guess as to the irony with which the future historian will compare the rain of government adulation in 'prosperity' with the drought of preparedness for the 'recession.' In retrospect, he will appraise, more easily and more justly, the extent to which the heart of industry was hardened and its moral fibre softened by these flatterers around the throne.

Meanwhile, let it not be forgotten that management has paid its share of the penalty. The public is apt to believe that the controllers of industry, humanly speaking, enjoy a sort of immunity in time of depression. Quite the contrary. Inevitable burdens of anxiety and strain fall upon them in such a time which are grievous to be borne. They incur physical and mental punishment quite in line with the experience of their fellows. Furthermore, the effects and the memories of these great adjustments pursue management long after they have begun to fade in the public mind.

Justice to our business leaders, too, bids us observe their own reaction in the present instance. Both interesting and important is the sensitiveness, almost without precedent, with which they have responded to the crisis. In many communities, their approach to unemployment relief has been their most spontaneous and most intensive drive since the Liberty Loans. In point of fact, unemployment has emerged as the outstanding issue, frankly recognized as an indictment of our industrial system. The long lines of idle men, hollow-eyed with hunger, uncoated men shivering on cold streets, the appeals of families dispossessed — such islands of despair, actually surrounded by a sea of economic surplus, have symbolized the real future menace to industrial, not to say political, stability. Millions, workless but eager to labor, while machines are rusting and materials are wasted, have bared the tooth and claw in the 'law' of supply and demand. Not even a critical public can possibly feel this appalling paradox as does management.

If further evidence were required as to its general sense of accountability, this may be found in the traditional search for a scapegoat. As business begins to admit a certain share of guilt, it gropes for the obstacles to real stabil-

ity. Whether or no the national anti-trust laws will wholly fit the rôle, their current seizure for sacrifice hints at the mood of our high priests, official and financial. At least they are seeking a path, less encumbered by barriers, to a better industrial control.

In addition, the public should not forget another thing. While industry may appear equally confused in these economic disasters, business bewilderment is mixed with knowledge as well as with ignorance. It may not see any clearer how to go about an immediate solution, but it is, on the whole, better informed as to the complexity of the job. It comprehends the vast entanglement of forces which brings these unhappy things to pass. Furthermore, it is baffled by the manner in which lessons learned and remedies applied after one crisis seem actually to aggravate the next.

Let me cite one example. That the piling up of huge inventories and the wide accumulation of commodities, especially raw materials, were basic causes in the post-war crisis of 1920–1921 business was clear. New inventory and purchasing methods, adopted generally in these latter years, were characterized by so-called 'hand-to-mouth' buying. That this advance in policy materially helped to stabilize the processes of production is unquestioned. Yet the extreme to which this virtue has been applied in the recent depression has seemingly tended both to intensify its effects and to prolong its duration. Still, industry cannot afford to jettison so valuable a method of management.

II

As I have said, business is quite as much confused by its little knowledge as the public, or at least a goodly portion of it, may well be by its lack of information. During recent years, especially, large increase in the facts and research about business cycles has at least made possible more intelligent thought by management. Nevertheless, its task is yet only begun. To illustrate the maze of causes which have engaged the analysts, consider merely this summary by Dr. Wesley C. Mitchell, one of our best authorities: —

> Among the factors to which the leading rôle in causing business cycles has been assigned by competent inquirers within the past decade are the weather, the uncertainty which beclouds all plans that stretch into the future, the emotional aberrations to which business decisions are subject, the innovations characteristic of modern society, the 'progressive' character of our age, the magnitude of savings, the construction of industrial equipment, 'generalized overproduction,' the operations of banks, the flow of money incomes, and the conduct of business for profits. Each of these explanations merits attention from those who seek to understand business cycles; for each should throw light upon some feature or aspect of these complex phenomena.

Faced with these facts, the man in the street and the average manager may feel hopelessly lost together in their Cave of Adullam. Yet we must somehow start to seek an exit. I realize full well the risk in attempts to oversimplify an intricate puzzle. Certainly I make no claims to be an expert guide in such a labyrinth. It does seem plain, however, that management can make small progress in our great dilemma unless public opinion is far better clarified than it is; and further, that to enlighten the public mind it is essential both for the people at large and for management, which is after all only the public agent in industry, to agree upon principles, one at a time. The reasons, I trust, are obvious enough. The public must depend upon management for technique. Management, certainly when it moves beyond

the scope of single enterprises, must rely upon public support.

Doubtless it needs no debate for both management and the public to agree about depression, or the 'panic,' which is not merely unpleasant but reprehensible, calling not for relief but for removal. Are we willing to make the same resolve about the 'boom'? If we are unable or unready to adopt the same mental attitude toward the excesses of prosperity that we can and do take toward the havoc which ever grows directly out of them, how far have we gone? If we still wish to philander with the young siren, why turn so bitterly upon her when she grows into an old hag? The time to avoid trouble is before it starts. If and when we behold the boom for the ugly thing that it is, — uglier even than the panic by reason of being its cause, — then, and not till then, shall we be on our way. For they who sow the wind must expect to reap the whirlwind.

In the personal view, boom and panic are no new things. They are not exclusively a product of the Industrial Revolution. True, they altered their forms in the machine age, and their consequences have been vastly extended in an era of mass production. But the thinkers of mankind have noted their mental and moral aspects through the ages. 'Man knows not the lot appointed him,' remarked Virgil, 'and he cannot keep within bounds when elated with prosperity.'

In boom times, we have not only the poor always with us, but that element which believes that by sheer wit and speed it can outrun all laws of economics, of physics, of morals. Supply and demand, action and reaction, sowing and reaping, all alike are tossed into the discard. Mere exuberance alone has supposedly rendered them null and void. The boom is on!

Certainly for the last two centuries or more, in which our business annals are fairly complete, these periodic depths of depression and suffering have been almost invariably foreshadowed by peaks of excess. From the days of Mississippi Bubble and South Sea Scheme down to the latest security madness, we have seen that the speculator 'cannot keep within bounds when elated with prosperity.' When it is not stocks and shares, it is commodities; and when commodities are not in fashion, it is land. Always the outcome seems to be the same. In the struggle to develop artificial values, the fight to stabilize real values is, for the time, defeated.

At least, however, we are on the threshold of discovering where the real issue lies. The case stands on the docket as *Speculation* v. *Stability*. As perhaps never before, the management of industry is convinced that it must choose whom it will serve, the speculator or the stabilizer. Quite definitely, business has reached a crossroads where the strait and narrow path cuts squarely across the broad highway.

I am aware of critics who will say that it is easier to indict the speculator than it is to convict him and put him under bonds to keep the business peace. I am not unmindful, also, of those who contend that even the speculator serves his purpose: as a brake, by selling while his fellows continue at top speed; as a propeller in reverse, to draw the stranded ship, by his buying, back into the channels of trade. And finally, even moderate dissenters will point out that all business, with its uncertain hopes and its necessary risks, is at bottom a form of speculation.

One may concede the essential bit of truth in each of these views. They do not, to my mind, greatly affect the present case against the speculator and

his offspring, the boom. As enterprises have grown larger and stronger and more stable, that factor of normal business risk which is in any sense akin to real speculation has grown less and less. So far as the speculator's services are concerned, if he himself would recognize any speed limits, his particular aid in bringing things to a pause would n't be necessary. His value as propulsion would be merely funny if the breakers around us were not filled with flotsam and jetsam from the wreckage of his own miscalculations. Consequently, when public opinion decides that he is a greatly overrated chap, both as a member of the economic crew and as a good fellow, I am quite confident he can be put in irons. For then his offense will be rated, not stupidity, as now, but mutiny.

In brief, our common task, the real job of both management and public, is not so much to find a cure for panics; it is to develop a preventive for booms. The evil thing we now mutually abhor is the quite natural penalty for the more evil thing we must jointly forswear. After debauch, the headache; after the joy ride, the crash! What we need to be concerned about is not headache powders, however potent, but moderate living; not repair crews, however skilled, but careful drivers.

To this extent, at least, we need a new definition of prosperity. Far too many of us consider the boom and prosperity to be synonymous. They are certainly not interchangeable, and, more emphatically, they are distinct periods in business and distinct states of mind. The repeated history of business cycles shows that we pass — quite unconsciously, perhaps, but actually, nevertheless — from one to the other. Prosperity, assured and stabilized, would be a permanent glow of health. Boom and panic are a fever followed by chills and ague.

III

With the curtain thus raised upon the business stage, perhaps we shall be better able to examine the rôle of management. Let us first try to visualize what we mean by 'management.' I use the term broadly to include that whole body of executive, technical, and supervisory skill which directs our industries. In numbers, of course, it is but a small minority. At least one qualified attempt to estimate the size of this group has recently been made. Some years ago, the National Industrial Conference Board, using the census data of 1920, placed the total at a million and a half persons. My readers may be interested in the formula then used, which will be seen to be fairly broad: —

> Major officials, managers, superintendents, technical engineers, designers, draftsmen, inventors, architects, chemists, assayers, metallurgists, and auditors, together with one quarter of the number of foremen, overseers, and inspectors in agriculture, mining, construction, trade, transportation, and public service.

Within the scope of policy decision and control, or the strictly executive group, the number, of course, would be much delimited. Part of the public, as actual investors in American industry, have delegated their power, directly or indirectly, to these men as agents. The remainder are largely dependent upon these same men, if not directly under their jurisdiction, in the earning of a livelihood. But to management itself the thing is not quite so simple as three lads and a seesaw.

The more or less prevalent view of management, particularly of its executive ranks, is that it is monarch of all it surveys. For the true radical, this concept starts with the corporation as a big pyramid, based upon a helpless

army of hirelings and ranging upward through the various supervisory ranks, with, at the solitary peak, some unrestrained autocrat ruling by fiat. Even in more conservative minds, not especially interested or concerned with internal administration, the idea of industrial management as a slightly modified despotism clearly prevails. The average man assumes that in business the private will of the 'Boss' is the law, the whole law, and there is no law but the Boss!

Even in the days of the so-called 'one-man company,' such a picture was barely accurate. As a portrayal of the modern corporation to-day, it has not even the merit of good caricature.

Let us take a modern sample of business enterprise — any one of the hundreds of corporations sufficiently large or important to have their ownership shares listed on our exchanges. What is the workaday position of industrial management?

Clearly the first thing to observe is that the problem is really one of government. The primary and constant task is the reconciliation of contrary forces. The executive of industry, like the executive in government, must operate in the centre of conflicting interests. Figuratively, he sits in the centre of a round table, about which rise discordant voices and hostile views, the representatives of the diverse groups being seldom or never unanimous about the actual policies, methods, or results of management action. At best, the decisions of management are based upon the greatest good to the greatest number. At worst — well, management, like all other human agents, can make its big mistakes.

Now, in order to govern, — or to retain office and the power with which to govern, — management must form, either consciously or unconsciously, a coalition among the conflicting interests. Aware at the outset that it cannot satisfy all, it seeks to secure the support of as many as possible. More particularly, depending upon its philosophy of business, as is the case with the politician, it seeks to unite behind the administration those groups which, at that time and under those conditions, it deems especially important.

It should be understood, I trust, that this process is not cast permanently in any fixed mould. The business mind deals with constant change, and is by nature peculiarly specific in its thinking. Hence this plan of rough and ready coalition is subject to wide and frequent variation. But the manœuvre remains a fairly constant fact in operation.

Here is a roll call of these delegations who sit at the round table, facing management in its centre.

First is the investor group, in which — by theory, at any rate — the corporation has its origin. Its members supply the capital and the credit which make the company financially a going concern. There are the stockholders who own its shares, the bondholders who have purchased its mortgages, the bankers who not only have probably been a medium for distributing these securities but are a source of current loans for working capital. Occasions may and do arise when the interests of even this coherent group are somewhat divided as among holders of bonds, preferred stock, common stock, and open credit. On the whole, however, the demands upon management from the investor group and its obligations thereto centre about the fact of company earnings. Stability or enhancement of security values, safety for interest or increase of dividends — these are the planks of the investors' platform upon which management must stand to secure their support in the governing bloc. I scarcely need emphasize the developments of recent

years with regard to the vast increase in numbers of this group.

Now we come to the wage earners, that great rank and file of the industrial army. These are they who invest not their money but their lives, not surplus cash but flesh and blood. To modern management, the huge investment of humanity which it faces in the thousands of employees and their dependents is also a trusteeship. The quite obvious trend in business, based on widely different motives, is to take this trust more and more seriously. The demands upon management from labor are for work, steady and stabilized; for wages, adequate and protected; for hours that provide for leisure; for safety of life and limb, and sanitation for body and mind; and, binding these together by employment, as the cash investors' demand is bound up in earnings, for security. For a few, the force of labor demands is emphasized by an intermediary, the trade-union, as the bank supplements the investors. But, whether organized or not, the will of labor can be brought to the mind of management by the constant and costly drain of individual withdrawal. As requirements of efficiency and economy become more severe, industry will go far to include labor in its governing bloc and to avoid that vote of lack of confidence expressed in labor turnover.

Next we have the customers upon whom the enterprise relies for its revenues. Upon their good will depends the capacity of management to pay at all. It is from the proceeds of his customer relations that the manager obtains the wherewithal to satisfy investor and wage earner alike. In this sense, they are the most essential element in his bloc. No customers, no sales; no sales, no revenues; no revenues, no company! To make the problem more acute, the customers are the most independent group of all. Their decision to withdraw from the coalition can usually be made with more speed, more ease, and less risk. Their demand upon management is for inducements; for better quality, for lower cost, for superior service. If a rival management can offer all, sometimes any, of these in its bid for support, this vital factor in government is lost to the executive. The customer's veto is final.

To capital and labor, to money and men, the producer must add materials and machines. The question of the supplier comes into view. Theoretically, management in its purchasing policies is as independent as any customer; yet circumstances alter cases. Relative bargaining strength between industries, the temporary balance of economic power, may be unfavorable. With his supplies as with his sales, the industrial executive must have dependability. If his army is to wage its business battles, the supply trains must move regularly from base to fighting front.

We turn now to what may be termed the Opposition. For our industrial statesman, like others before him, must not only look to his supporters, but must keep a watchful eye in front. As industries grow in coherence, the trade association becomes more important. In these conclaves, management meets its rivals for public favor on a different plane and from a different approach than it does in the market place. In the latter, management is waging a definite campaign, as it were, for votes at the polls. But in the debates and the deliberations of a common industry it may be seeking support for a business statute, for a policy to regulate mutual conduct. It is more and more difficult, as it is clearly more and more dangerous, for any corporation to be an outlaw in its own industry. Even competitors have numerous

and effective ways to translate parliamentary displeasure into market votes. To this extent, though the competitor belongs to the economic Opposition, the management bloc finds occasional need for his backing of its government policies.

Finally, as corporations have increased in size, in numbers affected, and in power, management has had to reckon with the public. In one sense, of course, not only all the members of these several groups, but management itself, are parts of 'the public.' For the moment, however, I am referring to the specific public relations with which an enterprise finds itself intimately concerned. Among these relationships are the fiscal, as involved in taxation; the political, as related to legislation; the social, as raised by community problems of education, health, and the like. To-day it is only a trite commonplace to record that 'the public be damned' days are gone forever. The public, unseen but not unheard, sits in at every important council table of management. On specific questions, the public, or rather a part of it, may be opposed, but it is not ignored.

IV

By this examination we return to the primary facts which are before us. The public with which business must deal at the moment forms a critical audience, none too appreciative in its mood. In presenting briefly the dramatis personæ of the industrial cast, I have tried to obtain at least understanding for the management rôle. We can now scan, with better perspective and in fairer proportions, the stage setting in which its difficult performance must be given.

I have already ventured the opinion that management seems now obliged to play its part under drastic changes in the competitive scheme. So far as the emphasis is on change, it seems to me underscored for American management particularly.

Our sudden transformation from a debtor to a creditor nation — not moderately, but on giant proportions — carries large portents for industry. That our political grasp of this far-reaching fact, as expressed in the fiscal and foreign policies of government, has been faltering will not void the consequences for industry. Indeed, it has already aggravated them. Business, and especially finance, are becoming aware that theories of stagecoach government cannot be applied successfully to the facts of radio commerce.

Second only, perhaps, to the overturn in our international status are the internal effects of our altered policy toward immigration. In this instance, the political expression of economic fact is on surer ground. No less than the other, this forcible halt to rapid growth in population means many new things to industry. Obviously, too, they are not limited to consumptive demand, but extend beyond into the processes of production itself.

In the midst of such forces, not to mention other and lesser ones, management finds itself with an economic machine carrying certain liabilities on an unprecedented scale.

There is a whole group of industries burdened by large excess of productive capacity. In some cases this is true even when measured by a rate of growth no longer with us. The period of war-time demands, reënforced by the expansions of post-war activity, has confronted us with an array of surplus men, materials, and machinery on every hand. Our very strides in the efficient use of these things have added to our predicament. In greater or lesser degree, we find the facts similar in agriculture and industry, in trans-

portation and in mineral resources. Over and above the domestic situation, to add to the burden of its effects, we find ourselves related to a world trade which is in a similar fix.

More or less evolving from the mechanics of surplus is a mental obsession that makes them worse. It seems only properly described by the worship of 'volume.' This factor, also, is more acute in the United States than elsewhere. It is an inevitable result of mass-production methods, in which we have been pioneers and are now experts. From the financial point of view, the huge investment in power-driven machines and the piling up of related overhead burdens — including the costly distribution methods to secure mass sales — are giant spurs in the flanks of industry. Where direct cost is low and overhead is high, it is cheaper to run at a loss than not to run at all. Even in times of good demand, the Ford philosophy of ever more and more in exchange for less and less gleams with a mirage of profits. For industries with relatively fixed demand or with contrary economics of cost, such a policy is either illusory or outright suicidal.

Finally, among its present threats, management faces shattered price levels. There is no space here to go into the intricacies of the price system, even were I equipped to do so. Suffice to record the simple fact of a fairly unified flow in the price stream, and its effect on all business tides. We have seen an array of basic commodities, some of them protected by the stoutest of government arms, crash to the lowest point for years. Cotton, wheat, sugar, rubber, coffee, silver, copper — these are but a few. The price debacle is no mean obstacle to the desired restoration.

However, the cloud has a silver lining. As with other balance sheets, these liabilities, serious though they are, may be balanced by certain assets. Fortunately, too, these assets are perhaps quite as well, or even better, secured for American management than for some of its fellows.

It definitely enters upon the new era of competition with a far greater knowledge of the facts. Doubtless the public little realizes the recent advance in statistical progress. Larger and deeper reservoirs of industrial data are now available to be tapped by individual mains than ever before. While far from perfected for many industries and still inadequate for some, essential records for use in basic policies of production and distribution are more generally at hand. At the very least, the first steps to stability and control are less difficult and more possible than they otherwise would have been.

In part related to fact finding, but supplementing knowledge with power, are the widened, and constantly widening, areas of control. The growth by mergers, by chains, by combination; the advances by trade associations; the spread in geographical location of industries — all these present better approach to stabilization. It is true that each involves certain new business risks, and that some may revive certain old perils to the public interest. Both tendencies demand scrutiny and safeguard. By and large, however, the extended areas of control and the restricted areas of conflict move generally, though at times unsteadily, in the direction of stability.

Last, but largest among the outstanding assets, is the notable stride in management technique itself. In earlier comment upon the discrepancy between political praise and industrial performance, I may have seemed to undervalue the increased efficiency of individual management. If so, I wish here and now to make the record

straight. Not even the chaos in which business as a whole found itself in the late depression, nor even the habitually demoralized state of particular industries, can refute the fact of progress, and marked progress, in the unit enterprise.

Indeed, this advance alone would be sufficient grounds for the belief that business can and will make a frontal move all along the line. What managers in the best corporations have attained is the best augury of what their industry can do. What modern practice can do within a single enterprise, beset by the conflicts and complexity of ruthless competition, it can do even better under coöperative means. The increased stability of operation, even in highly seasonal trades; the stabilization of wages and hours; the better coördination of production, sales, and finance; the advances in accounting analysis and in purchasing policies — all these and more have been developed to the point where results are indisputable, and their extension equally so. American management has done a fine job — as far as it has gone. To secure greater stability, it need only move farther down the same road.

For stability will be henceforth the great issue in industry.

Enlightened management to-day, and an enlightened public to-morrow, will jointly accept this as the first item on the agenda of business. From the point of view of the human interests involved, all else is but detail. Even for the merely monetary values at stake, both management and public have already awarded highest honors on the stock exchanges to stabilized enterprise. Not the companies which move by fits and starts, not the industries of alternate feast and famine, but the enterprises of slow and sure and steady advance are most assured of a governing bloc!

V

As we proceed to some programme of 'next steps,' what is the lesson in all this for the public? How may its aid best be thrown to the hired men of management who are, in this instance, its burden bearers?

At the outset, for the third of my original propositions, I intimated the necessity for a greater measure of moral force in the new competition. It is for the intelligent and sympathetic support of such policies that management must rely upon the public portion of its bloc. More concretely, it must be assured this support from that group, drawn from the public, which forms also its investors. If not, management will find its difficulties made quite as heavy by the confusion of public opinion as it normally does by the conflict of clashing interests.

One of the earliest and simplest things the public can do in behalf of management is to rid itself of some old shibboleths and war cries. As they unite in a real crusade for stability, they fight together the forces which either seek deliberately to profit by instability or, by sheer ignorance, threaten to demoralize the industrial plan. The speculative gambler without and the industrial guerrilla within are alike the foes of stability. A promoter greedy for gain, a labor leader ambitious for power, a producer running amuck against the code of trade practice — any of these may fall in that class. On the other hand, a financier seeking to consolidate demoralized enterprises, a trade-union trying to defend its membership, a group of corporations attempting to conserve a natural resource, may clearly be allies in a common cause.

Consequently, some of the ancient impedimenta — 'capital versus labor,' 'big business versus little fellow,' 'the

trust versus the independent,' 'protection versus free trade,' and many familiar stand-bys — will have to go. They will be not only meaningless but harmful in such an effort as ours.

Some policies, necessary to be adopted, may cut across both old prejudices and old wisdom as well. All of them will require a backbone of moral courage and character in actual application.

Among these paths to stability, for example, it seems plain that management must substitute, generally speaking, restriction for expansion. How else, for the time at any rate, are we to cope with surpluses and excessive capacity? We certainly cannot continue madly adding mill to mill, machine to machine, mine to mine; forcing output for the sake of costs, forcing sales for the sake of volume, reducing profit to reduce overhead. We are faced with weary markets and tired consumption. Our first job is obviously to create better distribution to better consumers. It will require courage for management and genuine support from the public to turn so markedly aside from our present road.

To obtain far greater discipline in trade association and industrial groups, both legal and practical changes are necessary. If present anarchy is to be gradually supplanted by self-government in industry, we must have better policing and patrol. It is often the retort of the reactionary to the theorist that 'you can't change human nature.' Granted that it seems to change slowly, at least let's control it while we educate. At present, even the government agencies have faltered and grown timid in the important matter of trade practices. Let's move on.

A policy of much extended integration, both within and among industries, is clearly before us. It is not necessary, even if it were possible, to tackle the whole economic structure en masse. Let us begin with the most necessary reforms. Consider the present situation in our natural-resource group — coal, oil, and natural gas. Not only are they competitive for the fuel favors of the nation, but the same basic values of conservation apply to each. Take the transportation group of railroads, motors, and shipping, where similar reasoning applies. Or, as a still different example, take the vital interdependence of railroad, coal, and steel; of automobiles, steel, and rubber; of textiles and clothing; of the collective industries called 'construction.' In each of these cases, enough has been done already to lay a foundation. Let's build a story at a time.

The problems with which we are faced and the policies we must apparently accept for their solution, I repeat, involve objectives that are ethical quite as much as or more than they are purely economic. If this be true, let us not be afraid first of all to admit the fact. There seems no good reason why we should fumble or stutter about it.

The present need of management is to see its problem steadily and to see it whole. There is no inherent disgrace in admitting that its economic machine might develop less friction with more use of moral lubricants. There is nothing especially visionary in a programme to bring backward industries abreast of good corporation practice. There is certainly little to be lost and much to be gained — not only in relief to the burdens of management but in material return to the other parties to industry — in substituting for the combination of boom profits and panic losses a stabilized earning power. The outside gambler, excited by speculative gains, and the inside guerrilla, reckless of all restraint, are the only real dissenters.

For management, as for the public, the real difficulty is to find the time and the means to tackle what, after all, is no one's particular job.

'That which is everybody's business is nobody's business!'

When old Izaak Walton said that, he came as near being a 'compleat' economist as he was an angler! Indeed, before he was so occupied as a fisherman, he had been busy as an ironmonger.

The truth is that the boom is nobody's business. When we dig ourselves out of the Slough of Despond, and return to active prosperity, it is nobody's business that we gradually speed on into the mad whirl of the boom. Then the smash! In these dark days, we have come nearer than ever before to making the depression everyone's business. Surely we can do as much about this other hateful thing.

To this end management knows that it must wage a long fight for better industry; pursue a slow painful process of trial and error; evolve an intricate schedule for architect, draftsman, engineer, for builders not with steel and with stone, but with courage and faith. As the burden bearer sits at the centre of conflict, and as he listens watchfully to the roar of your machines, all he may reasonably ask, and all he may justly expect, is your intelligent support. He knows that his, and his alone, is the job.

You of the many millions out there in the darkened theatre where the play is on, and management can perceive its 'public' but dimly across those footlights of which the glares are furnaces and smelters and boilers — judge the actor tolerantly. Compare his good performance with his bad. Be critical if you will, but be fair if you can.

To you, business may have resembled a wild scramble of dirty urchins for pennies, but remember: —

The deliberate building of a commonwealth is a man's job!

FALLING PRICES

BY HORACE W. FOSKETT

I

In medical science there is an axiom to the effect that 'where many remedies are suggested, there is none that is effective.' If such an axiom applies to the field of political economy, business must be in a 'bad way,' for there is no limit to the number of suggested cure-alls for the present ailing condition of business and industry.

Of course there are some who still say that all of our troubles are but a state of mind, — the Christian Scientists of business, if you please, — who would have us change all merely by thinking prosperous thoughts. Such talk may be appropriate for the drawing-room after a good dinner, but it is not readily accepted by the hundreds of thousands who are facing starvation; nor does it help the farmer who finds his wheat selling at about half of what it did a year ago; nor does it make the retailer feel any better in the face of a 15 per cent reduction in sales, nor the whole-

saler who finds his sales off almost a fourth.

A 'business is good' slogan enclosed with the notice of a passed dividend may be just as satisfactory as a dividend check, but I doubt if many will find it as negotiable. A decrease of one third in railroad earnings, a drop of one fourth in bank clearings, over 3000 commercial failures in one month, 142 bank failures in one week, time money in Wall Street at 2 per cent, call money renewing at 1½ per cent, and over five million workers unemployed, may mean that business is good, but I doubt it.

If, then, we are willing to admit that business is not good, but suffering from some acute malady, it is but natural that we should lend a willing ear to those who propose a cure-all for our troubles.

Since there is no pure food and drugs act requiring our business doctors to show on the label the ingredients which make up their remedies, it is necessary that these cure-alls be analyzed, first as to their content, and secondly as to their probable effect on business, before we can decide which, if any, has the greatest possibilities of benefit.

All doctors agree that business is suffering from a declining price level, a malady which apparently is worse than leprosy or the seven-year itch. If we accept the diagnosis of the trouble as correct (and there is no doubt that prices have declined and, at the time this is written, are still declining), then all that is necessary is to change the trend of prices from down to up, and presto, business is well again.

In order to understand the basis of these cure-alls, it is necessary that we accept a fundamental principle of economics, the quantity theory of money, which is that prices are controlled by just two factors, the volume of business transactions and the supply of currency. If the supply of money and other forms of credit increases faster than the quantity of goods transferred in the market, prices will rise; if the quantity of goods to be marketed increases faster than the circulating medium, prices will fall; and if both increase or decrease in the same proportion, prices will remain stationary.

This is expressed by the formula

$$P = \frac{M}{T},$$

where P represents price, M, money, and T, the volume of trade.

But, as local chambers of commerce and similar 'booster' organizations have been demonstrating, it is not only the amount of money, but the rapidity with which it circulates, that helps to keep prices up; so we must multiply the amount of money by its rapidity of circulation, R, in order to complete our formula, which then becomes

$$P = \frac{M \times R}{T}.$$

If prices are falling, it may be because too many products are reaching the market, too little money is in circulation, or the right amount of money is circulating too slowly. Therefore, to check the fall of prices, all that is necessary is to adjust arbitrarily one or more of the factors in our formula, and immediately depression is over. The cure is so simple that it is no wonder that the 1930 election resulted in a repudiation of the party in power, for any party that would permit a business depression to last but an instant is guilty of the grossest negligence.

Of course, in defense of the party in power it may be said that, though the remedy is so simple, the doctors are not in agreement as to which factor in our equation is the ailing one. Some declare that the reason for declining prices and the resulting depression is

too little money, some say too much production, while still others maintain that business has developed that dread disease of the business man himself, faulty circulation.

II

When I was a youth, my favorite doctor belonged to that school of medical thought called the homeopaths. His medicine tasted the best, he was the least likely to hurt, and he was the most positive in his diagnosis of any doctor in town. He would take my pulse and temperature, look at my tongue, thump my chest a bit, and confidently state that I was suffering from acute coryzal rhinopharyngitis, and then leave a few sugar-coated pills which he assured me would cure the trouble in short order.

Just as I in my youth looked first to the homeopath for relief from my ills, so business looks first to those doctors whose remedy is the least severe. These doctors, after taking the pulse and temperature of business by means of statistics and charts, gravely announce that we are suffering from a deficient supply of currency, prescribe the expansion of currency by the Federal Reserve System, and confidently predict an immediate recovery from the depression.

It is, of course, easy to see from our formula that any increase in the supply of money will mean an increase in price. The Federal Reserve System is charged by Congress with the responsibility of expanding or contracting the volume of currency in circulation according to the needs of trade and commerce.

If more currency is needed in any particular part of the country, all that is necessary is for member banks in that part of the country to rediscount their notes with the Federal Reserve Bank, for which the Reserve Bank will issue reserve notes. When the borrower repays his note, the member bank will rediscount another note if it still needs the money, or, if not, will send in the currency. However, if the difference between the Federal Reserve rediscount rate and the current rate at which the member bank lends its funds is quite large, the member bank, according to the accepted theory, will be inclined to extend greater credit to its customers, since rediscounting is profitable; but if the difference in rates is small, the bank will urge repayment of loans and will be less inclined to grant credit, since rediscounting is then unprofitable.

Apparently the Federal Reserve rediscount rate should have a very great influence upon the amount of currency in circulation and the amount of bank credits that are granted; so, by varying the rediscount rate, the Federal Reserve System is alleged to be able to prevent fluctuations in prices. For, if prices have a tendency to rise, — meaning, according to our formula, too much money in circulation, — an increase in the rediscount rate will result in a contraction of bank credit and the retirement of many of the Federal Reserve notes in circulation, which will cause prices to fall; and conversely a decline in prices can be checked by reducing the rediscount rate, which will stimulate liberal credits by banks and thereby increase the volume of money in circulation.

Here certainly we have a cure-all for our business ills; yes, it is possible that Senator Brookhart is right and we have only the Federal Reserve System to blame for everything that goes wrong with business.

Many prominent financiers and business men have been quoted recently as placing the blame for the business depression on the inaction of the Federal Reserve System and have urged that

drastic steps be taken to change the trend of prices. Perhaps we can better understand the remedy they propose if we review the action of the Federal Reserve System during the past few years in attempting to stabilize prices.

In the summer of 1927, the Federal Reserve System, at the request of European bankers, reduced its discount rates to 3½ per cent and purchased government securities in the open market on a large scale in order to ease money in the United States and thereby aid European countries, particularly Great Britain, in their efforts to establish or reëstablish their gold standards. Prices began to rise almost immediately, and in the first part of 1928 the Federal Reserve System reversed its policy, began to resell its holdings of government bonds, and increased the rediscount rate to 4 per cent, then to 4½ per cent, and finally, in July 1928, to 5 per cent in a vain attempt to check prices. Commodity prices finally yielded to the pressure and remained constant for almost a year, but stock prices continued to rise. In August 1929, the rediscount rate of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York was increased to 6 per cent in a further attempt to force liquidation of stocks held on a margin, but this action was deprecated by the professional advisors of business who told of the 'new era' of values in which hopes and expectations of future accomplishments were substituted for actual earnings and past records as a test of value.

Then came the crash of October 1929, which was followed immediately by a drop in the rediscount rate to 5 per cent, then to 4½ per cent in December, and successive drops in the past year until, in December 1930, the Federal Reserve Bank of New York reduced its rate to 2 per cent. Such radical reductions in the rediscount rate should certainly have been effective in checking the drop in prices, but our formula failed just as disastrously to function in the depression of 1930 as it did in the boom of 1929.

The critics of the Federal Reserve policy now claim that reductions in the rediscount rate are not sufficient, and that deflation should be checked by artificially increasing the outstanding volume of currency by buying, in the open market, government bonds. The money received from the sale of these bonds would in theory be placed in circulation, and prices would rise because of a greater supply of money.

Unfortunately for this cure-all, the facts are that at present the Federal Reserve System is holding over six hundred million dollars' worth of government bonds, a greater amount than at any other time in its history. All of these bonds have been purchased since November 1, 1929, in a vain attempt to check the decline of prices.

Six hundred million dollars is more than one fourth of the total legal reserves of all the member banks of the Federal Reserve System. Federal Reserve Bank operations in government securities on a scale much smaller than this should, according to the *Annalist*, turn the money market upside down, and should make a scarcity of capital look temporarily like an overabundance of capital; yet such operations by the Federal Reserve System, combined with the lowest rediscount rate in its history, have failed to bring about an increase in prices, so by what line of reasoning can we hope that further attempts to increase the volume of currency artificially will stimulate business activity? To what use would this additional currency be put? Would it be used to finance new automobile factories, when the industry is unable to keep present plants running at more than half time? Would it be used to finance new railroads, when many of

the present roads cannot, out of current earnings, meet their interest charges? Would it be used to build new office buildings, when mortgages on present buildings are being foreclosed because of insufficient rent income? Would it be used to build new apartment houses or residences, when real-estate bond and mortgage concerns are bankrupt or in the hands of receivers because of too many foreclosures? Some suggest that the money would be used to buy foreign bonds to finance purchases of our products by foreign governments, but who would buy foreign bonds in the face of the spread of revolution in South America and Bolshevism in Europe and Asia, even though we could forget our disastrous experience with foreign bonds during the last three or four years?

I am fearful that this very pleasant sugar-coated pill of the homeopaths of political economy will prove to be sugar all the way through, and just as ineffective in the large doses our specialists would prescribe for us as it has been in the careful doses that have been given us by the Federal Reserve System.

III

Having found the remedy prescribed by one group of doctors ineffective, it is necessary that we look further for relief, so we come to a group of doctors of political economy who, had they chosen medicine for a profession, would have been osteopaths. These specialists claim that our trouble is due entirely to faulty circulation, and that by a few treatments they can stimulate circulation and cure our business ills. In our formula, R represents the rapidity with which money circulates. It is estimated that the normal rate of circulation is about twelve times a year. Therefore, if we can increase the rate of circulation to eighteen times a year, we shall accomplish the same result as though we increased the amount of money by 50 per cent.

It must have been one of these specialists who placed the admonition to 'buy now' on each page of the November issues of *Liberty*. Babson, that eminent prophet of business who takes great credit for predicting the stock-market crash several months before it happened, proposes, as a cure-all for depression, greater expenditures for advertising on the part of industry to promote greater buying on the part of the public and thus increase the rapidity with which our money circulates from our pockets to the retailer, to the wholesaler, to the manufacturer, to the advertising agency, to the magazine, to Babson's pocket.

Readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* noted an article by Foster and Catchings, entitled 'Riotous Savings,' in which their solution for all of our business troubles was more spending and less saving. They make a very plausible case for spending on the theory that savings are of no value unless invested in productive enterprise, and, as there is too much productive enterprise now, the solution is to spend and spend and spend, whether wisely or foolishly, they do not care, just so we raise the consumption of goods to the productive capacity of the nation.

These authors have shaken off the shackles of their profession and have become pupils of Henry Ford, that self-appointed authority on practically all subjects, who has recently turned his attention to economics and developed a new theory called by Kenneth Burke 'the economic value of waste'; for Mr. Ford bases all prosperity on the increasing productivity of industry. Of course, there is a limit to the amount of goods that an individual can consume, but there is no limit to what he can waste; therefore business need

never face a saturation point. The rapid destruction of goods, either through misuse, obsolescence, or waste, means more spending, therefore an increase in the rapidity with which our money circulates and a resulting increase in price.

When Henry Ford himself practises his own preachings by placing sand instead of grease in the bearings of his machinery so that they will wear out more rapidly, then and only then shall I be willing to accept this theory of 'the economic value of waste.'

All these schemes, and many more that I have not enumerated, have but one purpose, that of increasing the rapidity with which money circulates and therefore accomplishing the same purpose as an increase in the volume of money; but I am fearful that they will all come to naught, since those that would listen to such advice are still making payments on 1929 installment purchases and have nothing left to spend, and those that are able to spend realize that it is against their own best interests to spend at the present time.

Others, such as B. C. Forbes, place the obligation to spend upon the leaders of industry rather than individuals. Louis Guenther, the publisher of the *Financial World*, in a recent article told of the large cash reserves of industry. He says, 'Induce owners of this capacious purse to open it and again freely spend its contents, of which they have more than ever before owned, and commerce will then quickly take care of itself and eliminate all further occasion for discouraging comparisons.'

It was this theory that prompted President Hoover's key men of industry to promise billions of dollars' worth of new construction for 1930. The one key man that made his promise good was the president of a Western railroad, who completed before March 1929 his entire year's construction programme in a vain attempt to do his part to restore prosperity. Recent calculations have shown that, had this railroad waited until late summer or fall before starting its construction programme, the contract prices would have been reduced by almost 20 per cent. I am fearful that the stockholders of this railroad will be more inclined to censure than applaud the patriotism of their president.

Since self-interest is always more powerful than community interest, I fear that industry will not take kindly to our osteopathic treatments to stimulate circulation. Since industry will not and individuals cannot respond to such treatment, I am afraid we must conclude that there is no more likelihood of business recovery from following the advice of the osteopaths than there was from following the advice of the homeopaths of economic theory, so we must look to a more strenuous remedy for our cure.

IV

When all other remedies fail to restore an individual to good health, the surgeon is finally called in, and after much consultation and examination the patient is finally placed upon the operating table and the offending organ is removed. If the patient is alive when removed from the operating room, the operation has been exceedingly successful.

Just so with business, for the surgeons of economic thought to whom we have finally referred our business ills have diagnosed our trouble as too much trade, or overproduction, and have recommended an operation.

Stuart Chase, in a recent article entitled 'Overproduction, the Enemy of Prosperity,' tells us that the automobile industry of this country is capable of producing over eight million cars each year, yet in the boom year of 1929

only 6,295,000 cars were sold in the entire world. The boot and shoe industry is capable of producing over nine hundred million shoes a year, yet in a boom year less than one third that number of shoes were sold. American oil wells are capable of producing almost six million barrels of oil a day against a demand for less than four million. The overproduction of the textile industry is well known. The steel industry is capable of producing sixty-six million tons against a demand for forty-two million. The overproduction in agriculture has been so well advertised by Chairman Legge of the Federal Farm Board and all the other real friends of the dirt farmer that it is a waste of effort to mention it here.

Therefore, according to the surgeons, all that is necessary to cure our business troubles is to 'cut out' overproduction, thereby reducing the volume of trade and automatically increasing prices, which will end the period of depression.

But, unlike their counterparts in medicine, the surgeons of economic theory operate without the benefit of any anæsthetic. The cries of hunger of the families of the five million unemployed, punctuated at intervals by the dull thuds of business failures, bear witness to this lack of anæsthesia.

In the past, such operations have been a complete success, according to our surgeons, for the patient failed to die. But of course business was left in such a weakened condition, owing to the lost purchasing power of the masses, that the convalescent period was greatly prolonged and the scars of the operation, in the form of abandoned factories and homes, have remained as evidence of the illness.

Then, too, there are those graduates of the newer school of economic thought who have developed a wonderful anæsthetic variously known as export debentures, valorization, stabilization, and the like. Under the influence of this anæsthetic, it is not necessary to curtail production; it is only necessary to control the amount of the product that reaches the market. The valorization of coffee is the most typical example of the application of this anæsthetic. In 1906 an overproduction of coffee reduced prices to such a low figure that the producer was not getting his costs, so the Brazilian Government, which produced at that time 70 per cent of the world's coffee supply, in coöperation with the State of São Paulo, decided to hold coffee off the market by purchase, transportation, or storage. Planters were lent money by the government on the security of their warehouse receipts. The funds for these loans came from heavy taxes on the transportation of the coffee and on the planters themselves, as well as from foreign borrowing. Excess crops of bumper years were disposed of in leaner years, but the high price of coffee, when compared with the cost of production, made the bootlegging of coffee in Brazil exceedingly profitable, and planters began to raise coffee in Colombia, Venezuela, Central America, and the Dutch East Indies. Not only did the high price of coffee exaggerate its overproduction, but it also resulted in a very considerably decreased demand, until at the present time, with coffee selling at less than one fourth what it did three years ago, valorization has been abandoned, the credit of Brazil and the State of São Paulo is ruined, and the government of Brazil is overthrown. It would appear that the patient had been killed by an overdose of the anæsthetic.

Similar deaths by anæsthesia have occurred in the rubber, cane sugar, nitrate, and camphor industries; yet, had it not been for the courage of

President Hoover or the influence of Wall Street, we should have seen agriculture placed on the table to be operated upon by Doctors McNary and Haugen, while the breath of Senator Brookhart, as he yelled 'Export debentures,' was to anæsthetize the patient.

I am not unmindful that a certain measure of success has been achieved in a few closely knit industries by controlling the volume of trade or products that reach the market, and thus, to a very considerable degree, controlling the price of the product or service. The ultimate test of such schemes comes not in a period of boom, but in a period of depression, such as we are now experiencing, and it is quite possible that before long we may be forced to revise our estimates of the success of such price or trade agreements as exist among the fruit growers, in the oil industry, or in the building trades.

Certainly I am not willing to admit that the cure for our business ills is to be found in price-fixing plans, under which the producer may grow or manufacture an unlimited supply, receiving therefor a fixed price or loan, out of the proceeds of which he is to pay in taxes or in some other manner share his proportionate part of the total loss of his particular industry. The danger of death from such an anæsthetic is greater in my opinion than the danger of death from overproduction or whatever may be ailing industry.

Nor am I willing to admit that we are suffering from a disease that can be cured only by a major operation without anæsthetic. I am beginning to wonder if the surgeons are any more certain to cure than are the osteopaths and homeopaths of economic theory. In fact, I am beginning to wonder if they are not all actuated by selfish motives and more interested in the collection of their fee than in the recovery of the patient. Since I have lost faith in their cures, I am beginning to lose faith in their diagnoses.

V

What is this dread disease, 'Falling Prices'? What is there so sacrosanct about price that our whole effort should be expended in a vain attempt to hold it to a certain level? Price is merely a convenient method of expressing the rate at which various commodities are exchanged, one for the other. What difference does it make whether twenty bushels of wheat or forty pounds of beef are exchanged for one ounce of gold or one hundred ounces of gold, so long as the ratio of a bushel of wheat to a pound of beef remains as one is to two?

After all the credit that has been taken by the Republican Party for the prosperity of our country, as evidenced by the high wages of labor and the great profits of industry, it is nothing short of heresy even to entertain thoughts of price reductions, but I am convinced that we cannot dispose of the excess products of industry and agriculture by maintaining prices in excess of world prices. President Hoover in his message to Congress boasted that wheat prices at Minneapolis were 30 per cent higher than at Winnipeg and 20 per cent higher than at Buenos Aires. He said corn prices at Chicago were over twice as high as at Buenos Aires and wool prices were more than 80 per cent higher than abroad.

We are told that the salvation of industry and agriculture is to increase the consumption of their products. What better way is there to increase consumption than by reduction in prices to such an extent that our domestic markets can be broadened and our surplus products can compete in foreign markets with the products of other countries? How can we hope to dispose

of a surplus of raw or manufactured products in foreign markets at a price in excess of the current world price?

The only way we can develop our foreign markets is to reduce our high domestic prices and to tear down our protective tariff wall, of which the Republican Party is so proud, so that we can exchange our products for the products of foreign countries which we need. We must exchange these products on the basis of real values as expressed in labor, services, and raw materials, not in that artificial medium known as the dollar, the pound, or the franc.

There is just one way we can place ourselves in a position to do this, and that is by reductions in price throughout the entire industrial structure. Wages, salaries, interest, and profits must be reduced along with the prices of raw and manufactured products. Then and only then will the now idle wheels of industry begin turning at somewhere near their capacity. Then and only then will unemployment cease to be a problem.

Do not for one moment confuse reductions in the prices of all commodities with a decrease in the high standard of living of which we are all so proud. A high standard of living is not dependent upon the amount of money income of the individual — it is dependent upon the amount of consumption goods for which that money income can be exchanged.

We all remember that after the World War, shortly before the stabilization of the German mark, a day's wage for a German laborer was thirty billion marks, while a loaf of bread cost one billion marks. Such wages meant anything but a high standard of living in Germany. Recent investigations under the auspices of the League of Nations have proved conclusively that the higher wage of the American worker as compared with the worker of other countries does not mean the command of a proportionately greater amount of consumption goods.

Do not confuse a general reduction in the price level with the cure-alls of our modern business specialists which we have found so ineffective in restoring business to its former prosperity. It is no hypodermic injection which will immediately transform business from a condition of depression to the state of hysteria that accompanied the war period, or to the frenzied activity of the stock-market fiasco. It is merely an orderly process by which the unhealthy conditions surrounding business at the present time can gradually be eliminated. For so long as we cling to our absurd tariff barriers and so long as we boast of the high prices of our products as compared with world prices, while at the same time we produce more than can be consumed in our domestic market, just that long shall we continue to have periods of business depression with increasing severity.

Until goods can be transported from an area of overproduction to an area of want without regard to territorial limits and unhampered by tariff, export debentures, valorization, price cartels, or what not, we shall continue to have the absurd situation that exists to-day — where all over the world there are too many raw products, too many manufactured products, too much of agricultural products, too much labor, too many factories, too much clothing, too many buildings, too much coal, too much of foodstuffs. There is too much of everything. That is why so many people on the face of the earth are condemned to die of starvation, or freezing, or some similar inconvenience.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

On the Decline of the Pleasant Book

The other day I met the Old Gentleman Opposite as he came out of the nearest circulating library. We stood a minute before continuing our walk in the direction of home, looking together at the display of current fiction in the window.

The Old Gentleman groaned. My first thought was that he objected to the modernist designs which decorated the paper jackets — perspectives suggesting an earthquake and violences of color suggesting the end of the world. But his displeasure had a deeper root.

'Have you reflected,' said he, 'on the amount of human misery, reproduced by writers and induced in sympathetic readers, which is represented in this window? I give you my word that I have just spent three quarters of an hour in this place, endeavoring to find on the shelves a pleasant new novel for my sister Narcissa. And the conclusion is forced upon me that we are threatened with a famine of agreeable fiction.'

As we proceeded on our homeward way, I mentally called up the image of Miss Narcissa, whose hair is not, like his, red-roan, but pure snow-white, and whose profile suggests a cameo. Should all novels be written for such a reader?

He seemed to divine my thought. 'Of course I don't demand that *all* novels shall be pleasant,' said he, 'but we are now having an overproduction of the loathsome.'

'What do you call a Pleasant Book?' I asked. '*Pollyanna*, perhaps?'

'No. No. Certainly *not*,' he answered firmly. 'You would hardly offer *that* to such a one as my sister. It is not easy to describe the exact flavor I feel to be desirable; but it is n't the flavor of foolishness. Neither do I mean the hard work of the professional humorist, who has "found a formula for drawing Comic Rabbits"; that has its uses, but it is n't what I am looking for. A Pleasant Book has *some* pleasant people in it, as there are in this varied world — ourselves, for example! It has, preferably, a background of some beauty; it has an agreeable atmosphere, warmed with humor; it has, if the gods be favorable, wit; and it does not contain catastrophe or crime. My contention is that the seeker for this sort of thing should not be accidentally precipitated, with the assistance of the publishers' advertisements, into some ghastly abyss.'

'Do you propose a censorship?' said I.

'Oh, by no means,' he answered. 'What I should suggest is a system of insurance. When I go into the Grand Central or the Pennsylvania Station, I see in the ticket offices a little sign offering Accident Insurance. But not far away is a counter piled with printed potentialities of horrible suffering; and against such evils the uninformed purchaser has no protection at all. He is looking for eligible companions on his journey, and he presently finds himself accompanied by the Furies and the Seven Deadly Sins.

'Now, I project a simple form which will insure the principal characters of a novel — at the expense of the purchaser, of course — against battle,

murder, and sudden death, the habits of brutal speech and blasphemy, which are, it seems, becoming ingrained in the dialogue of fiction, all hideous diseases described in detail, adultery, and the abnormal. Then one could settle comfortably down to his book, assured against unlooked-for shocks. You see that what I propose is merely the protection of a harmless minority. I know that most people would n't care to be protected; they would be like the disappointed little girl in the *Punch* picture, whimpering because she *wanted* the lions to eat Daniel.'

'Why not organize another Book Club,' said I, 'with a group of judges warranted to be tender-minded? I can see the newspaper illustration of their benevolent faces now, all in a beaming row, like sunflowers over a fence.'

A ripple of self-mockery ran over his countenance, and the fan wrinkles appeared at the corners of his eyes.

'I am afraid,' said he, 'it would never do. We should be obliged to have at least five judges, and that would seriously deplete our public.'

'I think your list of exclusions,' said I, 'is rather strict; what would you do with the Great Detective Story?'

'Oh, that,' said he, 'is altogether another matter. Narcissa would n't be disturbed by the detective stories; but she does n't read them. She finds them dull.'

'What? The Red Murder, and the Orange Murder, and the Yellow Murder, and the Green, Blue, Indigo, and Violet Murders! She finds this startling spectrum dull?'

'Precisely,' he insisted. 'When you have supped full with conventional horrors, they cannot once start you; they are merely counters in a game. They don't affect the imagination. The Detective Novel fills the same need as the cross-word puzzle. It's non-poisonous, but I should n't place it with the Pleasant Books. It belongs in another group.'

'What would you do with the fashionable fantastic romance?' I asked, with a grateful memory of *Lolly Willowes*.

'All dreams, of course,' said the Old Gentleman. 'There are pleasant dreams and nightmares; no nightmares for Narcissa!'

'But even with your exclusions,' I objected, 'is there really such a paucity of Pleasant Books? I can name you a dozen out of hand, beginning with *The Enchanted April* and *Thunderstorm*.' And I did so, though I had to grant that several of them grazed slightly against one or other of his interdictions. 'Particularly,' I told him, 'I should regret the barring of *Expiation*, which seems to my sinful soul one of the pleasantest of all!'

He waived the last point. 'I admit there are difficulties,' said he. 'The percentage of impropriety needs to be fixed. But consider the small proportion of the general output represented by the handful you have named — a few drops of sweetness, or subacidity, in the bitter bucket.'

A question had been hovering in my mind. 'Do you confine your own reading of fiction,' I asked, 'entirely to the Pleasant Book?'

He laughed. 'Not exactly,' said he. 'My imagination is not so sensitive as my sister's; it does n't keep me awake at night. No, I have always read freely. But now that my stay on this planet, I am aware, must needs be short, I am a little particular about the persons with whom I spend the few hours left. I don't elect to spend them with crooks and gunmen, for instance, though such may at present constitute the fashionable society of fiction. As to those grim books which are now ruthlessly plucking the plumes of war, I do read those — though I don't leave

them about, on account of Narcissa. But I won't read the stories, short or long, that are wantonly depluming Life itself. The Great Sad Books, however, — the books of noble tragedy, — do we not always need them and always read them?'

He drooped his eyelids, as retiring into a private chamber of thought, and dropped unconsciously into a certain muted utterance which always indicates that he is quoting Wordsworth: —

'Sorrow that is not sorrow but delight,
And miserable love that is not pain
To hear of, for the glory that redounds
Therefrom to human kind and what we are.

'But,' he went on, coming back to the tone of every day, 'I think there is no doubt as to the decline of the Pleasant Book. I suppose, as Corporal Nym says, things must be as they may; we cannot gather sweet grapes of a thorny time. However, I shall still go on looking for a new novel for Narcissa.'

As he has the rhyming habit, and frequently crystallizes the results of a conversation in verse, I was not surprised to find in next morning's mail the following

Brief Epistle

To the Doleful Guild of Minor Novelists

Ye facile followers of the fictive art,
I would some pleasant seat were set apart
For such as tire of being hauled up steeps
Or lowered in diving suits to frightful deeps.
'A stately pleasure-dome' I don't decree;
A simple summerhouse suffices me,
Where decent souls may sip innocuous tea.
Let the trim trees produce no Dead Sea fruit,
Nor would the upas my mild fancy suit.
Pray you, include not in the landscape scheme
That not-too-sacred river called the Stream
Of Consciousness, whose casual tide must bear
Unlovely flotsam drifting heaven knows where.
No ugly satyr-shapes the paths profane,
But let the tutelary gods remain
Staunch Trollope and the incomparable Jane.
There would I pass some untormented hours
Free from the fear of snakes among the flowers,
Or dangerous felines crouched in cosy nooks:
Give me, good masters, give me Pleasant Books!

To Old Boys

It would be a hard matter to convict an Old Grad of lack of affection for his Alma Mater, not in vociferation only, but oftentimes in works. Through life he bears testimony to the college loyalty bred in him during four years of intensive application. But profounder still is the love of Old Boys for the boarding schools where an æon ago, leaving behind the friendly harbor of home, they first pushed their cockleshells into deep water. Go back to your school; watch the boys sitting at the front desks. You will see yourself at twelve in corduroys with wide collar and red tie, and as your eye sweeps the big schoolroom you will watch yourself growing up: fourteen — sixteen — finally eighteen, on the first pinnacle of the mountain range of life.

Filled with thoughts like these, a group of Old Boys in England revisited, a few years ago, Clifton School. The discussion turned on what things are most important for the formative years, and whether the experience of men who had hit the mark they aimed at might not be of help to boys just fitting the arrow to the bow.

Sir Francis Younghusband was a member of that group, famous for his Indian career and his march to Lhasa; Sir Henry Newbolt, poet, patriot, and chronicler of the Navy. And, amongst others of great note, Earl Haig, whose imperturbability saved the Empire.

It was agreed that a message signed by these men should be sent to the boys at the School, and Sir Henry Newbolt was requested to draft a letter to the School paper in the name of the group. That letter we here reproduce, knowing well that Old Boys on this side of the water will not neglect its significance.

To the Editors of *The Cliftonian*

Sirs,

We are Old Cliftonians who left the School long ago, but are still, and more than ever, concerned for its lasting welfare. We remember the great days of Percival and Wilson, and we have since watched with interest and sympathy every development in the history of Clifton, and every indication of the growth of her power for good. We look with pride on the spirit and success of the younger generations, and we are moved with a strong desire to send them a message out of the past, in the hope that our experience of life may perhaps here and there lighten a difficulty or confirm a faith.

The present age is generally felt to be more chaotic than those which went before it; its theories and its methods are more disorderly, its faults more extravagant, its hopes vaster but more fluctuating. There is more greed, and far less happiness; more aspiration, and yet more uncertainty and discouragement. Life has become more controversial; controversy is more violent; the unintelligent are perverting science into a new form of superstition; religion is in danger of being crushed out between the materialistic selfishness of the rich and luxurious and the materialistic hopes of the overworked and underpaid.

For this feverish condition of society we have no new remedy to offer, but we are impelled to remind our fellow Cliftonians of an old one. We who now write are men of different character and experiences, but we have at least this in common. In the last forty or fifty years we have lived through times of great national prosperity and still greater danger and anxiety. These years have convinced us all that no kind of life is complete, no kind of life can make the world intelligible or give us any lasting satisfaction, unless there enters into it the element which is called Religion. We are not speaking of this or that form of religion, but of the impulse which is expressed in all such forms: the desire to find God in the universe and to understand our relation to Him.

It is our hope that our School may receive in the future a continually more effective equipment for this search; such instruction as helped us in our own youth to recognize that our existence is more than an individual existence; that we live in a world of mutual influence, of interest concentrated on self and also of interest directed to the service of others; further still, that 'there is a quality of life which lies always beyond the mere fact of life,' beyond pleasure, beyond success, and beyond happiness. These are good, but they can neither guide us nor in the long run satisfy us. Guidance and lasting satisfaction are, as we believe, to be found only in faith — in the assurance that the life of man progresses by conformity with a Universal Spirit and a divine beauty of character; so that every act and preference of every one of us is of immortal consequence, because it either helps or hinders the realization of the order which God is perpetually designing for the world.

Haig, F. M.
Herbert Warren
J. H. Whitley
Henry Newbolt
Francis Younghusband

The Dalmatian Madonna

One summer, soon after the war, I found myself staying at Ragusa, a small, picturesque town on the Dalmatian coast. Having discovered that the private chapel which Ivan Mestrovic, the famous Serbian sculptor, was designing and erecting for a wealthy Jugoslav family was not many miles away, my traveling companion, a Serbian, and I decided to go to see it.

We rose early that morning, for the bus which ran down the coast from Ragusa to Cattaro left at seven, and there was only one bus daily. Stealing down the thickly carpeted stairs of the sleeping hotel, past the yawning night porter, through the garden, and across the road, we reached the small Square, where, even at that early hour, a waiter was opening a café. There were two cafés in this Square: at night a male orchestra played at one, while the

rival café opposite employed a ladies' orchestra for its patrons. I had seen Mestrovic sitting in the latter café one evening.

The waiter brought us coffee with surprising quickness; but as we lifted the welcome cups to our lips the warning honk-honk of the bus came to our ears. So, gulping down as much hot black coffee as we conveniently could, — meanwhile thrusting notes into the waiter's hand, — we fled across the Square, rushed round the corner, and literally threw ourselves into the already-filled bus as it moved off.

It was a typical Adriatic-coast summer morning — warm and balmy, with a promise of noonday heat in the air. As the bus sailed gayly up the dusty coast road, — the insouciant Slav driver taking perilous curves with a splendid disregard for danger, — down below, to our right, the green-blue waters of the sea lay placid in the morning sunshine beneath the pale blue Adriatic sky. For a Northerner it was an eternally exciting spectacle of beauty, but to the tight-lipped, dull-faced peasants, sitting pressed against us in the bus, it must have been merely the monotonous landscape of a life of hardship and toil.

Sometimes the bus would pause in its headlong course, pulling up sharply to pass a slow-moving cart driven by a bandit of a man in crimson blouse and wide royal-blue breeches, or a stubborn donkey, on which would be seated a very dignified little peasant woman balanced delightfully beneath her wide white headdress.

Where the road branched off to Ragusa Vecchia, our destination, we were forced to alight. The bus stopped; we got out, and it whizzed off again, leaving us enveloped in a cloud of dust. When this cleared we found ourselves before a kind of small roadside inn. Our thoughts ran back to the hastily gulped morning coffee; we decided to have some more, and entered the inn.

It was a deserted place. Heaven knows who patronized it. Judging by the interior, not many people passed that way, or entered the inn. A small front room, a couple of tables and some chairs set out for customers, a counter, a few semi-bare shelves, half a dozen melancholy-looking bottles — that was all. We had little hope of getting anything to drink here. But out of a side room came a young woman to attend to our wants, and my Serbian companion, who did all the talking, ordered some coffee. She assured us that we could have it.

As my companion turned to talk to me — we were speaking German — I was able to observe the young woman, and was amazed at her unusual beauty. She had the Slav Madonna type of face, longishly oval in shape, with the warm, full-brimming brown eyes of the Balkan Slav, and full, graceful red lips set against deathly pale cheeks. I was astonished to see her in that dismal hole of a deserted inn. And as she went to execute our order I gazed with intense curiosity at her disappearing slender figure. What is she doing here, where she obviously does n't belong, I asked myself. And as I abstractedly answered the vivacious chatter of the Serbian, my thoughts speculated on the young woman and her mystery.

Suddenly she was back with us. And suddenly she addressed me directly in English, saying, surprisingly: 'You're American, are n't you?' to which I replied: 'No, I'm English. But, may I ask, where did *you* learn to speak English?'

I was surprised and yet not really surprised. For her sudden plunge into my own language, which she spoke fluently, — subtly transforming my Serbian friend, who did n't know a

word of English, into a momentary outsider, — merely confirmed my own vague ideas about the young woman. So there was a mystery after all; there was a story, then! She was not just the ordinary peasant girl of the district. My instinctive interest in human beings was aroused. And while we waited for our coffee, and while we eventually sipped it with luxurious slowness, she unfolded, bit by bit, her pathetic story. It was simple and uncomplicated, human and true.

She had been born in California, to which far country her parents had emigrated about thirty years before. She had been brought up in California, and had gone to school there. Just as she was fourteen, a schoolgirl ready for high school, — in 1910, to be exact, — her parents, having had enough of the Paradise on the shores of the Pacific, returned to their native land. And for twelve years — it was now 1922 — the young woman had languished in this forsaken but beautiful spot. She might have had a vague chance of returning to the land of her birth before the war, but 1914 and the subsequent years destroyed any hopes in that direction. Her only brother had been killed in the war, and she was now the only living child of her aging parents.

With a vastly different background from that of the bulk of the country people with whom she mixed, she was still, surprisingly, single at twenty-six, an age when most girls of her country were already married and mothers of children. For twelve years she had pined for the American scene, for the places she had known as a child, for the opportunities which she would have known there. She mourned the fact that while her schoolgirl friends were now secretaries and stenographers in banks and business offices, she was still a household drudge amid this sickly, frugal peasant life. She showed us the rotogravure sections of the American papers which someone sent her regularly, her voice trailing off into a weary, hopeless whine, picked up from the native peasant intonation, as she gazed with envy on the dazzling pictures of loveliness and beauty displayed therein. When I asked her timidly why she did n't marry one of the local swains, she replied with a pathetic shrug of her thin shoulders and a wry smile. Her thin voice, speaking its unaccustomed language, was filled with infinite hopelessness. She was worn out with waiting, and although young in age her spirit had grown old and querulous in the shadow of unlived years. She was like a character out of a Chekhov play — beautiful, futile, charming, and frustrated.

When we left the dim gloom of the inn and the weary voice of the young woman behind, it seemed as if the whole painful travail of human existence had been unrolled before us. We turned our back on it — outside, Life called. The hot yellow sunshine seemed gay; in the distance was the beckoning sea. We walked hurriedly down the road toward the shore, quickly throwing off the mood of depression which the young woman's story had induced, until we ran for joy and shouted to each other nonsensically in German, a language foreign to both of us, finally racing madly down the deserted country road into the village of Ragusa Vecchia.

The Mestrovic chapel, then in course of construction, was at the very end of the village, placed on the top of a small hill, looking right across the sea, its walls rising in beauty and grace against a natural background of dark trees and flame-shaped cypresses. It was approached by a narrow path which led upward from the shore road; up this awkward way the workmen had to haul the heavy building materials.

All morning long we wandered round the unfinished chapel, watching the quiet workers as they toiled among their materials. All was gray — dust gray, light gray. We gazed with suitable awe and reverence at the multitude of Madonnas gradually covering the grayish walls — they were everywhere. These Mestrovic Madonnas, with their longishly oval patient faces, eternally waiting for the urgent miracle of life to awaken them out of their hopeless trance, were worlds apart from the warm, radiant Madonnas of Botticelli in Florence, whose lambent *quattrocento* faces bloomed like flowers.

Noon came, bringing with it lunch, and afterward we lay down on the shore and slept, waking in mid-afternoon to hire a small boat which we rowed round the little peninsula. Exploring every small alley and corner of the village, we passed a glorious day in vivid forgetfulness of the young woman of the inn; and duly caught the evening bus back to Ragusa before twilight began to fall.

But we were not allowed to forget the young woman altogether, for, looking out of the bus windows along the coast road, we saw her waving to us, a virginal figure now, for she was wearing a long white dress which made her look like a young girl as we went flying along. In one hand she held a small bunch of flowers, but the speed at which we were going prevented us from seeing more than a fleeting smile of gratitude. We waved back, frantically. No doubt she had waited, hopefully, expecting to see us once again before we returned to Ragusa. As we went dashing round a corner she disappeared from view.

It was the last I saw of her, for I never went that way again. But I have often wondered what has happened to her. Has she married, giving up all hope of ever getting back to America? Or, now being thirty-four, is she a bitter old maid losing all her looks? Or did she ever escape from the Dalmatian coast and come to America?

It was not until we were in the train next day, en route for Serajevo and Belgrade, that the sudden realization why the face of the young woman formed such a strong visual image in my mind came to me: her Slav Madonna face was identical with the face of the Mestrovic Madonna, moulded in the same lines, instinct with the same racial beauty. Life and art were fused in her longishly oval face. The idea made me smile. It was a happy one.

FINCH'S FORTUNE[1]

A Novel

BY MAZO DE LA ROCHE

IV

THE Vaughans were the first to arrive: Meggie, a little plumper, a little more exuberantly the wife and mother; Maurice, a trifle grayer, his masculinity a trifle more muffled. Meg clasped Finch to her. Oh, the lovely depth of that bosom! He was never taken to it but he wished he might burrow into its tender depths and remain forever enfolded there. She gave him three kisses on the mouth, and put a packet into his hand. 'With *our* love and many, many good wishes.' Wake crowded up beside him to see. It was a white evening scarf of heavy silk. 'Oh, thanks,' Finch murmured; and Maurice shook him by the hand.

Maurice had been warned on the way by his wife not to make any reference to Finch's inheritance, but he could not resist saying, 'Well, enjoy it while you're young!' And his glance did not indicate the scarf.

Meg caressed Wakefield, remarked his delicate looks, and went up to Alayne's room to lay off her things. The men stood about with the conciliatory air worn by them in the presence of female antagonisms. They knew that Meggie and Alayne disliked one another, that there was no love lost between Meggie and Pheasant. They would be glad when other guests arrived.

They soon arrived in a stream. The Fennels: the rector, thickset, beaming, his hair and beard tidier than was usual even on Sundays; George, resembling him; Mrs. Fennel, long-backed, hatchet-faced, with eyes always searching for a vacant seat into which she might drop; Tom, resembling her. Next, the two Miss Laceys, whose late father had been a retired Admiral, and the elder of whom had been after Nicholas forty-seven years ago. After these Miss Pink, the organist, prematurely aged by being rushed, year in and year out, through the hymns and psalms by the combined impetuosity of the Whiteoaks at a speed which she thought little short of blasphemous. She was in a flurry at exposing her shoulders in a seldom-worn evening gown, and had veiled them by a scarf, though they were, in truth, the best part of her. These were the old, old friends and neighbors.

Considerably later, and from town, came the Leighs. They were mere acquaintances to the rest of the family, but Finch thought of Arthur Leigh as his best friend. Mother and daughter in their sheathlike gowns of delicate green had the appearance of sisters. Finch could scarcely wait to have Arthur alone that he might tell him of his contemplated trip, with all the more eagerness because Arthur himself had spoken of spending that summer in England.

The party was now complete except for two people. These were neighbors, living in a small, rather isolated house, but comparative strangers. About a year and a half before, Antoine Lebraux had brought his wife and daughter from Quebec and acquired this place with the object of going into the breeding of silver foxes. He had been in the Civil Service, and, his health having broken down, he was advised to turn to an outdoor life. His wife had discovered this small and neglected property for sale. Lebraux, with the enthusiasm of his race, had thrown himself heart and soul into the new life.

[1]The first installment of this novel appeared in the April number. A brief synopsis of the opening chapters is to be found in the Contributors' Column. — EDITOR

Reliable parent foxes had been bought, and he had read every book obtainable on the subject of their breeding and care.

Renny had met and liked Lebraux. He had ridden over frequently to see how the foxes were progressing. The first litters were admirable. The change of climate had done Lebraux good, and his malady had shown signs of improvement. But good luck did not follow in good luck's train. His most valuable vixen had somehow dug her way out and was never seen again. The later litters were weakly, a vixen died; then, when fresh stock had been bought in the hope of raising the stamina, thieves had broken in and stolen the best of them. The bodies of the foxes had been found less than a mile away, stripped of their pelts.

All this told on the health of Lebraux. He had become so irritable that Renny's heart had gone out to his wife and daughter. When Lebraux had at last been confined to the house he had begged Renny to come to him as often as possible. He could forget his sense of disappointment, of failure, of impending disaster, in Renny's presence. 'I like you!' he had often exclaimed. 'I like you to be near me. You and I have an appreciation of the fine and sensitive things of life.' Renny had never been told this before, and it pleased him. And so they had talked of horses and foxes and women.

Lebraux had taken to drinking brandy. He had had uncontrollable outbreaks of despair, during which he would threaten to do away with himself. Only the presence of Renny would calm him. Often Mrs. Lebraux had sent her young daughter all the way to Jalna with a note for Renny, begging him to go to her help. When, in January, Lebraux had died, Renny had spent half his time in the house.

It had been Renny's idea to invite the mother and daughter, an idea that had not met with much favor from the rest of the family. But Renny had his way. The poor woman had never been anywhere since her husband's death, and the little girl would keep Wake in countenance.

If Mrs. Leigh and Ada had looked like sisters as they entered the drawing-room, Mrs. Lebraux and little Pauline seemed of no relation to each other. Mrs. Lebraux had a blonde, hardy, wholesome look, was the daughter of a Newfoundlander who had made a good deal of money in the fisheries and somehow lost it, and she resembled him. Pauline was like Lebraux, a thin, dark child of fifteen, in white, with the promise of some beauty. Her parents had met on the toboggan slide by the Château Frontenac, and had precipitately slid into matrimony.

It was an odd, mixed party, Alayne thought, as they filed in to dinner. It was the first time she had entertained since her marriage, and she was rather wrought up over it, fearful lest all should not go well. But she need not have had any apprehension on that score. Where there were Whiteoaks gathered, there was no danger of dullness. The family were all talking at once, as a garden of hardy flowers might burst into vigorous bloom at the first encouragement of the sun. A festive occasion, the prospect of a good dinner with plenty to drink after it, was sun enough for them. Ernest took in Mrs. Leigh; Nicholas, his old flame, Miss Lacey; Vaughan, Mrs. Fennel; Finch, Ada Leigh; Renny, Mrs. Lebraux, with the others distributing as congenially as possible down to the two youngest, who came last, smiling gravely at each other, she half a head taller than he.

Whatever Mrs. Wragge's faults might be, it would never be said of her that she was not a good cook. Fowls, under her hand, shed their earthly plumage and turned into glistening forms of celestial sweetness. Her vegetables were drained at the critical moment, the pastry was light. Only her pudding was heavy, and there was no pudding to-night. Wakefield could scarcely credit his own senses when he saw all the best china and silver on the table at once. Things that usually lived in cabinets, behind glass, were now on the table looking as though they were used every day. Several wineglasses were clustered at each place, even his own and Pauline's.

'Have you ever been to anything like this before?' he asked her, trying to feel not too important.

'No. Is n't it lovely?' She smiled, and he thought how prettily her lip curled from her little white teeth. He noticed her long white hands, then stared at her mother across the table.

'You don't look a bit like your mother,'

he remarked, settling his chin above his Eton collar.

'No, I look like my daddy.' She stopped eating and withdrew into herself, a look of sad remoteness shadowing her small face.

'*My* father,' he observed, looking hard at her, 'died before I was born.'

She was startled into regarding him with an almost fearful interest. 'Did he really? I did n't know they *could*. I always thought you had to have both father and mother when you were born.'

'I did n't. My father was dead and my mother died *when* I was born.'

She breathed, 'How awful for you!'

He agreed.

'Yes,' he said. 'I'm what is called a posthumous child. I think it has preyed on my mind. I think it is what has made me so delicate. I'm not able to go to school, you know. I go to Mr. Fennel for lessons, but I have n't been for weeks because of the weather.'

'I wish I could go to him, too. That would be nice, would n't it?'

He looked dubious.

'Yes — but you 're a Catholic, are n't you?'

She nodded. 'But Mother is n't. I don't believe she'd mind. Do you think he'd have me?'

'Well, he might. If you'd promise not to try to convert me or anything. He'd not like to risk that.'

'Oh, I'd promise!'

Around the table, conversation flowed easily. Alayne, perhaps, was less at ease than the others. She was so anxious that things should go well, especially because of the Leighs. Rags was a constant irritation to her. His shabby trigness, his air of anxiety over the two hired maids, his bending over Renny to whisper to him with an expression of portentous significance. And why did Renny grin up at him in that way? She did wish that Renny would n't talk to Rags at mealtime. Rags seemed always to be hovering behind his chair like an evil genius, and Renny never looked more like his grandmother than when he was grinning up at Rags. What was he saying to that Mrs. Lebraux? She strained her ears to catch the words.

He was saying, 'Well, I'll be very grateful if you will let me have the use of your stable. I could keep two horses there. We're terribly short of room, as it is.'

Mr. Fennel, on the other side of Mrs. Lebraux, joined in. 'I am glad to hear that you are staying on in your house, Mrs. Lebraux. I do hope you are comfortable.'

She turned her round, pale-lashed eyes on him. 'Comfortable! No, I'm not very comfortable. But I'm getting along somehow. . . .'

Then Ernest's musical voice came to Alayne. He was saying to Mrs. Leigh, 'Yes, I'm doing a work on Shakespeare. I've been working on it for many years now. One can't hurry with that sort of thing. But I do feel that the result will be . . .'

How the Whiteoaks loved to talk, she thought. From all about her their voices came, and yet their plates were the first to be swept clean of each course. They seldom asked a question. They took their world as they found it, without curiosity. Only Piers and Miss Pink, whom he had taken in, did not trouble to speak, but were devoting themselves to the business of eating and drinking. She lived alone, and her great economy was food. Now she had allowed her gauze scarf to slide from her shoulders, for even it had seemed to impede her progress toward repletion. Piers was drinking a good deal. His lips were taking on that sweet mysterious curve they had when he was becoming oblivious of his surroundings, and only wished to be left alone that he might give his full attention to the pleasant phenomenon that was taking place inside him.

There was champagne. Nicholas had seen to that. Rags could not have been more solemn about the drawing of the corks if he had bought and paid for it out of his own savings. Something intangible but vital drew them all nearer each other. The fingers of their spirits touched.

Mr. Fennel rose, glass in hand, to propose Finch's health. Finch saw it coming, and drooped closer to Ada Leigh for support. His hour had struck. He was twenty-one and Mr. Fennel was going to propose his health.

The confusion of voices sank into a gentle sigh. All eyes, made brighter or dreamier

by wine, were turned on the rector — all eyes with the exception of Piers's, which were looking into a tranced and pleasing space. Mr. Fennel said: —

'What I am about to do is very agreeable to me. That is to propose the health of a member of this household who to-day has reached the estate of manhood. It is not easy for me to believe this, because it seems only a few years ago that I held him in my arms at the font and baptized him in the church his grandfather had built. His grandfather had built the church in what was at that time a sparsely settled community. He established there the religion of his fathers. And his descendants have never failed in their support of that church. At Jalna he established a family which preserves to-day the traditions of a fine old English family, as few families do in these times of standardization and irreverence for tradition. . . . The memory of his devoted wife — whose presence I seem to feel among us to-night — will long remain fresh in the minds of all who knew her. Her faults — for none of us are perfect — were far outshone by her virtues. . . . This member of her family who has just attained the age of twenty-one — an age that seems quite unbelievably fresh and glowing to me — has been the companion of my sons all his life. With them he has run in and out of the rectory a thousand times on the mysterious quests of boyhood. In their room they have held with him innumerable conferences on the mysterious business of youth. He has enlivened many an evening for us with his music. We have known him in many moods, but none of us have ever known him to do a cruel or shabby thing. I wish him well from the bottom of my heart. I know you will all join me in this. I give you the toast — Finch Whiteoak!'

Mr. Fennel sat down with the unruffled air of a man who had just as lief make a speech as not.

Finch crouched between Ada Leigh and his sister-in-law Alayne with the air of a man to whom the making of a speech would be a task of appalling torture. The heads of those about him swam toward him goggle-eyed like goldfish in a round glass bowl. There was clapping of hands, glasses clinked. The glass of the bowl shivered into splinters, and Finch was left gasping, looking piteously like a stranded goldfish himself, trying to rise to his feet.

Ada Leigh smiled soft encouragement. She said, 'It will be all right. Just anything that comes into your head — now!' She touched his arm with an impelling gesture.

Renny's voice came down the table, metallic and commanding. 'Up you get, Finch!' and others added jovially, 'Speech, speech!'

But it was Alayne who got him to his feet. Her father and her grandfathers had been New England professors, monitors of the young. Out of the background of their authority, her blue-gray eyes looked dominantly into his, saying, 'Rise and give tongue!' Her fingers clutched his under the tablecloth so tightly that it hurt. He twisted his own about them as he spoke.

How different this was from doing a part in a play! Then, in velvet cloak or in vagabond tatters, he could abandon himself to the portrayal of another's moods. But now he was simply his naked self, and a dozen words were harder to get out than a torrent of talk on the stage. He heard his voice with a curious kind of croak in it.

'It's frightfully good of you — all. I never had such nice things said about me before — in all my life — and I don't quite know what to do about it. Mr. Fennel and Mrs. Fennel could n't possibly have been kinder to me if I'd been their own son — and, of course, everyone present — has been the same —'

'Hear, hear,' said Piers, without moving his lips.

'I can't tell you how much I am enjoying — this occasion,' he continued, looking the picture of despair. 'If I should live to be as old as my grandmother —'

'You'll never do it,' interrupted Piers, without any appearance of having spoken.

Renny threw Piers a fiery look.

'I'd never forget this dinner — and — I do most heartily —' here his voice broke — 'thank you. I hope no one here will ever be sorry that — sorry that —' Good Lord, what was he about to say? Sorry that *what?* Oh, yes, sorry that Gran had left him her money. But he could n't say

that, — it would be horrible, — but what could he say? 'Hope no one here will ever live to be sorry —' he stammered, and sought the ruddy sunrise of Piers's face for inspiration — 'be sorry —'

'That we let you live till you were twenty-one,' supplied Piers, without seeming to utter a word.

There was a burst of hilarious applause. The hero of the occasion sat down.

He took a gulp of champagne.

'You did splendidly,' whispered Ada Leigh, and Alayne squeezed his fingers before she uncurled hers from them. He was flushed, and happily conscious that he might have done worse. He had been delighted at the burst of applause and laughter, though he could not quite recall what he had said that was so witty.

The rugs had been taken up in the drawing-room and hall and the floor waxed, but it was late before anyone suggested that they dance. It was George Fennel who sat down at the piano, very square, very upright, his hands drawing insidious sweetness from the keys. The latest dances from the world of jazz were tossed by George as invitation to this mixed company, some of whom still danced in the style of forty years ago. And how gallantly they responded to the invitation! Nicholas and Ernest with the two Miss Laceys, with whom they had danced the quadrille, the polka, and the schottische on this very floor when they were young men and girls. Mr. Fennel had Pheasant tightly clasped to him, his beard now and again tickling her bare shoulder. Like a captive bird she cast wistful glances at her mate, wishing she might fly down the room with him, in long graceful strides, their bodies as one. And there he was dancing with Miss Pink, who was quite old enough to be his mother!

Miss Pink had been afraid she could not do it. But when once Piers had got hold of her she found that she could, and not only that, but she wished she might go on doing it forever. As for Piers, he scarcely knew whom he was dancing with — old or young, skillful or amateurish, it did not signify. She had been at hand when his forceful body had responded to the inexorable call of the dance.

Alayne was dancing with graceful Arthur Leigh. Wakefield had almost more than he could cope with in Meggie's solid frame. Meg had an eye on Maurice and Mrs. Leigh, who seemed to her to be dancing altogether too well.

Finch had been going to ask Ada Leigh to dance, but had turned away as he saw Tom Fennel loping toward her. He must not be selfish at his own party. With whom would he dance, then? He looked rather vaguely about the room. There was Mrs. Fennel in a comfortable chair near the fire, with a dish of crystallized fruit beside her. And in the farthest corner, on the settee, was Mrs. Lebraux in her black dress, with Renny keeping her company, his back half turned to the dancers. And staring into the cabinet of curios from India was the Lebraux child, her skirt too short, her legs too long, and the back of her head looking as though it needed combing. Her hair stuck out in thick black tufts, giving her an odd, elfin look.

He went to her and said, 'Would you like to dance, Pauline?'

She turned quickly and looked at him searchingly, as though wondering whether or no she would like to dance with him. Then she went sedately to her mother and bent over her. She came back smiling and put her hand into Finch's.

'It's all right. Both Mother and Mr. Whiteoak say to dance.' Her face lit up and she moved her shoulders as though eager to begin.

She was so thin that she felt like nothing more than a wand in Finch's arms, yet there was a wild strength in her movements. He thought she was like a little breeze-blown boat tugging at its anchor. The music was swift, even feverish, for this second dance, but not swift enough for her. He bent to look into her face. He could not tell where the beauty was, but he was satisfied that it was there or would be there.

'You're going to stay on here, aren't you?' he asked.

'Yes — if we can make it pay.'

'The fox farming, you mean?'

'Yes. And we may go into poultry, too.'

'Aren't you afraid the foxes will eat the poultry?'

'That shows how much you know about it! They're kept *absolutely* separate.'

'It will mean a lot of work.'

'We don't mind that, if only we can make it pay.' Her slender body seemed to tighten with resolve. She swayed and dipped and turned like a bird, he thought. And she had a hard time before her, he was afraid. He would like to help them if he only knew how to go about it. This having of so much money opened up new channels to one, gave one a troubling sense of responsibility toward one's fellows.

'Mother and I do all the housework,' she was saying, 'dishwashing, sweeping, and everything. She does outdoor work, too. She's awfully strong.'

'Do you really?' He was astonished, for he had never seen his sister do anything but take care of herself; and Alayne and Pheasant were very much the same, except that Pheasant looked after Mooey, and that none too well, he thought.

V

Pauline and her mother left early. Then the Leighs, with a long motor ride before them. Somehow or other the Fennels packed the Miss Laceys and Miss Pink into their car. The Vaughans were the last to go.

'And I really don't care very much about trusting myself to him in a car, the way he is,' Meg said.

Renny looked his brother-in-law over.

'He'll be all right after a breath of fresh air,' he assured her. 'I'll open the window.'

Maurice watched this move for his revivification with interest. As soon as the window was opened he started the car, and it sped across the lawn, scraping the end of an ice-covered garden seat, and on three wheels gained the drive.

Nicholas was declaiming in the drawing-room.

'I might never have had gout in my life, I was so free from it to-night. As lively as a three-year-old.'

'And I,' said Ernest, 'never thought of my dinner again. And I ate everything!'

'Mrs. Leigh,' declared Nicholas, 'is the prettiest woman of her age I have seen in years.'

'But that daughter of hers!' cried Pheasant. 'I can't stand her. She takes care to let you know her gown comes from Paris.'

'Yes,' agreed Alayne; 'and she referred to London as "my London"!'

'Such swank!'

'Still,' protested Ernest, balancing himself on the balls of his feet, 'they are a charming family, the Leighs. And really intellectual.'

'I don't agree,' said Alayne. 'To me they seem very superficial.'

'To me too!' cried Pheasant.

Finch interrupted, hurt for his friend's sake. 'Not Arthur. Arthur's absolutely sound.'

'I'd like to give him a sound hiding,' observed Renny, lighting his pipe, 'and knock some of the effeminacy out of him.'

Alayne said, 'It was rather a nuisance Mrs. Lebraux not dancing. It kept one of the best dancers always at her side entertaining her.'

Neither Nicholas nor Ernest had sat by Mrs. Lebraux, consequently they felt a little irritated by this remark.

Ernest said, 'I talked to her for a moment, but she scarcely took the trouble to answer. I can't say I admire her.'

'I should n't have minded sitting by her for a bit,' said Nicholas, 'but she seemed not to lack attention.' He looked at Renny.

Renny looked back. 'Someone had to be decent to the poor woman. The girls were awfully cool to her.'

'I scarcely know her,' said Alayne.

'That is no reason why you should be cool to her,' returned Renny.

'She's one of those women,' asserted Pheasant, sagaciously, 'who don't care a bit about other women. She's simply *mad* about men!'

'How unjust you are,' said Renny. 'She's been in great trouble. She only liked to talk to me because she is used to me. I've been a friend of Lebraux.'

Piers said, 'I should n't mind the looks of her so much if only she'd darken her eyelashes and touch her hair up so it would be all one color.'

Renny turned on him angrily. 'She'd never do anything to her hair. She's not that sort. She never thinks of her personal appearance.'

His wife and his sister-in-law looked at him scornfully.

'Well, she spent about ten minutes on her face in the dressing-room!' cried Pheasant.

'Dear me,' said Ernest, 'what was she doing to it?'

'Wiping her tears away,' suggested Piers.

'Tears!' scoffed Pheasant. 'Mrs. Patch, who helped nurse Mr. Lebraux, told Mrs. Wragge that they quarreled half the time and the other half they did n't speak.'

'You've little to do,' said Renny, 'to be gossiping with the servants about Mrs. Lebraux.'

'I was n't gossiping. She just told me. And besides, you often repeat things that Rags tells you.'

The master of Jalna gripped his pipe and drew back his lips from his teeth. He could think of nothing to say, so he glared at her.

'She looks healthy,' said Nicholas.

'Such crude health lacks charm for me,' said Ernest.

'Renny only danced once this evening,' observed Pheasant, 'and that was with her child.'

'I had hoped,' said Alayne slowly, 'that no one had noticed that.'

'Heigho!' said Piers, in an endeavor to imitate his grandmother. 'I want something more to eat. I want it right away.'

His Uncle Ernest looked at him reprovingly. 'Is it possible, Piers, that you are mimicking my mother?'

'Oh, no,' answered Piers, innocently. 'Not consciously, at any rate. But I was thinking, just a moment ago, how much she would have enjoyed to-night, and I suppose the thought of her stayed in my head.'

He led the way to the dining room and got a decanter of whiskey and a siphon of soda water from the sideboard. He sat down by the table, which had been cleared and reduced to its normal size. Nicholas, Ernest, and Finch followed him.

The moon was sinking. Its last rays were shining into the dining room. Its light was enough for the business they had in hand there. Nicholas, unmindful of gout, had given himself up to it. Ernest, unmindful of indigestion, had given himself up to it. Piers, forgetful of wifely admonition, had given himself up to it. Finch, mindful of his new estate, entered heart and soul into it. The decanter and the siphon, with amber and cold white lights in their respective parts, moved slowly around the table. The moonlight blotted age out of two faces and stamped age into two, so that the quartette appeared to be all of one age, and that was ageless.

Finch said, 'I wish one of you would tell me what it was I said that was so funny. They were making such a row when I sat down that it knocked it clean out of my head.'

'I can't remember,' answered Nicholas, 'but I know it was damned witty. In fact, I've never heard a better after-dinner speech.'

'Nor I,' agreed Ernest. 'Just the right amount of sentiment mixed with real wit. It's a special talent in itself, this after-dinner speaking.'

'I thought the rector spoke very well,' said Finch, judicially.

'Yes, he spoke very well. But you were better. I only wish I could remember just what it was you said at the last.'

'Something about the joy of living,' suggested Piers.

'Well, that's not very new,' said Finch, rather disappointed.

'Seems to be new to you!'

'Life,' said Nicholas, 'is experience.'

'I don't agree,' said Ernest. 'I think life is work.'

Finch half-filled his glass with Black and White and aimed a squirt of soda at it. 'I think, just among ourselves, that I may say that my aim is to live an unselfish life.'

'You could n't have a better,' commended Ernest. 'From my own experience I know that bringing happiness to others brings happiness to one's self.'

'I'm in dead earnest,' said Finch. 'I want to do something for each one of you, and that's a fact. Uncle Nick and Uncle Ernie, if I were to invite you to come on a trip with me to England at my expense, would you accept?'

'Delighted to accept,' answered Nicholas instantly.

Ernest reached across the table and took Finch's hand and shook it. 'Dear boy — dear boy —' was all he could say.

'It's settled then, is it? You two are coming with me to visit Aunt Augusta?'

Ernest squeezed the hand he held, the hour, his condition, the invitation, filling him with an almost overwhelming emotion. Nicholas accepted airily, as though he were bestowing a favor.

'I will take you to some of my old haunts in London,' he promised, straightening his shoulders and drawing his chin against his collar.

Both uncles then began to talk about the years they had spent in England, repeating, at first, incidents that the nephews had heard before, but as the night drew on, and as the decanter emptied, drawing from remote places in their memories events unrecalled in years, like forgotten birds' nests dragged forth from an old belfry, or rusty anchors drawn up from the deep.

Some of these memories were disgraceful, and in the telling of them the two elders became more and more youthful, breaking into sudden uncontrolled laughter, their speech falling into the catchwords of their day. The young men, on the contrary, grew graver and more judicial with each glass, looking as though they did not quite approve of the levity of the others, Finch even going to the length once of giving some sound advice. In order that he might hurt no one's feelings he addressed the advice to the siphon in a kind of chant, and when no one gave any heed to him he shed a few unnoticed tears.

But, when the moment came when sing they must, he was ready. Ernest, who loved very old songs, ballads, madrigals, and the like, began 'Sumer is icumen in,' in his still excellent voice. A tenor, a lusty barytone, and a bass joined in, with

> 'Loudly sing, cuckoo!
> Grows the seed, and blows the mead,
> And springs the wood anew.
> Sing, cuckoo!
> The ewe is bleating for her lamb;
> Lows for her calf the cow.'

The bleating and the lowing, so loud and mellow, brought a fifth member of the family on the scene. This was Renny, clad in dressing gown and slippers. He stared at the revelers with ironical amusement.

'Well,' he said, 'you're a lovely-looking lot!'

The moon was gone, and the dawn creeping in showed them wan and disheveled in their evening clothes.

'You'll wake the women and the kids,' he said. 'They've been asleep for hours. Don't you think you've had enough?'

'I've made serious decision,' said Finch.

'What?'

'To go to bed.'

VI

Since the day Finch had announced his intention of going no more to the University, Renny, after his first outburst, had been cold toward him. Piers, on the other hand, had been warmer than ever before. But neither one would give him any advice about his money. If he approached Renny with, 'I say, George Fennel thinks I ought to invest something in New York stocks and not be satisfied with such a low rate of interest,' Renny would shrug and say, 'It's none of my business. Do as you like with it.' And he would turn away.

If Finch sounded Piers on the same subject, Piers would laugh and say, 'You're going to have the time of your young life, aren't you?' And if Finch persisted he might add, 'Well, George ought to know something about it — he's in the business. I should think it would be rather fun to speculate a bit.'

Finch felt like a half-fledged bird suddenly pushed from the nest. After being constantly supervised in his spending, ordered here and there, sometimes tyrannized over, this sudden thrusting on him of responsibility bewildered him, skimmed the cream of his pleasure in his inheritance.

It was as though they had formed a conspiracy against him. His uncles never referred to the money in his presence. It was as though they said, 'By hook or crook he got what we should have had. Now let us see what he will do with it.'

He had been almost frightened when the bank book had been put into his hand, when he had interviewed the bank manager and been shown the list of Gran's solid and conservative investments. But George had scoffed at them. George had said

that, aided by one versed in the fluctuations of the market, Finch might with 'speculation' double his fortune.

Alayne realized something of his bewilderment, his loneliness. They had several long talks. She felt anxiety at the thought of his giving up old Adeline's safe investments for more spectacular ones, on the advice of George Fennel. Yet, like Finch, she was carried away by the thought that he might greatly increase his capital by careful speculation. George had offered some tempting suggestions, and she had heard from American friends who had made large sums of late. Renny and Piers, the two uncles, Maurice Vaughan, were children, she thought, in matters of business. To be sure, the first two exhibited a certain shrewdness in their own province, but she had seen and heard so much of mismanagement at Jalna; there was no use in consulting them. And added to their incompetence was their disinclination even to speak of Finch's inheritance. They shied at the mention of it, as skittish horses will shy at their own gatepost.

Alayne took her own small capital, left her by her father, out of the government stocks where it had been invested, and bought Universal Autos with it.

When the stock began to rise steadily she could not resist telling Finch what she had done, and after that it was impossible for her to restrain him. But she made him tell Renny of the project. 'Invest it as you like,' Renny said, curtly. 'I don't know anything about stocks. I've never had anything to invest.' Finch knew that it was not jealousy that made Renny curt, but anger that he should have, at the instant of attaining his majority, refused to return to the University. This prompt refusal had symbolized, to Renny, the rejection by Finch of all further authority, of supervision by him as head of the clan.

How bitter Meg Vaughan would be, Alayne thought, if Finch were to lose even a small amount of money by following her example. Meg had always regarded her as an interloper, and to have some tangible injury to lay at Alayne's door would give her real satisfaction. Finch must go, therefore, and talk the matter over with the Vaughans.

He found his sister covering a cushion with new cretonne in a design of tulips and delphiniums. Her white hands moved softly above it like two plump pigeons in a gay bit of garden. She wore a pink and white chintz cap in Quakerish shape, which, she fancied, gave her the appearance of being hard at work. Vaughan, who made no pretense of working, lay stretched on a sofa reading a book on fox breeding. Since Lebraux had died, and there was a good chance that Mrs. Lebraux would give it up, he had entertained thoughts of buying her stock himself.

'Well, Finch dear,' exclaimed Meg, 'so you thought you would come to see me! It's about time. When I think how little I see of my brothers it makes me quite sad.' She held up her smooth face expectantly. 'Now tell me just what is going on at home. Getting ready for the trip, I suppose. To think that I have never been across to the Old Country, and now you — at your age! Able to travel as luxuriously as you like. And Uncle Nick and Uncle Ernest at their age! And all their expenses paid. And here are Maurice and I with the mortgage falling due!'

'Oh, well,' growled Vaughan, 'it can be renewed.'

It was not an auspicious moment, Finch thought, for asking advice about his own investments. He pulled at his lip doubtfully, then made up his mind not to broach the subject.

After a silence Meg said, wistfully, 'I suppose you would not care to take over the mortgage yourself?'

Finch stared, startled. 'Me? I've never thought about it.'

'Of course not.' She looked into his eyes, smiling at his boyishness. 'But mortgages are a good investment, are n't they, Maurice?'

'I wish I owned a few,' answered Maurice.

'What interest do you pay?' asked Finch.

'Seven per cent.'

'Great Scott! I get only four per cent on some of mine!'

'How much happier I should feel,' cried Meg, 'if you held the mortgage in place of the old wretch who does!'

'There would be no need for sentiment to

enter into it, on Finch's side,' put in Vaughan quickly. 'This is a valuable property. And bound to be more valuable. Look at the old Paige place that the Golf Club bought.'

Finch asked, nervously, 'What is the mortgage?'

'Fifteen thousand. At seven per cent — one thousand and fifty a year — paid half yearly.'

Meg sighed, 'And the old wretch is *so* detestable always!'

'Why?' asked Finch.

'Oh — I don't know —'

Maurice interrupted her. 'Meggie's too critical. He has rough manners; that's all that's really wrong. He's not such a bad old fellow.' Maurice dropped the book from his crippled hand and it fell to the floor. Meg frowned as he bent to pick it up.

Finch felt a glow of affection toward them as a couple, quite apart from his brotherly love for Meg. 'I'll do it!' he exclaimed. 'I'll take the mortgage over. But, look here, I'll not accept seven per cent. It's exorbitant. I'll not take more than five.'

'You darling!' cried Meg. She made as if to rise and go to him, but even in a moment of emotion such as this the effort was too great. Instead she said again, 'You darling!' and held out her arms to him.

Finch crossed to her rather shamefacedly. He did not want to be thanked. But it was wonderful, this doing things for people and benefiting himself at the same time.

Again Meg embraced him, pressed her plump lips on his. 'I don't believe we'll tell the others a thing about it,' she said. 'I do like privacy about my own affairs, don't you?'

'Rather,' said Finch.

They made all the arrangements, and when they were complete Finch sought advice on the subject of the New York stock. Meg and Maurice threw themselves into the discussion of it with enthusiasm. He would be a fool, they said, not to take advantage of such an opportunity.

'If Alayne,' said Meg, 'is going into it, you're safe. I never knew a more calculating person. To me she's the very embodiment of shrewdness.'

'She was n't very shrewd when she married Eden,' observed Maurice.

'Maurice, how can you say such a thing! If ever she showed shrewdness it was then! Who was she? Nobody! He took her out of an office and brought her to Jalna — to a life of *ease*. He made a *Whiteoak* of her!'

'He nearly broke her heart,' said Finch.

'Hearts like hers are n't so easily broken! They're too calculating. For my part I think she had her eye on Renny from the first. Poor lamb, he had n't a chance against her!'

The two men sighed simultaneously in the effort of picturing the red fox Renny as a helpless lamb.

Talking to Piers that afternoon, Finch could not forbear dropping a hint about the taking over of the mortgage on Vaughan-lands. Piers was curious, and after binding him to secrecy Finch told all. Piers thought it a very good thing for both parties. 'But mind you make them toe the mark with the payments,' he advised. 'Maurice is more than a little slack in money matters. He owed me for two years for a Jersey bull he bought, and I only got the money lately by keeping right after him.'

Finch felt a little depressed at the prospect of keeping right after Maurice. The responsibility of wealth was beginning to weigh on him. He said, 'You've never told me what you would like in the way of a present. It would please me awfully to give you something. I hate not dividing things up a bit.'

'Oh, I'll think it over' — and Piers turned away.

Finch strode after him. 'You're not going to get out of it like this. Just tell me something you'd really like.'

'I've got everything I need.'

'But there *must* be something.' He went on complainingly, 'I don't know what's the matter with you chaps! You'd think the money was tainted — you're so shy of it!'

Piers stopped, and turned to Finch. 'Well, if you want to make me a present that won't break you, buy me a new motor car. The old one is literally falling to pieces, and as long as the engine has a kick in it Renny won't buy a new one.'

'Good!' cried Finch. 'I'm awfully glad you thought of that. And Pheasant will

enjoy it, too. Shall we go in to-morrow and choose one?'

Piers made short work of choosing a car. He knew exactly what he wanted, down to the smallest detail. How amazing, Finch thought, to know all that when you had had no earthly prospect of getting a new car!

They had taken the train to town and come home in the car. It would be hard to say which of them enjoyed the drive most — Finch, sitting with folded arms, feeling, he could not have told why, rather like a self-made man, rich enough at last to indulge in the pleasure of philanthropy; or Piers, with a small, set grin on his face.

They talked little on the way, but, by the time they reached Jalna, Finch had promised to reshingle the barn for Piers, and to build him an up-to-date piggery. It was understood that Piers was to repay the cost of this when he was able.

Everyone came out of the house to admire the new car. Pheasant and Mooey danced round it. He must be lifted into it and must sit with his little hands on the wheel. Pheasant put her arm about Alayne. 'You must share it, too. The old car is a *disgrace*.' Nicholas and Ernest were delighted at the thought of driving in such style to the train on their departure. There was nothing cheap about the car. It was a beauty, they agreed. But Wakefield was dubious:

'I don't believe,' he said, 'that my grandmother would approve. She never liked the old car. She thought buying it was a great waste of money.'

Piers answered, 'She's not here to worry over changes, and as for you, you shan't ride in it, just for being cheeky.'

'Still, I don't think Gran would like her money to be spent on motor cars.'

'Would you like your seat warmed?'

'No.' He edged away.

'Well, shut up, then!'

As they reached the garage they saw Renny standing in the door of the stable. When he saw the new car he turned sharply away and disappeared.

At dinner, in the face of his forbidding expression, no one referred to the purchase. Only Wakefield, in every pause, made some pensive remark relating to the likes and dislikes of his grandmother.

VII

The day of leaving drew inexorably near. Then it dallied in a spell of heavy rainfall, seeming unreal and far off. Then it rushed upon them, giving them scarcely time for their last preparations.

The three who were going away took dinner at the Vaughans'. Meggie could not bear to part with them till tea time. When they returned to Jalna the new car was before the door, the hand luggage already placed in it. Everything was in a rush now.

Renny had not come in to tea. Finch asked, rather anxiously, where he was. Ernest explained, 'He said good-bye to Nicholas and me before we went to Meggie's. He said he might not be in to tea.'

'But he did not tell me good-bye,' stammered Finch. 'Surely he would not let me go away without seeing me?'

'Surely not!' Ernest looked much concerned. 'But there is no time for hunting him up. We must leave as soon as we have had our tea.'

'I don't want any tea!' Finch set down his cup and rushed out of the house. He had a sense of panic.

Running toward the stables, he saw Wright in the act of backing the old car into the garage. He hesitated and Wright called out, 'If you're looking for Mr. Whiteoak, sir, he's over at Mrs. Lebraux's.'

Finch halted. 'Wright, what's the best time you can make to drive me there and back?'

'I can get you there in five minutes, sir.'

Finch clambered into the car. He must see Renny! The others would just have to wait for him if he were late. There was plenty of time for catching the train. . . .

The place Antoine Lebraux had rented for his venture into fox breeding comprised about twenty acres, a wooden house painted a dingy white, a small stable, a poultry house, and the fragile outbuildings Lebraux had added. Finch pressed the electric bell twice without answer. Then he saw, stuck above it askew, a card with the words 'Out of order.' He knocked loudly. The minutes flew while he waited for some response, then a step sounded in the passage and a bolt was drawn. Good Lord, was Renny locked in there? The door opened and

Pauline Lebraux stood on the threshold. She looked half frightened at seeing him. She wore a black serge dress of scanty cut, and this, with her long black legs and dense dark hair standing out about her face, made her look strangely fragile and pathetic. On her arm she carried, like an infant, a sickly fox cub wrapped in flannel. Its bright eyes peered out at Finch with an expression abnormally intelligent. Her appearance was so singular to Finch that he forgot for a moment what his errand was.

'I'm going away,' he said.

He thought a shadow darkened her face, but she only smiled a little and said, 'Won't you come in?'

'Thanks, but I must n't. I'm in a rush to catch the train. I came to see if Renny is here.'

'Yes. He's with mother. Helping her with the foxes.'

Finch hastened to the back of the house. He heard voices in the little stable. How could he go there and call Renny's name, as though he were a child? He had a feeling of hot anger against Renny. He had a mind to return to Jalna without seeing him. But he had been seen from within. Renny appeared in the doorway, then came slowly toward him.

'Looking for me?' he asked.

'Did you suppose I'd go away without saying good-bye?' blazed Finch.

'How was I to know what you'd do? You do what you like.'

Finch was aghast. Was this the way they were going to part? If it were, it would spoil his trip. If he missed his train, if he missed the boat, he would stay here till he'd wrung something better than this taciturn coldness from Renny.

'What have I done? Why are you treating me like this?'

'Watch out! Mrs. Lebraux is in there — she'll hear you.'

'I'm missing my train, do you know that? Yet you won't say a friendly word to me! God, we might never meet again!'

'I hate saying good-bye.'

'But you said good-bye to Uncle Nick and Uncle Ernie. Why not me?'

'That's just it. I did n't so much mind saying good-bye to them.'

Finch's eyes searched the lean red face before him. If that was the truth — and Renny was not a liar, and he was frightfully queer about some things — Oh, perhaps it was not so bad after all! Perhaps Renny did n't hate him — why, Renny had always kissed him when they parted, like a father! He looked into Renny's eyes, his face suddenly contorted in an effort to keep from crying. He put out his hand.

Renny took it and drew Finch toward him. He bent and kissed him in the old way. Finch sniffed the familiar smell of stable on him. A load rolled from his heart.

At Jalna he found the others in varying degrees of perturbation at his delay. Ernest was almost in despair, not able to keep still for a moment. Nicholas, solidly settled in the car, was uttering wrathful ejaculations. Pheasant was distraught. Piers said that it was almost more than he could do to keep his hands off him. Wakefield had brought out a pair of binoculars the better to watch for him, though the road was quite hidden from the drive by trees. It was one of the moments when Alayne felt that the Whiteoaks were almost beyond bearing. With a controlled expression she stood holding Mooey in her arms. Mooey was dubiously sucking his thumb, only taking it from his mouth at intervals to say, 'I'm not f'ightened.'

They caught the train, and that was all. The porter had barely disposed of their luggage, Piers had barely shaken hands all round, Pheasant kissed all round and exclaimed, 'Oh, how I wish I were going too!' when she and Piers had to get off. They stood on the platform together as the train drew out, their young faces upturned, she blowing a kiss to the three at the window, he bareheaded, a smile, in which there was a shadow of boyish envy of the adventurers, softening his face.

VIII

Augusta had dressed herself with even more care than usual on this afternoon. She arranged with even greater exactitude her hair, still worn in the fashion of Queen Alexandra, that curled fringe upon which her nephews had so often speculated, going to the length of making bets with each other as to whether it was her own and

natural in color, her own and dyed, or a transformation. Not one of them had ever found out. And if her brothers knew, they loyally kept the knowledge to themselves.

She surveyed herself in the long glass in her bedroom with inward satisfaction, but if an onlooker had been present he would have supposed that her reflection met with her complete disapprobation. She drew in her chin, stiffening the back of her neck, and widened her eyes into an expression of surprised offense. But this aspect was as natural to her as one of bold dominance had been to her mother. Her gaze appeared to be a defense against the object upon which she turned it, as old Adeline's had been one of challenging curiosity.

Augusta was little changed since her mother's death. She had, in truth, improved in appearance.

The last visit to Jalna, which had been prolonged to three years, had been something of a strain for her, enduring, as she had, the old lady's caprices and quips at her expense, and continually expecting that so long delayed death. The lively commotion of the household had also been rather exhausting to a woman herself long past seventy. The return to the serenity of her own house, where there were none to contradict her without running the risk of losing their situations, and nothing more exciting than the misbehavior of maids, was a benefit to her health.

So, with inward satisfaction and outward disdain, she put the finishing touches to her toilette, noted her still shapely shoulders and the unimpaired arch of her Court nose. Her complexion had always been bad, so in that respect she had had nothing to lose.

She went the rounds of the rooms prepared for her brothers and nephew, saw that the ewers were full of fresh water, clean towels on the racks, and sniffed the pleasant scent of lavender from the bed linen.

She descended to the drawing-room, where the tea table, an hour late in agreement with the arrival of the train, had just been arranged by the parlor maid, Ellen. Would there be enough scones? Was one square of honey in the comb sufficient? She remembered Finch's appetite, how she had always tried to put flesh on him and failed. Well, at any rate there was plenty of bread and butter, and the fruit cake was unusually deep.

She went to a window and looked across the spring greenness of the lawn and park to where she could see the road climbing upward from the village. Only one vehicle was in sight — the cart of Jim Johnson, the carrier, returning after one of his two weekly trips to Exhampton. She waited there a few minutes, but she could not be quiet for long. She was too restlessly awaiting the arrival. It would be so nice to see them.

A week ago she had had everything ready to receive them when a telegram had come to say that they were remaining another seven days in London. It was so like Nicholas to have sent it at the last minute. He and Ernest had not been to visit her since her husband's death. On their last visit they had quite tired out Sir Edwin by talking so much, and being so late to meals, and disagreeing with him, as he said to her afterward, on every subject he brought up. Well, he was safely at rest in the family vault now, and the years had made her brothers more amenable.

As for Finch, he was now her favorite nephew. Eden had been once, because of his charm, his good manners, his talents; but he was behaving altogether too badly. She loved Renny, but he had inherited several of Mamma's most regrettable traits. Piers was a splendid young fellow, but sometimes surly and with quite rough manners, caused, she supposed, by association with grooms and laborers. Wakefield was a darling and quite companionable for his years, but there was something about Finch that made her feel almost maternal.

She began to be really annoyed at the lateness of the arrival of her relatives. She sat down by the table, however, and held herself together. The firelight (an unnecessary extravagance, for the afternoon was still warm) played over the folds of her black satin dress and maliciously accentuated a dark mole on her left cheek.

A step sounded in the hall and a small spare woman appeared in the doorway. She was Mrs. Thomas Court, Augusta's cousin by marriage. Her husband had been a son of old Adeline's youngest brother. She had lived, since her marriage, in Ireland, but had remained in all respects Eng-

lish, as Augusta was inherently English though brought up in Canada. She advanced into the room in a quick, jerky walk like a little wound-up figure. Her hair, dragged back from the forehead, vied with Augusta's in purplish darkness. She had a complexion even more sallow, but she brightened it with two spots of rouge, and her dress, though ornate and old-fashioned, was sprightly. Her features were small, her light gray eyes intense, and the expression of her thin-lipped mouth one of unyielding conceit. Mingled with these qualities was a kind of jaunty good humor. She walked straight to the window, with a side glance at the tea table.

Outdoors a shadow had fallen.

'Is it raining?' asked Augusta.

'Just beginning to spot,' replied Mrs. Court, her eyes on the paved terrace.

'I wish it would rain. The flowers need it.'

'I hope it does n't. Dry weather agrees with me much better. It suits my ear.'

'How is your ear?'

'Going chug-chug, the same as ever.'

Augusta deepened her contralto tones. 'Dear me, how very irritating!'

Mrs. Court wheeled and stared at her. 'Irritating does n't express it at all; it's maddening.'

She advanced, with a businesslike air and squeaking boots, to the tea table. She pointed with a knuckly forefinger at the plate of scones. 'Give me one of those and a cup of tea, and I'll carry them to my room. Relations don't want outsiders poking noses into their reunions.'

'I have n't rung for the tea yet. And your leaving us is quite unnecessary.'

'Very well.' She sat down on an unyielding chair with buttoned-in upholstery. 'But you'll not be able to make so free with each other.'

'There is no need to make free,' said Augusta, rather stiffly.

Mrs. Court played a tattoo on the floor with her heels. 'It makes me jumpy,' she explained, 'to go so long without my tea.'

Augusta regarded her with disapproval. 'Where is Sarah?' she asked, in order to take her cousin's mind off her stomach.

Mrs. Court tattooed harder than ever. 'Out in the rain. The girl's mad. She quite likes to get wet. And when the sun is shining she's as likely as not moping in the house. I call her Mole. My pet Mole.' She wagged her head, in recognition of her own wit.

'She is a very sweet girl,' said Augusta, 'mole or no mole. And I only hope she and Finch will make friends.'

'No boy of twenty-one will ever give a second thought to her. She's too quiet. Boys like romps. Sometimes I call her Mouse, my pet Mouse.'

Augusta was listening to a sound outside. 'Here is the car!' she cried, and hurried to meet them.

Mrs. Court squeaked, with even more alacrity, to the bell cord and gave it a tug.

'Bring in the tea,' she said to the maid, 'and we'd better have an extra pot.' She stood stock-still then, in the corner, watching the embraces of the family.

Augusta turned to her at last. 'Oh, you have rung for tea! Now you must come and speak to my brothers and nephew. Of course you remember Nicholas and Ernest.'

They shook hands, recalling how the last time they had met had been in London during the Coronation ceremonies of King George.

'Dear Edwin was alive then,' said Augusta.

'Thomas was alive, too,' said Mrs. Court, not to be outdone.

They settled about the tea table, and Augusta noted how well her brothers looked, but she was a little disappointed in Finch's appearance. He had the same half-starved look. It was rather hard to reflect that this lanky youth was the possessor of her mother's fortune, when it would have graced so well Ernest's courtly presence. Not a large fortune, but how important in a family of such restricted means! Yet when Finch, sitting close beside her on a chair too low for him, gave her one of his affectionate looks, her heart warmed toward him and she plied him with buttered scones. She gave him more tea, and he whispered, 'I say, where's the girl?'

Augusta looked mysterious. 'She's like you; she's devoted to Nature. She forgets all about her meals!'

'That's a lot like me!' And he helped himself to more honey.

'I hope,' he added, 'that she does n't look like her mother.'

'Sh.'

'But they're talking to her, one in each ear. She could n't possibly hear me.'

'That is her aunt by marriage. Sarah is an orphan and has been brought up by Mrs. Court. I must tell you about her father later.'

A shower was now beating against the panes. As though coming directly out of it, Sarah Court appeared in the doorway and came slowly toward the group about the tea table.

What had Finch expected? An impetuous Irish girl, late for tea because she liked being out in the wet? A curly-haired sprite, dancing in with rain-dappled cheeks? A sturdy, matter-of-fact young person? Whatever he had vaguely expected, it was certainly not this.

She came with a long, slow gait that imparted almost no motion to the upper part of her body. That part, held with an erectness unknown to the present generation, moved like the torso of a statue carried on a float. Her dark dress was open at the throat, but buttoned tightly down the front with the effect of an old-fashioned basque, having also the effect of that garment in a short continuation below the waist. Her skirt was too long for fashion, and was arranged at the back in a manner suggestive of a bustle. Her arms were held rigidly at her sides; her hands had an extraordinary pallor. This pallor was equaled in the profile turned toward Finch. Her black hair was brushed back from her high forehead in glossy smoothness, and worn in a heavy braided coil at the nape.

Finch stood staring at her, unable to detach his mind. She came to him, however, holding out her hand. Even as they shook hands he did not see her. His consciousness was occupied in the attic at Jalna. He saw himself in the lumber room on a rainy day, crouching by the window, absorbed in old copies of *Punch* taken from a toppling dust-covered pile that year by year increased, for none were ever thrown away. He was looking at the picture of a Victorian drawing-room in which a whiskered gentleman was bowing over the hand of a lady. Other ladies were standing by. They were all alike, and each and all bore a striking resemblance to Sarah Court.

That was it! She was like a drawing by Du Maurier.

He was so relieved by the discovery that he smiled delightedly at her. She smiled back, and he saw how the thin, delicate lips parted, showing unexpectedly small, even teeth. He thought he had never seen an upper lip so short, a chin so jutting.

Mrs. Court was saying, 'Well, Mole! So you've come out, now that the sun is gone!'

Sarah Court's lips closed tightly. She fixed her eyes on a ring with a large green stone which she began nervously to twist on her forefinger.

Her aunt leaned forward, as though she would pry under the lowered lids.

'Well, Mouse! Quiet as ever?' She turned to Ernest.

'I call her Mouse, she's so silent. It's very irritating to me when I've no other companion.'

Nicholas said, 'Many years ago there was a girl we called Mouse. She was a ballet dancer.'

'Was she quiet?' asked Mrs. Court.

'No, she was rather noisy. But she'd a peaky little face, and small bright eyes.'

'I enjoy a good ballet,' said Mrs. Court, 'but I've no pleasure in the Russian ballet. I hate Russian music. It's nothing but a fantastic noise compared with Bach, or Handel, or Mozart. When Sarah begins to do the rough-and-tumble of it on her fiddle I get out of the room. It gives me the fidgets.' And she played a tattoo with her heels to show how really fidgety she could become.

She turned to Finch. 'We must get you playing. We'll make a musical time of it.'

She talked of music she had heard in the principal capitals of Europe. 'But I can't afford to travel now,' she said. 'I just stick at home in Ireland. Mouse and I make our own music. Don't we, Mouse?'

How ludicrous, Finch thought, to call that remote-looking girl Mouse! He got up his courage and said, 'You play the violin awfully well, I expect.'

Her aunt had received no answer to her question and had apparently expected none, for she continued to talk without

hesitating; but Sarah turned to Finch with a peculiar smile, with a certain elfish mischief in it, and answered, 'You'll know that when you hear me.'

It was the first time he had heard her say more than a monosyllable. Her voice, he thought, was the very distillation of sweetness, all the more noticeable following, as it did, the gruff tones of her aunt. And it had a muted sound, as though a secret being within her spoke for her. He tried to draw her into conversation, but he was awkward and she was either shy or aloof.

He was glad to escape into the garden when the others went to their rooms. Lyming Hall was an unpretentious house of no particular period, but its gardens, lawns, and park were kept in excellent order. Augusta was proud of the commanding view over the countryside. The fact that there were no large landowners about and few people of wealth gave her a pleasant feeling of superiority.

Finch wandered among the flower beds, discovered the tennis court, the rosary, and walked down the drive, which sloped steeply, to the gate. There was a small gabled lodge half hidden in roses, so much like a picture of a little English house that Finch had to grin with delight as he looked at it. He turned away when he saw a woman in the door and cut across a corner of the park to where he could see the stable.

He found the kitchen garden — strawberries under netting, and gooseberries like eggs. He came upon a door in a wall, almost hidden in ivy, and pushed it open. He found himself in a walled flower garden.

He went up and down the box-bordered paths, a lanky figure filled with the joy of being alive in that warm sweet-scented enclosure. He squatted to look into Canterbury bells. He held moss roses in his hand. He put his long nose to the very earth to smell the mignonette. The pear trees, trained against the wall, were beautiful to him. At that moment the orchard of pear trees at Jalna, which carelessly covered the ground with golden fruit every fall, seemed a poor thing. He could not decide which roses were the most beautiful — the newly opened ones, their inner petals still resisting the fingers of the sun, or those at that mysterious moment of perfection just before they fade and fall, when they seem to be offering their essence in a final surrender so complete as to have something of delicate vehemence in it.

When Ellen showed him his room he was glad to find that its windows overlooked the walled garden. There was a can of hot water, and his clothes were laid out ready for him on the bed. He felt very happy. He had had no idea it would be so nice at Aunt Augusta's. He wished that Mrs. Court and her niece were not there, so that they might be just a family party. . . . Still, after all, Sarah Court was his cousin. But how strange and unapproachable she was! And she had a baffling charm for him. As he stood looking out of the window his thoughts, like curious birds, hovered about her.

He was still looking down into the garden, where a violaceous shadow had tempered all the brightness, when a light tap sounded on the door. Augusta's voice asked, 'Are you dressed, dear? May I come in?'

He threw open the door and stood guiltily before her.

'I say, Aunt, I'm awfully sorry! I have n't begun to dress; I've just been staring into the garden. You should n't have given me a room with a window overlooking it.'

She sailed with kindly majesty into the room.

'I am so glad you like it,' said Augusta; but she spoke abstractedly. She went back to the door, closed it, then sat down on the settee at the foot of the bed. She had on a black dinner dress and wore her old-fashioned jewelry that was beginning to be fashionable again. She raised her large eyes to Finch's face and said, in a tone almost tragic, 'Finch, I am in great trouble.' Her voice sounded a barytone depth.

The thought of anyone's being in trouble terrified him. He was used to trouble, Heaven knew, but his hair seemed to rise at the mere mention of it. 'Oh — what's up, Aunt?'

'Eden,' she boomed, 'is sitting on the doorstep.'

He had an instant mental picture of Eden, rather down-at-heel but debonair, with that insolent, veiled smile of his, lounging on the door sill.

'That girl,' proceeded Augusta, 'is with him.'

So Eden and Minny were both sitting on the doorstep! He could only get out, 'Well, well.'

But his look of consternation was sufficient to satisfy his aunt of his sympathy.

'They are,' she said, 'living in the lodge.'

The lodge! And he had walked down to it not an hour before! Perhaps the woman he had seen in the doorway was Minny.

'But how did they get there?' he asked.

'By effrontery. As they get everywhere. You know I am attached to Eden. I cannot help being attached to Eden. But to have him come and sit on my doorstep, when I have Mrs. Court and Sarah in the house, is too much.'

'But how did they come there? And when?' Life seemed one long surprise for him. Now he asked himself, as he had asked about so many things, Can this be true?

Augusta said, 'They have been there a week. Eden turned up a month ago alone. She was somewhere in the offing, awaiting her chance to creep on to my doorstep. He told me that he was completely out of funds, and he asked me if he might not come and live at the lodge. I told him that the widow of the late lodge keeper lived there alone. She paid me no rent, but I had been very fond of him, and after his death I let her live on there. She often came and helped about the house. Now what do you suppose Eden's remark was after I had told him all this? His remark was, "Can't you turn the widow out?" Did you ever hear of anything more cold-blooded?'

'It was terrible,' agreed Finch.

'It was barbarous; not only the words, but the way he uttered them. Just a casual, "Can't you turn the widow out?" As though it were the turning of a hen out of a coop. I spoke impressively to him. I said, "Eden, I never thought that I should live to see the day that a Whiteoak and a Court would suggest that a widow be turned out of doors. Whatever our faults may have been, we have been benevolent."'

'What did he say to that?'

'He said nothing. He just gave that rather tired smile of his and began to talk about his poetry. He does write really beautiful poetry, you know.'

'And what then?'

'After he'd had tea he went away. What was my astonishment, in less than a fortnight, when the widow's daughter, who lives in Plymouth, wrote to her mother asking her to come to Plymouth to live. She is going to have another child, and takes in lodgers, so it was altogether too much for her.'

'And did the widow go?'

'She went. And she had only been gone two days when Eden sauntered into the garden, where I was cutting roses, and said, "Well, we've settled in." "Settled in!" I almost shouted it. "Who has settled in?" "Me and Minny," he said. Just like that, without grammar or consideration. Then he said, "We heard the widow had got out, so we've moved in." I shouted, "*You've moved into the lodge! You?*" And he said, "Yes, Minny and me." And there they've remained.'

'What are you going to do about it?'

'I don't know, I'm sure. I thought perhaps you could help me. I'm afraid that if I tell your uncles they may be too severe with him. He is such a sweet boy. Clever, like you — only so much more —' She hesitated.

'Yes, I know,' said Finch.

'I should n't mind in the least their occupying the lodge for a time, if only they were married, though Minny does look very odd since she's taken to painting her ears.'

'Painting her *ears!*'

'Yes. She puts a dab of paint on the lobe of each ear. I suppose it's living in France.'

'Well, well,' said Finch again. He felt as though life were really crowding too furiously on him. He asked, 'Do the people about here know that they are not married?'

'No one knows but Mrs. Court. We have, so far, kept the fact of their existence from Sarah. Her aunt is very particular about Sarah's acquaintances.'

'She is rather a strange girl, Aunt Augusta.'

'You will not think her so strange when you are used to her. . . .'

(*To be continued*)

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JUNE, 1931

'HOLLYWOOD HAS NOTHING TO LEARN'

BY WILLIAM ORTON

I

THE occasion, it must be admitted, was provocative. And perhaps Mr. von Sternberg was already in a bad temper. His remarks about Mr. Dreiser suggested rather clearly that he could get along much better with *An American Tragedy* if the author were transported to the fourth dimension. It must be very trying for an enterprising director to have all these authors lying around — particularly when they refuse to keep quiet. But keeping quiet is one of the few things Mr. George Bernard Shaw would admit that he cannot do; and when Hollywood said what it thought of his screened productions, Mr. Shaw naturally — never having been there — said what he thought of Hollywood and its methods. All that was necessary, said Mr. Shaw, was to reproduce his works as closely to their stage rendering as possible; and he added that Hollywood could do things very well 'after it had been shown how.' On both counts Mr. Shaw was demonstrably wrong; but Mr. von Sternberg's reply was almost too good to be true. 'Hollywood,' said he, 'has absolutely nothing to learn in motion pictures from any European country, neither from Russia nor Germany, and least of all from England. I am European-born, but all I know of pictures I learned in America.' Just so!

Of course, there are certain respects in which Mr. von Sternberg has facts on his side — though they are not facts that have much intrinsically to do with the pictures. Hollywood certainly has little to learn about publicity. It is responsible for the largest flood of the most hideous advertising that any great industry has let loose. It is a quite interesting exercise to watch the movie posters, even of the better films, and wonder in what sort of minds such things originate — especially the color schemes. For personal publicity, too, there is nothing in the world to compare with Hollywood; not even the British royal family — though, philosophically considered, the two institutions have that in common which is worth exhibiting. Both alike fulfill a certain traumatic need of the mass mind. The stars of Hollywood, like the newspaper version of the Prince of Wales, do more than charm or entertain. Entertainment as such does not evoke fan mail. Sheer entertainment value would not support salaries of twenty or thirty thousand dollars a week. Their more important rôle is in relation to the psychology of the subconscious. They are symbols. And, like all true symbols, they focus and

sublimate the emotional drives, the conative urges, that ordinary life can neither appease nor use.

In their own way, the publicity experts know this; and their main job is to keep their clients — perhaps one should say their creations — in character. It is not always easy. Miss Clara Bow, for example, is a somewhat more difficult problem than Queen Mary; and one cannot tell precisely what the mass mind demands, or will tolerate. Would it be better, for example, to draw the veil over Miss Bow for a little while, or would a flood of Hollywood domesticity float her safely over the shoals? The public wants so many different things — but never one that will really shock it. And the real shock point is so difficult to gauge! One thing, however, is certain: the public wants the process — the ministration to its traumatic needs — to continue. Certain producers, it is said, attempted last season to escape from the drain of star salaries on the theory that what the public wanted was just good movies. But the competition for stars has returned, keener than ever; and the public is apparently willing to pay for its catharsis.

In that still more impressive field of publicity which rejoices in the name 'public relations,' Hollywood may justly claim that it has nothing to learn. The public utilities, particularly the power companies, have also done effective work in this domain; but they entered it later than the movie industry, and their efforts, elaborate and costly though they have been, have not been crowned with such unmitigated success.

The movie industry has been fighting the peril of censorship for over twenty years. It is fighting still; but so far it has won all along the line. Well over thirty states, and many scores of cities, have been interested in censorship legislation; Congress had the issue before it in the last session. But the industry's brilliant and audacious defense has preserved its freedom practically inviolate. Its tactics have changed from time to time, but its strategy has been uniformly based on the slogan 'Selection, not censorship.' It has endeavored to associate itself with every public group that has become interested in this issue. It has welcomed 'coöperation.' It has arranged previewings, facilitated publicity for endorsements, patronized meetings, sponsored luncheons, provided office room and salaries for responsible representatives, and is spending hundreds of thousands of dollars annually in this field alone. Yet still there are those who complain!

The most serious menace to freedom arose out of a series of unfortunate occurrences in 1921. The industry's counter-stroke was the publication of the famous 'thirteen points,' whereby it abjured pictures 'which emphasize and exaggerate sex appeal . . . scenes which exhibit nakedness or persons scantily dressed, particularly suggestive bedroom and bathroom scenes and scenes of inciting dances . . . scenes which unnecessarily prolong expressions or demonstrations of passionate love . . . stories which make drunkenness and gambling attractive . . . stories or scenes which are vulgar . . . salacious titles and subtitles,' and so on and so forth. This voluntary declaration, with a few additions, is still the official policy of the industry.

Its enunciation was followed by the advent of Mr. Will Hays, who formed in 1922 an organization known as The Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc. This body proceeded to secure the coöperation, on an organized footing (which it financed), of no less than sixty-four voluntary

groups, mostly of women. The policy of preview, endorsement, and special publicity for approved pictures was thus put on a regular basis; and for a short time all went well (especially the unendorsed pictures, which continued to go very well indeed). Unfortunately a virus of disillusion spread among some of the 'coöperating' organizations, and the machinery has had more than once to be overhauled; the policy, however, continues in full force. At present, according to Mr. Hays's association, the previewing groups in Los Angeles include the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the National Congress of Parents and Teachers, the Federation of Catholic Alumnæ, the Association of University Women, the Library Association, the Y. M. C. A., the D. A. R., and the Boy Scouts. A certain amount of previewing is done by some of these groups in the principal cities also. Lists of 'endorsed' pictures are circulated both nationally and through the branch associations. Local theatre managers, where the local organization is vigorous enough, are encouraged, by the promise of extra publicity, to exercise what little choice of pictures they have in favor of the approved ones. And in a few cases 'family nights' or 'children's matinées' have been arranged. Effort of this kind is at present particularly welcome to the exhibitors in view of the decline in children's patronage since the advent of sound — a decline sufficiently marked to have an appreciable effect on profits in a poor season.

Some of this work coincides with, some of it duplicates, the efforts of the National Board of Review. This New York society dates from the stormy episode of 1908–1909, when for a short time the mayor closed the motion-picture houses on moral grounds. The National Board works through local 'Better Films Committees,' of which the membership, like its own, is individual rather than representative of organizations. Like the other groups, it is dependent on the industry itself for its previewing and some other facilities; but otherwise its connection is much less close. It has also taken an interest in other than the 'moral' aspects of the movies; it is, in fact, the only public organization that keeps systematically in touch with the newer developments in art and technique. From this point of view the average list of 'approved' or 'endorsed' films is about as depressing to the eclectic as it is to the box office.

There has been, as was said above, a certain amount of skepticism both within and without all this organized endeavor — just enough, in fact, to keep the business interesting for Mr. Hays. Some groups have seceded, apparently under the impression that both they and the public were being elaborately and effectively fooled by it all. Minorities in other groups have at times made things lively for their Hollywood representatives. A good deal of this secessionist movement is now headed up by yet another organization, the Federal Motion Picture Council of America, Inc. (the impressive titles are probably a hangover from so much previewing). This organization rejects entirely the gentle slogans of the Hays office. 'Selection, not censorship' it declares to be a swindle. It refuses to 'coöperate' with the industry in a voluntary censorship. It even refuses to coöperate with the state in a legal censorship. What it wants is nothing less than control at the source. To this end it favors the proposals of the Hudson bill introduced in the House of Representatives last year. The bill declares the motion-picture industry a public utility, and creates a Federal Commission to control it — to control not merely its trade practices, or its observ-

ance of its thirteen points, but to control also actual script, scenario, and production. 'The commission shall appoint supervisors to assist producers and directors in the process of production, in applying the standards of this Act as interpreted by the commission.' Though nothing is said about it in the bill, it is presumed that bodyguards and occasional interment charges for the supervisors would go on the expense account.

While the foregoing is by no means an exhaustive account of all the elements in this 'public relations' business, it may suffice to indicate the main problems with which the industry has had to deal. On the whole it has dealt with them in a fashion which justifies Mr. von Sternberg's claim. It has gauged the gullibility of thousands of good women with an audacity and a pragmatic wisdom that Mr. Sinclair Lewis could hardly have bettered; and it has appealed successfully to the pet doctrines of liberalism for defense against the threat of external control. The vindication of its policy is the simple fact that the industry remains free to produce what it likes — or what it thinks the public likes. There is an air of unreality about all this uplift and agitation. Film policy is ultimately determined by the conferences of the distributors. They know what they are talking about — in terms of real dollars and cents. What they say goes. What anyone else says must get itself translated into figures before it is even audible.

II

After all, whatever the Russians and the Germans and the French and the English may say about the movies as art, motion-picture production and distribution is a business. It is said to be the fourth largest business in the world. It spends one hundred million dollars a year on advertising and entertains one hundred and fifteen million spectators per week in the United States alone. It has an investment of some two billions of dollars, and no 'angels.' Why should one expect any more social altruism from it, in the cause of morality, education, or art, than one would of the meat packers or the steel corporation? It is too bad that what Mr. Will Hays recently called 'that inner urge which marks every one of our producers as a true artist' should be so continually constrained and thwarted. But how can one expect these true artists to defy their sales departments and take gratuitous risks? Why should they hazard their backers' money in wild attempts to reach a public that for all they know does not exist?

Were it not for Mr. von Sternberg's assurance that these people have nothing to learn, one might suggest that even box-office figures are no final criterion of public taste. Take that four-million-dollar libel on England, Germany, and human nature recently released under the title 'Hell's Angels.' False from beginning to end, false alike in fact, sentiment, and technique, it is the most devastating exposure of Hollywood mentality that the screen has shown for years. But it is an easy matter to create enough public curiosity about it to induce large audiences to go — once; and nobody is in any case counted upon to go twice! Not all the women's clubs in America, however indignant they wax over the grossness of the sex scenes, can make much headway against the publicity put behind such a colossal investment in vulgarity. But the fact of its making money is no final proof that it is what the public 'wants.' Low as public taste may be on the hundred-million level, its tolerance of Hollywood's worst is no evidence of its intolerance for anything better. In

movies, as in radio, there is evidence that public taste is at least ahead of that of the glove salesmen, the jewelry vendors, the trouser pressers, the bondsmen, the nickelodeon proprietors, the advertising touts who have inflicted their mentality on the industry. Two recent ballots are interesting — one a popular inquiry conducted by *Motion Picture Classic*, the other an inquiry among 333 newspaper critics conducted by the *Film Daily*. Here are the leading ten of each list, with the votes cast: —

The Divorcee (315)	All Quiet (271)
All Quiet (224)	Abraham Lincoln (167)
Common Clay (196)	Holiday (166)
Holiday (189)	Journey's End (151)
Romance (178)	Anna Christie (141)
Disraeli (166)	The Big House (141)
Let Us Be Gay (161)	The Byrd picture (121)
The Big House (154)	The Divorcee (94)
The Dawn Patrol (150)	Hell's Angels (91)
Anna Christie (147)	Old English (87)

In the second list, which covers 54 pictures, 'Let Us Be Gay' ranks as number 19, 'White Hell of Pitz Palu' as number 35, 'Africa Speaks' number 52, and the Fox experiment, 'Just Imagine,' number 54.

It is fair to point out, however, that each list rates quite highly certain pictures which have been box-office failures. The point is important in as much as it indicates the main defense of the block booking system. That system is described by the industry itself as the wholesaling of pictures. Under it the exhibitor contracts for a stated number — usually a season's supply — of the current pictures, many of which he may not have seen, some of which may not as yet be made. If he does not book in this way, all he can as a rule secure is old or rejected pictures that have passed — frequently in poor condition — into the hands of the small number of unassociated distributors, and have long since lost their box-office appeal.

Obviously the exhibitor has very little opportunity for discrimination in the output of the firm or firms whose films he is to receive; in point of fact, the blocks compete largely on the names of the stars who are under contract to appear. He has some discrimination. He has a right to decline pictures that his town authority will certify as offensive to the community. He has also a theoretical right to cancel 10 per cent of his contract, but only on payment of half the stated rental for the refused film or films. He may also, of course, — and sometimes does, — accept delivery without exhibiting a particular picture. Both these elements of choice obviously involve financial loss in cases where booking is done on an advance-payment basis. A very salutary development, however, is the growing abandonment of this basis in favor of a percentage system based on the gross receipts of each picture. Under the advance rental, or the guarantee system, the distributor — and through him the producer — retained only a very slight interest in the final showing of each picture to the public; the picture was paid for, or guaranteed, long before, and there the matter ended. Under the percentage plan, though block booking still obtains, the appeal of each individual picture is reflected right back to the producer's sales department. And though the result may not make for better pictures, it will at least give a more sensitive index of public taste and encourage greater variety in the output of each firm.

The thirty-two distributing boards which constitute the wholesale division of the industry are themselves controlled by the Hays organization, and through their hands passes 98 per cent of the American commercial output. Critics of the industry maintain that under these circumstances the exhibitor is practically powerless, no matter what

pressure is put upon him or what personal standards he may have, to control the quality of public entertainment. The industry maintains that block booking is the only way by which films of anything less than mass appeal can be financed — that in fact, without the block system, many of the better films would be unable to pay their way, as exhibitors would not take them independently.

The arguments are not incompatible. To some cases the former is more relevant, to others the latter. But what appears incontestable in either case is that the incentive to producers to try out a wide variety of different types, with the intention of satisfying as many different tastes as possible, is thus reduced to a minimum. As with radio, so with the movies: the assumption — the *financial* assumption — that practically every offering must please everybody makes for low standard of quality and a high degree of artistic or technical inertia. Novelty becomes almost gratuitous and experiment positively dangerous.

There is more in the situation than this, however. Whether or not Hollywood has nothing to learn, it is apparently determined that the public shall have less and less chance of learning anything. However little of real independence the 'independents' may have, it is apparently too much for the producers. The rapid extension in the outright ownership of theatres both by acquisition and by building on the part of the producing concerns is a very significant development. It is part of the 'trustification' of the entire amusement business of America, which already covers radio, the vaudeville stage, and the concert platform. The 'independent' has been having a difficult time for years. Various types of discrimination have been practised against him. He finds himself now in a minority and is sometimes confronted with a deliberately destructive competition from the chain houses. To the extent that these now dominate the field, Hollywood has an automatic and exclusive outlet direct to the public. There is still keen competition between the Hollywood firms; but access to the public for any concern outside the empire of Mr. Will H. Hays is almost entirely barred.

III

And what of it? Does not a similar situation exist in a great many other American industries? What — if any — is the ground for complaint? The public gets a vast amount of entertainment at very low prices. And the existence of a minority of intellectuals who do not like it is surely what one would, and should, expect under any system.

The ground for complaint needs to be very carefully defined, for there is much confusion as to the real issue. Criticism must begin by accepting the fact that the business is primarily one of mass entertainment. It is planned and financed on that assumption. But that fact cuts both ways. The industry cannot escape a certain measure of responsibility arising from its very nature. The degree to which pure profit seeking is socially sanctioned depends on the demand that is being exploited. We do not bother much about it in the majority of cases; but we put a good many restrictions on things like milk, food, and transportation. Now here is a case where not physical but cultural values are being traded in — ethical and æsthetic values. In what way, if any, should we hold the tradesmen — pardon, Mr. Hays, the artists — to certain minimum standards? Censorship?

It is hardly necessary to argue that

issue. If the Boy Scouts and the women's clubs choose to press their views of what is good and proper by endorsing and recommending the films they like, more power to them — so long as all the rest of us are free to do likewise! But can anyone seriously imagine that in this chaotic America, with its utter lack of standards in vital matters, — of real, as opposed to verbal, standards, — any one group could be safely entrusted with power to impose its criteria on the rest of the community? Does anyone still suppose that a government which blunders so egregiously in the handling of tangible matters like crop marketing and war bonuses is a fit instrument to be trusted with final power over the intangibles of life and art? I would sooner have a board of censors comprising Mr. Earl Carroll, Miss Bow, and any half dozen of Hollywood's publicity men than the best that the women's clubs, Mr. Brookhart, and Mr. Hudson could assemble — because they would do less harm. What my convictions may be has nothing to do with it. Whoever I am, other people's liberty matters more than my dogmas. Besides, the ethics of the movies are not so bad. They are childish, naïve, and as a rule quite unrealistic; but they are not perverse. It is the taste that is so frequently deplorable. Does anybody propose to endow some *arbiter elegantiarum* with the force of law in this matter also? If so, I can see myself the founder of a society in defense of the right to be vulgar!

No, what is wanted is more liberty, not less. And it is on this charge that the case against Hollywood really rests. Hollywood may have nothing to learn; but the public has a very great deal to learn — *if only it could get the chance.* At this moment there are probably not more than a couple of dozen theatres in the entire country where movie entertainment can be found that does not originate in Hollywood. The little-theatre movement in movies was doing fairly well until the coming of sound. That brought it face to face with heavy and unforeseen expenses; further, the supply of good silent film on which it has mostly relied is shrinking rapidly; and the American booking system prevents the free-lance theatre from fulfilling its proper function, and occasionally strengthening its cash balance, by the showing of hand-picked American items that have not already lost their box-office value.

The trouble with the Hollywood output is precisely the trouble with any other art that is allowed to fall into the complete control of profit seekers whose one objective is the mass mind. Much of it is passable entertainment, some of it excellent; but the possibility of advance as an art is reduced to a minimum. What æsthetic or technical innovations can Hollywood show, despite its resources, to compare with those of Ufa and Sovkino? How is it that such concerns, despite their smaller monetary rewards, can attract literary, artistic, and technical talent that leaves Hollywood nowhere? Why did Hollywood think it necessary to support an outrageous piece of heresy-hunting propaganda when it began to look as though Eisenstein might at last find something to do there? Was it afraid of being shown up?

Let us pause here to remember some of the good things Hollywood has done. Let us not speak of Chaplin, who, like Grock, is a piece of sheer good fortune for mankind. Let us recall Vidor's 'The Crowd,' of which some scenes can stand beside any movie in existence. (What has happened to you, Mr. Vidor, that you cannot recapture the vision of life you gave us in the Coney Island, the subway, the Niagara episodes?) Let us recall 'The Thief of Bagdad.' (What has happened to you, Mr. Fair-

banks, that you abandoned your idea of breaking new ground in America as artist and playboy? Did you really need more money?) Let us remember 'Holiday,' 'The Boudoir Diplomat,' and many more stories, which, if they were only photography, were excellent in their limited kind. Let us remember 'All Quiet,' and give all the praise to Hollywood and none to Russia. Let us remember 'Disraeli' and 'Old Ironsides,' pictures costing from five to ten times as much as a Clara Bow feature, and both of them box-office failures. Let us remember many a pleasant hour of relaxation that has left no permanent impression on the memory, one way or the other, save that of time agreeably wasted. Let us remember, above all, that in an industry of this sort, unless we are prepared to sacrifice the principle of liberty, there must and will always be that which offends even very moderate standards of taste and decency; and that we must accept that fact as a permanent element in the situation.

It is the good things of Hollywood rather than the bad that make the matter worth discussing. Take the simple fact, well known to every chain exhibitor, that communities vary very much, not only as to what they will 'stand,' but as to what they will support. Under the present system the more sophisticated communities are starved of their proper share of entertainment and deprived of the encouragement they might render to the advancement of the movie as art. Why cannot the producers, at least occasionally, drop their conception of the mass public, attempt something that is frankly selective in its appeal, and let it go to whoever will take it independently of the block system altogether?

The answer is that the experiment would not pay, that hardly any exhibitors would take it. Look at the small number of independents who will take the risk of showing Sovkino or Ufa productions, easy and relatively cheap as they are to obtain! True enough. The exhibitor is all too frequently the stumblingblock; but he is the one and only lever in the system that is immediately accessible to the public. But the public, the sophisticated public, is inert and ill-informed, and the sort of publicity that would be needed does not as yet exist! True again. There is need, and probably opportunity, for a journal devoted to the art of the movie that might compare with what *Theatre Arts Monthly* is to the stage. But experiment and publicity would have to go together; no use to run such a venture unless some considerable section of the public had a chance to see the things it was talking about. Even at best, such ventures could hardly pay!

Well, let us admit it. Not every book a publisher puts out will pay, or is even expected to pay. Our hypothetical experiment, however, need not be prorated with as high a selling cost as the average movie now is. It might be offered at terms that hardly covered expenses, in order to encourage the exhibitor. And above all, *it need not be an expensive production.* One of the things Hollywood has indubitably to learn, if it ever considers this field, is that expenditure is no substitute for brains. More courage, more brains — and less money: that is the prescription!

But after all, why bother? Are not things going well enough already?

No, things are not going well enough. As Miss Marie Dressler recently put it in *Screenland:* 'The picture producers used to sit in their swivel chairs and think they had the world by the tail; then the talkies came and the tail broke off. Now they're running around with the tail in their hands trying to

catch the animal.' But perhaps — if we may take liberties with Miss Dressler's figure — the public is no longer just one animal, but a whole herd of animals; and perhaps, even from a financial point of view, the kind of animal I am talking about might prove to be worth catching. After all, he is by this time quite a sizable beast!

There is another reason. I believe it to be of far more importance to the life of a people that its artists should have freedom than that its moralists should have authority. It is through its art forms that a people comes to self-knowledge, to self-possession; and the movie is above all others the means by which American life might be so brought into critical consciousness of itself. Might be — but is not. How false a portrayal of it Hollywood has so far achieved the whole world is bearing witness. The reality has been scarcely touched. I believe there are directors in Hollywood who would agree with me in these matters; who would like to experiment, if they dared, without regard to the limitations of mass finance and mass mentality. I believe I could list four or five of them. And I should include Mr. Joseph von Sternberg!

TAKING A MAN'S MEASURE

A Practical Study of Aptitudes

BY JOHNSON O'CONNOR

I

Although the physical characteristics of the human race have emerged from the dominion of the four cardinal humors and have come one by one into the realm of the modern laboratory, mental characteristics are still, to many persons, nebulous unrealities beyond the reach of any scientific technique. Are there discernible mental characteristics? Can they be measured objectively, evaluated numerically? Are they reducible to scientific terms?

With the aim of making mental characteristics more real than they have perhaps seemed in the past, I propose to use three pieces of apparatus which in form are little more than kindergarten playthings, accessories without intrinsic value. Like most laboratory apparatus, like chemists' bottles and funnels and filter paper, they may be used in the finding of significant scientific laws.

The simplest piece of apparatus, shown in Figure 1, is a board with one

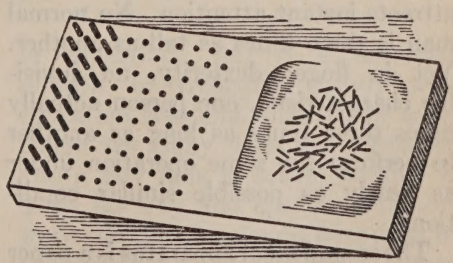


Figure 1

hundred holes drilled at one end and a shallow tray at the other. In this tray are piled three hundred small metal pins. In the course of our experimentation a thousand girls were asked to come to the laboratory, to take the pins from the tray three at a time, and which is shown in Figure 2. At the top, 96 and 96 are the same, and the person taking the test checks opposite them in the third column under the word 'same.' The next two numbers, 64 and 68, differ, and he checks in the fourth column under the heading 'different';

		SAME	DIFFERENT
96	96		
64	68		
55	55		
43	63		
80	80		
392	397		
653	653		
659	956		
8672	8762		
1983	1983		
34289	34298		
93416	93416		

FIGURE 2

to place each three pins in one of the drilled holes. Among the thousand individuals, one finished in slightly less than five minutes, another needed more than fifteen to do the same task under similar conditions. At first glance a ratio of three to one — the slowest three times as long as the fastest — seems a small difference to find among a thousand persons, but compare this with the contrasts in such a familiar physical characteristic as height. A man five feet tall walking with another six feet two or three attracts instant attention. No normal man is three times as tall as another. Yet in finger dexterity, an invisible characteristic, one person actually takes three times as long as another to perform the same operation under as nearly as possible similar conditions.

The second bit of apparatus is a paper with two columns of numbers, a part of and so on through the list. Among a thousand men, one finished in forty seconds, while another took three minutes. The slowest required four or five times as long as the fastest, again a contrast more striking than is shown by most familiar physical characteristics. Even five to one was not the full difference, because the man who finished in forty seconds checked correctly, whereas the one who spent three minutes made five mistakes in the process.

One continually hears of the slow-but-sure, and yet the laboratory results of the last eight or ten years show that the slow-but-sure man is almost a myth. The group who finish in less than a minute make fewer mistakes than those who take more than this time. The group who take under a minute and a half make, in turn, fewer mistakes than those who take longer. One can, of course, find

exceptions, men who rush through and make mistakes and others who go slowly, carefully, and correctly; but, even including the exceptions, the fast group is accurate, the slow group inaccurate. On combining the time and the errors, the best man proves twenty to thirty times better than the poorest.

Turn to a third experiment. Two college men who came to the laboratory were shown the so-called wiggly block (Figure 3). They were told that it had been cut vertically into three piles of three blocks each, and horizontally into three layers, again of three blocks each. The nine pieces were then disassembled and mixed and the two men were asked to put them back together. One did it with no difficulty in thirty-two seconds, an exceptionally fast time; the other worked nearly half an hour before finally succeeding. There is considerable luck in happening upon the first two blocks to fit, and in order to reduce the chance factor the blocks were mixed a second time. The fast man finished again with approximately the same speed, while the half-hour man improved, needing this time less than twenty minutes, and on a third trial not more than twelve. Still he required roughly twenty-four times as long as his companion.

II

What causes these striking differences, making some men thirty times better than others in number checking and some sixty times faster in solving a wiggly-block puzzle? It is not entirely what we ordinarily call education, because both the college men had good records in the same high-standing technical college. They had, in fact, been roommates the last two years of their course. Both had much the same home background. Yet one worked sixty times as long as the other on the wiggly block.

In this case the difference was not in education. But it is extremely difficult to recognize exactly what education does and what it fails to do. There are many variables. Occasionally a boy fails in school because he earns his way and spends on outside work the time he should devote to his studies; occasionally he lives in a home

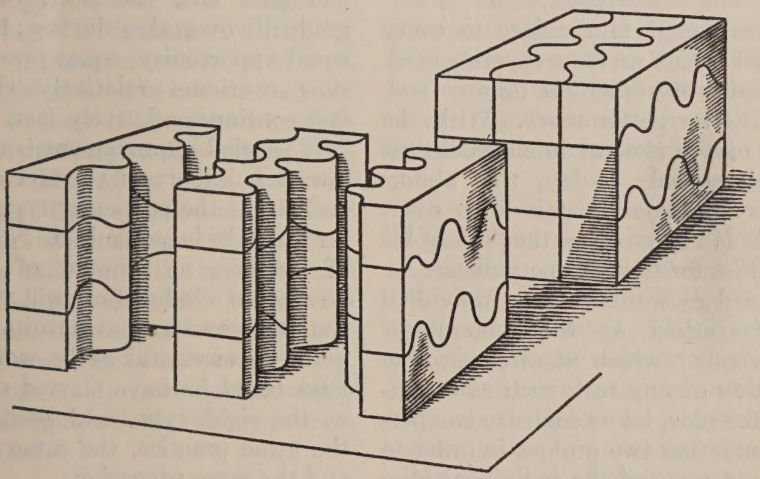


FIGURE 3

where the atmosphere is such that he cannot work efficiently; occasionally he wastes an unreasonable amount of time and energy in commuting. Rather than attempt to analyze education, turn once more to the simplest of the three bits of apparatus, to the picking up of the pins, and follow what specific training does in this case.

We asked one of the slowest girls in the pin assembly, one who required fifteen minutes, to repeat the experiment. She improved, needing on a second trial less than thirteen minutes. We then suggested that as an experiment she should try the task once a day for a week, and, finally, every day for a month. She improved steadily, and apparently, had we persisted, would have continued to improve, although the rate of improvement at the end of the month was already small.

Improvement takes place in every test with which we have experimented. The constant repetition of any task improves its performance. With the sweep of the general intelligence test through schools to-day, this ability of every man to learn is often overlooked. No one reaches the limit of his capacities, for they are boundless.

Instead of watching one individual and marveling at the amount of improvement which accompanies the repetition of any task such as assembling the pins, let us compare two persons, or rather two groups, in order to eliminate some of the individual idiosyncrasies which continually affect the study of human beings. Two groups of girls, one averaging in the neighborhood of six minutes and the other approximately half again as long, nine minutes, repeated the pin test. On second trial the nine-minute group improved, approaching eight minutes. The six-minute group also improved to about five and one-half minutes. The slow group still took half again as long as the fast.

The two groups then repeated the assembly once a day for a month. The nine-minute group improved strikingly, requiring at the end of the month not more than six minutes. The six-minute group also improved, needing only about four minutes. The initially slow group even after considerable practice was still relatively slow, the initially fast group still fast; the slow were still approximately half again as long as the fast.

This holds for many tests. Two persons given equal opportunity, equal practice, equal education, keep throughout practice much the same relationship to one another. Both improve, but the slow individual remains relatively slow, the fast relatively fast. If the slow beginner practises, and the fast one does not, the slow, of course, gradually overtakes the fast; but given equal opportunity, equal practice, the slow continues relatively slow, the fast continues relatively fast.

If parallel improvement is a general law, it is important to start each boy and girl at the particular type of work for which he is best suited. No amount of practice, no amount of training, no amount of education, will ever make the boy who starts at unsuitable work quite as successful as he would have been could he have started originally at the right type, and been allowed the same practice, the same training, and the same education.

As a first step toward helping a boy to get started in a promising direction, a set of 'worksamples' have been devised, each representative of a specific type of work. In a morning a boy can try a dozen such samples of a dozen varieties of work, and gain some idea, from the way in which he does each, how he is likely to succeed at the vocation represented. The

board with the tray of pins at one end and the hundred holes at the other is a sample of such small, rapid, short-cycle factory work as meter or instrument building, or radio assembling. A measure of finger dexterity is not perhaps of direct interest to the reader, but, because on the border line of the physical, it appears more logical than measures of such intangible characteristics as creative imagination and executive personality, and has therefore been used to illustrate laws which are generally applicable.

The number checking is a sample of banking, of auditing, and of accounting in general; for women it represents secretarial work and the higher types of clerical work, such as typing and stenography. It measures an instinctive gift for grasping the significance of symbols.

The wiggly block is a sample of engineering. It indicates ability to visualize three-dimensional structure, and is done well by so wide a range of workers as architects, surgeons, scientists, and mechanics, all of whom work in three dimensions with concrete structures. One type of man sees a picture or blueprint as a flat surface, and only with difficulty and conscious effort visualizes in three dimensions the object portrayed; another sees instantly and easily in spatial terms. Relative assembly times in the wiggly block distinguish these two types from one another.

III

Let us use the wiggly block as an illustration this time because it is less obvious than the pins, and review step by step the development which led to its use as a yardstick. The purpose was to measure an aptitude for engineering, something which distinguishes potential engineers from men in general.

We devised a simple engineering task whose solution we felt did not involve knowledge or training, but a natural aptitude for engineering. With the meagre background which existed on which to base judgment, the selection of the sample, although ostensibly based upon reasoning, was in reality little more than a guess. A group of successful engineers, men obviously engineers regardless of the manner in which they did our particular problem, were then asked to try its solution. They did poorly — that is, no better than men in general. We had obviously erred in selecting the sample, for our subjects had proved their success in the engineering profession and the fact that they did the problem no better than did unselected groups showed that that particular task was not a fair representative sample of engineering. We therefore discarded it and devised another. Again a group of successful engineers were asked to try the task, and again they did not distinguish themselves from the mass. We had failed once more, and discarded that test.

In this way, twenty-five to thirty supposedly representative samples of engineering work were devised and tried before we ultimately stumbled upon one (the wiggly block) which 85 per cent of the engineers of known success who tried it did better than men in general. Speed in performing this mechanical, objective measure segregates engineers of known success from men in general.

A further step is essential. The successful engineers may have done well because of training, because of experience, — they were all trained, experienced men, — or they may have done well because of a flair for engineering, an instinctive feeling for the work. We needed to make certain that we were measuring aptitude, a gift,

and not merely such acquired training or experience as any boy might gain in either a technical college or an engineering position.

The next step, therefore, was to measure with this same test a group of boys with no engineering background, no previous engineering training. We did this eight years ago, and at that time graded nearly a thousand boys A, B, C, or D, — A representing the best 25 per cent and D the poorest, — and have since followed as far as possible their various successes and failures. Of each one hundred boys who eight years ago graded A on the wiggly-block assembly, between sixty and eighty, an average in the neighborhood of seventy, are to-day earning their living at some type of engineering; of each one hundred who eight years ago graded B, approximately thirty are to-day earning their living at engineering; of each one hundred who eight years ago graded C, about ten are to-day earning their living at engineering; and of each one hundred who graded D, only two or three are to-day in engineering.

We have now measured enough hundreds to know that these chances carry over from one hundred to another, repeating themselves with reasonable accuracy, so that to-day when a boy grades D we cannot say that he will never become a successful engineer, for the two or three D boys in a hundred are apparently as successful as are the seventy A's. We can, however, say that his chances in engineering are not as good as in a type of work where he grades A. In all probability we shall never be justified in saying autocratically to any boy, 'You should be an engineer,' or to another, 'You should not.' We can say, 'Your chances in engineering are better than in accounting, or selling, or executive work.'

Even though a boy makes no use of the actual statistical results, the mere fact that he tries a group of work-samples makes him realize that there are diverse opportunities and that he should analyze his own future more carefully than do most boys before selecting one vocation in preference to another. Too many drift into jobs with no real thought as to whether or not they are entering an occupation for which they are naturally well fitted.

The care with which a representative sample of work must be selected cannot be overemphasized. Psychological tests are apt to do more harm than good, partly because they are so easily applied dictatorially to restrict a boy's aspirations and limit his future, and partly because so many are used without sufficient proof of validity, used often with unwarranted confidence because they look as if they ought to work.

There is a standard well-recognized test for memory, a characteristic which should be easy to measure. Read to the subject three digits, 597, and ask him to repeat. If he succeeds, read four, 6823; and so on until he fails. Obviously a good memory should enable one to repeat a large number of digits. Nevertheless, when this test was actually tried, a surprising difficulty materialized.

In a manufacturing plant where it is customary to deliver the week's pay in individual envelopes with each worker's designating number — such, for instance, as 35015 — printed on the outside, a block of four hundred of the numbers were changed. The paymaster, who had learned the numbers after years of association, gave out the revised envelopes with no hesitation. I personally saw him give out over a hundred and ask the new number only twice to check his memory.

He remembered four hundred numbers with sufficient confidence to risk paying money on the strength of his recollection.

Here was a remarkable memory with which to experiment, and, having made a set of numbers running to twenty digits, I asked the paymaster to try them. I read 597, and he repeated 597. I read 6823; he repeated 6283. Apparently he could not repeat four digits accurately. At his suggestion I wrote the numbers instead of reading them and found that he could repeat seven but not eight. I, with no comparable memory, could also repeat seven. Finally, after experimenting together at intervals for over a year, we stumbled on a technique which showed sharply the difference between us. I exhibited for a second a printed number of six digits and then took it away. After allowing him ten seconds to fix it in his mind, I showed another six-figure number, and then another, and another, until he had seen eight such six-figure numbers. He repeated seven of the eight numbers, while I could remember only the last, the one just seen.

We might have reasoned that a paymaster needs an excellent memory; that the standard test obviously measures memory; and, putting the two together, might have advised the youngster who did poorly in the standard memory test never to enter pay-office work. Such advice would have been wholly unwarranted. Every test must be checked with the utmost care, first with men of known success, and second by predicting the futures of boys and then following them to see what percentage of the predictions come true.

Ninety-nine per cent of the tests which we have tried do not meet these two criteria. And even the one in a hundred which does is not infallible and must be used with constantly tempered judgment in pointing out to boys promising possibilities which they have perhaps not considered, and in warning them of difficulties which they may encounter and should be prepared to overcome.

IV

Thirty industries are now using the measures described in this article, sometimes as an aid in placing an applicant at the type of work for which he or she is best fitted, sometimes in transferring an employee from one position to another, sometimes as a guide in reassigning a worker who is failing. A distinct failure can often be turned into a success by transfer to carefully selected work, but few industries feel justified in spending two or three hours individually with the normal man in studying his peculiar problems and giving him individual vocational advice.

In addition to this industrial testing, approximately fifty schools are applying these methods to exceptional cases, to boys and girls who are especially outstanding, to the one-sided, and to the backward child. The real problem of the normal boy or girl is hardly touched, for most schools wish to test groups of ten or twenty or one hundred at a time and do not ordinarily feel warranted in devoting two or three hours to the individual.

For some time there has been need of a laboratory where any normal boy or girl can have full benefit of modern research findings. To fill this need there are now in existence two Human Engineering Laboratories, one in Boston and another in New York, where any boy or girl can try a complete set of psychological measures under ideal conditions and have opportunity of discussing vocational problems and

receiving as sound advice as it is possible for science to supply. To supplement the industrial and the school testing, and the work of the Human Engineering Laboratories, it is necessary to learn more about the measures and their exact significance. Stevens Institute has, therefore, organized a research laboratory which is attempting each year to penetrate a bit further into this unknown field.

V

The type of psychological measurement with which the reader is most familiar is probably the so-called 'general intelligence' test. There are as many definitions of general intelligence as there are psychologists, but beneath the diversity are three fundamentally different concepts. Intelligence may be, as the words say, truly general; it may act like the rays of a searchlight in that it can be turned upon any problem and aid in its solution. Or there may be tasks so simple that intelligence plays little or no part, in which case we must think of intelligence not as general in the broadest sense, but as limited in certain directions. Or the word 'intelligence' may be used in a third way, to designate a group of abilities; in this sense the larger the collection of abilities, the more intelligent is their possessor.

Consider these three possibilities in terms of the apparatus which has been pictured. If intelligence is general in the broadest sense of the word, the intelligent man should assemble the pins more rapidly than the unintelligent. He may not do it perfectly, but a truly general intelligence should aid in even so simple a task.

The same general intelligence should play its part in the number checking, and the intelligent man again should finish more quickly and more accurately than the unintelligent. We should on this assumption expect to find two groups, the intelligent group doing both pins and numbers well, and the unintelligent group doing both poorly. On actually measuring large numbers of individuals with these two tests, we find no such groupings; these two abilities, assembling pins and checking numbers, are independent of one another and scatter among men by the laws of chance.

Should we deal two playing cards to each of a number of persons, one quarter would receive two black cards each, one quarter two red cards each, and one half one black card and one red card each. The cards would fall by the laws of chance. So with these two abilities. One quarter of those whom we have tested do well in both tests, one quarter poorly in both, and one half well in one and poorly in the other.

The fact that a certain person assembles the pins rapidly tells nothing of his ability to check numbers; that he does the numbers rapidly and accurately tells nothing of his speed in assembling the pins. Intelligence is not sufficiently broad to include two such diverse tasks as assembling pins and checking numbers.

One might have drawn the same conclusion without trying the experiment, for one hardly thinks of picking up pins as of a sufficiently high intellectual level to involve intelligence. It is finger dexterity, not intelligence. Lay aside the pins, therefore, with the conclusion that intelligence, while perhaps still general, is not sufficiently broad to play a part in so simple a task.

Intelligence should aid in assembling the wiggly block, a more difficult task on distinctly a higher level. Again we should find a group of men, the intelli-

gent group, who do both the numbers and the block well, and another, the unintelligent group, who do both poorly. And again when we try large numbers of men we find no such groups.

We might continue and divide intelligence into a number of separate and distinct parts, each independent of the others, so that a man may do exceptionally well in all but one of our tasks and yet poorly in that, or poorly in all but one and well in that. So far, we think we have isolated and studied five of these atomic mental elements; undoubtedly there are many more still to be disentangled from the tremendously complicated structure of the human mind.

It is difficult to realize how distinct abilities are, one from another. Despite the scientific evidence to the contrary, we instinctively think of men in terms of general intelligence, general characteristics. I once made this statement before a group of teachers in the western part of New York State and was instantly questioned by the superintendent of schools, who felt that he could recognize intelligence and believed that he could pick from any class the most intelligent and the most unintelligent groups. There is, of course, a middle range within which it is difficult to classify, but he knew that he could recognize the extremes. So he asked if, as an experiment, he might bring four boys to our laboratory, boys of sixteen years of age who had never been able to complete fourth-grade school work and who were, therefore, decidedly retarded. I offered willingly to test them, if he himself would try the tests first.

The next day he came to the laboratory and did exceptionally well on everything except the wiggly block, on which he spent some eighteen minutes. The following day he brought in one of the feeble-minded youngsters, who did the block instantly and easily in a minute and a half. We had him repeat the test several times and each time he did it without difficulty in remarkably fast time. I spent ten or fifteen minutes attempting to teach him to check the numbers of Figure 2. He had no notion whether two numbers were the same or different, and it was apparently impossible to give him any clear conception of the idea. The difficulty was not eyesight, for he could read the numbers aloud, but could not grasp either the significance or the importance of the paper and pencil type of task. But any problem which he could visualize in three dimensions he solved rapidly and accurately.

When we saw this boy he had been thrown year after year with younger children and had been told repeatedly that he was a failure; his whole personality had been warped out of shape and it was probably too late to do much for him. But I cannot help feeling that, could we have taken the boy years before, the first year that he failed in school work, and trained him along some mechanical line, we might have made him into a self-supporting member of society, whereas now he is in a school for abnormal children and will probably always continue there, living at the expense of the state.

This is, of course, an extreme case, consciously selected to serve as an illustration; but almost everyone has similar outstanding characteristics which he may never have recognized. Sometimes these can be used in broadening the scope of a man's daily work so that it taxes a larger portion of his total personality and so becomes not only more important and more valuable to the world but more interesting to him as a complete indi-

vidual; sometimes they can be used as hobbies with which to broaden a man's personal life and range of interests.

A brilliant New York engineer, who came to the Stevens Institute Human Engineering Laboratory, tried the engineering tests and did well, as he should. Then, largely for my amusement, he took a musical test and to my surprise made a perfect score, the only one I had encountered. Had he cultivated the musical side of his personality? Made use of it in any way? His answer was no. Forced to earn his own way through school and college, he had been too busy to develop his gift or his interest in music. Immediately after college he had gone to work and was again too fully occupied with other affairs. Later he married, and his wife, who is musical, naturally smiled at the thought of an engineer starting music at his stage in life. Later she herself took the test and made two errors; for a while, at least, the tables were turned.

Obviously this man should not have chosen music as a profession, for he is a brilliantly successful engineer, but could he have done something with his music as a hobby, he might have lived a fuller life, been a more interesting individual, and made a larger circle of friends than by limiting himself exclusively to engineering. Few of us develop all of our aptitudes. If these worksamples do no more than occasionally call a man's attention to an aptitude which he might otherwise neglect, they have justified their existence and the labor expended in their standardization.

Many attempts to measure human beings have failed because they have treated the individual as a machine, dealt with him cold-bloodedly. They have arranged boys on an arbitrary intelligence scale running from zero at the bottom to one hundred at the top in such a way that everyone, except the one top individual, is discouraged, made to feel inferior to someone else.

The application of science to the study of man must be inspiring, not disheartening, strengthening, not weakening; must aim first to prove to each individual that he possesses a unique combination of abilities, one which the world has perhaps never seen before, and one which he can use to new purposes, to create new things, new thoughts; and, having convinced him of his own strengths, must then show him in what practical, concrete ways he can best use his particular combination of characteristics.

BIG FLIGHT

BY FRANCIS VIVIAN DRAKE

I

THE weatherbeaten young man in the dressing gown sat at the telephone, talking to the airport. The apartment was quiet with the stillness of three o'clock in the morning. The conversation was a long one. On the polished table lay a large white map, with a faint blue outline of the seaboard down one side, and the rest the unlettered space of the ocean. The young man was tracing curious irregular ovals and wave-like lines, in pencil, as the voice at the other end dictated. Sometimes the silence of the night was broken by the sound of a street car or a taxi running down Madison Avenue; two or three lamps threw motionless circles of light on the green carpet; the ash trays had not been cleaned out — everything had the untidiness of early morning. The girl and an elderly man sat on the couch, their eyes fixed on the map, brilliant white under the table lamp.

The young pilot laid down his pencil, considered the map minutely; then he asked the man at the other end to hold on. He leaned back, the telephone on his chest, and considered. His eyes looked straight before him, through the walls of the warm apartment, through the crowded city; his brown face was intent. Once he leaned forward and examined the map, then relapsed into thought again. Finally he sat up straight and spoke into the instrument.

'O.K. At five o'clock, then. Put Cliff on, will you?' He waited.

'Cliff, all set for five o'clock. I'll be there soon after four. Start warming her at four, will you? What? No, fine; I've just had about four hours of the best. All right, then; I'm starting as soon as I get dressed. 'Bye.'

He stood up; so did the girl. The apartment seemed to have an unearthly quiet. The girl and the man on the couch looked haggard, but the man in the dressing gown, his hair rumpled, his chin unshaven, looked strong and competent. The atmosphere was suddenly full of strain, but he betrayed no anxiety.

The girl spoke quickly.

'Jim, do you mean you're going?'

'Yes, at last! The Bureau report follows out what they told us at eleven o'clock. It looks pretty good — as good as I can expect. Look here!' He turned to the map. 'Here's a wide barometric high extending . . .' Enthusiastically he explained the pencil scrawls over the white spaces of the map; the girl followed every word with strained and close attention.

'It's grand,' he finished up. 'It's everything I could expect. I shall ease her up several hundred miles to avoid this stuff here, and then run right down here and follow out the course.' He paused, then spoke decisively: 'I'll take off at five.'

The girl did not question his decision; she gazed fixedly at the inanimate map, her thoughts racing out into the dark unknown miles of lonely air, while she strove to apprehend the unexpected changes, the unseen dangers, to quiet

the forebodings in her heart. Then she turned briskly to him.

'All right, I'll go and tell Clara about the coffee and eats. You go and get dressed.' She eyed him reflectively for a moment. 'And, Jim dear, off with all the bristles; you must look nice the — the other side!' She disappeared in the direction of the kitchen.

'Attagirl!' he remarked appreciatively. 'Harry, be a sport and ring up Joe and tell him I'm off at five o'clock, will you?' The older man left the couch and made for the telephone.

'Anybody else? Anything at all to do?'

'No, everything's arranged. Joe's got a list of things he's going to have done. Cliff will be rechecking the ship now and will start warming her in a few minutes. I won't be long.'

When he came back the sleepy but excited maid had brought in coffee and food for all of them. They ate hurriedly, absent-mindedly, but he was made to eat methodically through his allotted portion.

'But I'm groaning now, Betty!' he protested. Firmly she made him go on.

'You'll need it all to-morrow night, my lad!' she warned him. They caught each other's eyes; through both their minds ran the same thought: 'How far we'll be from each other by then!' Silently he covered her hand with his tanned one.

'I'll be close to a walloping meal by that time,' he answered reassuringly. 'Say, I'm warm!' He stood up with a wriggle. Even in the matter of his clothes he had not forgotten any detail — the heavy underwear, the soft shirt, very easy round the neck, the old, roomy suit which would remain comfortable during the long hours of sitting, the oversize shoes and thick socks. He had no intention of having trifles build up into a maddening discomfort. He stood still for a minute or so, thinking over once again the things he had to remember. 'Careful, don't forget anything, don't forget anything,' he told himself. Then he turned to the others.

'All right, fellers, let's go. I want to have plenty of time, and I don't want to miss a second of daylight.'

As he turned to go, his eyes swept round the familiar little room — his odds and ends of treasures, photographs and pictures and books, all the things collected along the way, familiar reminders of friends, of events in an exciting life. For a moment he realized the security and warmth, he felt the contrast with the trackless cold sky awaiting him; for a moment he saw in the same flash of vision his warm bed and a pyramid of flame at the end of the airport runway. He knew a brief sense of poignancy; then the keen urge of adventure rushed through him, bore him forward on the wings of his own will.

The colored maid helped him into his coat. She contrived to blend reproach and well-wishing and tears; he shook hands with her. When they got into the elevator, he asked in surprise, 'Are n't you the day man? Why on so late?'

'Yes, sir, but I guess all the boys have waited to see you go, sir. A coupla them've gone out to the field. Yes, good luck, good luck, sir!'

The same wishes attended him through the lobby. He shook hands. Betty got into the roadster, Harry took the wheel, and the pilot squeezed in on the outside.

'Phew, how many more hands to shake?' he complained as they started off.

'I think they're darlings,' Betty answered. 'They've waited up for hours to give you a send-off.' They drove rapidly through the deserted streets, without benefit of colored lights, over the Queensborough Bridge,

then increased speed until the cool night air whipped their hair and chilled the back of their necks. The girl thought, 'The faster we go, the nearer he is to the worst danger of it all, the take-off, but if we go slowly he'll miss a few of the precious minutes of daylight.' Relentlessly the road ribboned by under the headlights. She looked up for the stars, but they were not visible.

'Jim, it's very cloudy!' she said. His arm tightened round her back.

'Yes, but it's dead clear about four hundred miles out, and that's thin stuff anyway. I'll get over it right away.' There was a little pause.

'Sure,' she replied. 'That's what I thought.'

II

The airport beacon threw a slim pencil up to the clouds. All the buildings were dark except one hangar, which blazed with electrics inside and a flood light turned on the concrete paving outside. Rows of cars were parked near it.

They drove out of the dark night into the glare of the flood light. A chorus of welcoming shouts met them from the little crowd of waiting pressmen, and they blinked in the glare of camera flashes. The press crowded round them, firing questions, making wise-cracks, cheering them with good-natured chaff. The man who had all the arrangements in hand ran up.

''Lo, Jim! 'Lo, Betty! Everything's O. K., and directly you're ready I'll go over things with you. I've arranged for a couple of motor-cycle cops to be here in a few minutes, and I've flagged the end of the runway. I think I'll send out a couple of little flares, too; don't you think so?'

'Yes, Joe, maybe you'd better, but make 'em very small. I don't want to be dazzled even a bit, with those trees to clear. How long has Cliff had her going?'

'About twenty minutes. Say, she's like a watch!'

They advanced toward the open hangar door. Just outside stood the aeroplane, the propeller turning over quietly, steadily, with absolute regularity. A hand was pushed out of the cockpit and waved to him. He waved back a greeting to his mechanic, and looked searchingly over the whole machine. It stood gleaming in the blaze of light, polished, beautiful, an artist's dream of the Thing of Speed. It was quite small, with short metal wings and a tapering black body; on the front was the great radial engine, dwarfing the little aeroplane it was to tear through the skies. The slender undercarriage struts quivered slightly from the motion of the engine, the grass under the tail skid flattened and waved. Many men had labored over it; first on paper, with intricate calculations; then in wood, in gleaming steel, in rubber, for the long months until the day when the nervous designers had watched the miracle of its transformation into a thing of life and full-throated power as it swept through the air in towering climbs and arcs under the hands of its test pilot, a revolutionary design, a record breaker; now it was to answer for a man's life.

The mechanic started to build up the engine speed. A representative of the engine makers made his way over to the pilot.

'All right?' asked the pilot.

'The best we've ever done, Jimmy. Four of us have been going over it all night.' He caught Betty's eye. 'Give her gas and she'll run until you're an old man, boy!'

A man appeared with the pilot's flying suit and cap. Another brought out a cardboard box full of vacuum flasks and packets of food. Low in the

east was the faintest suggestion of gray in the sky. Wordlessly the girl watched these preparations, and caught the note of finality. Round the little group there was a constant flow of chatter, inconsequential gossip that served partly to conceal the nervous excitement which filled everybody. The engine ran faster. Men shouted against it, then gradually became silent as the powerful roar expanded, deepened. The pilot involuntarily stepped a pace or two forward and stood listening, oblivious of everything but the message coming from the shimmering mass of steel; momentarily he forgot the people, the girl, the flight itself, and concentrated on the volume of sound, as a conductor might listen to an orchestra; his ears picked out subtle messages unheard except by the initiated.

The roar built up; it spread out over everything, rending the quiet night. It dominated the little gathering completely. Everyone turned and watched with close attention, filled with the comprehension that here was the essence of it all, success or failure, life or death for the man who stood and listened to it so closely; did it falter only once over the lonely thousands of miles, no skill, no forethought, would save him. The flippant pressmen were serious. The girl stared at it fiercely, thoughtless of anything in the world except hope.

Now it was running at full throttle; streaks of flame burst from the exhaust manifolds; the glittering points of reflection all over the machine danced as it quivered and strained under the terrific pull of the racing propeller. The undercarriage wheels were chocked up against big wooden blocks, the tail skid was tied down with ropes to a stake. The grass was perfectly flat on the earth. A mechanic trying to make a short cut past the tail was instantly blown on to his knees, and clawed his way back out of the slip stream.

Minute followed minute, ears aching with the sizzling roar, but still inexorably it went on. The pilot felt it in his very bones; he knew, he understood the meaning to him of this whole adventure. Behind him lay all the weeks of careful planning, the minute attention to every detail, the tireless consideration of things large and small, the preparation so methodical that the object of it all began to seem remote; now the crisis was immediately before him — he was caught up in his own gamble. These were the last few minutes before he was committed beyond withdrawal to risking the very fullness of life itself against an enterprise which might finish, he reflected grimly, at the end of the runway; the thought sharpened his already supersensitive ear for the faintest unusual note in the torrent of sound, but it was unchanging.

Suddenly it dwindled, almost ceased; in the strange quietness the voice of the mechanic came from the cockpit.

'All ready!'

The engine was turning over slowly, regularly, as when they came. The pilot took off his hat and put it on the box of food; someone handed him his flying suit and he started to wriggle into it. The men were bringing cans of gasoline to replace that used in the long warming-up process; out of the tail of his eye he saw Cliff jealously inspecting the wash-leather filter before they started pouring into the funnel. Joe was stowing the vacuum flasks into the cockpit, putting the packets of food in the prearranged place for them.

He adjusted the suit very carefully, made sure his coat sleeves were comfortable, tried it all over before he pulled the zipper fastening up to his neck. Amid the babble of talk round him he asked someone the time; it was a quarter to five. He fitted his fur-

lined cap, with the clips for the oxygen mouthpiece, over his head, tried on his gauntlets, and took them off again. They were moving the machine off to the beginning of the runway. It was all purposeful, but unhurried, just as he wanted it to be. As he moved with them, away from the flood light, he saw the first faint light of the coming day, a sort of pearliness in the atmosphere.

Betty walked by his side. The machine was turned facing the long runway. He gave his gloves to Betty, climbed in, and began a minute inspection. He went over all the instruments, one by one. He examined the first setting of the earth inductor compass — he knew it by heart; and he also knew that the instrument had been tested again and again. He examined the gasoline gauges and the master gauge. He tested the oxygen apparatus, and saw that the vacuum flasks and the food packets were securely in their places. He checked the maps, and the writing bracket with its pad and pencil. Again and again he forced himself to be deliberate, to follow his set routine; throughout his work came the faint vibration and muffled clumpety-clump of the idling engine.

It was ten minutes before he crawled out again. He looked around; he could see people's faces in the growing light. He could not think of anything else to do. He looked at Joe and Cliff.

'Boys, guess I'll go now.'

They nodded, their eyes on his face. He started the necessary round of handshaking. There was a chorus from the newspaper boys, and shouts for him to stand while they photographed. He stood with his back against the side of the aeroplane and blinked in the blinding magnesium flares. There was one steady glare from the moving-picture outfits; an operator ran forward with the 'mike' connected to one of the talkie outfits.

'Come on, Jimmy, say sumpin' — what you're going to do!'

He faced the eager crowd; the man held the microphone a few feet in front of him. The pilot spoke hurriedly, trying to conceal his impatience.

'This flight will, I hope, demonstrate a step forward in flying, in high-speed flying. I am confident in the machine, which is of radical design. I expect to get there in record time' (*The hell you do!*) 'and I am satisfied with the weather conditions. I shall be flying at a great height the whole way.' (*What about fog, you fool?*) 'Yes, I've got a very heavy load of gasoline, but the machine will lift it with a comfortable margin.' (*Can it, can it? Yes, but can it?*)

He waved to them. He saw that they were nearly all on one side, so as not to face each other's flash lights. He seized Betty's arm, quickly ducked under the machine, and stood up with her on the other side. For a brief space they held each other close, and looked full in each other's eyes. She had braced her nerves to control her through this minute she had been dreading. He kissed her; as he did so he was conscious of the almost unbearable tension she was under, the strain so near to snapping point; for a second, in spite of herself, she gave herself away.

'Stick it, kid,' he said softly.

'Yes, Jim. . . . It's only the take-off, the . . .'

'I know I can get her off. I know I can do it! Believe me, kid, won't you?' Her eyes steadied on his own.

'All right, Jim; I believe it.' She grinned bravely. He held her tight; for a little instant their very souls fused one into the other; never again in their lives could they be closer than at this moment. . . . Then he stepped back, ducked under the polished fuselage again, and slipped into the aeroplane.

He settled himself comfortably into

his seat, as comfortably as the tension of his own nerves would let him. He arranged the oxygen mask handy for use. He tested the controls mechanically. His fingers opened up the throttle slowly as he gave the engine a final wide-open test, while he watched the oil temperature and the revolution counter; he saw that he was getting the maximum possible revolutions. He closed the throttle, let the control stick come forward to central again. He waved his hand as a signal for the chocks to be taken away. There was a blinding barrage of magnesium flares, a chorus of farewell shouts. He had a last vision of Betty, slim and erect, her hands close to her sides, her head up. She did not wave or move. . . .

He eased the machine forward about twenty yards, and closed his eyes tight while he sat and waited for the effect of the magnesium flares to wear off. When he opened them again, he could just see the dim gray plain of the airport surface; the cloudy sky, gray also in the diffused light. Far away, straight ahead of him, were two pin points of light marking the end of the runway. Breathing deeply, he opened the throttle, slowly at first, so as not to pull her over on her nose; then, as she gathered way, he opened it wide. The engine pounded and roared like a thing possessed. He eased the stick forward to get the tail up level; his feet were frantically busy correcting the heavily loaded aeroplane's tendency to swing from side to side. Now her tail was level, the stick rested central, jolting against his fingers as the machine tore over the rough ground. His eyes were strained ahead over the engine cowling. The tearing note of the wind mounted, shriller and shriller, as he raced on. The shocks on the undercarriage were getting close together, staccato and very sharp, like blows from a hammer. The field had become a streaming blur, throwing itself behind him; the pin points of light hurled themselves toward him and he began to see the ghostly row of trees on the other side. Faster . . . faster still! . . .

The machine took a long, low bound; as it touched the ground again his sensitive hand pulled the stick back a shade to ease the shock; then another long bound, but this time there was no shock; the wheels brushed the grass in a long sweep. He sat, his shoulders hunched, every nerve in his body, every last atom of sensibility, concentrated in his wrist and fingers. With infinite delicacy, with a degree of concentration almost inhuman, he eased the stick back, pulling the laboring machine up foot by foot. The flares flashed by; he had a camera-shutter vision of figures waving. The trees rushed toward him, higher than he was. His life, the swift accounting of utter finality, rested on the skill of his steady fingers. Still he eased the nose up; the speed was at the maximum — she would go no faster. He felt her rising, gaining buoyancy. In one last long crowding of seconds, they swept forward; then the trees flicked by just under the still-turning wheels. He saw the horizon; a long white glow spread along the distant ruler edge of the sea; he headed out toward it.

III

Wearily he considered the descending sun, gleaming in nearly level rays on a polished metal wingtip, throwing a splash of light on a corner of the instrument board, and once again he estimated the remaining daylight. At this great height, no mote of dust glittered in the beams streaming through the cockpit windows; the light was clear and hard.

Twenty thousand feet beneath, the sea formed a blue-gray background for the scattered islands of creamy cotton

wool; in every direction the beautiful desolation of space, but no sign of land or the friendly smoke of a ship. To the westward, the sea was a floor of gold. Straight ahead he followed his course, in solitude which might for him be endless. Strain his eyes as he might, he could see nothing but ocean; it became difficult for him to conceive land. The rarefied air made him drowsy; he began to think of the vast depths of the sea, the eternal utter blackness of a world where there had never been light, where there could be no sound, where immense pressures of many tons to every square inch encompassed great sightless monsters. The images were insistent, but woolly; for a few seconds his mind swam darkly in vague presentiments; then it was called back by the increasing pitch of the engine note. He pulled himself together and removed the weight of his arm from the stick. The instrument board wavered before him; quietly he turned the tap of the oxygen line to his mouthpiece and breathed deeply. The instrument board became sharp, he saw and thought clearly again. For the hundredth time he stretched about in his seat and tried for a more comfortable position.

Most of the sheets of his note pad had been covered with penciled calculations and turned back under the elastic band — notes on engine speed, oil temperature, height, speed, and the gasoline consumption, interleaved with differences in compass variation and his attempts at dead reckoning. For the first few hours his mind had been keen, until the effect of the height began to get him; then he had become more and more tired with every effort. He had passed over two great storms, and one of them had reached up to within a few thousand feet of him; he had flown through vast surges of the mighty wind currents, bumps which threw the machine up and down hundreds of feet, while he fought to keep on his compass course, panting with the physical effort, unwilling to use up too much of his precious oxygen supply. Time lengthened out in the air; each storm had taken only an hour or two to pass over, yet it had seemed a whole day until things had calmed down again. He had eaten some of his provisions at regular intervals; they had been tasteless and not worth the trouble, but he had forced himself to eat them to keep up his vitality.

It was terribly monotonous, yet the longer it went on, the more of a strain it was. It was a continuous and increasing fight, with nothing to strike against except the intangible slowness of time. Now he was looking everything over again, noting down the instrument readings. Cheered by the oxygen, he grinned at the thought of having made all these pages of careful notes for aeronautical experts to mull over; counting chickens, counting chickens. . . .

He had long since ceased to be anxious about the engine. It endlessly maintained its sizzling, drumming roar, turning over as steadily as a sewing machine, fed with gasoline from the big tanks and air from the supercharger. The wind beat and whistled against the forward windows, the propeller remained the same shimmering ghost ring. The air was very calm; the aeroplane sped along on an undeviating course, without the slightest perceptible rise or fall. He had no sensation of speed; it was as though he were suspended in a gale while the clouds and sea passed slowly beneath.

He straightened up and peered ahead over the engine cowling; he ranged his eyes backward and forward along the slightly curved horizon, but could see nothing. He put on a pair of amber-tinted glasses to cut the haze

near the horizon and looked again, but still saw nothing but the empty plain of the sea. In dull disappointment he took off the glasses, minutely examined the gasoline gauge, and figured the consumption per hour into the gallons which were left. This was the crux of the whole flight. He had reason to suppose that he had followed an approximately accurate course, not dangerously out of line; but he had flown for hours over storms, and high fog afterward, and had been given no chance to estimate his sideways drift or, by working his ground sights on a ship, to discover how the wind was affecting his true speed. He knew from his instruments that he had been making tremendous speed through the air, but he did not know to within five hundred miles how far he had come; he was still going on the figures he had compiled in his apartment in far-away New York. The apartment . . . the girl sitting there while he telephoned . . . how far away it seemed, part of another world, infinitely desirable, infinitely remote and poignant!

It was strange, too, that all the richness of life up to now, all there was to come of love and gayety and adventure, were brought to a summation by this little column of colorless liquid in a glass tube. Fraction by fraction the column descended, and one or two big things and a thousand little simple ones receded like some happy dream. Even while he looked ahead, his mind was busy with thoughts of all that was so dear to him, doubly so now that it was to be taken from him. He sighed and settled himself back in the lonely little cockpit; half his mind told him that he was getting morbid from overstrain and worry, but the other half told him there was much to lose.

Running at what he believed was record speed through the thin upper air, his calculations showed that he should have sighted land some time before, so the great winds which swept above the highest clouds had evidently been against him somewhere; still, he had nearly two hours' gasoline left. He relaxed his head against the bulkhead and hoped. He had faced the actual business of dying too often to be stampeded by it now that it was near; and he was so tired as to be almost placid.

Time passed. The engine kept up its monotonous work — suck in, compress, fire, and exhaust, hundreds of times a minute; the supercharger caught and compressed the thin air and fed it to the engine; the altimeter needle trembled around the same figure of twenty; the radium-lined figures on the compass ring did not move, the needle trembled upright on its brother, the earth inductor. The sun sank. He continued to sit in a dream, half-hypnotized by the rhythm.

It was at the end of another hour that he roused himself to make another edition of his methodical notes. He opened the oxygen tap for a spell, to give him enough energy to carry out his routine. He knew that he was near the end of everything. Significantly, it was the gasoline gauge that he examined first. The column of liquid was a little stumpy object sitting at the bottom of the tall glass tube; it looked a pitiful thing to be fighting his battle for him, the humble evidence of a few gallons of smelly gasoline swashing about in the bottoms of the nearly empty tanks. . . . He sat up and peered yet again over the shining cowling, and scanned the horizon.

IV

It was then that he saw the miracle; ahead of him, through the shimmering ring of the propeller, the horizon was

crinkled with a black, wavering line. Pulling himself nearly upright with one hand, unmindful of the engine's gathering roar as his body pushed the control stick forward, he stared unbelievingly. In an agony of suspense he tried to follow the line out to his right or left; then, far to his left, he saw an unmistakable promontory pointing into the graying sea. Land! He yelled, but was not conscious of any sound. The blood pounded in his head, his ears, and he panted heavily for breath. His eyes still on the land, he sank back into his seat and fumbled for the oxygen tap. Recklessly he gave it a quick turn, and inhaled eagerly. Impatiently he jerked the stick back and brought the machine level again; the engine note sank half an octave.

He could not take his eyes away from the most wonderful sight he had ever seen. All his weariness fell from him; he was intensely alert, wildly excited. He could not control his crazily thumping heart or try to think; he just drank in the whole panorama and abandoned himself to an exhilaration which kept every muscle in his body tight and quivering. Each minute brought an additional solidity to the hazy coast line; it began to widen and have depth.

He seized his pencil and began to scribble down the exact time. It was hard to make it legible; he could not write the words and figures clearly. He dropped the pencil on its string and began to fumble for his maps. How many times during the long flight he had looked down at them, neatly folded and clipped against the side of the fuselage, and longed for a chance to use them, to read the signs on the solid ground! He spread one out on his knees and tried to memorize the coast outline for comparison with the land he was approaching, but he could not concentrate. Impatiently he dropped it, and resumed his gaze ahead. The land was very plain now; he stared his fill. He became conscious that the oxygen mask was sticking to his cheeks. Tears! 'Ridiculous!' he thought. 'I must be going crazy — I must be losing my grip!' But he knew he was not ashamed. Now he was panting heavily again; the excitement and exertion were using up his oxygen too fast. 'Steady!' he told himself. 'Must n't spoil it all now! Take it slow!' He forced himself to relax while he strove to fend off the dizziness. He sat very still, while the gleaming machine drove forward over the lonely sea on weary but triumphant wings.

Some tiny specks — steam trawlers, probably; some larger ones dotted about; coastwise shipping made the sea appear crowded all of a sudden. The moments seemed to pass so easily; he felt no weariness now, only a grateful joyousness which filled his very bones. Moving cautiously, he spread the map out again, and examined the coast line. It did not take him many minutes to identify the bold sweeps and capes; he was so high that he could see a tremendous distance in every direction except toward the sun. He put on the tinted glasses again and peered down through the golden haze. He picked out a blob of gleaming white objects on the very point of a headland. 'Coast-guard station,' he thought. 'They've probably seen me and are sending telegrams all over.' That made him think of the ultimate destination. He watched the gasoline gauge narrowly; he had to bend down to estimate the height of the remnant of the once high column. He made a guess at the gallons remaining, and then read the air-speed indicator; it was unchanged. The evening air was perfectly calm; he knew that he was going at enormous speed, and decided to carry straight on and try to make it. He knew he

ought to be methodical and triangulate out his land speed through the sights, but he rebelled against breaking the spell of this last hour, the wonderful beauty of this flight back into Life.

He decided to chance it. The ground was becoming faintly suffused with purple, but the light was still clear enough four miles high. About a hundred miles away from his landing place he made an adjustment to the tail stabilizer; the nose dropped and the speed increased as they began to lose height in gradual stages. At fifteen thousand feet he leveled off for ten minutes, then started down again on the invisible sloping path. The light weakened noticeably; the air became thicker; the thermometer crept up to zero, then above zero. At ten thousand feet he adjusted the stabilizer again and kept a level flight. He was now near the end. He passed a formation of three aeroplanes, probably on the lookout for him, but he flashed by them with his superior speed. Time seemed to crowd up on him. He reveled in being able to breathe normally again, being able to move without the everlasting panting for enough air. He kept the oxygen on a little, fearful of losing clear grasp of everything for even a minute.

At last he saw the edge of the thick canopy of smoke and dust which betokened the presence of a huge city. How often he had dreamed of this moment! How often he had thought of the time when he would alter his course as he was doing now, to make for the great airport! Every detail of the field was clear in his mind; he had examined photographs of it, from every angle, hundreds of times. Within five minutes he saw it, an irregular clear space below him. At last!

With the realization that it was all over, the tension snapped, the exhilaration disappeared. Instantly he felt intensely tired, desperately sleepy. . . . 'Now,' he thought, 'one more effort.' He fumbled at the little food rack and secured a small cardboard box tied with a flaring red ribbon. He removed a glove, slipped the ribbon off, and opened the box. Inside were two or three capsules. He swallowed one. The powerful tonic began to whip his nerves. He maintained a wide circle. He took off the oxygen mask and dropped it on the floor. He closed his fingers round the engine throttle. 'This ought to be an ecstatic moment,' he thought, 'but oh, to go to sleep — to go to sleep!' . . . He shut off the gas, and for the first time since he had left the ground the faithful engine hesitated, spluttered for a second, then dwindled down to a barely audible mutter as the propeller idled. He altered the tail surface to gliding position, and began a wide, slow spiral. He intended to go down slowly in order to accustom his eyes to the fading light, which became less and less as he lost height. He wanted to take at least ten minutes.

Peering over the down-wing side of the machine, he looked at the airport, at the foot of his invisible spiral staircase. He could see everything perfectly distinctly. He saw the line of concrete hangars; and all around them, and stretching out on either side, a dense mass of people, thousands upon thousands. More automobiles than he had ever seen were massed in every direction. The several roads leading to the airport were jammed and black with vehicles. The ground looked much nearer than it actually was; everything was magnified after his long and lonely journey.

He knew that a vast crowd awaited him, fame, the realization of a great achievement, but his jangled nerves fought with his tired body and he could not grasp anything without effort.

There was only one welcome in the world he wanted, and the peace it would bring. . . . As the aeroplane drifted past the five-thousand-feet mark he grasped the pencil and began to write a cable on his writing pad. He would never be able to do it on the ground. There was not a bump in the evening air; the machine slid round and round its great circle with scarcely a sound, only the sough of the air over the polished surfaces. It was only a few words, but he wrote the message with difficulty, signed it with an initial.

The huge crowd surged to and fro, shouting, cheering, hysterical with wild excitement, their faces turned upward in the dusk toward the aeroplane coming in so quietly from one of the greatest flights the world had ever known. . . . A little group of radio announcers strove to control their voices, to keep free from the delirium which swept in vast waves over the mob. The airport telephones were monopolized by pressmen, peering out of windows, dictating in staccato rushes to city desks, while type was set paragraph by paragraph, while the ocean cables were held open, while all over the darkening country people sat silently by their radios waiting for each word.

The pilot glanced at the wind socks drooping on the tops of the hangars. He could land in any direction. The landing ground was tolerably clear, but the edge of the mob rippled in and out and threatened to spread out over the field. He made one final circle, getting very low, and then turned in toward the field. He braced himself for the last effort. A hangar roof flashed by his wingtip, the ground came up under the engine cowling and tore past. He leveled off; the sound of the wind sank to nothing. He was past trying to make a pretty landing; he waited. Suddenly the machine sank a few feet, there was a jar, and he felt the wheels rolling along the ground. At the end of the run he turned the machine round, toward the line of hangars, saw he could not get there, and switched the engine off. The propeller came to rest, a blade sticking bolt upright above the cowling.

He saw the police cordons burst aside, and the long front of the mob, like an ocean wave, roll rapidly toward him. Two mounted policemen galloped furiously across the field to get to him first. His deafened ears barely caught a tremendous roar, rushing at him, about to engulf him. He sat, too utterly weary to move, to think; then he lowered his head and smiled, like a child going to sleep, at the penciled cable folded in his hand, to the girl in New York.

HALFWAY

BY 'THIRTY'

I

THERE was nothing particularly remarkable about my thirtieth birthday. My wife gave me a present which she should not have afforded; my mother wrote me one of her fine loyal letters, which gave me, as similar letters must give other sons, a guilty feeling of shortcoming. And on the evening of the occasion two bachelors whose friendship goes back to the war, and a couple of whom we are fond, came to dine. We had a little champagne which was probably bottled in Brooklyn, and afterward settled down to an inexpensive game of poker. I was thirty. That was all.

But though I was sensible of no change, I had, as it were, stepped across a Mason-Dixon line. So long as I was in my twenties I classified myself as young: three — or six — years 'out of college,' and so on the sunny side of life. But with the thirties I made the first step into middle age. My mind did n't register this at the time. It was n't until talking with my uncle, who has had more fun in life than any man I know — it was n't until he remarked that 'the damnedest thing is the way life goes by without your knowing it' that I realized that my own time was about half gone. Ever since I can remember I have had the habit of subdividing time. I begrudged the day when half the summer vacation would be gone. I divided my detention after school in halves and quarters. By measuring time I get the illusion that I can stretch out the hours or speed them up. Now, about half of my time is up. How best can I stretch out the days to come?

Stock taking is a good American trait. But I don't believe we take stock of ourselves quite as frequently as we do of our bank accounts. This, for instance, is the first time I've done it in thirty years. Well, it's uncomfortable, for one thing. If you're candid with yourself you begin to see mistakes that should n't have happened, half honesties that do you no credit, accidents that would have ditched you but for providence. And unless you are hardy you will be apt to invoke self-pity, which above all should be shunned.

Self-abasement has gone out of fashion these days, along with the three-hour sermons and revival meetings which undoubtedly aggravated it. But though we are less willing to have human agents revile us openly for our weaknesses, this is not to say that in private we are any less given to humility than our ancestors were. We may not keep pious journals, we may not write down those pathetic programmes for self-betterment which were found among Samuel Johnson's literary remains, but I dare say our standards of perfection are as high as those which came before us, and that in our failure to reach them we suffer quite as instantaneously from self-reproach. The difference is that we forget our failures quicker than our ancestors did. We have not the long Sabbath to remind us of our transgressions, and we have

many more distractions to relieve the mind of its annoyance. New Year resolutions have come down to us as a standard joke, which makes me think that many of those who took such pledges were quite apt to fall off the wagon at the first jolt. To-day no single cure, no single pledge, has power over us. We scent salvation on each fresh wind and are unsuspicious of mere hot air. Some counsels of perfection we find in self-improvement books, — *Outlines of Philosophy*, *Minds in the Making*, Coué, — in lectures, psychology, and in a score of isms down to the Western Aimee; but too seldom do we turn to that periodic examination which only we can give ourselves.

II

I am halfway to sixty. Naturally I'd like to get there and perhaps even further. But I won't if I don't take more care with my driving. I pass as an ordinary motorist and have never been arrested for speeding. But every now and then, and always when I least expect it, I squeeze through a tight corner that might have been my last. We're an aggressive people; and for all our four-wheel brakes we do make cars that are too fast for our temper. Motoring in this country would be far more pleasurable — and healthy — if we could enjoy it without the ceaseless necessity of passing the fellow ahead. An American crowd that will jostle their way slowly and good-naturedly into the Polo Grounds or the Yale Bowl will begin to snarl, hoot, and crowd each other the instant their cars have begun the homeward run. Public opinion cannot be too hard against drunken driving, but it could be harder against the competitive motoring that makes every highway a race track. Personally, if I'd think more about my driving and less about my health, I'd be better off.

At thirty, you begin to realize that there are physical limits. I know, for instance, how many cigarettes or pipefuls a day will give the most enjoyment and the least irritation. I know by the pit of my stomach and by the condition of my finger nails — which I am apt to chew — when I have been pushing myself too hard. I know about how much exercise I am good for: thirty-six holes on a hot summer's day are too much, as I realize that night; but in the cool of the autumn I can tackle them creditably. I observe that my older friends are beginning to strain their backs and to groan about their sacro-iliacs. I do not know how to avoid the colds that plague most city dwellers. But I do know — the next morning — when I have had too much to drink, and though I console myself with the reflection that some alcohol is good for the system, there are times when I doubt whether the alcohol I have consumed would be good even for a dead snake.

For reasons of their own, young married couples are apt to drink more than is good for them. In any American summer resort it is they who raise the racket which gives such vicarious satisfaction to the rocking-chair brigade. Such drinking antedated Prohibition, but it has been aggravated by the increased use of hard liquor for which that law is responsible. It is begun, I suppose, when the first wonder of marriage has faded and when the couples feel the need for a little stimulating illusion. The trouble is, the illusion is apt to make the other fellow's wife the more attractive, sometimes with unhappy consequences for all members concerned. Most of us outgrow this middle-distance recklessness, but I'm bound to say that we'd be better off without so much of it in the first place.

I have no doubt that in certain

moods I am irritating enough to drive anyone to drink. Why I should return from an afternoon's golf only to be carping and critical at the dinner table is a mystery to which my score is perhaps the answer. And of course my wife's extravagances (every husband thinks that his wife is extravagant) and her casual memory often rub me the wrong way. It has been said that the happiest marriages are those which allow the maximum selfishness to either party, and if one discards the cynicism a kernel of truth remains. If I can contrive to keep my own selfishness within bounds and to forbear when I cannot sympathize with that of my wife; if I can contrive to work off my temper on the golf course where it belongs and to accept an occasional mediocre meal in peace, I believe I'll be easier to live with. I am dwelling, you understand, on the grumpy moments. That they are far outweighed by our happiness goes without saying.

I think what I envy most in other men is that apparently inexhaustible supply of energy which seems to be possessed by a few. I should like to be able to relish eighteen hours of the day without having my time sapped by fatigue. Edison seems to do it, and I suppose that much of his industry is due to the way in which he rests. I have been told that he has a couch in his laboratory and that he has trained himself when tired to sink down for three or four hours of solid sleep.

My social duties often make it impossible for me to sleep when I should most like to, — at dull plays and polite evenings, — but I have found that a forty-minute nap before dinner helps to sweep the office dust out of my mind, and that even such a simple thing as putting one's feet up takes some of the load off one's strength. In the war I often had little or no sleep for a length of time, but when we were relieved I could replenish my reservoir at once. I wish I could apply more of that habit to my daily life now, instead of going through the various stages of weariness that send one to bed yawning when the night is yet young. If for half of my time I felt as well as I do on an October morning, I almost believe I could set the world on fire. But the pace at which we live in America is so taxing that the strength stored up in one summer simply cannot last till the next. By mid-February the blood runs thin, and for a good many of us March is seldom a month worth living. The wealthy go South. But for the rest of us there ought to be a compulsory week-end holiday at least.

I need more energy if I am ever to do the work I have half formed in mind, and I need, as well, more confidence in myself. Want of confidence more than anything else is responsible for the unhappiness that goes with adolescence. I lacked it when I first became self-conscious, and as a boy I remember reaching the finals of five tennis tournaments before I had command enough to play my best game and win. Want of confidence simply panicked me before my college entrance examinations, and, though I eventually passed, I made my parents impatient and myself wretched at my poor start. In college I was fumbling about for the right direction, — to the plain-spoken irritation of my father, — and Heaven knows where I should have landed if the war had not come along to wake me up. It seems to me that confidence is acquired by doing things, and though by now I have a moderate share of it I must have still more if I am to handle myself right in times of difficult decision. I find I need my confidence most and am less sure of it when circumstances compel me to fight with people.

I am not naturally bumptious, but occasionally I wish I were. I have learned to be aggressive in games and

to be tenacious about my own work, but I certainly do hate to fight with people. Some men and women enjoy being aggressive even to the point of being plug-uglies, and we all know that their hardness can often be made a successful weapon. I have served on one or two minor committees where strong differences of opinion led to constant suspicion and angry checkmate. No wonder Wilson came back from the Peace Conference a broken man! With me — to pass from the sublime to the ridiculous — the sudden imminence of a fight, whether it be involved with calculating competitors, the newspapers, or the law courts, gives a reaction not so much of fear of the consequences as of perplexity that my motives have been impugned or that there has been deliberate duplicity or disloyalty on the part of others. This is naïve, but I dare say that most beginners in professional or business life have to learn not to be too trusting.

It sometimes seems to me that American business integrity is not as high as it should be. I have had too little experience abroad to know whether other nations are superior to us in this respect, but even without this comparison there is enough evidence to show me that we preach a higher standard than we practise. Mutual suspicion keeps competitors in many a trade from reaching an equable standard; in the open market, or in secret business, loyalty too often passes to the highest bidder, and in times of depression, such as we have been enduring, contract jumping has been indulged in with an almost cynical disregard of one's word. To make things worse, we are prone to justify our actions in the after event and to protest an injury not always undeserved.

This may look differently to me when I am sixty, but at the present I'm inclined to think there's something a little rotten in the state of Denmark.

III

'At thirty,' said a friend of mine, 'you begin to realize that the world does n't owe you a living.' In the years just after college I think many men are apt to be uncertain and a trifle condescending about their jobs. The work does n't seem to be exactly what they want to do and, of course, the pay is low. But they play along, half assured that opportunity will present itself, and meanwhile enjoy their week-ends and the invitations that come to a young bachelor. Then, as matrimony claims them, things begin to change. Unpaid bills begin to appear, and insurance and savings become more insistent than in the earlier hand-to-mouth days. At about this time we begin to take hold of our work and we are apt to make better use of the added responsibility that comes our way. The first evidences of one's capability are a powerful stimulant to the ambition. These first feelings of strength, the pressure for money, and the verbal encouragement of those above, can and do change a man from 'a passenger' to a very reliable workman in an astonishingly short time.

But no matter how great his gumption may be, a young married man eight or ten years out of college has got to sail pretty close to the wind — unless, of course, he is being towed by his parents or has the leeway of an inheritance. In the stepping up of our scale of living, for which we have Mr. Ford and mass production to thank, the professional man in his early thirties has come off distinctly second best. His salary has not been pushed up proportionately as the purchasing power of the dollar has been pushed down. Nor have his or his wife's tastes been simplified.

Things are in the saddle and ride mankind so luxuriously that a college graduate thinks he must have a car and a membership in a country club, money for football tickets and the movies, a summer bungalow for his family, cocktails for his friends, a radio for his wife. Others have them. Advertising and the force of example have tended to make these things not luxuries but necessities if a man is to hold his head up in a community. When these are added to the inescapable items, the sum is apt to exceed one's earning capacity.

I should put $4000 as the minimum that a college graduate of thirty and his wife can live on in a city; $5000 if they have a child. The average earnings of men eight years out of college and five years out of their professional schools, in law, architecture, engineering, and teaching, are less than $4000. Children later in life or not at all is the easiest answer. Nor has the professional man much redress against his employer; as the colleges increase their output the professions have more and cheaper men to draw on.

This is not to say that I am setting out to organize a revolution for the underpaid. The truth is, I have trouble getting enough for myself, and that modicum might cease if I took to a soap box in Central Park. I should soon be selling apples. But for the underpaid there are compensations in this current depression. My barber is no longer playing the market for a profit that made me sick; he's cutting all the hair he can. With more people trying to live within their earnings it will be easier for me and my wife to catch up with our spending and to make headway on those savings and that home in the country which we shall want when I am sixty.

A business man, my senior, whom I much respect, told me that on coming of age he determined that before he was nine years older he would have thirty thousand dollars of his own in the savings bank, and he had. In his latest book, Winston Spencer Churchill states that when he was twenty-six he had earned £10,000 by his writing and lecturing. These gentlemen are far ahead of me in their thrift. I merely cite them as illustrations of the will to provide that comes to us all early or late.

In a country where it is a shame to be poor, money getting must be taken seriously. But to take it seriously requires a sacrifice. It seems to me that the more hard-headed, the more proficient, we become in our earning, the more quickly we lose that amateur spirit which was ours on leaving school or college. We lose something of open generosity, something of that enthusiasm for many things, something of pure sportsmanship: we become intent, guarded; we calculate the effect; we realize that in dealing with competitors or subordinates we must command a certain advantage if profit is to be made. In short, we have stopped playing for the fun of the thing; we are playing for money — and when you play for money you have to look sharp.

We have become professionals, and unless we watch ourselves our looks betray us: the lecturer assumes a platform manner, the salesman his winning smile, the lawyer that disputatious exactitude, the artist his pose, the banker his acuteness, the writer his superiority complex. I envy the Englishman the orderliness with which he can do his day's work — and do it well — and then come home with his mind free for his garden, his books, or his other hobbies. We Americans don't stop at taking our business home; we take it to bed and toss and mutter in our sleep. I have seen something of this in the faces and manner of some of my

contemporaries — as no doubt they have observed a change in me. There comes a certain brusqueness, or maybe a suave insincerity, a tightening of the lips, an unwillingness to listen, a thirst for gambling, a pride about wealth, or telltale lines of nervous fatigue; these are evidences of the strain of money making, — of professionalism, — and as they come we lose something more than our youth.

I do not mean to lament, as young poets do, the salad days that are past. As a matter of fact, I personally am closer to happiness to-day than when I was in college. There is a zest in living thoughtlessly and there is a zest equally keen in ordering your time — in thinking, as Woodrow Wilson did, that a man's groundwork should be done between twenty-five and forty and his best work between forty and fifty-five. There is a distinct accomplishment in marking out certain objectives and in reaching them near schedule despite the wire entanglements of time. This sense of direction, this honest strategy, are indispensable in financial success; the pity of it is that in our absorption in money making, in taking our business home with us and keeping it on our minds over holidays, we forget that the same foresight, the same endeavor, are equally indispensable in leading the good life which Plato prescribed. In this connection I remember what a friend said to me at the close of an argument on education. 'The real result of education,' he said, 'is to teach us to live more happily on less money.'

IV

'One of the hardest things for a man to realize,' said a wise teacher, 'is that he is not very different from other men.' This is an admission I am not ready for yet. I want to be different, not as eccentricity is different, but as individuality is different from the commonplace. That part of my life which belongs to my wife and to myself, and which is free from the claims of business and society, I want to enjoy with the freedom which in college I had fancied was requisite to every day. I relish a good party as much as anyone, and yet there is not a winter that I do not rebel against having said 'yes.' There is a good deal more to time than merely 'going places and doing things,' as I realize on many a Monday following a spent week-end. I see no point to devoting the whole of a Saturday night to contract, the whole of a Sunday to golf. I want Sunday to set me free from ordinary considerations; then and in a good fraction of my evenings I want time for a correspondence, time to tinker with pencil and paper, time to hear and understand more music, time to read the history which I love and the physics which I do not but ought to comprehend, time to take one of those long unsettling walks which are good for every constitution.

I have reached a stage where friendships are becoming rarer and more to be valued; I must have time for my friends. We are an open-hearted people. We make friends easily, and then, thanks to the circulation of American life, we move away and those we were fond of fade into a memory much warmer than the reality of an occasional chance reunion. I was born and brought up in a small Eastern city. To-day when I return for a brief visit with my parents the houses which I used to respect have become filling stations, apartments rise on the lots where I played baseball, the reservoir has been drained. The land of my boyhood has gone — and so have the four best friends I had for fourteen years. College, the war, then business, have moved us apart. Ed we lost in

France. The others of us are separated by several hundred miles and by time that is hard to bridge.

I do not intend this to be sentimental. It is the kind of uprooting which is all too common in the United States, and which by a kind of envy makes us peculiarly susceptible to the old stone and ivy of England. It was to be expected that the singularly dependent, honest, and irascible friendships that developed overnight in France would — save in a few cases — hardly survive the diminuendo of peace. But the associations of one's youth go into more permanent soil and cannot be uprooted without a feeling of loss.

At home, in college, — and if there's a war, — friends come and go, and where reunions occur it needs a high alcoholic content for us to slough off the strangeness we seem to have grown and to relive the dear, dead days. And after reunions we return to the community in which — very likely in the late twenties or early thirties — we have come to rest. As in my case, this community may be quite different from that in which we were brought up; we enter it with few or no family connections, and by virtue of our tastes and disposition we make new friends, friends of maturity.

Freshness and those partitions so often erected in college have ceased to shut us off from others; our feelings are not so easily violated by the unconventional, and we discover worth in unsuspected places; if we are lucky, we have married a wife and are content to learn about women from her — in short, we are more mellow and ductile members of society.

One of the first indications of this is the pleasure that we take in the companionship of our elders. I wonder how many sons really reach an understanding with their fathers before thirty, how many — before that time — have come to close grips in seriousness and in relaxation with men a generation older than themselves. It is, I suppose, this final coming of age that qualifies a man for the older clubs in his community. Such a masculine and elderly society is apt to offer the junior member an intimacy with his seniors, half friendly, half reserved, but wholly sagacious and delightful — an intimacy, I dare say, which grows with the years in appreciation.

It is this friendship, along with the more competitive, louder-laughing companionship of my contemporaries, that I want to make the most of. And I should like (I often entertain this idea, but only seldom put it to the test) time to follow up by letter those others who are so indelibly — at least in my mind — associated with my earlier years and for whom affection still survives, even though it be feeding only on a memory. To be kept alive, friendship needs feeding.

Time is what we make of it, and I think it is rather curious that with so much of it before us we spend so relatively little on our heart's desire. There was a Frenchman with hours to burn who estimated the amount of time a septuagenarian would have devoted to the routine of life. A man of seventy, he calculated, had given nineteen years to work, twenty-three to bed, nine to amusements, six to eating, three to dressing, two to sickness, two to shaving, and one to church. That would seem to leave him five years of unrestricted liberty on this fair earth; but when one stops to subtract the time spent on repairing the car, petty quarrels, one's income tax, the newspapers, and mending broken shoe laces, one is forced to conclude that such liberty as most of us will ever know has got to be found in the course of our marching routine.

I read not long ago a poem by an Englishman, Seymour Poole, which went like this: —

AT FIFTY

I have stood still — a watcher by the wayside
For a procession that has never come.
The day has been fine enough, the road quite pleasant,
And once I caught the far thrill of a drum.
Waiting in hope, I have not been unhappy,
For there were birds, flowers, trees, and the open sky;
And, when the time lagged, I made songs and stories
About all these, and about the passers-by.
Then, when I heard it — the incredible music
Of life at last, life to the full and sweet! —
It seemed for a minute to be coming toward me:
But it went down, after all, someone else's street.
No doubt I ought to have tackled life — gone to meet it,
Seized on a banner, become importunate;
But I just was n't made so, did n't know how to treat it,
And so am lost, like all who hesitate.
There was to have come a place in the procession
That I should have recognized as being my own;
I was to have been caught up in color and movement
By one sure hand — to have been no more alone.
But nothing has happened, and the day grows chilly;
A cold bed waits for the going down of the sun.
It seems a curious way to have spent a lifetime —
Strange to be nearing the end of what was never begun.

Frankly, I want a good place in that procession. I want to do something that I shall be remembered by, something a whole lot better than my contemporaries might do. I believe this is a fairly common aspiration among young men, and I don't think that it springs primarily from vanity. We don't put much stock in platitudes, which too often are the sage counsel of the weary, but I dare say there are a good many of us who derive some hope from the saying that 'you 'll come pretty close to what you're after if you try hard enough.'

Most of us in the neighborhood of thirty are not content to be classified with 'the average.' We know that we're better than that, and we're out to prove it. Most of us are still hitched to somebody else's cart, learning the paces and feeling the harness; most of us realize that our best performance — the thing we may be remembered by — must grow out of the work we are now doing. Some pessimist, some life-insurance statistician, may face me with figures which show that most of us will probably die in our harness, good hacks to the last. But it does n't interest me. Why should it, with thirty years to kick over the traces!

SUNDAY DRESSES

WHERE are they gone, those Sunday dresses
That hung augustly in lavendered presses
(Until they sailed superbly to
Church, and graced the family pew),
Stiff with self-respect and pride,
Conscious of all their bones inside,
So neatly overcast by hand,
No three-piece suit would understand
Those devious ways of tucks and gusset,
Lining, interlining nice large pocket
(And one for my watch — please don't forget it),
Those mazy miles of braided trimming
And bastions with buttons brimming.
Though little Miss Finch in the village here
Strives to make me year by year
Something that can be called a dress,
These flimsy gibbets she must confess
(With a deprecatory cough)
Are not intended to 'set one off.'
For Fanny Finch lives in that day
When trains and bustles held their sway,
When a dogcart was Mount Everest
And every lady took her rest
In those long drowsy afternoons
From tyrant hooks and collarbones —
How long ago it seems!
When jasmine grew round the saddler's door
In that enchanting street of dreams.
Yet I can clearly hear a snore
(Discreetly muffled by the *Times*)
From someone sitting bolt upright
On a woolwork chair, in dappled light,
And smell the peeping tasseled limes;
And joyfully I can write and say
Sunday dresses still pass my way, for
Great-Aunt Susan has come to stay.

SUMMERHOUSE THOUGHTS OF A MILLIONAIRE

Briskly he walks with rigid cheerfulness,
Past bowing sycophants, and gardeners bending
(Dutifully eager to unwanted task),
The fawning hands of strange acquaintances,
The favored ones who in his pleasure bask;
Oh, to leave them shut in the florid richness
Of that tame loathèd garden, duly set —
The thyroid blooms, the tabulated trees,
Glass houses boring and unnecessary, yet
Bought with his gold, sown, trained, and pruned,
Watered and artificially fed by it!
Even the birds, saucy or shy, untroubled
Truly by his wealth, but wearing the look
Of pensioners, secure in knowledge
Of plenteous crumb-bounty daily sent
And crystal streams, imported, and stone baths
Exquisitely awaiting patronage.
His thoughts find fresh wild acres far from men —
Birds, beasts, and flowers are there by primal right,
Taking their chance, and he would take his too
And drink the tonic of the wilderness
Here in this preserved, exclusive spot
The very clouds seem marbled to a taste
Not his, for which he paid! How good
(Leaving the yacht and Raeburns high and dry)
To walk white roads where cool dark shadows lie,
And silvery ones, unwinding through the rain,
Passing the time of day unknown and free
With all the intriguing caravanserai;
Then find at evening time a fragrant lane,
Still as forgotten pain, and leading to
A barn with friendly bed of stars and hay,
And in a rose-washed dawn, bare dimpling hills
Where nymphs might dance, and shepherds pipe
For him, perchance! Well, well, perhaps — some day!

Doremy Olland

THE NOISY SLINGER

BY OSWALD COULDREY

I

CALLIPER, our temperamental Forest Officer, used to tell a story which never became a part of local Anglo-Indian tradition. Queer as it was, it remained peculiarly his, not so much because it pretended to represent his own experience as because his odd personality was the breath of its life. No one else, in fact, was capable of telling it properly.

For Calliper was much more than a mere Forest Officer. He posed as an interpreter of Indian forest lore in all its wonder-whispering branches. He was an active hunter, and a capital teller of hunting stories; but he took an even greater pride in regarding himself as a successor, and setting himself up as an imitator, of the Vedic hermits. Now those earlier denizens of his domain are supposed to have written, or rather composed, the real and original 'Jungle Books,' which are not stories about animals, but abstruse philosophic treatises. Calliper, 'sophist and sage, from no Athenian grove,' actually wrote an *Aranyaka* (for that is the Sanskrit synonym) of his own, which was full of curious wisdom. But he was equally well qualified to have produced a Jungle Book in the lower sense of Kipling. His story of the noisy slinger had latent possibilities in both directions. It was a hunting story with metaphysical implications. Most of us could have managed the hunting story, but its metaphysical overtones were quite beyond us.

Calliper's own treatment of his supernatural machinery was a miracle of craftsmanship, or rather a series of such miracles. Although I heard him tell the story many times, I cannot give it, as I should like, in his own words, because he nearly always told it differently. Every version was a separate work of art, and I find myself unable to prefer one to another, while the group as a whole interested me more than any of its components. Calliper was an artist in life and pose rather even than a philosopher, and his stories always bore directly on the topic in hand. This particular story, with suitable modifications, could be used to illustrate several of his favorite philosophical and quasi-philosophical opinions. The modifications were noticeable enough to incline a casual hearer to disbelieve so strange a story altogether, but I came to the conclusion that a real experience lay behind the subtle forester's variations and embroideries. Having carefully collated his different versions as they lay shredded and blurred in my memory, like scraps of classic manuscript in a long-forsaken rubbish heap, I propose to relate what I suppose, with more or less confidence, to have actually happened. At the same time I shall try to suggest in passing the chief directions in which the narrator was wont to elaborate his raw material.

The thing happened, if I am not mistaken, in an out-of-the-way village of the Vizag Agency called Aladu. Calliper was lying on his camp cot in

the resthouse at noon, trying to sleep. He was tired out, and had work in hand which would shortly require the liveliest use of his wits. He had traveled all night by bullock cart at short notice on the chance of getting a shot at a tiger which was reported to be in the neighborhood.

So far the chance had looked uncommonly favorable. Calliper had arrived to find that the tiger had killed a buffalo there that very night. The kill had occurred within a mile of the resthouse, and the buffalo, partially eaten, had been considerately left by the tiger close to a large tree, in the branches of which Calliper had been able to arrange for the erection of a comfortable platform, or machan, where he could sit and wait until the tiger chose to come back to his dinner. Tigers dine late, like sahibs, and are even more unpunctual at meals, so that the comfort of the machan was an important consideration. The moon would be nearly at the full, and Calliper saw every prospect of bringing off his adventure with neatness and success. He had made all his preparations, even to the trimming of the visiting card which he always used on these occasions.

Calliper, unlike many philosophers and foresters, was punctilious in matters of social etiquette, and boasted that he never went anywhere without his cardcase. But the cards which he used when paying a call on a tiger were always cut in a peculiar V shape, and were placed, not in the tiger's not-at-home box, — as represented, shall we say, by the abandoned carcass of his victim, — but on the far sight of Calliper's rifle, so as to catch the moonlight when he took aim.

These preliminaries had occupied his forenoon pleasantly enough. All that was needed now was a few hours' quiet sleep, which would steady his nerves after the night-long jolting in the bullock cart and enable him to endure, if necessary, the yet more wearisome and cramping quiet of a night on the tree platform.

But at this point his troubles began. He was conscious of a hollow tooth, which made him restless; but even so, he thought, he could have slept well enough but for the voluble and skilled vociferation of a naked farmer's boy, who stood upon a wooden platform (also called a 'machan') in a maize field adjoining the resthouse compound, and performed the office of a living scarecrow.

For this duty, Calliper had to admit, he was uncommonly well qualified. The reference would not be to his appearance, though that was forbidding enough; his goblin features, and especially his enormous mouth, were plainly visible from the resthouse, which was about a hundred yards away from the wooden watchtower in the maize. But the operation of the living Indian scarecrow, like the imagery of the poet Milton, is rather musical than visual. He has invented, and brought in the course of ages to perfection, a kind of semi-articulate bellow and prolonged hullabaloo, which is quite eerily calculated to shatter the nerves of birds and men at an indefinite range.

In the art of rendering this diabolical ululation the watcher at Aladu seems to have been a master. Calliper would never have believed that such a note was within the compass of mere knack and lung power. His description of it was convincing enough to anyone at all familiar with the Indian countryside. It achieved without instrumental aid, he used to explain, the effect of a megaphonic ventriloquism; at a hundred yards it seemed to be dinning at your very ear. Moreover, although Calliper could distinguish no syllable of any

language known to him in the long gabble of the rigmarole, it seemed nevertheless to *mean* something, or rather it seemed to carry a variety of precise and menacing intimations, like a spell in some sacred and unintelligible tongue.

Like others of his cloth, or lack of it, the rustic wizard punctuated his ornithological oratory with stones delivered from a wheeling four-foot sling, many of which crashed from time to time into the cactus hedge that separated the maize field from the rest-house yard. Yet all his artillery of noise and stones and metaphysical suggestion succeeded less completely in balking the depredations of parrots and mynas on the fringes of the maize field than in scaring away the winged dreams from the weary eyelids of the forester.

II

Calliper cursed the too faithful hireling for the tenth time, and for the tenth time turned upon his other side. He tried vainly all the known means of inducing slumber. His mind wandered endlessly. He thought of his preparations, of his rifles, of the machan in the forest, of the half-eaten buffalo, and whether the tiger would come early to the kill. The tiger also, he reflected, must be 'lying up' somewhere in the neighborhood, waiting, poor innocent, for the same hour of the night as himself, dreaming of the same carcass under the tree, but not of the platform in the branches! Calliper wondered whether the clamor of the watcher was disturbing the tiger's slumbers as well as his own. Did tigers ever find it hard to sleep? Did they ever suffer from a hollow tooth?

He was minutely conscious, against his will, of everything that happened in the sunlit compound of the resthouse, a strip of which was visible through the open door. He watched the caretaker's little daughter, clad in a skirt and nothing else, fetch the family calf in out of the heat. Then an old woman appeared, carrying a small bundle. Her business was not so easy to guess. She climbed through a gap in the cactus hedge, and disappeared into the maize. The crop was taller than a man's height, but the level of the rest-house floor was higher than the field, and Calliper could see the dreadful slinger on the platform outlined with painful distinctness against the pale purple hills beyond, where the heat of noon set all the air aquiver above the crowded cones of maize.

Presently the watcher ceased shouting and got down from his perch. The relief was so grateful, and seemed so gratuitous, that Calliper at first could hardly believe his eyes and ears. He inferred that the old woman with the bundle, perhaps a grandmother, had taken the boy his midday meal. A certain respite was apparently assured, while the actors in this tedious masque of the maize field (including those pretty vices, the parrots and mynas) had lunch.

Blessing the old woman from the bottom of his weary heart, Calliper settled down to make the most of his opportunity.

He was well on his way to blissful unconsciousness when the grisly protagonist returned to the stage and the recitation was renewed.

Even then Calliper succeeded in holding for some time a condition of uneasy sleep; and it was at this point, according to his own account, that he was visited by a curious dream, a dream so curious, indeed, that he doubted afterward if it was a dream at all. He was still consciously striving for sleep in the face of his double affliction — the ache in his mouth and

the nerve-racking clamor at his ear; but now he was doubtful whether he lay on his camp cot in the resthouse or under a thicket in the open jungle on the far side of the maize field. The voice of the slinger, though veering vaguely in direction, remained about as loud as before, but the volume of his own toothache seemed somehow to have increased, as if the tooth itself had grown to thrice its former size. His other teeth seemed likewise to be growing larger, until he was aware of the possession of a set of splendid fangs, to which the ache of the ailing molar was apparently proportioned. Slowly his hovering consciousness condensed upon a point. Bristling, sun-splashed feelers stirred under his half-open eyes; hot smells of the underwood, strangely intensified, were in his nostrils. His irritation at the urchin's clamor assumed a new and savage vigor, confused and shaken occasionally by spasms of a vague, inhuman dread, but nevertheless fast gathering to a frenzy. . . . In fine, without losing his place, so to speak, in the order of time, and even without straying very far from his proper position in the space dimension, he had apparently ceased to be Calliper the would-be tiger killer and become the tiger himself.

Suddenly a stone from the field watcher's sling struck the Venetian shutters of the resthouse with a loud report, which promptly recalled a portion at least of Calliper's roaming soul to its usual habitation.

It took the forester several seconds to recover even confusedly his original bearings in space-time and to apprehend something of the nature of this final outrage on his peace and privacy. Then he sat up and glared at his tormentor in a transport of speechless fury.

Every European who has lived in India knows those tropic tempests of the mind. They are often founded, like this of Calliper's, in righteous indignation, but Calliper's, he declares, was so strangely cruel and savage that the very recollection of it used afterward to frighten him. Half awake, and only half himself again, he felt a desperate need to put his uncouth passion into words, but he could find no word or image vigorous enough to give it expression. He merely sat and glared at his enemy in an attitude of tense and silent execration. But though he spoke no curse, he willed perhaps a wilder doom than any that his powers of language could convey.

And then a dreadful wonder happened; for, even as the forester sat glaring and malevolent, there arose out of the sunlit maize behind the slinger a gigantic shape of flame, which seemed to the astonished Calliper like some hellish minister and embodiment of his own unspoken imprecation. The figure was luridly articulate with what looked like arms and head and hideous features, and it towered above the unwary slinger and struck him a terrific blow that felled him, suddenly silent, from his perch. Then it relapsed into the maize as swiftly and silently as it had arisen.

All Calliper's wrath went out of him as if the apparition had indeed been its deliberate fulfillment and exact expression. He stared aghast at the vacant stage among the maize cobs, he listened appalled to the silence that he had so furiously willed. He soon realized, in a sense, what had happened. Something, his reasonable self, or the hunter in him, was already shouting, 'Tiger, tiger in the maize!' But the solution gave him no relief; he took no notice of the trumpet call. Confused by his dream, and abashed by the reaction of his own rage, he was overpowered by a dreadful sense of blood-guiltiness, as if he had stricken the

field watcher himself. All the wild jungle tales of werwolves and witch tigers that he had ever heard and repeated, tales of men and women who turned into beasts and back again at will, or against their will, assailed his half-awakened consciousness. With these in wild confusion occurred equally fantastic Brahminical fables about the early sages, his pretended exemplars, whose curses, fortified by lonely meditation, materialized and blasted like the lightning.

Calliper had so often pretended, I suppose, to believe both kinds of marvel, and even laid claim to the possession, or at least to the occasional and partial achievement, of such occult powers and impulses himself, that he had almost succeeded in imposing on himself. He was like a sham necromancer who is suddenly confronted by a ghost.

III

With a desperate effort he collected his faculties and leaped from the cot. The bewildered dreamer disappeared and the hunter took charge. He seized and loaded his Winchester, shouted to his shikari, rushed out into the sunlight, and began to push through the maize with all the speed which necessary caution allowed.

He reached the platform without incident. The unhappy boy lay among the stalks at the foot of the scaffolding. His mouth was still open, and there was an expression as of stupid surprise on his face, which was twisted back into what should have been an impossible position. It was clear that his neck was broken. Beside him in the shadow of the platform lay the old woman who had brought his meal. At first Calliper supposed that she too was dead. Then he saw that she was comfortably asleep. The tiger's tracks were visible within a yard of her. She must have been asleep when the tiger came, and it had gone away without even waking her.

What first struck Calliper as astonishing in this discovery, he used to say, was not that the old woman should have slept undisturbed through the tiger's tragic visit, but that she should have been able to fall asleep at all while her hapless grandson was yet alive and vocal within six feet of her!

Then the full strangeness of the situation broke upon him. The tiger was evidently not a man-eater, or the dead would not have been thus left and the sleeper spared. More sensitive, in one direction at least, than the old dame herself, it had struck and killed, apparently, merely for the sake of peace and a quiet nap. There was something ludicrous in the contrast between the humane refinement of the motive and the brutality of the method.

But in view of Calliper's dream the resemblance between the tiger's case and his, and between their several reactions, was not so much ludicrous as uncanny. The brute indeed had ruthlessly and irrevocably enacted what the man had merely conceived and felt; but that, granted the rest, seemed natural. Even there in the white sunlight of the maize field Calliper found it hard to resist the persuasion that here was more than a coincidence, that some secret current of sympathy, some mysterious fusion of experience, had occurred between them.

The supposed coincidence was to prove even more exact and startling in the sequel. Calliper carefully tracked the tiger through the maize into the jungle beyond, where he preferred to leave it for the nonce. That night, in spite of unwonted nervousness, he shot the tiger very neatly with a single bullet from the tree platform. The following

morning he made the final discovery and received the crowning thrill of his weird adventure.

The tiger also, it seems, had a hollow tooth. It was a very badly decayed molar, a visible nightmare of the toothache which must have troubled even a tiger to desperation. Calliper used even to declare that it was situated in the same part of the jaw as his own affliction, but here, perhaps, though true to the spirit of jungle mythology, he comes within the danger of the Higher Skepticism.

I have heard Calliper tell this tale in support, or at least in illustration, both of the witch-tiger superstition and of the legends about the materializing maledictions of the forest sages. Only in his more daring moments did he claim that it was a definite instance of either sort of wonder. It was on these occasions, perhaps, that his variations in detail and emphasis were most ingenious and amusing, but he was more persuasive when he contented himself with offering his experience as a mystery only vaguely related to the topic in hand, perhaps an unknown genus of the species. Once he told it with unusual impressiveness in support of a theory which he had evolved somewhere in the jungle, and which he used as a corollary to his beloved fatalism — the theory, namely, that the divine soul immanent in 'all sentient beings' (as the Buddhists have it) always makes the same reaction to similar circumstances. Under 'circumstances' he usually included physical and mental character, but this tale illustrated his main point (at which I would not mock, for I believe it) without obviously calling for this refinement.

My belief that Calliper's exercises upon this theme of the slinger and the tiger were founded on fact is itself based chiefly on internal evidence and general considerations, but I ought to have mentioned that Calliper, whenever he told the tale in his own lair, always finished by actually producing the tiger's hollow tooth. This gesture reminded me of Longfellow's ingenuous Viking and his walrus tooth, but the exhibition in Calliper's case was always highly effective. Whatever else happened or did not happen, that tiger, or another of the name, certainly knew what it was to have the toothache.

A STUDENT IN POST-WAR BERLIN

BY ELLA H. FISHBERG

I

'You are a total economic loss, an unnecessary expense to the community. My wife knows that a woman must stay at home beside her husband and children and not run around in all sorts of filthy places.'

No, I was not being admonished by a judge before whom I was on trial for vagrancy, but merely receiving my diploma as Doctor of Medicine *cum laude* from the famous University of Berlin. The petty official, a sort of glorified janitor to whose lot it falls to distribute the diplomas, was merely taking the occasion to air a few of his views on the status of women. Thus was spoken *vale* to the happy three years I spent in Germany finishing my medical course.

I had picked those three years during which Germany was absolutely at the lowest point of its post-war economic and social depression and was just starting to 'come back.' Working in the clinics of Berlin, I had occasion to witness the utmost misery and poverty. There are still some objects — perhaps a corsage of orchids worn by a friend, or a jeweled clock in the window of a Fifth Avenue jeweler — at which I cannot look without a slight twinge of conscience. I am neither a Socialist nor a Bolshevik; I find an increasing pleasure in most things as they are and note with astonishment that this conservatism becomes more deeply impressed in me with the passing of the years; but the imprint of the misery that I saw in the Germany of my student days has been graven too deep to be effaced by even the comparative comfort which we Americans always enjoy.

I arrived in Germany in the summer of 1922. I cannot reproduce my thrill at actually feeling myself on the North Sea, the rhythm of whose waves had been singing to me from childhood in the poems of Heine's 'North Sea Cycle.' But in Bremen I found that though I had an appreciation of German poetry which moved me to repeat the immortal cadences of the 'North Sea Cycle' in the presence of a friendly audience, under the stimulus of moonlight and the imminent parting on the last evening on the boat, I could not manage to buy a bag of cherries from a woman on the street. I therefore decided that it would be best to pick some extremely quiet place where I could perfect my German during the summer and be ready to enter the University in the fall.

There is no place on the face of the globe better suited for quiet study and retreat from the world than a German sanatorium. 'The world forgetting, by the world forgot,' can truly be said of the group that stay there, cut off from their fellow creatures. These health resorts must be excellent refuges for criminals fleeing from justice; the one where my mother and I stayed was the hiding place of Roger Casement when he wanted to escape the British authorities. That they are sometimes used for other purposes than those of health

may be deduced from the answer of an American who had stayed in one near Baden-Baden which was famed for its rural character. Someone asked him what they raised there, and he replied accurately and succinctly, 'Hell!'

It is an amazing fact that there is scarcely a really sick person in these sanatoria. One finds very much the same sort of people who go on the Mediterranean and longer West Indies cruises. Last winter, on one of these tours to Venezuela and Central America, someone remarked, 'This boat is full of people who, if they had n't got away the minute they did, would have committed murder.'

Our particular haven was situated in a garden spot a short twenty-minute trolley ride from the heart of Berlin, so thoroughly hidden from the street by the trees that supper was served in the moonlight in the garden. Here in this small artificial community, thrown together by chance, was to be found a modern staging of the old Biblical story of the tower of Babel. Fourteen or fifteen nationalities were represented, and we finally got so bored with exotic folk that when a native of Afghanistan arrived no one even bothered to go down to see whether he brought his harem with him. It would have formed an ideal experimental field for those statesmen who were then attempting in Geneva to settle that most perplexing question of nationality by the criterion of language. The tables were made up according to the language spoken by the guests, and the English-speaking table, where we were placed, had eight Americans and an English couple.

At our table the situation was comparatively peaceful. Still working on the language criterion, however, the management had put at the Russian table, composed of members of the old régime, a newly arrived Bolshevist Commissar and his wife. The diplomatic error was soon rectified, but it cost the sanatorium half a dozen plates, and I believe the Oriental rug on the dining-room floor never recovered its pristine appearance after the bath of hot soup given in the authentic Russian fashion. The Bolsheviki were quickly moved to the central table, and, strongly entrenched between the proprietor and her husband, were protected from all but the deadly looks of the followers of the Little White Father. The adherents of Karl Marx finally found peace and security at the strictly neutral Scandinavian table, but they were a cause of constant anxiety because we expected them to be wiped out at any moment by the Loyalists. It was with a sigh of relief that we learned that six more Leninists had arrived, so that in a pitched battle at least the opposing forces would be numerically equal. I regret to have to state that bets ran rather high for the impending civil war.

There were no French people and none would have been admitted, because this was at the time when the Ruhr occupation was imminent and feeling against the French was running very high. But, lest we forget the existence of that highly original Gallic race across the Rhine without whom no gathering can truly be said to be cosmopolitan, an old German lady would arise at the conclusion of every meal, raise a glass of wine to her lips, and exclaim with the air of a prophetess from the Old Testament, 'Oh, if this were only a glass of French blood!'

II

I applied at the University for a tutor in German, and a very earnest young woman was recommended to me. She was getting her doctor's degree in English literature and was busily en-

gaged in writing her thesis. My lessons were to pay for its publication. She told me that the title was 'The Exclamation Point in Shakespeare,' and I have always wondered whether or not she was pulling my leg. Seeing in me a supposedly cultured American, she would bring me choice bits of fourteenth- and fifteenth-century English prose and verse to decipher, though my knowledge of English of that period was restricted to a few of the Tales of Chaucer, read under duress and with the help of a transcription into modern English. She would look at me superciliously, and I have the feeling that she does not believe to this day that I actually have a degree from Columbia.

My inability to converse in Anglo-Saxon soon began to get on my nerves, and I changed my tutor for a professor of English at the University. He was one of the most cultured men it has been my good fortune to meet. Instead of putting me on dry rules of grammar and disconnected sentences, he told me to take Macaulay's *Life of Frederick the Great* and try to translate it into German. I made hundreds of mistakes, but I was working with material I loved. This teacher instilled in me an appreciation of the genius of Goethe that I shall retain forever. I stumbled through discussions of religion and evolution with him in German, and I can truly say that some of the finest thoughts that I have ever formulated for myself were couched in that language, so that I felt then and still feel a little toward it as a mediæval scholar must have regarded his Latin — as a means for the expression of those thoughts and feelings which he regarded as the highest and best.

At this time Germany was in a particularly embarrassing situation, because many people driven from the countries of Eastern Europe by famine and revolution, and excluded by the German quota immigration system, sought to evade the law by registering as students. I had never in my life seen so many Bulgarians, Jugoslavs, and Albanians, and had not realized that the thirst for knowledge ran so high in those reputedly backward countries. I was very soon disillusioned, however, because all these ladies and gentlemen of exotic nationality turned out to be either Russians or Poles. As there were practically no passports from Eastern Europe at this time and everyone was living with League of Nations passports, it was possible for large numbers to get away with the deception.

The other day in a Fifth Avenue bus in New York I saw an advertisement of a Jazz School. One attraction, evidently sufficiently in demand to warrant its inclusion in the limited and expensive space devoted to such an advertisement, was 'Registration in this school for non-quota residents entitles student to stay in New York.' How some of those 'Albanians' would have relished such a school!

Day after day I haunted the various Ministries trying to get through the red tape of admission as a regular student and candidate for a degree. In one of these I encountered a sub-official who had never heard of Columbia University, and I had to trouble the American Ambassador to send an official statement that Columbia to the best of his knowledge had a certain standing as a university. I still own this unique document.

All these Ministries were magnificent structures viewed from the outside. Within, the rooms of the under-officials were furnished with bare-looking tables and kitchen chairs. In each little cubbyhole was a petty official with a shaven head, munching a sandwich and a measly-looking apple. Whatever time of day I came, this munching was

going on. It seems that there was something wrong with the food at this time; everything was a 'substitute,' and appeared to have no sustaining qualities. In the street cars, in the theatres, everywhere one went one heard and saw this continual mastication. I was a guest in a box at the opera, and to my great surprise my host pulled out some hard-boiled eggs and sandwiches and devoured them.

After besieging the Ministries for a period of three weeks, I was at last informed that the document I craved would be mailed to me on payment of the few pfennigs postage. I went home jubilant, but alas, my rejoicing was short-lived. They had sent a grand-looking document permitting me to practise medicine in the State of Prussia — that is, to take an examination for the privilege — in case I ever finished medical school. Then I understood all the difficulties that had been placed in my way, because the Germans are extremely reluctant to allow foreigners the privilege of practising medicine on an equivalent basis with native Germans. I began inquiries again, and, moving my activities to the proper Ministry, was duly equipped in but a few days with a student card testifying that I was entitled to all the rights and privileges of a student in the University.

III

From the very first day my contacts with German petty officials were painful, but they are extremely amusing in retrospect. One must truly have been brought up in the atmosphere of the Golden Age of Germany before the great debacle to have acquired the exactly proper shade of amused deference with which to treat them. When I look back now I see that a foreigner can never develop the necessary technique with these underpaid people whose only reward is a sort of artificial dignity which must be maintained at all costs. Adler, the Viennese psychologist, would probably see in them a good example of the manifestation of his famed 'inferiority complex,' and our own talented countryman, Mr. Mencken, might easily find them similar to our lodge members who dress up in their fancy regalia and seek thus to compensate in some measure for the essential drabness of their lives.

I have already related what one such official said to me on handing me my diploma. I can now give his parting shot: 'My wife knows that her only business in life is to keep her eyes in the washtubs and the cooking pots and to see that I am properly served. Please pay me for the postal card and you may have your diploma.'

One of these petty officials almost landed me in jail. Owing to the prevailing economic conditions, it was my custom to wear shabby clothes while attending classes. One day, however, a family friend arrived and invited me to luncheon. Knowing that if I appeared poorly dressed a report would go to my parents that I was starving to death, I dressed as I should have in New York.

On the way to my appointment I suddenly remembered that I had forgotten to change the solutions in which some microscopic preparations were resting and that they would be ruined if left thus. So I went back. The all-important gatekeeper did not recognize me in all my finery. 'Whom do you want?' he growled. 'You must be crazy not to recognize me,' I replied. 'You say I am crazy?' he retorted. I fled.

About a week later I got a note from my professor saying that I had been reported for insulting an official of the government. My high diplomatic error had been reported by the gatekeeper to the superintendent of the building,

by him to the director of the department where I was working, by the director to the dean and thence to the rector of the University, who had reported it back to my professor. Because I was an American, I was forgiven, on condition that I apologize.

In the Berlin subway, tickets are issued and punched when one enters and then must be given up as one leaves. Rushing to my pathology examination at six in the morning, nervous as a cat after cramming till three o'clock the night before, I managed somehow to slip into the subway without getting my ticket punched. As I emerged, the ticket taker (here a petty government official) looked at the ticket and then at me. 'How did you get in without having your ticket punched?' 'I don't know. All I do know is that I have to get out of this subway, and quickly, too.' 'You cannot leave till I report this to the controller, who does not come till seven. Wait here.' He put me under a shed. 'On your honor I rely on you to stay here.'

Must I confess it? As soon as his back was turned I fled. For the first time in my life I knew how hard is the lot of the criminal who comes into conflict with the law of the country, as I dodged down side alleys expecting to hear the clang of the Black Maria at any moment.

The Professor Ordinarius of Pathology had a most agreeable habit of giving his first lecture at 7 A.M. and his pathological demonstrations at 5 A.M. However, since his courses were almost the best to be found in Germany, everybody dragged through the darkness of the early northern dawn of Berlin to attend them. One student who had never attended the course, though enrolled, and did not know what the professor looked like but was fully aware of his reputation for ferocity and for flunking half the students appearing before him for examination, came to the laboratory to ask for an appointment for his final test. Seeing a small bearded figure, in overalls, he approached and slapped the little man on the back so hard that he nearly tumbled over.

'How is the Herr Geheimrat?' said the student. 'Is he as nasty as ever? What is he asking these days?'

'He is asking about the pathology of the lung,' was the reply. 'You may come to-morrow, at seven o'clock, for your examination.'

The next morning the poor student fainted when he saw his mistake. For those readers who are curious I can say that when he was revived he was asked only about the lung.

IV

One of the most delightful features of German academic life is its 'migratory possibilities.' In other words, you just take your registration book and your student card, on which appears your photograph, and go to whatever university you feel like entering. This enables you to go for the winter semester to Berlin or Munich, with its concerts and theatres, and then spend a most delightful spring semester at a country university such as Halle or Freiburg in the far-famed Black Forest of legend. Many students migrate every single semester. All students may thus enjoy the instruction of some particularly famous master in a special field, since they can come to his university for a semester at any time they wish. The result is that such lecture halls as that of the world-famous Aschoff at Freiburg or Lubarsch in Berlin are so full that the walls seem to bulge.

This is all made possible through the absolutely elective system open to the

German university student, who is presupposed to be an adult. Those pictures of the beer-drinking, duel-fighting German student are the exact equivalent of our motion pictures of 'college' life. Any traveler who has visited Heidelberg will testify to a lot of noisy students drinking beer and trying to kiss the waitress in a café. But these are the German equivalent of the 'rah-rah boy,' and most of them do not want to study. I have just read that the students in one of the universities, on being asked to pose for a talkie, refused on the ground that such pictures were a libel on their academic life.

The character of the students has changed since the war, for many have to earn their living in order to study. But that this earnestness is not a post-war phenomenon can be seen from the number of scientific papers, some world famous, that were published during the student days of men now well known. I saw plenty of the duel fighters striding around in their bright-colored caps, and singing their drinking songs, but the great majority of the students were mature-minded individuals eager to profit intellectually from their university years. Many a cold winter afternoon we walked home through the fresh snow of the Tiergarten disputing some problem brought up in the lecture room we came from.

I have never lived as simply — rather, as penuriously — as during my student years in Germany. I rode third class only because there was no fourth class, though the difference in my American money was perhaps one hundredth or one thousandth of a cent. In normal times I should have lived as I was accustomed, but I could not bring myself to allow my friends to think I was profiting by their misery. At the theatre I sat always in the back of the gallery, when the best seat in the orchestra could be obtained for ten cents.

Here I want to say a word about the Americans who went to Germany and lived off that poor country like locusts. To see a person striding up and down the lobby of the Adlon Hotel, where he was living more cheaply than at the hotel on the Bowery to which he was suited by birth, education, and economic standing, was painful in the extreme, as well to cultured Germans as to any fine-feeling American. It is a well-known fact that sometimes we pass over the great injuries done us, while the little ones rankle. The sight of these blustering, domineering 'millionaires' has remained implanted in the minds of the German people, and it will take a generation to uproot it.

V

Some day someone with a more ready pen than mine will write the epic of those Russian girls and boys who filled the universities of Central and Western Europe in a quest for the knowledge denied them at home — a tattered army, always a little dirty, snubbed and despised by the well-washed Teuton, living God knows where, subsisting on God knows what, going through the streets of Berlin or Zurich with torn shoes, filling the gallery of every theatre, thronging every concert, and delighting in the warmth of the religious and political freedom of Western Europe, denied them under the century-long oppressions of the Tsars. Now they are scattered in laboratories all over the world. Among the great names — Besredka, Minkowski, Lydia Rabinowitch, Lina Stern, and others — are surely some who belonged to this exiled, starving group. I want to express my humble tribute to that company, which was well personified in my dear friend Vera.

She came from Minsk, her whole family having been killed during the counter-revolutionary invasion of the White Army. She alone managed somehow to survive. Her black hair, drawn tight back, the depth of those sad eyes, had something of the simplicity and sorrow to be seen in the best of the primitive wooden Madonnas in the oldest of the Gothic churches. She managed to keep alive on the few lessons she gave and to get together her tuition money by means little short of miraculous. I can still see her trudging through the streets of Berlin during that long, terrible winter of '23, with the snow coming into the gaps in her old shoes. One would sooner have tried to shake hands with the Tsar in the days of his glory than have offered to help her.

Taking many of the courses with us was the son of a great German industrialist, a little older than most of us because of the time he had lost during the war in the service of his country. His worldly experience, combined with his superb tact, made him that highest product of European civilization, the cultured Continental gentleman. From the instant he laid eyes on Vera he seemed to see in her the reincarnation of one of the Madonnas of his world-famous collection. He paid her assiduous court and we were all happy at the Cinderella tale which was unfolding before our eyes. But we had reckoned without our host. 'I do not love him,' said Vera. 'How can I marry him?' She would have thought nothing of living with any man she loved, but could not be bought by wealth and position.

'Crazy,' said some. 'Russian,' said others, dismissing the matter with a shrug of their shoulders. 'An idealist,' said I.

In the summer of 1929, at the world physiological conference in Boston, there was to be seen a small dark woman — here, jesting in French; there, giving the Dutch professor's wife, in her native tongue, a description of present-day conditions in Russia; now, pausing at a demonstration to give instructions to one assistant in Russian and to another in Polish; again, making addresses in French, German, or English, as seemed most appropriate to the occasion. Later I met her at a dinner party of some Boston Brahmin, at a time when the word 'Bolshevik' was enough to raise everyone's blood pressure at least twenty degrees. She told of conditions in Russia — how they had worked in half-frozen laboratories just after the revolution, hungry and desolate.

'You see,' she continued, 'I was a professor at Geneva and had a huge ten-room apartment, where all the world that I cared to have could and did come to me. But I received a call to go back to my ravaged country, and I went. Now I am isolated in a little two-room flat, without water or modern improvements. But I feel that the little spark of Russian culture that has meant so much should not be allowed to die out during the political upheavals, and I am doing my best to see that it does n't. What are a few material wants when one feels that a moral obligation is being fulfilled?'

'Crazy,' said some. 'Russian,' said others. 'Another idealist,' said I.

VI

There is something in the make-up of people accustomed to the ravages of long-continued poverty that helps them to adjust themselves with the minimum amount of friction to the forces that govern life. However, it is very different with those who have had no contact with extreme poverty and suddenly find themselves, through

some external circumstance, forced to live in want. They have developed no mechanism for neutralizing the unpleasant elements of such a life. On all sides throughout Germany could be found people suddenly plunged, by the inflation of the currency, into situations of this kind.

In a research department of one of our great American universities is a director who, with his family, literally almost starved to death in Germany during the years after the war. At night even now, in the midst of security and comfort, he wakes up sometimes in a cold sweat because he thinks he hears his baby calling for food.

In the free clinics where we students were stationed it was our habit to talk to each other in a sort of dog Latin — or, as the Germans call it, *Küchenlatein* — in order that the patients should not understand what was being said. Sometimes a patient would correct our grammar, for many of them were of the educated classes that lost everything during the inflation period. One would notice a slight elevation of the eyebrows on the part of some woman dressed in rags, as a too broad jest passed in French among the doctors — a look of pain, since she knew that here, dependent on charity, it would ill behoove her to assert that old spirit that would have demanded the dismissal of a doctor committing such a breach in her presence.

One girl who came to the clinic again and again was the daughter of a Saxon army colonel and had lived in Potsdam in the military escort of the Kaiser. She would not work, since ladies did not work. As soon as we let her out of the hospital, where she 'high-hatted' us one and all, she would wander around the streets till brought in again, simply exhausted from cold and starvation. One of the women doctors said to her, 'Don't you see that I work for a living?' A lift of the eyebrow spoke as plainly as words: 'But *you* are not a lady!' It was exactly the same spirit that made captured Prussians refuse to stand up in the presence of the Allied officers.

Again, I saw a shopgirl come in to have a toe taken off because she could not afford a special shoe and she always had to look neat and trim. It must be remembered that at this time the income of the shopgirl was utterly insufficient to support life, and she had to supplement it by means not approved by the moralists and usually referred to as the oldest profession.

Even to-day, in very few countries of the world can a woman earn enough to enable her to live decently. If a working girl in Europe appeared in a fur coat and asserted that she bought it with her own wages she would be laughed out of court. Many a foreign friend on a visit to this country has asked me where the girls of our working classes get their clothes, and their figures. I have inevitably replied, 'The figures they are born with, and the clothes they earn' — only to be met with a skeptical and sneering smile at my innocence and lack of worldly understanding. A great German manufacturer told me that half the women in his shops were on the streets, and he seemed to regard this as quite the normal thing for women born without money.

VII

I have always been a little weak on the classics. Perhaps I should have done better to remember my Horace: *Coelum, non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt;* it might have saved me some highly embarrassing moments. The Germans translate the above sentence very tersely and well by saying that eggs are cooked in water all over the world.

I came to Europe with great fear and trembling, convinced that if I went with a European man to the theatre I might expect him to murder me on the way home. I had also heard from some well-intentioned source that when a German goes to the theatre with a girl he presents a bill to her father. I thought I would take my bull by the horns, and offered a German gentleman my share of the bill. He accepted gladly — in fact, a little too readily. The girl who brings the wraps from the cloakroom forgot my fox fur, and I mentioned the fact to my escort. 'Well, run and get it,' he replied. I stared at him in amazement. 'And,' he continued, 'if you intend to give me a lecture on chivalry, be assured that it will be wasted. An American would certainly have gone after the fur. So should I, if I were here with a lady; but you insist on being treated as a man, and I should never dream of going after another man's hat if he were less than eighty years old.'

Again, coming home from the theatre, my escort started to display symptoms fairly common to the species everywhere. With my bugaboo of wicked Europeans, I protested more than vigorously. 'All right,' he answered, 'I will treat you exactly as though you were my mother.' The next morning a bouquet of flowers arrived with a card on which was written, 'I have an Œdipus complex.'

After my first winter in Germany, when things were going from bad to worse, and the French took possession of the Ruhr and the dollar dropped from one thousand to forty thousand marks within a week, I found that I could not stand the depression and went to Italy, trying to forget in the warm sunshine there the horror behind me. When I left I took with me from a hotel a copy of the *Yale Review*, because I wanted to finish reading an article in it. I salved my conscience by reasoning that some American had left it there, because no German hotel would, on its own initiative, subscribe to the *Yale Review*. In this same number was an article on missionary education, or something of that kind. It needed no Sherlock Holmes to discover that the couple in my compartment were missionaries, and, since I was going to lunch in the dining car at the first serving and they at the second, I told them that I would leave the book open at a page that would interest them — and then promptly proceeded to forget all about it. I went into the dining car, leaving on my seat a copy of the Tauchnitz edition of Somerset Maugham's *Trembling of a Leaf*, open to the story of *Rain*. When I came from lunch we were crossing the Alps, but the altitude alone was not enough to account for the sudden chill in the air.

VIII

Among my instructors in the medical school were many whose names were literally household words. First and foremost was my professor of medicine, Geheimrat Kraus, who probably knew all there was to be known of the weakness and frailty of human nature. 'To know all is to forgive all,' says the proverb, and here was a man who indeed knew all. Kings and beggars, they lay exposed before him, body and soul. In the play *The Green Pastures*, the Negro pastor tells the children that when he thinks of God it is in the person of an old Negro minister who preached in his church. In similar fashion there is a generation of people in Germany who see in this white-bearded omniscient savant a personification of their conception of God.

There is a story told of his clinic just before the war, when an American millionaire waited impatiently for two

hours and then went to the head nurse to complain. She replied, 'I'm sorry, but there are a king and two grand dukes ahead of you, so I guess you'll have to wait.'

I stayed during one entire vacation in a Berlin orphan asylum, one of the most cheerful places of its sort one could find, because the kindly director endeavored to remove as far as possible the asylum atmosphere. He had a horror of the present-day cult of efficiency, and believed firmly that he would rather have a child of his brought up in the poorest tenement than in the finest and most modern institution. He emphasized again and again the need of a particular ingredient in the formula of each baby, believing that no formula, however correct chemically and calorically, could be complete without it. I refer, needless to say, to mother love.

One day we heard that a little girl of three and a half, having the mentality of a child of over five or six, had been admitted to the asylum, having been taken away from a poor mother who could not support her. We went down to see her. A most intelligent, elfish face smiled up at us from a little body crippled and stunted by rickets. As a rule children in orphan asylums do not talk or walk till long after children who are brought up in a home usually do, because there is no one to bother to teach them. The director, however, took an instant fancy to this child and used to go every day to talk with her so that she would not forget how to speak. One day we heard her saying to her doll, on whom she was trying to press a piece of chocolate, 'Eat, now, or the visiting nurse will come and say I do not take care of you, and she will take you away from me as they took me from my mamma.' The director was a very rich man; Süsschen went back to her mother.

The professor of children's diseases was the world-famous Czerny. He had a slogan that there were only two measures, rather drastic ones, by which to reduce the infant mortality of Berlin: 'Forbid the sale of thermometers, and kill all grandmothers.' It was said that crying babies, when handed to him, instantly became quiet. I had heard this and did not believe it, but when I saw it myself I began to realize how legends of miracles might be built up around personalities of this kind.

IX

Examinations for the doctor's degree are conducted in public, and constitute a circus where young students are thrown to the lions. The victim stands in the centre of the arena, and question after question is fired at him. The little that one knows one forgets before that sea of mocking faces. As a charm against bad luck the students are accustomed to wish each other *Hals und Beinbruch* ('Break your neck and leg'), and when I received a card conveying this message I must say that I was astonished.

There have been many embarrassing moments in my life, but none more so than when I was taking my obstetrics examination. Since I was a chemist, my knowledge of this oldest of the medical sciences was practically limited to the fact that women have babies, and I trembled before the towering figure of the examining professor, his six feet four of impressiveness flanked by a huge beard. His first question was hardly charitable to the poor foreigner stranded in the great arena in full view of ten grinning assistants and about three hundred students. 'Do you know anything?' he bellowed at me. What could I answer? 'Well,' I replied, 'I should n't advise you to call me as *consiliaria*, but I know a little.' 'Well,' he

answered, 'you at least said *consiliaria* instead of *consiliarius*, which shows that they teach Latin now even in America.'

After the ordeal was over this professor said to me in a low voice, 'Now speak a little more. I am having a dinner party to-night and I want to imitate your accent; I think I've got it down pretty well by now.' I, who was proud as a peacock of my German, was put just where I belonged.

In some of the clinics the professors' assistants were good-natured and would tell the poor student what sort of case he was going to get, and this sometimes resulted in unforeseen consequences. One of the students was told that he was going to get a case with a very much enlarged spleen that was plainly palpable. Instead, by some slip-up, a case of sore throat was given him. The unfortunate student walked bravely up to the patient and said, after a few cursory taps, 'An enlarged spleen.' He spoke with such positiveness that the professor, wondering if he had overlooked something, himself examined the patient and found, of course, an absolutely impalpable spleen.

Thereupon the professor handed the student a crayon and told him to map out the organ on the patient. The poor candidate, knowing how large the spleen was supposed to be, made one of the largest possible, restricting its size only so that it should not extend outside the abdomen. In certain rare cases the spleen has a scalloped appearance, and, remembering this, he added five or six beautiful scallops to the picture crayoned on the patient's abdomen. 'Failed!' roared the professor. 'I would have forgiven everything but those scallops. Come back in three weeks and try again.'

After receiving my diploma, I went to Paris for some postgraduate work. I am naturally allied to the French; I look like them, being distinctly Latin in appearance, and I must confess that emotionally and instinctively they lie nearer to me than the blond-haired Teutons. But intellectually I found a formalism and adherence to old tradition and moulds which amazed and dismayed me.

In Berlin I had known a most cultured woman who tried, with a large measure of success, to maintain an eighteenth-century salon in modern times. A governess who worked in her family at one time told me that before her guests came she would get down her Heine, Goethe, some of the Latin and Greek authors, and make *eine geistige Toilette* ('dress up her mind') to receive them. In Paris I bought myself some much-needed clothes, and when I got home it was, peculiarly enough, these few rags which the customs officials examined with care. That far more important thing which I brought from Europe — my *geistige Toilette* — was absolutely ignored. I have forgotten to look, however — perhaps the United States Government attends to that in the latest tariff bill!

HIPPOS

BY ALICE DAY PRATT

I

In the rear of my homestead cabin, a quarter of a mile to the west, rises a solitary butte to the height of a thousand feet. Having all exposures, which are variously favored at various seasons, rising a little nearer to the scanty mists and clouds than the level land around it, and being for perhaps additional reasons peculiarly adapted to the growth of bunch grass, it has offered, ever since the arrival of domestic stock, a favorite haunt at all seasons. Around its lower slopes, hoary junipers offer superior shelter from storms or from a too generous summer sun (it is a saying of the country that no benighted traveler ever failed to find dry ground beneath a juniper) and there is always a lee side to the butte in any gale.

This morning, when I opened my door at five-thirty, the sun had just illuminated the fringe of junipers on the summit of the butte, and standing on the very highest point, fully exposed, a snow-white horse gleamed like a statue against the indefinite dull blue of the western sky. It occurred to me to wonder, as often before, how early in the antiquity of our own race this spectacle began to affect the imagination and to become inwoven with mythology.

Pegasus alighting upon Helicon, Greyfell browsing in the sky-pastures of Wotan, chariots and horses descending from the clouds — the beauty and ideal qualities of the horse have entitled him to be associated with man's most ethereal imaginings. A beautiful horse is altogether admirable. He stands for no evil qualities whatever. He represents strength, swiftness, fire of spirit, extreme sensibility and keenness of sense, joy of life, and, to his sorrow, wonderful docility and patience in his relation to ourselves. If he fights, it is in extremity and in self-defense, and he is entirely justified. Add to his noble qualities beauty, and there is nothing to be desired. 'And if,' as the Arab says, 'he be white, then thank the gods.' The white horse is a favorite of all time, and either because of this favoritism, or because the whiteness lends itself in a peculiar degree to expressiveness of eye, the white horse has a peculiarly speaking and appealing expression. I have never handled or observed a white horse that had not this appeal and gentleness in its eyes.

II

This evening, as I sit quietly reading, Max Welton, the collie, pricks up his ears, rises from his place beside me, and goes out. A moment later I become conscious of a faint vibration, a rhythmical beating rapidly increasing in volume, an approaching thunder, a storm of hoofs, and my cabin is surrounded. My seven ponies stand about expectant. The older ones, whose introduction to man's ways has left upon them a permanent timidity, force themselves upon my attention by nothing more than a gentle whinny. It is the young horses born and bred here that take the initiative.

Babe, my white marble saddler, who learned the trick of the door knob in infancy, comes to the back door. Alas, she has demolished the door knob, and has repeatedly broken the hospitable latchstring. Now, as the door is buttoned on the inside, she merely bumps upon it with her nose, patiently and persistently, knowing that my resistance is short-lived. While she is thus engaged, Gnat, the dapple-gray five-year-old, assails the front of the house. Alas again, he has battered down so many steps with those impatient hoofs of his that I have discarded steps and adopted a balcony instead of a porch. He reaches across the woven-wire defense and seizes anything within reach. Once, in my absence, it was my rag bag. The day was windy. I returned to find all of the neighboring juniper trees, all of the sage and Purshia bushes in the vicinity, adorned with the tatters of Joseph's coat. If indiscretion has left a sack of feed within reach, Gnat has it over the railing and shakes out the contents for the delectation of the company. If I have left the back door open, he hauls the covers off my cot and gives them a proper shaking before he strews them upon the floor. Gnat would make intelligent use of hands if he had them.

What they are asking for, one and all, is that I shall come out with a basin of grain and treat each to a mouthful or two, little as they need it. It is thirst, however, that has prompted their visit. If springs are low, I must take them out, the distance of a mile. Sometimes I ride one of them, prancing in the midst of his companions, and, at the end of the mile, dashing importantly ahead to open the gate for the others. Sometimes I walk, and they dance and gallop about me, to and fro, with never a thought of escape or desire to see the great world, which the older ones recall as far less desirable than their present quiet haven.

Here, thirty miles from town and railway, well off the highways, is a little backwater, undominated by the spirit of the age. Within a 640-acre area, including the butte, no jangling telephone bells, no static improvisations, no shriek of motors rivals the cheerful mocking of magpies, the musical chorus of 'juniper birds,' the soft hushing of junipers, and the distant purr of the pines on the mountain.

Here, upon an annual growth of bunch grass sufficient to keep them the year round if snows do not get too deep, my seven ponies pass the seasons exactly as their progenitors passed them for four hundred years, and as a prehistoric race of horses passed them, populating the continent from Alaska to Patagonia. To-day, the roar of motors dominates that same extent of country, and even here, on the edge of the populated regions, my ponies excite the amused comment of practical men, since they consume what might just as well be converted into juicy beefsteak or fat-dripping mutton chops.

Here, all unconscious of their inadequacy, my ponies hold sway over what they believe to be their undisputed territory, tolerating the cows, the presence of which they accept as in the natural order of things. Cows keep down the Purshia brush (one can imagine their point of view), which is of no use to horses, and thrive upon weeds and useless bright-colored flowers, which might otherwise encroach upon the useful grass. Probably they exist for such purposes. Anyway, they are easily driven away from any disputed area, and from the water when they seek it at the wrong time. Horns make no show against hoofs and teeth. It is difficult to see just why. Doubtless it is the dominance of the spirit that wields the latter.

Wholly contented within this little area that they call their own, the ponies return to it by hook or by crook when accidentally excluded, or when borrowed and turned out in other pastures, working through numerous wire fences with patient persistence till they emerge with joyous whinnyings and excited prancings within the old familiar place.

Fly, a white mustang of superior strain, with her daughter Babe and son Gnat, born on the place, form the nucleus of the company. To all animals with whom I am acquainted, the place in which young have been born and raised becomes home, if conditions have proved favorable to this fundamental achievement. Moreover, the caretaker who has proved a satisfactory guardian of the new generation becomes the one to whom they look for protection and whose decisions they do not question. How often we hear it said by those of our own race, 'The children were born there; it seems like home to me,' or, 'Such and such persons cared for my children; I cannot forget them.' We seldom stop to reflect how essentially primitive are many of our feelings, or how much we have in common with other species. Strange that our sympathies are not more expansive than they are.

Rab, also white, a perfect cow pony, was added to the group in his maturity and became Fly's shadow and obedient follower, the gentle and loved friend and playmate of the colts. Edna, a bay and of domestic stock, is Fly's meek and obedient team mate. Over butte and rim rock, and through roaring and ice-blocked fords, the two have pulled my rattling 'hack,' piled with crates of white Leghorns or domestic furnishings and supplies, or calves, or stove wood. Staunch and patient under natural conditions, they run away consistently at the approach of an automobile. They sense the hostility of the age.

Two other members were self-invited into our circle — a beautiful little black mare, strayed and neglected by her owners, and an 'Indian pony,' a tough little roanish-bay, wind-broken, spavined, wire-cut, all but downed by the hardships of her lot. She was turned out to die, and strayed into this quiet harbor, where she forgets the mercilessness of that being who claims to be made in the image of God.

Fly is the undisputed boss and leader of the group. Without her, the others are lost, disconsolate, timid, and restless. When a neighbor borrows her, they follow her to the farthest peak of the enclosure, whinnying and anxiously watching her to the vanishing point. If the neighbor turns her out in his own pasture, she will, although 'wire-shy,' negotiate the intervening fences, and, on some glad morning, excited gallopings and neighings will tell me that Fly has reached our fence and is exchanging kisses across it while she waits for me to let her in.

There is a very strong and lasting affection between related horses, and often between those that have worked or run together for any length of time. Parting is a sad thing with them and we little think what we are doing when we separate an old team or a happy family. I remember reading that when horses are gathered for war there are always some that will not eat, and die of no discoverable cause. This is laid to simple homesickness and mourning for their own.

As among all herd animals, order of precedence is perfectly established. In my group, Fly comes first, then the colts, then Rab, then Edna, then the two strays, the little hard-used mare being the last. When they are fed, each receiving a pile of hay, it is perfectly understood who gets the first, and who must wait till the very last for her turn.

III

Even in this secure and semi-domestic state, these native ponies retain or revert to the instinct of all wild creatures of wandering habits to stay in the open, where a look around is always possible. Even in dead of winter, when receiving a daily feed, they often prefer their junipers to a good shed, winding down the butte, through the snowdrifts, at dawn, a graceful, lovely company, and returning before dark to their natural shelter.

As early as February, usually, winter breaks up and the new growth begins to push up into the hard bunch grass, serving the place of butter on stale bread; moreover, like a little wine with a monotonous diet, inducing certain manifestations inseparable from spring — shrill whinnyings, playful prancings, visitings across the fence with neighboring horses (social ventures giving rise to hideous screams and precarious attempts at combat through the wire), renewals also of youthful antics under the saddle. At this season the ponies cover the whole acreage in search of the uncropped tufts of green. A little later the interloper, 'cheat grass,' comes up on old fields like a thick growth of moss, and fills a large place while young and tender.

Before midsummer, if the season is good, bunch grass stands almost knee-high, rich with seed, which is the native grain. This puts a rich gloss on the coat and layers of fat over all of the outstanding angles of the winter time.

At this season the ponies are most coy, loving the most retired localities, especially the summit of the butte, fancying (and not without foundation) that they are thus most free from demands upon their strength for domestic purposes, needing nothing from humankind except a bit of salt, which they can secure on moonlight nights while folks are asleep. They give the would-be captor a chase, albeit always surrendering in the end, showing a superstitious conviction of the inevitability of their mild enslavement, which their pursuer, realizing his inferiority in strength and speed, recognizes with ever-renewed surprise. At this season they are most beautiful, in perfect flesh and silky summer coat, with dancing muscles and arching necks.

In the fall, when the seed is all scattered from the bunch grass and the grass itself is hard from drought, and water perhaps becomes insufficient, then they begin to steal meekly about the house each day, whinnying appealingly for a treat of grain, coming regularly to be taken out to a neighboring pond and scampering back again with a nervous fear of being shut out or cut off from one another's companionship. When the cold fall rains and gales begin, they huddle under their shelters on the lee side of the butte, coming out into the first sunshine for a good drying and toasting, and for a thorough rolling and shampooing in the moist soil.

Winter is a hard, hard time at best for the uncared-for, and, although the younger ones will live through an ordinary season quite without care, an owner must be hard of heart or powerless to help his horses if he takes no notice when snow lies deep and blizzards assail, and the killing cold holds on from night to night and week to week, using up all of the stored fuel of the summer, exposing ribs and bare hip bones, hollowing the appealing eyes, causing heads to droop lower and lower as, hunted by hunger and cold, they walk and walk their ceaseless round while hope remains. It has been the universal fate of the Western horse to be turned out, when his usefulness is at an end, to die the cruel death of starvation in the dead of winter. It is

the instinct to spare his own feelings, callous though they must be, that induces the owner to tolerate this atrocity rather than make use of the merciful bullet before the season of suffering sets in.

Can the psychologist explain the protective action of the human brain that makes it possible for the highest order of being to lie contentedly in his warm bed or enjoy to the full his bountiful meals while these gaunt shadows, these former creatures of his hand and engines of his activities, stalk the land in the howling storms and drop to a lingering death in the mounting snowdrifts? It must be, as someone has said, that we have developed a cerebral compartment where we stow away those pitiful experiences of which we choose not to think, especially those that relate to the 'mere animal' whom we choose to exploit. More obedient than Pandora, our sympathies refrain from opening the door, lest we be haunted by the inhabitants.

IV

The wise ones tell me that the double continent we Americans naïvely call our own was the incubator (was it the only one?) of the genus Equus. From north to south, from east to west, he ranged over the prairies and through the woodlands, developing, during the period of his evolution, from 'little Eohippus, no bigger than a fox,' with his four toes and the remnant of a fifth, to the form that we choose to call the 'true horse' (simply because it happens to correspond with our moment of time and to have fitted our purposes so admirably). In Oregon, before the earth cracked open almost from pole to pole and covered this immediate region with several hundred thousand cubic miles of lava, the little toed horses disported themselves very numerously. After the great cataclysm subsided and soil had accumulated and forest sprung up, they bobbed serenely up again, having added some fifty per cent to their size and shed a toe.

The genus Equus branched off, during this considerable period of an indefinite number of millions of years, into a number of species or varieties, all of which, including the flower, became extinct here, for reasons unknown. Did the true horse migrate across that historic Alaskan strait, meeting our own kind coming hither, and establish himself in Asia, where at present, on the high plains of Tibet, there is the only wild horse in existence?

In Africa, whether indigenous or implanted, the genus existed very early and still includes two other species, the zebra and the ass. Very early too, since he has one less vertebra than all other horses, the Arabian began his separate existence, probably originating in Africa.

From African and possibly, too, from Arabian sources, having circumambulated and circumnavigated the globe, the true horse came into his own again, on the American continent. Straying and abandoned by the would-be conquerors of golden cities, he recognized the grassy plains as his native territory and forthwith became the mustang, whose history has been intimately interwoven with ours for four hundred years. The mustangs were prevailingly cream and mouse-colored, the latter having a broad dark stripe all the way down the spine and faint stripes around the upper parts of the legs. Only recently I rode beside one of these striped, mouse-colored horses, still peculiarly valued for their outstanding virtues. It is a far-away ancestor indeed who has bequeathed these stripes to them and to their cousins the zebras.

The books say that men of the stone age had already associated the horse

with their own fortunes and that he was probably first used to draw small two-wheeled carts, being used as a mount only later when man began to make predatory excursions. The writer would venture another guess. She sees an anthropoidal youth with a fire in his eyes that his muscular equipment is inadequate to satisfy. She can see him crouching in the branches above the watering place, watching and longing day after day, till, the temptation having become overpowering, he drops upon some glossy back and clings with prehistoric claws while he knows the first wild gallop on the plains, without which his race will never again be content till engines on earth and in air surpass and supersede this living wonder.

Nevertheless, it was a sad day for this freedom-loving animal when he involuntarily joined his fortunes with ours. Not all the centuries of our association, not all of our vaunted appreciation of his noble qualities, have developed in us any true kindness toward him. His fate among us is still such that all of his true lovers rejoice at his replacement in great and increasing measure by insensible engines, though this may mean almost his extermination. Cannon fodder in every war, miserable slave in the city streets, worked to death on the farm, ridden to death on the plains, turned out to starve each winter season, ruthlessly tortured for entertainment at the rodeo — it is with scant pride that we can bid him farewell.

Horses in their prime have been the recipients of affection and the source of pride in all ages. Yet, even in these latter days, not one in a thousand of us has attained to the acceptance of responsibility for the old and worn-out horse. His fate is ignored by those who rejoiced in his youth and beauty, and it is pitiful indeed. In *The Hand of Ethelberta* read Thomas Hardy's description of old horses bought for the feeding of hounds. This picture is represented now in hundreds of cases in our own land, where old horses are made use of on thriving fox farms or are bought by trappers. Turned into bare enclosures, it matters little for the purposes of the purchaser whether they die of starvation or the bullet. Have the humane societies died a natural death? Are they altogether unsupported by the sentiment of our rushing, pleasure-loving population?

Here in the West, where the horse has reverted to the wild state and exists in great numbers, his depreciation in value has presented a large problem. In one or two states it has been permitted to hunt and shoot horses like deer — a sport for 'red-blooded young men,' as a recent magazine suggests. In some places the capture of them alive has involved unspeakable cruelty to the captured and to the horses used in the enterprise, about four out of five of those taken being killed in the process, and about three or four saddle horses out of ten being ruined.

The commercial use of horseflesh has aroused considerable opposition among those who do not realize the alternative. Very lately, a little south of the home of the writer, a herd of five hundred horses was driven across the state of Oregon, from east to west, loaded on cattle cars at Bend, and shipped to a factory in Portland. Those who saw the horses reported them in fine condition and spirits while on the drive. Arrived at the stockyards, the process is much the same for them as for cattle. Driven up a runway, each horse meets the bullet, and his reduction to commercial material becomes a matter of minutes — barreled meat for Scandinavia, Holland, and Belgium, chicken feed, fertilizer, hats, leather, glue; there is no waste.

The methods employed in the round-up seem to have been merciful and skillful. A herd of tame horses was used as a decoy and as leaders. The wild horses were gradually worked into a long chute that sloped to strongly built corrals. Once well started on the drive, they gave but little trouble. It would seem that there could be no more appropriate work for a humane society or for a civilized government than to see this successful method put in practice universally.

V

What would the horse have become if we had not taken his evolution in charge? What may he yet become in case he outlives us? Possibly he will not outlive us. We already have to our credit the glory of having exterminated some of the most interesting and highly organized of creatures. We may yet exterminate 'our friend, the horse.'

To some of us older ones, as we watch the blithe youth of to-day handling with unconscious dexterity their roaring motor cars, there comes a wonder that they feel no lack in that they have never stroked a velvet nose, or laid cheek against it, listening to the whispering whinny that speaks of tender affection, or felt the wild, free spirit of a horse in breathless race on the unfenced prairie.

For the writer, the aspect of a scrap of soiled paper, rummaged from somewhere in a rough ranch house, two hundred miles from the railroad, is burned forever into memory. On this scrap of paper was scrawled a bill of sale of 'one strawberry-roan, two-year-old filly, brand thus (□) on right shoulder.' Below the bill of sale, in a familiar hand, was written a transference of 'the above-described property,' by 'the party of the second part,' to his eleven-year-old daughter, 'for value received in love and affection, to be her own private and personal property.' This document fulfilled the dearest hope of my youth. The subject of it became and remained, down to old age, my dearest possession.

When I look up at dawn to a white statue on my hilltop, I pray that no evil fate may intervene, but that, in memory of our age-long but unworthy friendship with this high-minded creature, Fly and her little company may live out their lives upon this solitary butte, haunting the south side in the winter season and the north side in summer, tasting the wine of spring in the first green blades and the strength of maturity in the ripened seed, hiding beneath juniper canopies from the driving storms, and seeking the first rays of morning on the pinnacle of the hill, gleaming like Pegasus on the top of Helicon.

THE IRRITATING QUALITIES OF REFORMERS

BY CLAUDE M. FUESS

I

THE grandiloquent Roscoe Conkling, exasperated by proposals to stiffen the Federal Civil Service requirements, once burst out in the United States Senate, 'When Dr. Johnson declared that patriotism was the last refuge of a scoundrel, he ignored the enormous possibilities of the word "reform."' And even the best-behaved citizens, wearied by the aggressiveness or pertinacity of some 'uplifter,' have been ready in certain moods to subscribe to Conkling's sentiments. If the reform which we desire could only be separated from its promoters — if only we could have the Jacqueminot without the thorns! Why is it that the pure in heart are often so unalluring and that transgressors are such good companions? What perversity makes so many of us flee at the approach of the 'unco guid' and tread the primrose path of dalliance unashamedly with the damned?

The craving to be 'let alone' is one of the first formed and most abiding of human instincts. Any normal child resents being told to wash his hands before dinner, and there is no grown-up who suffers admonishment with pleasure. 'Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous,' cried Sir Toby to the puritanical Malvolio, 'there shall be no more cakes and ale?' This query haunts us when some well-meaning but uninvited fanatic attempts to regulate our diet. The vegetarian is innocuous so long as he confines his theories to his own kitchen, but he may prove a pest if he insists that his neighbors renounce beef and mutton. Although anyone is legally entitled to practise asceticism, he is branded as an intolerable nuisance when he appoints himself a *censor morum* for his vicinage. If a secret ballot could be arranged, it would be found that very few missionaries are popular among those at whom they are preaching. Professor Barrett Wendell once bestowed upon Whittier the unmistakable compliment of being 'the least irritating of the reformers.' When Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson spoke with admiration of William Lloyd Garrison to Mr. Augustus Aspinwall, the latter, a mild-mannered gentleman with soft blue eyes, merely sipped his claret and said, 'It may be as you say. I never saw him, but I always supposed him to be a fellow who ought to be hung.' Even reformers themselves seldom listen patiently to the reproofs of their associates. The late William Jennings Bryan, by whom any indulgence in alcoholic beverages was regarded as a lapse from virtue, was vexed when attention was drawn to his gluttony at the table. After all, that was his own affair!

Unfortunately for our happiness, a passion for effecting conversions is also a basic human attribute, latent in most of us and dominant in many. Those who have benefited by some 'pain killer' want others to try it and are readily persuaded to sign testimonials, with their photographs attached. If we are thrilled by some new faith, we are

driven to shout its tenets from the housetops. This is a thoroughly natural feeling, resulting from motives psychologists analyze as a puzzling blend of selfishness and altruism; for, as Mr. M. A. DeWolfe Howe has pointed out, the twin qualities of an effective reformer are 'absolute belief in a cause and, to an equal degree, in one's self.' Under favorable conditions it is possible for an enthusiast to imagine himself divinely designated to avert some evil or spread some doctrine. Then we have the invincible crusader, glowing with ardor, capable of amazing sacrifice, strengthened by opposition, and impervious to ridicule or abuse.

It would be grossly uncritical, of course, to put all reformers in the same category. There is a vast gulf, intellectually and morally, between a statesman bent on bringing a lasting peace to a war-burdened world and a fanatic who is trying to remove Voltaire's *Candide* from the shelves of libraries. The advocate of more tolerable prison conditions must not be classed with the prohibitionist who believes that the drinking of amontillado is a sin. The modest and gentle Clara Barton, toiling ceaselessly for the relief of suffering, is quite different from the demented Carry Nation, with a tongue 'hinged in the middle and loose at both ends,' who knocked cigarettes from the lips of smokers. But the reformer's career, no matter what changes he hopes to effect, is bound to be nerve-racking. Against him are the cumulative inertia, the sclerotic conservatism, of a society which, oblivious of its shortcomings, is rather smug and anæsthetized. Wherever he steps, he is on somebody's toes. Whatever he says vexes some supporter of the old order. Soon he discovers that if he continues he will have to face an organized and truculent foe. If he is really a stubborn soul, — and no other should adopt reforming as a vocation, — he grows pachydermatous and, unaffected by ostracism and threats of martyrdom, glories in the wounds received in combat. It is, he perceives, essential for him to be irritating if he is to be efficient. Thus, whether or not we resent his persistency, he wings his darts until we show some reaction to the stimulus of their barbs; and he is likely to estimate his success as proportionate to the volume and intensity of our cries of pain and fury.

II

For examining worn-out theories, conducting experiments, and jarring the world out of its complacency, the reformer is indispensable. We need him badly. But his belligerency and singleness of purpose, so potent in the clash of wills, are also distasteful to those who have to confront them. The average American of the 1840's, living at a distance from the Uncle Toms and Simon Legrees of the South, was indignant at the raucous intrusion of Garrison's 'I am in earnest — I will not equivocate — I will not excuse — I will not retreat a single inch — *and I will be heard.*' The advocates of votes for women achieved their end partly by becoming so quarrelsome that men yielded in order to secure peace, as a despairing husband makes concessions to a nagging spouse. The trouble is that the reformer allows us no repose. Hardly have we settled back in our armchairs after the day's routine before he is at us again, with pamphlets and telegrams, insistent, mirthless, and implacable, justifying his impoliteness by the nobility of his cause. Whether we capitulate because of persuasion or because of weariness, he is happy. But even when we surrender we do not like our conqueror.

To function with the maximum of effectiveness, the reformer must take

himself very seriously, with the conviction that he is, like Lord Curzon in the famous limerick, 'a very superior person.' A sense of humor is distracting as well as fatal to his professional aims. He must conduct himself as solemnly as Charles Sumner, who once confessed that he never assumed in his own study a posture which he would not have taken in the Senate of the United States. An eminently respectable lady, following the recent 'wet' triumph in Massachusetts, set Boston laughing by gravely declaring her intention of moving to Florida, where sobriety ruled; and she was apparently unconscious of irony. Nobody with even a primitive appreciation of the ludicrous could have set out to cleanse motion pictures by expurgating the spectacle of a woman sewing a layette or by purifying *The Scarlet Letter* through the introduction of 'marriage lines.' We are reminded of Thomas Bowdler, who emasculated Shakespeare's works so that they could 'be read aloud by a gentleman to a company of ladies,' or of that exquisite delicacy which, among the Victorians, employed the sanitary euphemisms of 'd——n' and 'd——l' for words which were taboo. Colonel Higginson was one of those rare reformers who have dared to laugh at themselves and at their fellow propagandists. The Comstocks and the Sumners, with a deadly earnestness in their eyes, have warded off danger. Nobody is less vulnerable than an opponent who cannot or will not see a joke.

Discriminating men naturally object to the disproportion exhibited by those reformers who, with their gaze focused on one evil, are blind to everything outside or beyond. To extremists like Garrison and Anthony Comstock, black was black and white was white, and there were no intermediate shades. Garrison, although he had never examined conditions on plantations, condemned unsparingly and with equal vehemence all slave owners, regardless of mitigating circumstances; and Comstock denounced with the same ferocity an obscene drawing and the 'September Morn' of Paul Chabas, or an obviously pornographic magazine and a medical monograph of scientific significance. The more violent prohibitionist recognizes no distinction between rare old Chambertin and the raw liquor of the bootlegger — both are poison! So the militant moralist perceives no gradations in error, but tilts with exultant rage at both giants and windmills. Careful observers, accustomed to cautious generalizations and to conclusions derived principally from facts, are troubled when a reformer deviates from accuracy. But he has his defense. He knows that he can fulfill his mission most expeditiously and thoroughly through exaggeration. Without the incessant beating of the verbal tom-tom and the splash of gaudy color, he cannot attract the attention of those whose support he needs. Because the truth is not sufficiently vivid, he resorts to sensationalism.

This tendency toward overstatement is noticeable in the explosive language to which a thwarted reformer will sometimes have recourse in periods of excitement. Anybody who resists him is transformed at once into an enemy, to be feared and upbraided. No matter how sensitive he may be in his own conscience, he seldom tolerates a similar tenderness in men who have views different from his own. And why should he? If he is honestly convinced that he is infallible, why should he listen with forbearance to dissenters? It is only rarely that a so-called 'moral issue' is fairly debated. The prejudices involved are too strong.

When Charles Remond, the Negro

agitator, said to Wendell Phillips, 'George Washington was a villain,' the latter replied, 'Charles, the epithet is infelicitous.' But Phillips himself, far from being distinguished by courtesy toward his adversaries, habitually indulged in billingsgate and, aristocrat though he was by birth and breeding, won an unenviable reputation for immoderate language. Senator Hoar once wrote of him, 'If he failed to make an impression by argument, he took to invective. If vinegar would not answer, he resorted to cayenne pepper. If that failed, he tried to throw vitriol in the eyes of the men whom he hated.' Most of the radical abolitionists of the 1850's resembled Phillips in preferring epithets to logic as a means of expounding their gospel. Daniel Webster was peculiarly the object of their scurrility. Garrison, embittered by the Seventh of March Speech, responded, not by refuting its conclusions, but by depicting its author as an 'enemy of the human race' and 'the personification of all that is vile,' and by asserting that the Massachusetts Senator kept a harem of colored women, some of them 'big black wenches, as ugly and vulgar as Webster himself.' Only a few days after Webster's funeral in 1852, a Christian clergyman, the Reverend Theodore Parker, delivered from a Boston pulpit a sermon which was a long series of falsehoods, in which he compared the statesman with Benedict Arnold and Aaron Burr and described him as a 'keeper of slavery's dogs.' The same vindictive spirit led Carry Nation to picture clubmen as 'diamond-studded, gold-fobbed rummies whose bodies are reeking masses of corruption.' Some of the abuse bestowed today by irate 'drys' upon the 'wets' further illustrates the axiom that hell hath no fury like a reformer contradicted. With the certainty that God is on his side, he regards all opposition as emanating from the Devil and declines to treat it with anything but contempt.

Nor, in all fairness, can it be claimed that the 'wets' are guiltless of exaggerations and excesses. In these days they perhaps may be regarded as constituting a reforming party, and they certainly have their fanatics, their Garrisons and Parkers. Their incessant wailing over the invasion of their personal liberties and their daily predictions of disaster may, because of their very extravagance, be just as offensive as the ostentatious virtue of the 'drys.' How can an extremist retain his judgment? And how can a man of judgment become and remain an extremist?

III

Convinced that the movement to which he is consecrated transcends everything else in importance, the reformer can be frankly indifferent to any incidental damage which he may wreak while swinging his bludgeon. In all our history there have been few more dramatic incidents than Garrison's appearance on Independence Day, 1854, in the public square at Framingham, Massachusetts, when he set fire to a copy of the Constitution of the United States, crying, 'So perish all compromises with tyranny!' In his unrestraint, he called it a 'covenant with death and an agreement with hell,' and became as openly a secessionist as Jefferson Davis. Characteristically enough, he never explained how the dissolution of the Federal compact would set the black man free. Ignoring all the feasible methods of abolishing slavery, he refused to cast a ballot or to shoulder arms, but merely kept up his ceaseless agitation. It is undoubtedly difficult for a high-minded idealist not to be partisan on moral questions; but these so-called moral questions are

not altogether one-sided. Furthermore, even the most sincere reformers have their disagreements as to policies.

To what extent, for example, are they warranted in using deception in order to expose vice? Is it right to employ the bait of falsehood in order to catch the carp of truth? Anthony Comstock, we are told, sent out decoy letters with forged signatures, and, having induced a suspect to sell forbidden wares, produced the evidence thus obtained as a means of securing a conviction. The Massachusetts Watch and Ward Society, in a recent trial, acknowledged that, in its capacity as a protector of public morals, it occasionally relied on fraud and deceit for the detection of alleged indecent literature. Doubtless there are sincere prohibitionists who consider Carry Nation's 'hatchetation' of saloons as justified by its effectiveness, and who are equally sympathetic with the summary procedure adopted by some contemporary enforcement officers in apprehending violators of the Volstead Act. To many respectable and law-abiding Americans, however, such practices are abhorrent. The problem as to what is permissible in the arrest and conviction of offenders is not easily settled, even by clergymen and judges.

One mistake lies in the supposition that the true reformer wishes to weigh evidence or to make a neat audit of the good or evil involved in a course of conduct. The power of his ideas lies much more in their emotional appeal than in their rationality, and he understands instinctively that it is easier to make people feel than to make them think. Some of our modern social crusaders are actuated by a spirit of the same potency as that which, in the Middle Ages, drove pilgrims on a mad journey to the Holy Land. Only a few months ago, an American socialist, Michael Gold, in a savage review of *The Woman of Andros*, berated Thornton Wilder because the latter did not happen in his philosophy to be a disciple of Karl Marx; and the partisans of the ill-fated Sacco and Vanzetti burst out periodically in repudiation of the legal system which brought about their execution. Much of this venting of spleen is healthful enough, if only because it is the harmless release of pent-up emotions which, if denied a safety valve, might become hazardous to the state. Its untamed rhetoric, however, is disturbing to persons who are seriously occupied with the quest for truth, and who are confused, not convinced, by invective. Upton Sinclair's superlatives, although sometimes based on facts, are resented by investigators who are doing their best, under many difficulties, to preserve a judicial attitude. Even when reformers are right, they may be irritating, especially to men who prefer to reach conclusions through their reason rather than through their intuitions.

Reformers, being lovers of publicity, ignore none of the recognized advertising channels and love to lecture and to write. Their clamorous egotism finds expression in such spots as Hyde Park, where on every Sunday morning voluble orators declaim hopefully on vivisection, birth control, pacifism, the single tax, vegetarianism, spiritualism, and anarchy. The prohibition controversy has released a torrent of eloquence from proselytizers seeking a place in the limelight. A reader of a newspaper like the *New York Times* soon grows familiar with the names of certain 'cranks' who address the editor at frequent intervals to elucidate their solutions of current problems. The freedom with which they bestow gratuitous advice upon an indifferent world is one of the most fascinating phenomena of our generation.

Most reformers are disposed to ac-

cept innovations without subjecting them to scrutiny. Garrison, typical in this as well as in other respects, was naïvely credulous, especially regarding patent medicines, and, to alleviate his physical ailments, would swallow draft after draft of the latest panacea. Everywhere in his house were boxes of pills and powders. Once, when he declared that an anti-scrofulous compound had permeated his system 'in the most delightful manner,' a friend commented, 'Why, it was the first time he had taken a glass of grog, and he did n't know how good it was!' So, too, he accepted uncritically almost every suggested cure for the maladies of society and was so willing to sponsor any plausible theory that he was accused by one of his supporters of picking up 'every infidel fanaticism afloat.' Lowell, himself an abolitionist, once said of his associates, taken as a class, 'They treat ideas as ignorant persons do cherries. They think them unwholesome unless they are swallowed, stones and all.' There is a striking contrast between two such men as Webster and Garrison: the first practical and skeptical, always able to see both sides of a discussion and hesitant about changes; the other an avowed individualist, strongly prejudiced, gullible, and restless of intellect. Garrison was a ceaseless agitator, no sooner well occupied with one project than he had started another. When he was not condemning the use of tobacco, he was dallying with phrenology and clairvoyance; and, in his leisure moments, he denounced international boat races and pleaded with his adherents not to subscribe to the endowment of the college of which the 'traitor' Robert E. Lee was president.

Viewed from a sufficient remoteness in time or space, reformers may look picturesque, but most of them have been difficult to live with. They have usually been too self-centred and preoccupied. Frances Willard, the champion of woman's rights and prohibition, once wrote, 'I have always wanted to react upon the world about me to my utmost ounce of power; to be widely known, loved, and believed in — the more widely the better.' A similar desire for domination affected Anthony Comstock, who managed every trivial detail of his wife's housekeeping, checking her on even the smallest expenditure. The helpmeets of reformers must have moments when they regret the unofficial sainthood to which their husbands are dedicated.

Every conspicuous advance in civilization inevitably attracts, not alone its sincere and high-minded leaders, but also what Colonel Higginson called a body of 'unbalanced and crotchety people,' who, through their grotesque antics and utterances, sometimes almost nullify the work of those in control. Emerson, attending a gathering in 1840 of 'the Friends of Universal Reform,' wrote that the delegates were distinguished by 'a great deal of confusion, eccentricity, and freak,' and was amused by the tumult in which various 'queer' persons drifted successively to the top — 'madmen, mad women, men with beards, Dunkers, Muggletonians, Come-outers, Groaners, Agrarians, Seventh-day Baptists, Abolitionists, Calvinists, Unitarians, and Philosophers.' Such assemblies invariably become a refuge for weird obsessions and perversions, for esoteric creeds and isms. One such pugnacious extremist moved in an abolitionist conclave in 1841 that 'the church and clergy of the United States, as a whole, constitute a GREAT BROTHERHOOD OF THIEVES'; and another, a woman, presented before the Massachusetts Antislavery Society a resolution asserting that 'the sectarian organizations called churches are combinations of

thieves, robbers, adulterers, pirates, and murderers.' Each year a graduate of one of our colleges writes to its president, protesting against the smoking of cigars and cigarettes at the alumni dinner and describing graphically the deleterious effects of nicotine on the lungs and heart. The president, blessed with an unfailing sense of humor, merely smiles and dictates a courteous answer, pointing out the futility of trying to restrain his 'old boys' in their genial vices, and then secretes the complaint with its predecessors in his files.

The simplest defensive weapon against such eccentricities is doubtless ridicule or mild irony. The reformer's appalling seriousness can best be dissipated by a laugh. But if such letters arrived every week, they would goad the recipient ultimately to some form of retaliation. Those who were so fortunate as to see *Strange Interlude* in New York were momentarily diverted at its suppression in Boston and at the discomfiture of their friends who had bought tickets; but that type of censorship, if persisted in, is most distasteful to sane and intelligent persons. Every once in a while, because of peculiar local conditions, some hero insists that the dozens of blue laws on the statute books shall be enforced to the letter; and at once groups of outraged voters rise up spontaneously in protest. No community will endure fanatical reformers beyond a certain point. When its patience is exhausted, it turns articulate, swings its mailed fist, and smites the censor — all of which means that it resolves, in matters of food and drink and amusement, to do what it pleases.

Radical reformers, though much good may be ascribed to them, probably accomplish less than is commonly supposed. They inspire, it is true, but they do not always lead. In its permanent results, a violent revolution is not so operative as the slow growth produced less spectacularly by education. Among Webster's most profound observations is a remark made quite casually at an almost forgotten Independence Day celebration in Barre, Massachusetts: 'The exercise of political power for moral ends is worse than useless if it go in advance of popular approbation.' It is this 'popular approbation' which, especially in a democracy, cannot be ignored or overborne. The Negro was finally emancipated, not through methods approved by Garrison, but through those of Webster as they shaped themselves in the sagacious mind of Abraham Lincoln. Many respectable Americans are convinced that our nation was well on its way to temperance at the moment when, during the World War, prohibition was imposed upon a country not yet prepared for it. It may be a legitimate and beneficial duty of reformers to keep us uneasy, not only by closing miniature golf courses and motion pictures on Sunday, but also by purifying the drama and fumigating our literature. They will indubitably succeed in arousing our anger. But, whatever their victories in the past, — and that they have won victories no one can deny, — their work is more likely to endure when it is accomplished by persuasion rather than by force, and when their violence and exaggeration are curbed by the gentle rein of common sense.

GOING HOME

BY EDWA ROBERT

I

I was tired of books! Tired of looking at books, talking about books, dusting books, selling books. I had reached a point when I no longer saw the world through my shop window, — arrayed with books, — but through the medium of a printed page whereon the letters tripped over each other before my bewildered eyes.

'Get back to Mother Nature!' ordered the doctor.

Mother Nature! She sounded very comforting. Where was she? Surely she was not much use under a sidewalk. Then I began to think of a village on the River's edge where I had spent my summers as a child. That was the place for me. I could sit on the ample knees of the matron who had held Adam, and lay my head upon her rocky breast. She sounded hard and real, and I wanted reality.

The next week I was speeding along the highway, with a map on my lap and a red circle around the almost imperceptible dot that marked my destination. I sighted the River early in the afternoon, and with an almost empty gas tank drew up to the first garage on the outskirts of the village. There was a sign swinging triumphantly in the breeze that I thought I remembered. I sniffed. No, the smell of a tire being vulcanized was not what I expected. I felt a twinge of disappointment. It was n't tires, that old smell; it was — it was — horseshoes!

I leaped out of the car. The old blacksmith's! Now I remembered. It was the same old black tar-covered building, where the forge had shot hot showers of jewels, and patient horses had stood at the rack, waiting their turn and swishing flies. What a change, I thought, and what an uninteresting one!

But I was n't getting much service. I blew the horn, wondering if I should tie the car and let it wait its turn at the rack; but no — a sleek-haired young man came out and asked me if I wanted straight gas or super.

I went inside while he filled the tank. Many recollections swarmed over me. In the shadow of an unused corner, I could imagine that I still saw the beaming smile on the blacksmith's dirty face. He had all gold teeth, which lent advantage to a blacksmith's smile, and when I was a child I was devoted to him. Beside his shadowy image stood an old barrel that had once held nails, and on that barrel, for one long, glorious afternoon, I had sat, to watch the red horseshoes whiten in puffs of steam from the cooling tank, while Bill told me stories of horses and men, and the muscles ran up and down his shoulders like the mice on the rafters. My brother, I remembered, had been told to take care of me, but he had gone off swimming with the boys, and I sat on a barrel of nails till he came back. I have had harder seats. For a moment I fancied I saw a small person in a gingham frock hold out a sunburned finger for the horseshoe-nail ring Bill turned at the forge. I was feeling for

the ring when the garage man came in, and my illusion vanished.

'Where can I get a room?' I asked.

'A room?' queried the garage man.

'Yes, a room,' I replied tartly. Had he not dispelled my illusion?

'Oh, a room? You mean a room to stay in?'

'I'm sure I don't know what else one could do with a room.'

The man looked at me as if I were best disposed of promptly.

'Over there at the white house with the green on it.'

I looked in the direction indicated, and saw a gray house with dark shutters. Perhaps it used to be white with green on it, I pondered. Perhaps the garage man had been happy there. Perhaps even garage men have illusions. Feeling more gently toward him, I paid him with thanks, and drove to the farmhouse on the hill.

The nearer I got to the house, the smaller and grayer it became. It was not a farmhouse, because it had n't any farm, but it was a house, and a house had to have rooms. I knocked, and a tall bony woman answered my summons. I told her I wanted a room. To my relief, she knew at once what I wanted a room for, and led me to it. I shan't say much about it, for it was n't enough of a room to talk of, and I was about to say that I thought I had better go nearer town when she opened the shutters and I saw the River. That settled it for me. We fixed the price, and I asked the hour of meals.

'We has breakfast at sundown,' she replied, 'and dinner at sunup, for my man, he's a fisherman, and they works in the dark.'

So saying, she left me to unpack my small bag and to wonder at the whimsicality of fishermen. But not for long. Outside the window, the River shimmered in the autumn sunlight, and trees painted like Indians played Narcissus on the banks. The blue tint of the surface waters broke over sand bars to let the bronze tone of the undercurrent come through and mingle, and as the stream plunged headlong between distant islands a flock of terns swooped from the sky and rested a split second on the rushing waters. I could not tell how wide it was, though it looked vast. I had the satisfaction of knowing that the River, at least, could not diminish in immensity now that I was grown.

II

I could n't bear the room when the River was going so fast, so, without changing my clothes, I went out for a walk before breakfast. My landlady was taking in the washing.

'You're a stranger here, ain't you?' she asked.

I said I was. A sense of tremendous freedom descended on me at the thought that no one could tell my family name. Why is it so uplifting to separate one's self from all the past and be, for infinitesimal moments of liberty, merely a human being, glad to be alive? I like my past. I rejoiced that I could slip back into the security of its recognitions, but I was the freest vagabond in Missouri as I strode down the railroad track.

In less than a quarter of a mile I came to the village. Here the track ran straight to the station, and as I was not interested in stations I turned off to the road and sat down beside it to contemplate my Mother Nature, who nestled not only me, but also rivers and villages and hills. For what I had not remembered was the curious structure of the village, with its two straight streets, which lay parallel to the railroad track, between the River and a hill. It was an immense hill, or

looked to be as I sat at its base and stared up at it. The rough varicolored limestone, whose more crumbled strata made scant hold for dwarfed foliage, stared grimly down at me. I turned from the forbidding rock to the River's kinder smile, only to realize the metallic lustre of the water's substance. There was rock in that water, and surely, from the gleam in the shadow, there was water in the rock. They are one, I thought, this River and this hill; man and wife as Adam and Eve were. And, being a little startled at the austerity of the idea, I got up and hurried to the streets of men.

The same place. Was it really smaller, or had I drunk from an enchanted vial and grown out of all proportion? Gulliver never felt more out of place. The boarded-up windows of the cider plant were sullen and despairing. With the exception of the filling stations, the street was just as I remembered it. There reared the old hotel, with its little iron balconies and the row of chairs under the porch. There stood the bank, and the undertaker's, and the flagpole in front of the post office. The cars, parked at angles where the horses used to wait, struck me as a personal affront. So did the way the people on the sidewalk stared at me. Perhaps the way I stared back affronted them. I thought I recognized one or two, but they had not seen me in ten years and could not know who I was. The little picture of Blake's that hangs over my desk hung over my thoughts as I passed down the street. 'What is Man?' I almost asked aloud, as if the caterpillar pictured in the baby's bonnet were there to answer.

'I need only mention my name,' I reflected, 'and half the village will ask me to dinner. But without a name tag I have n't even a presence.'

A man rode past on a rebellious horse. I almost waved to him, for I remembered him well. I wondered if I should have recognized him had he not been on horseback. A train roared in. The little crowd at the station surged toward it. The horse plunged and reared. A troop of boys ran yelping past with a dog yapping at their heels. I watched the train disappear by the willows, and turned into the street nearer the hill. I remembered the houses as being much larger. When I came to the creek by the library, I paused on the bridge to think.

A bullet-headed boy of about fifteen joined me. His overalls were minus one necessary shoulder strap, but so small a deficiency as that could not dim his smile.

'Hello,' he said, 'who are you?'

'I'm a stranger,' I replied, as if my identity were the fondest secret of my life.

The boy whistled between his teeth, and regarded me with puzzled, unlit eyes.

'Does it hurt?' he asked.

'No,' I said, 'it feels great.'

'That's nice,' he answered. 'How did you get here?'

'I fell from the moon.'

His staring credulity was terrible to see.

'Here,' he said at last, 'you better take this crawfish.'

Thrusting the slimy creature into my hand, he set off at top speed, his bare feet pelting the sidewalk. I dropped the filthy offering back into the creek, and looked for Betty Foy, not without trepidations as to her words to me for terrifying her kindly offspring. His friendliness shamed me and I resolved to make up with him. As he was no longer in sight, I contented myself with recollecting the tranquillity of Dostoevsky's Idiot, and strolled on.

Across the street stood an old brick church. The locust trees hid the

greater part of its façade, so that I had to stand at the front door to see all of it at once — a difficult way to appreciate architecture. It was a fine, restrained Gothic, with a belfry that held pigeons, and a rose window that might have been lovely if it had been washed.

Why I should have recollected it on the church steps I can't say, but an old story I had heard in years long past flashed into my mind. It concerned a doctor of this village, who, when he became too old to ride horseback, nailed a triangular chicken coop to a breaking cart, cinched his saddle to the apex, and behind the tamest of tame steeds used to go posting about the country roads as though he fancied himself Young Lochinvar of the Middle West. I never saw him, but I have often lain awake at night when the wind howled and thought of the doctor posting down the dark on his besaddled chicken coop.

'There won't be anything left to equal that,' I thought. 'The world is too standardized.'

Yet, before I had finished thinking it, a figure appeared around the corner that seized my attention. I stood on the top step of the church, flat against the door, and I watched him come and I watched him go — an overalled figure, lanky and stooped, with a big floppy straw hat shading his eyes, pulling after him a child's wagon filled with milk bottles. I don't know why it struck me so humorously, but as the sign at the back of the wagon wobbled its legend, 'Milk Delivery,' out of sight, I felt that the goats of Naples were not the equal of this.

III

I had much to see before my sundown breakfast, and the middle of the afternoon was come. I left the church and went hastily up the quiet, shady street where the distant moo of a tethered cow mingled with the squawks of chickens and the shrill cries of the playing children. I came to a house singular in that it had no flower bed, not even a vine on the porch, where a woman wrapped in a fringed red shawl sat and rocked and sat. Some former image of my mind, forgotten till now, came back to me, and, settling like a cloud over the rocking figure, coincided with it and rocked on. Mrs. Carstairs! And while all the world and the River were going their separate ways, she had sat rocking, day in and day out, ever since Bill the Blacksmith had given me a horseshoe-nail ring. The creak of her chair sounded in my ears like the refrain, 'As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be.' I did not wait to say 'Amen,' but I could not help wondering what she would do in her coffin, unless one might be invented that would rock.

Across the street from her, in the yard of a wee little house surrounded by hollyhocks, sat an old man with a long white beard, a bald head, and an ancient sword suspended from his belt, holding in one gnarled, crippled hand a cord that prevented a white gander from gobbling bugs in the yard next door. Him I recalled in the robustness of an earlier time, and, nodding to him as I walked on, I remembered the tales I had heard of his combats which won the Civil War, and the one great story of the gander.

It seems that once upon a time a grandchild of the Veteran's came to pay him a visit. This child proved itself to be an unworthy descendant of its noble predecessor, for it resented the gander's nibbling at its bare toes and hit him with a stick. The Veteran heard the hisses of his outraged pet, and, seizing the grandchild by the scruff and the seat, bundled it into a

passing hay wagon and ordered it taken home to its mother.

'The brat was a-botherin' Ulysses!'

A cow, its mellow bell tinkling as a small girl led it down the street, made me aware that I had passed the city limits and had reached the country again. Before me stretched a white road, whose gracious curve uphill invited me to all sorts of adventures. Roads curving uphill always have enchanted me, I know not why, unless I have, perhaps, a faint hope that some day one of them will go high enough to reach Heaven. Heaven, at that moment, was a great blue bowl, as intense there in the centre as the blue flame of a spruce fire, and as soft on the horizon as the fleece of the lambs the little clouds pictured over the hill. I started to climb. Wild rosebushes, their blooming long past, sprawled at the roots of the mock-orange borders that shaded the road, while the ironweed and the goldenrod blazed back at the sun, and the woodpeckers and squirrels made the most of their harvesting. I reached the top and looked back. Down the winding way I had come up, the road at the foot of the hill was out of sight, and I stood on the top of my world, as aloof as I have ever wished to be.

'If I died now,' I thought with secret exultation, 'no one would know what to say on my tombstone!'

A delicious shiver went through my spine, for I felt akin not to someone, but to everyone — a member of the family of Adam, alone under the sky.

Below, the River ran thinner and bluer, and I leaned through the mock-orange bush to watch the black smoke of a steamboat twist upward like a Chinese dragon.

The dilapidated cabin crowning the hill puzzled me. I crossed the road, and when I laid my hand on the gate an apparition rose to my mind like Aladdin's genie. Loving Henry! He stood before my imagination as plainly as I used to see him stand by this gate, one hand where mine rested, the other holding the brim of his tattered hat — taken off with a flourish that would have delighted Lord Chesterfield. Loving Henry, with his fine manners, his black face framed in gray burnsides, and his seven wives!

'You old rascal,' I apostrophized his shameless ghost, 'it took you three weeks to die! Three weeks — while we did the cooking and our cook stood guard between your wives and your last jug of rum. "Sistah Ella, you sho' is a good 'oman. You's de onliest 'oman I knows dat I kin trus' to gimme mah las' mouf-ful 'fore I goes!" And I'll never forget your funeral, Henry, for all your wives wore mourning, and each one fainted in turn at your grave, and they wept in chorus.'

In the rustle of the wind in the bushes, I could almost hear his chuckle. Perhaps I did. His ghost would be a goblin spirit, for not even the black angels pictured in his Bible could whiten his soul. And yet he had been very kind to a little girl.

From his ruined cabin to the farther slope — there is always a farther slope in the River country, for the hills follow each other inland as waves put out to sea — lay a winding, weed-grown path that a wagon passed over perhaps once a year. There was not another house in sight. In the cornfields on either side the haphazard clumps of stalks waited the harvesting. No longer proud as Indians, the corn bowed its captive head, and the land that had been its own all summer gleamed palely gold after the reaper's coming. Between the fences and the trail at my feet, the sumach took possession, and I marched between the bushes, escorted by a scarlet guard. My approach, quiet as it was, disturbed the refection of a

flock of blackbirds, who rose in a cloud on both sides and temporarily halted my progress. How they scolded me! Hundreds and hundreds of them! Almost afraid, I put my fingers in my ears and ran down the red-bordered aisle while the angry birds flapped over my offending head and threatened me with I know not what dire end. At last I escaped, but whether I frightened them or whether they considered pursuit of me poor sport compared to the looting of the cornfield, I can't say. When I looked back, the black cloud of them had again settled over the golden field, and a discussion of my intrusion was continued in offended caws.

I was tired. Panting, I dropped beside an old tree and fanned my hot face with my hat. When I had caught my breath, I looked around, for I had run a long way, past the cornfields to a place where even the wagon tracks ended and the open woods began. As I looked, it seemed to me that the warm autumn air, laden with the pungent smell of apples and hay, blew the wood closer about me as a gesture of welcome. I felt curiously at home. There was a little hollow that particularly attracted me. I thought how thrilling it would be to lie in it at night and watch the stars, and then I recalled with a shock that brought me to my feet that this was the hollow where my pony had broken his leg and died before we knew.

Pegasus! Surely you knew I had not forgotten you, my darling! Did your small, iron-shod feet ring on a heavenly roadway, and were the clouds I often saw spread winglike over me your angel acquisitions? I could not want a better guardian spirit than your own. The sun that turned your chestnut flanks to satin bronze was not more staunch than you, small brother of the wind and friend of mine.

A crashing in the underbrush broke in upon my revery, and a little spotted pig with a rag around his neck ran snorting at me. I drew back in disgust, for, much as I esteem pig on the platter, pig on the hoof does not make desirable company.

'Shoo!' I cried, for the little beast began nosing at my shoes in an unpleasantly chummy manner.

'Shoo! Get away, you hateful little brute!'

I whacked him with a stick.

He backed off and looked up at me. His little shiny eyes expressed all sorts of disapprobation at my rude reception. In fact, even his tail told me that he was plainly disappointed in me. I was not the sort of person he had expected me to be. I was unworthy of his confidence. And with that last crushing shot he turned haughtily away, and trotted into the wood.

IV

I started on my way — in the opposite direction. I was nearly over the hill crest when I saw a colored woman coming toward me. She was muttering to herself, and holding around her an old worn coat, too long and too wide, and her gray hair was escaping in thin wisps from under the battered felt hat that shaded her half-blind eyes. I knew she was half blind, for she squinted terribly, and felt her way from tree to tree, like a poor lost witch whose magic is used up.

'Who dat?' she cried out, trembling.

'Only a lady having a walk.'

'Honey,' she quavered, stretching out a hand grotesque in leanness, 'is you-all seen Meriky?'

'Meriky?' I asked. 'Is that your son?'

'No, he ain't my son! Think I'd be lookin' for dat no-'count boy, me an' my blind eyes, in dis-yer woods? He's no-'count, dat boy ob mine! Honey, don' you-all know what he done? He

done 'fuse to come home! Dat's what he done! I sended him to school an' I sended him to college, worked my fingers to de bone takin' in washin', put my eyes out ob my haid sewin' in de candlelight, an' now he 'fuse to come home! Goin' to stay an' be a p'ofessor. Who he think goin' chop de wood? Who he think goin' mend de roof? Talk to me 'bout my son —'

Her words rambled off unintelligibly, and we stood staring at each other, a little confused by the outburst.

'But Meriky?' I asked.

'Oh, Meriky!' she responded, her thin cheeks wrinkling in smiles about her toothless mouth. 'Honey, Meriky's de sweetest, cutest, bestest little pig in de whole worl'. Dey tells me he got a little spot on he lef' ear an' a little spot on he right laig. He can talk same's a person. I ain't never lonesome when I got Meriky! He ain't never goin' to school. Honey, did you-all see him?'

I never felt more chagrined! To think that this paragon of pigdom had been within my grasp and I had not realized how infinitely more desirable he was than educated sons. America! America! You made me feel small and ashamed!

'I saw him go that way, Aunty,' I said, 'and I'm sure he can't have gone far.'

'Lord bless you, chile! You-all sho' is a big help! If he gone dat way, he knows de way home. I sho'ly thanks you. 'Cause you know, honey, if dat little pig was to leave me I would n't have nuffin lef'. An', honey, ain't it a shame my eyes is too dim to see de little spots on Meriky, an' yet dey ain't blind 'nuff to get me a pension?'

I bid her farewell, and resolved to inquire next day for the truant bacon, but now I must get on, for the woods were all about me and I had a long way to go. I was glad of it. The hard maples were red and yellow-gold, and the wind in the dry oak leaves rustled over my head. Once in a while I saw clumps of bittersweet not yet opened, and here and there flames of scarlet ivy ran up the black trunks. I caught snatches of sky and snatches of River between the colorful branches. There from the hill crest I could have sworn the River was the bluer. There was very little underbrush. I dogtrotted along a cattle path until the hill grew perceptibly steeper, and I knew I had crossed the ridge of the first rise and started up the high one just behind the town. I don't know how I knew it, for I could n't have told myself how they joined an hour before. But this had been my playground once, and ever since I had passed the place where Pegasus died I felt I had come home.

'I'll have to see the old place — what's left of it.' And there in the friendly wood I was glad that no one knew me and so could not talk of the past.

The first streak of red was in the west when I reached the top of the River's hill and stood on the edge of jutting rock to salute the sun's descent. Behind me yawned the pit where the Indians had buried their dead. Before me and below, I saw the village and the train track, and the River in all its majesty, mirroring around its islands the glory of the sky. The smell of smoke was in the air. In that hour of mystery I could have fancied myself dead and a spirit for centuries, for with the immensity of the sky, and the odor of smoke that rose heavenward from summer's funeral pyre, and the sparkle of colored waters that sped seaward below, I forgot who I was and what I was, and sat cross-legged and enchanted, to breathe deep and admire.

What did it matter how kingdoms rose and fell, what books were written, or whether music soared, birdlike,

upon the air? When all of these and more had passed away, the River and the hill would still be here. Perhaps, when our chatter was over, I might hear them converse. I wondered which would speak first and what they would say of man.

But man, I have found, has a way of speaking for himself. I had not gone far down the hill when a black hand reached out of the twilight and seized my arm. I stopped in terror. An old Negro, bent and gray, with a gun on his shoulder and a pack on his back, held me in a vise-like grip, and peered at me with intensely living eyes.

'Missy,' he chuckled, 'I allays knowed you'd come back!'

My breath returned — slowly.

'Uncle Nick!' I whispered. 'How did you know me?'

'How I know you? Law, chile! Don' I know how your fambly walks? Toes on de groun' an' eyes on de sky! Know you! I orter know you. Been in your fambly longer 'n you has.'

That was true. Uncle Nick had been a slave of my mother's father, and I had thought him long dead.

'Missy,' he asked pleadingly, 'you ain't got a little whiskey, is you?'

I regretted the oversight.

Nick shook his head.

'When I was your grandpa's slave, I could git all I wanted. Now I'se free I can't git nothin'. What's de use ob bein' free?'

I deplored the condition, but promised to ease it all I could. We had a few words more and had started on our separate ways when he called me to stop.

'You take dis rabbit fo' your supper, Missy. You won't git nothin' to eat at dat place like you used to at home.'

I thanked him, took the rabbit by the proffered hind foot, and went on. 'At home!' he had said. As if I were not at home! What more could I want than woods like these, and one old man to hail me by my name? The past rose up from the twilit forest to claim me. Each step I took down the hillside carried me farther and farther into the shadowy realms of the years before, and little tendrils of memory that had hung dry and limp sprang up and bloomed. It was not alone that I returned to the gray house with dark trimmings. My old friends were thick about me in the dusk, and as I paused on the threshold I saw Pegasus race over the River with the other clouds that roam the sky. I was late to breakfast of sausages and apple pie, but I bore Nick's rabbit in propitiation.

SHAKESPEARE FOR AMERICA

BY GEORGE F. WHICHER

I

THE founding of libraries, not for the circulation of books among general readers, but as repositories of rare editions and other literary treasures, is a comparatively recent development in the United States. Though university and college libraries have often been enriched by special gifts or purchases of early printed books or manuscript materials, and two large collections of Americana, the John Carter Brown Library at Providence and the William L. Clements Library at Ann Arbor, have been separately housed on university campuses, the establishing of such independent institutions as the Pierpont Morgan Library in New York and the Henry E. Huntington Library at San Marino, California, is significant of a new departure in American cultural life.

Each of the two collections last named makes accessible to scholars a wealth of material ranging over the whole extent of English literature and including books of particular interest to the student of Shakespeare. In this latter respect the Huntington Library, where the famous Devonshire collection is now lodged, is especially notable for the number and rarity of the items it contains. Mr. Morgan, however, was a collector of rare books in general, while Mr. Huntington's interests were so widely diversified as to include Americana, incunabula, and English books printed before 1640; in both instances the early editions of Shakespeare now in their libraries were acquired as part of a larger buying programme.

The gathering of books and other objects of interest with the sole aim of illustrating the life and works of Shakespeare was the consistent avocation of another American collector, Mr. Henry Clay Folger, one-time president and later chairman of the board of the Standard Oil Company of New York, whose library, suitably housed and endowed with ample funds for its maintenance and expansion, is soon to be permanently established and opened to public use in Washington. With quiet intensity and scholarly concentration, Mr. Folger made it his life work to bring together all the books and other materials that might be serviceable to a student of Shakespeare, and he succeeded even beyond his hopes in forming what is undoubtedly the largest and richest collection of its kind that the world has seen or will ever see again. When the great mass of books, manuscripts, documents, playbills, costumes, prints, paintings, musical scores, and objects of historical interest assembled by Mr. Folger are installed in the building now approaching completion across the street from the Library of Congress, the United States will have at each side of the continent a centre for advanced scholarship in English studies whose resources in certain fields will be comparable to those of the British Museum and the Bodleian libraries. The cultural consequences, though not easy to assess in advance, may be very considerable.

Meanwhile the fact that the executive head of one of the country's leading industries should have spent nearly all his leisure time, during years when he was burdened with heavy responsibilities, in the study of Shakespeare's text, — for Mr. Folger was both a reader and an expert bibliographer, — and in gathering books for the proper study of Shakespeare, is a circumstance not to be overlooked in making up America's cultural account. In the social history of our times such representative avocations of leading business men deserve at least as much emphasis as the occasional titanisms more conspicuously featured by the press, caricatured in popular fiction, and accepted by uncritical foreigners as characteristically American.

Thanks largely to Mr. Folger's single-minded and single-handed efforts, with due respect also to Mr. Huntington's, the United States has come abreast of Great Britain in establishing important Shakespeare collections for scholarly use; this after years of lagging behind. The British Museum received by the bequest of David Garrick in 1779 the nucleus of its Shakespeare library; in the same year a second important collection formed by Edward Capell was presented to Trinity College, Cambridge; and in 1812 the Bodleian received by bequest the books of Edmund Malone, the Shakespearean editor. For more than half a century thereafter British libraries were able to acquire Shakespeareana with little competition from America. Then the collecting of rare books became a favorite pastime of American millionaires, and little by little nearly all the early editions of Shakespeare privately owned in England passed into the hands of collectors in this country.

The transfer was of no immediate benefit to Shakespeare scholars, because books in private ownership, whether in British country houses or in the libraries of American men of wealth, could not readily be consulted. Even as late as the time of Shakespeare's tercentennial in 1916, Miss Henrietta C. Bartlett, who catalogued the exhibition arranged by the New York Public Library, was able to say: 'Unfortunately there are in America but three public institutions which contain original editions of Shakespeare's works of sufficient value to form the basis for an exhibition.' Since these words were written, however, the most important private collections of Shakespeare in the United States have become, in effect if not strictly in fact, public possessions under conditions that make them permanently available to scholars. The amassing of a nearly complete series of texts under one roof, wherever that roof is situated, is a great improvement on having them scattered in many places, and students of Shakespeare on both sides of the Atlantic may find reason for satisfaction in the bringing together of such collections by Mr. Huntington and Mr. Folger. 'It is a very fine achievement,' writes Dr. Alfred W. Pollard of the British Museum, 'and one which every wise Englishman will view not merely without jealousy, but with the greatest possible pleasure that they have thought it worth accomplishing, and have accomplished it.'

It was characteristic of Mr. Folger, indeed a part of his business training, never to announce his plans until he was ready to carry them into effect. He always conducted his buying of Shakespearean rarities alone, except for the devoted and competent assistance of Mrs. Folger, who helped him to keep a manuscript record of his purchases. His books were stored in bank vaults and storage rooms, never assembled in one place, and rarely shown. Consequently few persons in this coun-

try, even among bookmen, realized the magnitude of his achievement. In England, where the importance of his work was better appreciated, he was repeatedly urged to leave his collection as a Shakespeare memorial at Stratford-on-Avon. This he declined to do. His final intention, as expressed in a letter of January 19, 1928, was 'to help make the United States a centre for literary study and progress.'

In an even more practical way his design to promote the study of Shakespeare in the United States appears in another provision for the ultimate disposal of his collection. By the terms of his will the administration of the Folger Shakespeare Library and of the fund for its support is entrusted to the trustees of Amherst College, who in compensation for their services are instructed to apply to the purposes of the college approximately one quarter of the annual income from the Shakespeare fund. The material benefit to the college of this generous arrangement does not need to be emphasized, though at first glance it may seem incongruous to place a library in Washington under the control of the trustees of a small undergraduate college in New England. But in making this disposition of his property Mr. Folger was presumably not actuated merely by affectionate loyalty to the college where he received his education. It would have been a simple matter for him to have benefited the college and founded the library by separate bequests, if he had wished to do so. His intention rather was to place the continuation of the most cherished personal interest of his life in the hands of men aware of educational values and in immediate contact with a scholarly enterprise. Under such direction the Folger Shakespeare Library might be expected to develop into something more than a mausoleum for rare books or a shrine to a venerated name; it might be made to exercise a living influence throughout the United States as a centre of literature and learning dedicated to the spirit of a master poet.

II

A Shakespeare library conceived as a national institution is of particular significance to scholars, teachers of literature, and writers. Let us first consider the opportunities for scholarship that the opening of the Folger Library will make available.

Through the courtesy of Mr. William Adams Slade, the director for the time being on appointment by Mrs. Folger, I have before me a condensed survey of the main features of the Folger collection. It extends to some fifteen typewritten pages, single-spaced. Very little of the information so generously supplied can be given within the limits of this paper, but by a selection of statistics and specific details I may be able to suggest the extent and richness of the library's resources. It should be said, however, that Mr. Slade has as yet had no opportunity to examine the books and that the information here given is compiled from Mr. Folger's manuscript catalogue.

Though Shakespeare's writings are the nucleus around which the entire library has been built, not all the seventy thousand books in the collection are by or about Shakespeare. Early editions of other Elizabethan and Jacobean authors are liberally represented, particularly those from which the dramatist drew plots or quotations, or which he is supposed to have read, or which contain allusions to his works. But we may well begin with editions of Shakespeare.

On this subject Mr. Slade writes: 'The Folger Shakespeare Library contains upward of 1400 different copies of

the collected works (different editions and duplicate copies both included) in a total of about 9700 volumes. In addition, besides numerous copies of the sonnets and poems, it has, as one would expect, a very great number of the separate editions of the plays, *Hamlet* leading, with over 800 copies; *Macbeth* next, with over 500; *Romeo and Juliet* and the *Merchant of Venice* next, each with over 400; and the others following. For historical, literary, or critical study it will obviously be of great service to have at hand such a collection of different editions, so largely supplied as they are with introductions, notes, essays, and critical apparatus. Moreover, a large number of the copies contain MS. notes by editors, men of letters, and others, giving the volumes added value and interest.'

Practising a resolute synecdoche, I cull from the list that illustrates this last statement only these items: Rowe's First Edition, 1709, John Dennis's own copy, with full notes in his handwriting, regarded as the earliest annotated copy known; Theobald's Second Edition, 1750, MS. notes by the poet Gray; Hanmer's Second Edition, 1770–1771, Sarah Siddons's copy, with her notes for Shakespeare readings; Charles Lamb's copy; S. T. Coleridge's copy, with his MS. notes; First American Edition, eight volumes, 1795, President John Adams's copy; Bell Edition, 1774, Volume I only, George Washington's copy; Abraham Lincoln's copy, edition of 1835, autograph and MS. notes.

Of all the collected editions the most interesting to both laymen and special students is, of course, the First Folio of 1623, containing the earliest printed versions of twenty of the thirty-seven plays included in the Shakespeare canon. Only a few more than two hundred copies of this book have been preserved, and of these seventy-nine, including six fragments, are in the Folger collection. Among them are: the Daniel Folio, once owned by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and listed by Sir Sidney Lee as one of fourteen copies in a perfect state of preservation; three others also regarded as perfect, though apparently not so listed by Lee; six of twenty-seven copies placed by Lee in the second division of the first class because of minute defects; and perhaps most interesting of all, though not perfect, the Vincent Folio, the tallest known copy and one of the first to come from the press, bearing on its title-page an inscription recording its presentation by William Jaggard, the printer of the volume, to Augustine Vincent, the herald who had been instrumental in securing the grant of Shakespeare's arms. This last First Folio was the first copy that Mr. Folger acquired, and, though it was not the most expensive book in his library, he was accustomed to refer to it as 'the most precious book in the world.' Among the less distinguished copies in a company where all are of high distinction is one that Mr. Folger must have regarded with special affection, the Roberts Folio, used by Chatto and Windus in the production of the reduced facsimile edited by J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps in 1876. It was with the purchase of this facsimile for one dollar and twenty-five cents that Mr. Folger commenced his career as a student of Shakespeare's text and a collector of Shakespearean books.

The folios succeeding the first are also generously represented, the Second Folio by at least fifty copies, the Third Folio by at least twenty-four (including both issues), and the Fourth Folio by at least thirty. (Only approximate figures can be given.)

Next to the folios, which stand fore-

most among the glories of the Folger Library, come the plays in quarto, of which the earliest printed are among the rarest of rare books. Not infrequently an edition is known by only three to six surviving copies, and in some instances a single copy is all that remains. Seventeen plays were printed in quarto form before the issue of the First Folio, fourteen of them, as is now maintained, from fairly reliable manuscripts, and five (counting *Romeo and Juliet* and *Hamlet* once in each group) from 'stolne and surreptitious copies' irregularly secured by catchpenny publishers. Of the five 'bad' quartos Mr. Folger was able to obtain all but the 1603 *Hamlet*, and of the fourteen 'good' first quartos twelve, the missing items being *Richard II* (1597) and the *First Part of Henry IV* (1598). To compensate for these gaps his library includes a unique fragment (four leaves) regarded by Halliwell-Phillipps as a 'portion of the first and hitherto unknown edition of the *First Part of Henry IV*, published by Wise early in the year 1598,' and a unique third edition of *Richard II* (1598) which has been the object of much bibliographical attention. Mr. Folger also possessed the only known copy of *Titus Andronicus* (1594), the earliest printed of all Shakespeare's plays; one of the three known copies of *Hamlet* (1604), the first issue of the revised play; and the rare second edition of *Pericles* (1611), besides both states of the first edition. Out of a large and representative collection of later quartos, from which only three of those issued prior to 1623 appear to be missing, the item that most insistently demands recognition is the bound set of the Jaggard-Pavier quartos of 1619, the only complete set known to have survived in seventeenth-century binding. A second but incomplete copy of the same curious book is noted in Mr. Folger's record of his purchases and will be eagerly examined when his library is catalogued.

Plays that Shakespeare revised and plays wrongfully attributed to him by enterprising publishers are well represented, nearly always in the form of first quartos, but there is no room to list them here. We must pass on to the poems. Of the very scarce early issues of *Venus and Adonis* the Folger Library holds a unique fragment of the third edition, one of two known copies of the sixth edition, and one of two known copies of the thirteenth. There are two of the ten recorded copies of the *Rape of Lucrece*, first edition, and single examples of the third, sixth, seventh, and eighth editions. The *Sonnets* are represented by two copies of the first printing (1609). Finally, there are ten copies of the first collected edition of the *Poems* (1640), at least one of which has the rare portrait by William Marshall, the second likeness of Shakespeare to be engraved.

Rare original issues of works by other Elizabethan authors abound, but I must pass them over except to remark that the library is especially rich in materials, both manuscripts and printed, relating to Ben Jonson and Francis Bacon. So also I must dismiss cursorily the works of adapters, imitators, and 'improvers' of Shakespeare; the writings of editors, critics, and commentators, much of them in the form of marginal notes; and the great mass of manuscript materials, beginning with the original diary of the Reverend John Ward, vicar of Stratford-on-Avon from 1662 to 1681, and including hundreds of autograph letters from famous authors — Voltaire, Goethe, the Brownings, Tennyson, and Swinburne among others. A final word must be said of the materials illustrating stage history, and here again I quote Mr. Slade: —

The leading exponents of Shakespeare on the stage, especially from the age of Cibber, are the subject of a series of special groups containing printed books, prompt books, autograph letters, original manuscripts, portraits, playbills, programmes, clippings, scrapbooks, costumes, stage properties, association objects, etc., etc. The Garrick material would give distinction to any library. The Cibbers, Macklin, Mrs. Clive, Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Jordan, the Kembles, Macready, the Keans, Phelps, Forrest, Helen Faucit (afterwards Lady Martin), Charlotte Cushman, the Booths, the Barretts, Helena Modjeska, Mary Anderson, Sir Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, Ada Rehan, John Drew, Forbes-Robertson, E. H. Sothern, Julia Marlowe, Beerbohm Tree, these and others all figure. The entries under William Winter's name, representing not only Winter's writings but also the items collected by him, fill nearly six pages of the catalogue. The playbills are so many that they may actually number anywhere from fifty thousand to half a million. The Augustin Daly material includes about 6000 letters covering the period from 1860 to 1900.

Portraits, statues, prints, drawings, water colors, oil paintings, medals — it is useless to try to particularize further. Even Walt Whitman's appetite for 'auctioneer's catalogues' of details would be glutted. Sufficient to say that there will be a museum in connection with the Folger Library with thousands of objects to fill it.

Even an abbreviated and inadequate survey of the contents of the Folger Library may suggest how much it holds for the study and delight of investigators in many fields of English literature. Though its chief distinction rests upon its Elizabethan and seventeenth-century books, yet there is abundant material also to interest the student of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century letters. Countless special studies might be based on its rare volumes and manuscripts, or on particular collections illustrating some minor point in regard to Shakespeare, but worthy of attention on their own account. The nature of the library as a whole, however, makes it preëminently the place where certain kinds of investigation may be most conveniently carried on and where indeed some organized effort might profitably be made to utilize the extraordinary resources of the collection.

Mr. Folger's main interest in Shakespeare lay in textual and bibliographical problems, and accordingly the 'fine kit of tools for the proper study of Shakespeare' (as he called his library) was assembled with an eye to this type of investigation. This intention explains what might otherwise seem its unnecessary richness in First Folios. Between the various copies of this book there are minute but possibly significant differences. Had Mr. Folger lived to make use of his library, it was his design to supervise such a collation of First Folios as has never before been possible. This remains for others to perform. It is but one step, however, in the bibliographical study of Shakespeare for which his collection provides the means. To Shakespeare's earliest editors an error in the printing of quartos and folios was merely a blemish to be removed by the readiest means at hand. To a modern editor, on the contrary, an error may be a significant indication of some stage in the process that Shakespeare's plays went through between the time when they left his hand and the time when the better-authorized but not entirely accurate versions appeared in the First Folio. The problem is not in the first instance to eliminate mistakes, but to interpret them in order that corrections of the text may be intelligently made. Presumably no absolute certainty will ever be reached concerning every word that Shakespeare wrote, but that is no reason why all the available informa-

tion should not be collected and used for what it may be worth in the formation of as sound a text as can be made.

An association of Shakespeare scholars brought together for a limited object could do much to utilize the remarkable resources of the Folger collection, but it might be possible to organize under the direction of the library a scholarly enterprise of a more permanent and systematic kind. In the American Academies at Rome and Athens we have a type of institution founded for the study of a subject at points where the richness of the material justifies the continued maintenance of a body of experts. The Folger Library will create in Washington a centre for the study of the literature of Elizabethan England comparable to the best that can be found in Great Britain. It would be easy to conceive there an American Academy for English Studies that might, like its prototypes abroad, bring into profitable coöperation a permanent staff of experts attached to the library, visiting scholars of distinction, and younger men appointed to fellowships. From such a centre of scholarship might be issued a series of publications that would quicken the advance of knowledge in the most important field of literary investigation, while young men trained there and occasionally returning for periods of research might exercise a salutary influence on the teaching of English in American colleges.

III

So far we have considered the Folger Library simply as a collection of books, a tool whereby scholars may increase the general store of learning. The rare volumes assembled by Mr. Folger, however, will occupy only a part of the building designed to hold them. The beautiful structure conceived by the architect, Mr. Paul P. Cret, in consultation with Mr. Alexander B. Trowbridge, is planned both without and within to express a larger purpose than that of being only a kind of sanctuary for Shakespeare students.

Outwardly the building is classic in spirit, though not an archæological imitation of any particular period of classic architecture, and in certain details is suggestive of a restrained modernism. The simplicity of the marble façade is emphasized by the introduction of sculptured panels, one at the foot of each of the nine bays, representing scenes from the best-known Shakespearean plays; these will stand at a point where they may easily be studied by visitors. Within this classic shell the architect has very boldly conceived the idea of producing a Tudor interior. The transition is made gradually, since the long exhibition gallery which runs parallel to the main façade is designed in the spirit of English work of the early Renaissance. The large reading room or library proper, which lies behind the gallery, will be carried out in the architectural manner of Shakespeare's time, though with some mixture, because at one end of the room there will stand a window with Gothic tracery which in its stonework is a copy of the principal window in the church at Stratford where Shakespeare lies buried. The left wing of the building will contain a small auditorium modeled on the pattern of an Elizabethan theatre, about which a whole story might be written. The many elements of form combined in the design of the library building appropriately suggest the richness and variety of the tradition gathered up in Shakespeare's works and through them handed down to our own day. So, too, by means of architectural masses and sculptured figures speaking to the

passer-by, and more directly by means of its museum and stage, the Folger Shakespeare Library will be enabled to impress the public mind, enlighten the uninformed, and help those already interested to fuller knowledge.

Of the stage included in the Folger Library a word more should be said. It will be one of the few places in the world where Shakespeare's plays may be acted under conditions like those for which they were originally written. One may confidently suppose that it will be used not only for lectures and readings, but for occasional performances by our greatest actors in the Shakespearean tradition and for the instruction of school and college groups in methods of staging and acting Elizabethan dramas. Though the auditorium will seat less than three hundred people, its productions may reach a wider audience through talking pictures and radio. By this means the stage of the Folger Library may be made a centre for the cultivation of the spoken language as a thing of beauty and may contribute in no small degree to revive a sense of dramatic verse as a noble equivalent to operatic music. Anyone who has heard a performance of French classical drama in France will understand how much English-speaking audiences have yet to learn in this respect.

The reading room of the Folger Library will, of course, not be open to the public at large. A place where rare volumes are treasured and where literary research is to be carried on cannot be used directly as an instrument for general education. But, in addition to the educational work forwarded by its museum and theatre, the Folger Library may as a research institution exercise an indirect but notable influence upon formal education in schools and colleges. It is not too optimistic to suppose that the creation of a permanent centre for Shakespeare study will tend to accentuate the teaching of Shakespeare and gradually help to bring about a new emphasis in the study of literature. In considering the possible effects of such a library on the great academic industry that the teaching of English has become, however, we are entering a field of speculation where consummations devoutly to be wished will not necessarily come to pass unless belief in them and desire for them bring them into being.

English literature as a part of formal education is still comparatively new and its character is far from settled. Courses in English literature may be studies in æsthetic appreciation, in social history, in illustrations of a favorite 'philosophy of life,' in textual or linguistic problems, or in the biography of authors. Nearly all these types of courses are given at any point in the educational programme where it happens to be convenient or locally traditional to place them. There is no controlling conviction as to what aspects of the subject should come first or what aspects are central. College announcements are stuffed with far too many courses in English, a large number of them dealing with side issues and fringes of the subject. In one large university recently thirteen courses were simultaneously being given in the short story alone. It is time that English departments were de-upholstered. So far as the Folger Library may serve to focus attention on the central figure in English literature, its influence will be entirely wholesome.

Opportunities to engage in research at the Folger Library and reports of the work being carried on there may also help to spread among the smaller colleges an idea of English as a subject of advanced study, and so bring them some of the advantages that a college at a university derives from its associa-

tion with the graduate schools. These advantages do not consist in the introduction into the college of courses of graduate-school type, but in the permeation through the college community of a mature attitude toward learning. The most obvious defects of the detached college are its absorption in its own affairs, its tendency to conceive of classroom teaching as the whole duty of its faculty, and its readiness to define learning as something to be given students to 'prepare them for life.' Even a distant or occasional contact with a different type of institution, where learning is cultivated, not for the sake of adolescent learners, but for the sake of a subject to be pursued, can hardly fail to have a tonic effect on the college. It may assist in establishing there a conception of learning as a way of life that some men instinctively prefer to all other careers, and thereby enable the college to give its students the greatest of all educational experiences, that of association with older minds moving steadily in their own orbits.

IV

The Folger Shakespeare Library is already a property of no inconsiderable value. Its building will soon be one of the sights of the national capital; its book collection is obviously destined to become a Mecca for scholars, and its museum and theatre instruments of public instruction. But there is one more question to be asked. Can an institution so dedicated, and supported by the most munificent bequest ever made for the purpose of literary study and progress, be directed to the encouragement of contemporary letters as well as to the stimulation of research and criticism? Can it serve to make evident that the spirit of Shakespeare is continued down to our own day by the work of original writers no less than by the activities of actors, editors, and commentators?

We are dealing now with a conception for which there is no precedent, with an ideal that may be realized more through subtleties of emphasis and the spirit in which things are done than through any specific acts. It would be easy to cut off a Shakespeare memorial from the living current of literature, to close the circuit and consider it a monument to what has been rather than to what may be again. When books become precious possessions, it is possible for the curators to forget that the values they are guarding are not implicit in the volumes as physical objects, that to preserve paper and bindings is not all that is required in treasuring up the life-blood of a master spirit.

If it is hard to go beyond the idea of a Shakespeare library as a repository of priceless possessions, it is even more difficult to avoid making it the preserve of an unmellowed, fiercely specialized scholarship which views literature merely as an excuse for historical fact finding, textual emendation, and critical footnotes. All these things should, of course, be done, but with a sense that they are no more than preliminaries and appendages to literary study, that the task of scientific investigation is always secondary to the work of original creation. An institution founded for the promotion and diffusion of knowledge in regard to Shakespeare, and with the line 'For wisedomes sake, a word that all men love' written upon its frieze, should not be unmindful of the noble aims of scholarship as defined for the Elizabethan age by Sidney: 'This purifying of wit, this enriching of memory, enabling of judgment, and enlarging of conceit, which commonly we call learning, under what name soever it come forth, or to what end soever it be directed, the final end is to lead and

draw us to as high a perfection as our degenerate souls, made worse by their clayey lodging, can be capable of.' The clarification of judgment and direction of sympathies which supreme poetry effects should not be lost sight of in a concern for remedying the defects of Elizabethan printing. It was through Emerson that Mr. Folger learned to honor Shakespeare above all other writers, and no words of Emerson's could more suitably be inscribed in the paradise of 'the restorers of readings, the emendators, the bibliomaniacs of all degrees' than his saying, 'Shakespeare was not made by the study of Shakespeare.'

One who loves books according to the letter may readily retort: 'True, but since by no conceivable alchemy can I be made like Shakespeare, I take it that the work I am fitted to do is other than his. My purpose is to discover what the poet actually wrote and what his words mean. I command the texts and firmly believe that I can tell what lines he set down, and how they were probably punctuated, better than he could do himself if he were here to-day and had to trust his memory. This library provides me with the tools appropriate to my trade; just as the scientist belongs in the laboratory, so I belong here.'

The research scholar has his rights, even when he puts them low, and there is no danger that the importance of his work will not be appreciated at the Folger Library. The danger is rather that the business of technical scholarship will be overdone and the claims of contemporary letters ignored. But in a large sense the writer of imaginative literature is the true inheritor of the Shakespearean tradition, while the textual and critical student is perpetuating the tradition of Scaliger. It would not be inappropriate if recent poetry, discriminatingly chosen, were sometimes read in the Folger Theatre and thus given the prestige of association with Shakespeare's memory.

We are inheritors both of what Shakespeare accomplished and of what he left undone. In the long gallery of his characters, beside those whose names and natures are as familiar to us as our closest friends', are figures that he merely touched upon in passing, whose names are mentioned but who never appear bodily upon his scene: that fellow of infinite jest and merriment whose bones lie in the graveyard at Elsinore; the Lady Rosaline who so keenly discerned the shallowness of Romeo's infatuation for her; Kate, the tough girl of the rollicking catch, who would n't love a sailor; old Double, who drew a good bow, as Justice Shallow tells us, until time drew a better against him; Mariana's brother Frederick, the great soldier who miscarried at sea; the maid called Barbara from whom Desdemona learned her 'willow' song; and

> Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
> And Peter Turph, and Henry Pimpernell.

We know what insights into the paradox of life the poet revealed through his Hamlet, Lear, Falstaff, Brutus, Prospero; but what he might have added through these whose faces flicker for but a moment in the lucid mirror of his mind, whose stories are hinted but untold, is forever lost to us save as poetry recovers it. To forward the work of imagination in interpreting human nature from age to age would be the worthiest function of a Shakespeare memorial. If that can be done, the Folger Library may come to be a kind of embassy to the people of the United States from the 'realms of gold' where others besides Shakespeare have traveled.

THOUGHTS ON LEAVING THE ORIENT

BY LIEUTENANT MELVIN F. TALBOT (SC), U. S. N.

I

For ten days on their return from a year's service with the United States Asiatic Fleet, the light cruisers lay at Yokohama. Those ten short days gave me a glimpse of Japan I shall not soon forget — the old Japan of our childhood fancies, the country of toy houses and fairy gardens, of flowers and flower-like children, of black-eyed women as bright and dainty as nodding nasturtiums. Japan, the land where grave and courteous scholars go hand in hand with little girls among the cherry blossoms, where at dusk the lanterns shine like stars on the steep hillsides, and one seems to hear the violins crying out above the hushed harbors of Japan the longing of Madame Butterfly, who forever waits a foreign ship and a foreign lover. Japan at evening — it is a land of dreams.

And side by side with all this quiet beauty of the past rises the new Japan of crowded cities and smoking factories, built by the pitiless god of modern progress. To defend it his brother, the god of war, is training an army of booted soldiers and building a great gray battle fleet.

We were most graciously received by the Japanese Navy. To them it is an honored duty to welcome with hospitality the stranger at their gates. They try to make friends of us, to show us their way of thinking, to mix just a little high policy with the champagne, hoping that we may return home a bit less prejudiced than before. And it works. After all, men rule, or think they rule, the destiny of nations; and men, with their likes and dislikes, are essentially human.

When His Excellency the Admiral entertains foreign officers, he leaves Mrs. Admiral and the ladies at home. He arranges a geisha party at the Maple Leaf Club in Tokyo.

And here let me explain the geisha girl. She is an artist, a kind of professional entertainer of homeless men. As a child she learns to sing and dance, and to make polite and amusing conversation. She appears in her own artistic native costume, as picturesque as if she had just stepped out of some delicate Japanese print. She is taught to kneel beside the great gentlemen, to serve their food and to keep full the cup that cheers. At the end of it all she bows almost to the floor, as if to say, 'You have indeed honored your little servant,' and goes home — alone. And if she has brought a moment of color into drab lives, need we be too censorious? There's many a dull dinner in pious upcountry villages at home, many an evening heavy with cigar smoke and gentlemen's jokes, that would have been better could she have graced it with her hired charms.

'And when in Rome,' said the commander, handing out invitations finely engraved in vertical lines of Oriental characters, 'see how the Romans do it. Different ships, different long splices — different men, different manners. Inspect for holes in your stockings. They take away your shoes at the door.'

At the appointed hour we arrive at the Maple Leaf Club and check our hats and shoes. We enter a bare room. There are neither tables nor chairs. Clean straw matting covers the deck. We are presented to the Japanese admiral and his staff. They bow stiffly. There follows a halting conversation in English on that internationally dull topic, the weather.

Soon geisha girls enter, carrying low carved benches. They set out wine and food. We seat ourselves on the floor and wonder what to do with our legs and stocking feet.

A geisha kneels beside each guest and fills his glass. The evening proceeds with feasting and drinking. Our hosts do most of the feasting. Balancing oysters between two little chopsticks is not an art to be acquired without practice. Nor is the fare less foreign to us than the etiquette of the table. Pressed shellfish served on seaweed proves strangely reminiscent of New England wharves on a hot day in the herring season. But the champagne is excellent, for which may the Japanese taxpayer be duly thanked. A toast is called to the gallant American cruisers. We reply with an equally eloquent toast to the heroic Japanese Navy. A bespectacled Japanese — M.A., Harvard University — acts as interpreter. We all drink to the mutual understanding between the nations. We wonder how well they understand us and our country. What foreigner can ever unravel those tangled threads that weave themselves into the fabric of our foreign policy, our skeptical self-sufficiency forever at variance with our all-inclusive international idealism? And perhaps they too are wondering how much we as casual visitors to their shores can know of Japan and her aspirations that spring from a past hidden so far down the dim, foreshortened perspective of history.

Native rice wine is brought. It is lukewarm, and, to the Western palate, has a vaguely medicinal taste, like paregoric. The rest of the evening leaves a somewhat confused impression of bright kimonos, little men with big glasses, stocking feet that will not be stowed away, and music whose weird minor strains recall the elusive motifs of an ultra-modern symphony.

II

Our ten-day visit drew quickly to its close. The little group of navy wives took passage for San Francisco, to meet their husbands again in Norfolk, unless another sudden change of schedule should come to send these wandering ships hurrying off to some foreign port. Brave women, these navy wives who follow their men up and down the world, young mothers whose children are born in loneliness in strange hospitals, women whose sudden sorrows and scattered weeks of rapturous happiness have no counterpart in the settled lives of their sisters at home.

With the first flush of dawn, the snow-capped peak of Fuji rose pink above its mantle of fleecy clouds. The boats were hoisted aboard and stowed for sea. In that most lovely hour the cruisers formed column and steamed out.

All morning sacred Fujiyama stood up dazzling white above the horizon astern, as if to beckon us back to the ancient lands of the East. Slowly the mountain dwindled and dropped from sight. The light cruisers had left the Orient.

What is the truth, I asked myself as I paced the deck that first morning at sea, the truth behind all the ready phrases that fill the ponderous volumes of international policies — 'economic penetration,' 'special interests,' 'manifest destiny'? These are but words.

Do words, not men, govern the fate of nations?

So perhaps it would seem when one seeks the truth, not from the teeming lands and peoples of the East, but from silent and lifeless library stacks. For, if the economic school of historians see aright, the nations are but rudderless ships swept on by a current whose course the economist alone can predict and no man can control. In their philosophy human figures become dwarfed and insignificant. Our genial hosts of yesterday are to them an inanimate entity, 'the Japanese Navy'; English statesmen are known as 'Downing Street'; and those whose slightest whim rules Russia's enslaved millions become 'the Soviets.' To them the nations are not masters of their fate, but mere puppets in a show whose strings are pulled by an invisible and all-powerful hand.

The immutable laws of trade, so they tell us, drew the first Portuguese galleons here to the East centuries ago. Have they looked well upon the portraits of those intrepid navigators and noted their sea-gazing eyes? Surely not for trafficking alone they sailed the uncharted seas of the Orient. What would they think, these old explorers, could they return to see the proud banner of Portugal flying over the tiny settlement at Macao, ex-opium port of evil memory? And now the ramparts of Hongkong overshadow the last vestige of Portuguese empire, and great steamers with other and newer flags come threading their way among the changeless harbor junks.

It was destiny, these modern scholars tell us, that broke the power of those first boastful claimants to the lands and oceans of the fabled East and brought in their place the British garrison and the merchants of the Treaty Ports. Destiny again that sent Perry's squadron to burst open the harbors of Japan, leaving her no other choice but to champion the Orient against the greedy exploitation of traders from overseas. And, farther to the west, these writers see another and perhaps final evidence of economic preordination, the Red Revolution according to the prophecy of Karl Marx, spread eastward by the fanatical priests of Communism, who, from dingy offices under the Kremlin walls, plot the dread harvest of another war, a last great battle in the East, in whose bloody wake each man's hand shall be against his neighbor.

Are we but helpless pieces on the checkerboard of economic rivalry, I wondered, as I watched the shores of the Orient fading into the distance astern. Were these our ships built but to shatter and be shattered by the ships that carry another flag, that the Devil and the schemers of Moscow may laugh at human folly?

Is not the world weary of the doctrine that a changeless Fate, fixed and inexorable, has drawn and must always draw all peoples into the maelstrom of 'inevitable war'? Can the comradeship of last night mean nothing more than the memory of bright-colored kimonos and little geishas solemnly kneeling to serve the honored guests from distant lands? Is the friendship of nations as light and transitory as those ten short days in Japan, days that saw the cherry flowers blossom and fall?

The shrill whistle of the boatswain's pipe recalled me from my reverie.

'Relieve the wheel and lookout!'

I went below with the words of a Japanese verse running through my mind:

> How then to live this life of ours,
> When driving rain, when sudden showers,
> Scatter amain the cherry flowers?

When I next came on deck, the Orient had dropped under the horizon astern.

THE END OF AN EPOCH

BY SUSANNE K. LANGER

I

PHILOSOPHY is out of date. We live in an age of science, achievement, advance — of economic and social changes that are staggering when we compare them with the slow mutations and evolutions of custom which have gone before. Reality is so novel and perplexing that we have no time for mere contemplation, so absorbing that we feel no need of filling our minds with the exotic interests of metaphysics. Philosophy, which used to quicken the solid familiar world into a thing of mystery and intellectual challenge, is itself a slow and ever-decreasing force in the fluid, exciting world around us. It is overshadowed by a new knowledge, a new purpose, and if it would survive in our transformed universe it must adapt itself to these. It must outgrow what Comte called 'the metaphysical stage,' and become scientific. It must serve social and tangible ends.

William James, philosopher and science worshiper, startled a solemn generation of academicians with something like a trumpet peal. Out with all this wordy nonsense of idealism, transcendentalism, conceptualism! We do not need any of these grandiose metaphysical constructions. Religion we must have, to keep us sane in a world of bewildering shocks and surprises; ethics, scientific or religious — yes; but metaphysics is of the Devil. Metaphysics must be anathema to the progressive modern mind. Schiller in England and Dewey in America have taken up the cry, and anyone who has read of the vagaries of Cartesians, Kantians, or Hegelians in the entertaining pages of Will Durant is probably quite ready to join in. What do we care about the Transcendental Ego or the Concrete Universal? Why must we believe in anything of this sort? Our protons and electrons may be just as odd, but at least we can use them for scientific purposes; we cannot use Egos, Absolutes, and Ideas in the Mind of God. Those metaphysical entities, recent inventions though they may be, are neither enlightening nor convenient to present-day thought. They are as strange and uncouth in our world as the angels whose digestive and respiratory systems were most minutely discussed by the erudite Saint Thomas Aquinas.

Yet metaphysics is the mainstay of philosophy. Logic is merely a tool; ethics and æsthetics and the 'social sciences' are derivatives from a more general interpretation of experience. This general interpretation is exactly what we mean by metaphysics. To say that we have outgrown the need of metaphysics is to say that we have no further need of any interpretation — and that is a momentous statement. It means that we are satisfied either with the face values of things or with the unconscious interpretations of common sense, and are prepared to go on without philosophy.

And so, indeed, we are. Even in our centres of learning, the universities, philosophy is not a live and indis-

pensable subject. At best it has taken a modest place with the classics and other relics in the curriculum; at worst it has vanished like the Cheshire Cat, leaving only a dim religious light where once it smiled upon the world. It has become a jejune, polite subject — a show-case antique of the mind.

Has it outlived its usefulness, then, after twenty-five hundred years? Has human thinking outgrown, once and for all, the 'metaphysical stage' between primitive superstition and science, and arrived at the latter, so that it can kick away the scaffolding at last?

II

The picture which philosophy presents to us is indeed rather pathetic, but I believe it looks worse at close range than from a distance, and worst of all from our particular angle, for ours is a retrospective view, dull and unexpectant. We stand at the end of a philosophic epoch. We are at the dead point between two intellectual ages.

The growth of ideas is not a steady evolution, but progresses, as has often been remarked, by spectacular outbursts of genius, with long periods of comparative languor between. After centuries of slow growth, a new life suddenly ferments the world; people's thoughts and feelings are freed from old conventions and habits; a new style of living makes even the immediate past look archaic; all activities are changed, old hopes seem futile and forlorn, new ambitions and promises fill the world with a flare of slightly mad originality. Thus the Athenian age must have crowned a long and gradual change from pastoral life to urbanity; thus the light of Christian thought and emotion dawned on a dragging, jaded world, the corpse of Hellenism; thus the Renaissance transformed the fine-spun learning of centuries — the academic echo of Christianity — into a mere preliminary to a pageant of discoveries, inventions, and creations that made Europe marvel at itself.

It is a striking fact that philosophy is not as swift to feel the impulses of a new age as religion, art, or science. Greek civilization arose quickly, and its phases are somewhat telescoped, yet we can see the discrepancy between the birth of poetry or sculpture or mathematics and the birth of philosophy; Plato and Aristotle mark very nearly the end of the Golden Age. Likewise, Christianity was full-fledged and elaborately organized before Anselm, Thomas, and Duns Scotus articulated its philosophical import. The Renaissance had no philosopher of first magnitude before Descartes. In every case the rise of philosophy is a late development, if not an aftermath, of a great creative age; and the exploitation of philosophical ideas belongs to the quieter centuries that follow. The reason for this is obvious: philosophy is essentially reflective, and must wait the passage of an era before it can interpret the new conceptions that inspired it. Ideas arise in use, and express themselves in practical activity, ingenuity, and artistic insight long before they are recognized as definite new factors in the world. Therefore every period of intellectual history has its fundamental ideas that move and inspire and color its *Weltanschauung*, and in turn become the central concerns of its philosophy. Great epochs of spiritual productivity are always followed by ages of rational labor.

Whenever the implications and possibilities of a particular world view are exhausted, we come to the end of a philosophic epoch, marked by bootless warfare among schools, attempts

at synthesis, patchy eclecticism, and academic debate. This ragged fringe of an old philosophy overlaps the next era of growth; Hellenic metaphysics was in the last stages of disintegration all the time that the spirit of the Church was rising, practical, vivid, and militant, to the conquest of Europe. 'The Consolation of Philosophy,' as Boethius presents it, appears peculiarly bloodless and out of keeping with those strenuous times. Ancient thought had come to the end of its tether, and already new ideas — of soul, divinity, substance, and what not — were creeping in to reduce the traditional lore to final confusion. In the same way we see the remarkable structure of mediæval philosophy — the rationalization of Christianity — deteriorate into a sterile game of logic, even as the Renaissance is under way. The fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, miraculous times of genius, witness the senility of Scholasticism and all its relatives. The impetus that Christianity gave is exhausted, the new sources of insight not yet recognized and recorded.

At present we face the closing of another philosophic tradition. The Renaissance gave us what we are still taught, at our universities, to call 'modern philosophy': the whole gamut of systems — idealism, empiricism, rationalism, pragmatism — descended from that great intellectual revolution. Problems of body and mind, causality and freedom, sense and reason, appearance and reality, the stock in trade of contemporary metaphysics, arose not by continuous development from mediæval philosophy, but by way of a wide excursion, through channels of scientific and imaginative thought. Our traditional world view, our basic belief, is Copernican — it is experimental, skeptical, self-assertive. The mediæval view was Augustinian — mystical, supramundane, and dogmatic. To us inheritors of the Renaissance those very adjectives sound like a reproach. They express the antithesis of 'the modern spirit.'

This skeptical spirit, in our esteem the only tradition in good scholarly standing, was first explicitly prescribed for philosophy by René Descartes. From his thinking, which was not so much a burst of individual conception as a brilliant formulation of Renaissance ideas, all our major doctrines are descended. Descartes has very properly been called 'the father of modern philosophy.' He was the first systematic thinker who reflected upon the new intellectual attitude which had sprung up in Europe, and stated it in maxims and premises. To him we owe our conceptions of matter and mind as essentially different substances, our notions of self and not-self, our problem of knowledge; his emphasis on the Thinker as the central fact of the universe is the source of idealism; his recognition of the perceptions as 'given' objects of knowledge gave rise to the empiricist tradition; rationalism is a logical outcome of his faith that Reality cannot deceive the human reason. All our warring metaphysical factions, all our conflicting doctrines, really have a joint origin in the fertile and variegated thought of Descartes. What we commonly call the modern period in philosophy might fairly be designated as the Cartesian age — especially as it is no longer quite modern.

III

The Cartesian age is coming to its close. Our college generations are witnessing that verbal and ineffectual battle of doctrines, that professionalism within the academic sphere and utter indifference outside, which are the marks of senescence in philosophy.

All the famous inventions of reason, which answered burning questions in the days of Leibniz, Kant, or Schopenhauer, are defunct; we have done what we can with those concepts. Idealism, realism, empiricism, and all our other systems are not productive any more; they cast no new light upon the world, but constitute a field of esoteric learning, a possession of the universities.

Ours is an age of activity, a world-transforming age. Philosophy, now the mere echo of another era, looks pale among the revolutionary arts and sciences of such a time. But already the moving forces of the new world are taking conceptual form, and a new philosophy is dawning. What its keynote will be is, of course, obscure; all we know is that it will be unfamiliar, incommensurable with old ideas, and generative of entirely new problems and interests. Also it will probably spring from other than philosophical sources: from the arts, from science, from social experiments — whatever our dominant activity may be. We see its beginning in the new physics. Why does the notion of space-time stir the curiosity of the whole intellectual world? Because it defies all philosophical premises! Einstein is the first great non-Cartesian. The doctrine of space-time, whatever its scientific virtues may be, has momentous implications for philosophy: for it kills the traditional conception of matter. Descartes defined matter as *res extensa*, a substance whose essential property is pure extendedness. For Einstein there is no such thing. Extension as an independent property is meaningless. The world is not a realm of things, but a pattern of events. The old distinction between the passive substance, matter, and the active substance which moves it, mind, falls into ruin at the touch of the new science — if we accept a non-Newtonian physics, we throw the doors open to a non-Cartesian metaphysics. That is why the young generation of philosophers feels so mightily drawn to the Einsteinian theories, and discourses eagerly on the four-dimensional manifold, the quantum theory, the curvature of space, and other subjects chiefly or wholly beyond its ken. We feel the wealth and fertility of new ideas, and realize implicitly rather than explicitly that the old metaphysics we learn and still avow is not the foundation of our own most advanced thinking, not in keeping with our most interesting beliefs, not necessary to our understanding. It is faded and quaint beside the bold, difficult, pragmatic inventions of the laboratory.

Psychology, too, has departed from the Cartesian tradition with considerable uproar and swagger. The doctrine of the conditioned reflex, the erotics of Freud, the recent German *Gestalt* psychology, have thrown metaphysics off its balance. The whole philosophy of body and mind — interactionism, parallelism, epiphenomenalism, and so forth — becomes void and irrelevant in the light of these new constructions. There is no body-and-soul problem for our psychologists. There are problems of response, expression, understanding — problems of vital function. The material body and the spiritual will, which mechanists and vitalists still endeavor to relate, have ceased to worry students of theoretical psychology.

It is a peculiar paradox that the staleness, the futility, of our philosophy are the most interesting things about it. It means that the present age is one of mental vigor, a constructive, contributive age, which has outgrown the visions of a bygone day and is waking to visions of its own; that obscure intellectual forces are shaping a new act in the history of philosophy, and the curtain is about to rise.

HARNESSING THE WILD HORSES OF INDUSTRY

BY STUART CHASE

A HANDICRAFT culture needs no systematic planning of its economic life. Each local area is self-sufficient. A mechanical culture, such as ours, has no corresponding economic stability if allowed to drift with the winds of free competition and the unlimited pursuit of private profit. A million cogwheels must mesh if food, shelter, and clothing are to be obtained. To-day a great fraction of the gears are out of order. Why should they not be, with nobody making it his business to keep them aligned and oiled? Even in times of so-called prosperity, the creaking is prodigious. Witness the plight of American farmers from 1922 to 1929; the utter disorganization of the textile industry; of bituminous coal.

In these circumstances it is the contention of reasonable men that if we are to elect a mechanical civilization — and we have so voted — we have got to control it. This means centralized planning; the same procedure for the economic region, the nation, perhaps the whole continent, which an efficient manufacturer employs in his own office, whereby he organizes his shop and correlates production schedules to probable demand. We must make the cogwheels mesh — or else retreat, after a frightful cataclysm, to the stability of the handicraft age. Russia to-day is carrying on a magnificent experiment in the purposeful control of the machine. We of the West must follow with experiments of our own, and that shortly. The gods — as this terrible depression proves — are not prepared to grant an indefinite stay of sentence to the policy of muddling through.

A decade ago when I was a young idealist and not a cantankerous critic, I used to forgather with other young idealists, and, with an earnestness almost religious, proceed to the formulation of a master plan for the economic control of seven states in the upper left-hand corner of this Republic. 'The Northwest Project,' we called it. It took months of the most concentrated labor of our lives. More deplorable still, the results were never, as I remember it, communicated to a person of influence. A peculiar feature of the enterprise was that the plan upon which we toiled dealt solely with economic phenomena containing not one political suggestion; while the young idealists were neither poets nor journalists, but trained technicians — engineers, statisticians, accountants, foresters. We presented ourselves with the problem: How would a group of experts administer a very considerable slice of territory with a minimum of waste and a maximum of well-being for the underlying population?

Was it not charmingly ridiculous, a gorgeous sacrifice of time and effort which might have been so much better employed raising our own reasonably meagre standards of living? Certainly. Yet if the seven states had adopted that programme ten years ago it is safe to say that they would constitute the most prosperous area in the whole world to-day. This is not saying much, but it is saying something.

Before me as I write are some of the old charts and tabulations. How we pored over maps, ransacked the census and files of all the government statistical bureaus! Even the great building where I saw the Russian Gosplan functioning with charts for one hundred and sixty millions of people over more than eight million square miles of territory is less vivid than these yellowing pages. Indeed I can never hear the phrases 'economic general staff' and 'master planning' that the Northwest Project does not leap into focus. For once I worked on a master plan, and it was as exciting an adventure as ever I had known. For me it is the key to all the current clamor about controlling the machine from a central conning tower. Let me describe very briefly the sort of thing we did, in the hope that I can make the clamor a little more clear to the reader.

I

The seven states of Wisconsin, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Montana, Idaho, and Washington constitute a solid belt from the Great Lakes to the Pacific. It is an area singularly rich in natural resources and with great possibilities of future development and settlement. The population at the time of our study was approximately ten million. These ten millions, we argued, needed food, shelter, clothing, and reasonable comforts. In what tonnage and quantities? Our first task was to prepare a budget of minimum requirements cast in physical terms, — pounds of flour, pairs of shoes, suits of clothing, tons of fuel, — based on the health and decency schedules of the Bureau of Labor Statistics. These consumable goods were then converted into producer's goods — bushels of wheat, beef cattle, cotton, wool, lumber, coal, hydroelectric power. We also made side excursions into the labor hours required to convert and distribute these staples.

With requirements in hand, we proceeded to estimate the productive plant and capacity of the seven states, in respect to both developed natural resources, including farm lands, and manufacturing establishments. What is now produced; what can be produced if the present acreage and plant are operated at capacity; what could be produced under a scientific rearrangement of economic factors? In the latter category the chase became — for young idealists — violently exciting. We gave modern engineering a free hand and proceeded to build up the living standards of the heavy-footed Scandinavians of those steppes by leaps and bounds.

Productive powers were balanced against requirements, and surpluses and deficiencies struck. How far was the region self-sustaining? What did it lack, and what had it to exchange? In North Dakota, for instance, there was — and is — a vast surplus of wheat above the requirements not only of the state but of the whole region, offset by a deficiency of lumber and water power. In Washington there was a surplus of lumber; in Wisconsin a surplus of dairy products and a deficiency of wool and cotton. In the whole area no sugar at all was produced. So, item by item, the score of the major staples was told. Into the domain of luxuries and such necessities as drugs and musical instruments we did not go at all.

Finally came the Olympian task of reorganizing the economic framework: building up self-sufficiency to the line of diminishing returns; arranging exportable surpluses against deficiencies on the principle of the 'balanced load' and straight-line engineering. We called into being a mining and power

centre in the lignite fields of North Dakota; a woolen manufacturing centre in the sheep lands of Montana, where water power was abundant; a cotton centre in Minnesota, supplied by reciprocal arrangement with a great cotton growers' coöperative in Texas; a whole battery of food manufacturing centres — flour mills, packing houses, butter and cheese factories, canneries — strategically situated in relation to raw materials and consuming areas. We distributed farm products direct to city folks by a parcel-post system saving 65 to 90 per cent of distribution costs. (One of our members was earning his living working out such a project for the City of Washington.) We laid out forest and woodworking centres in Minnesota and Idaho where lumber workers might live with their families in the central town — it was to be a garden city — and cut the surrounding hills forever. (Another member, a forestry engineer, had mapped out a practical plan for a perpetual timber supply at the behest of the United States Government.) Here ran the power lines; here the great trunk highways by-passing urban areas, with never a signboard from end to end; here the airways and there the postal delivery routes; while brigades of snorting tractors hauled giant combines over vast wheat fields coöperatively worked.

This in the last analysis is what master planning means to me. But after a decade of lopsided prosperity, stock-market depth bombs, silly front-page prophecies by men who ought to know better, and general disillusionment, I realize that no such Utopian map-making is initially possible, or even conceivable, in the harsh confines of 'things as they are' in these United States. I am confident that the Northwest Project etched the final goal of economic planning, but more pedestrian steps must lead to it — granting that the Republic ever elects to go in that direction at all. With seven million workless men on the streets, overproduction and underconsumption rampant, purchasing power falling ever more seriously behind technical capacity to produce, and costs of distribution mounting steadily in the chaos which stretches between factory door and ultimate consumer; with the waste of natural resources ever more appalling, and the business cycle running unchecked in a wild orbit of its own as remote from human control as a lunar eclipse — the necessity of so electing seems reasonably plain.

II

Of the kinds and varieties of industrial coördination, history furnishes a number of interesting examples. Unfortunately few have functioned, or are functioning, in the age of a billion horsepower. The handicraft exhibits, accordingly, take on a largely academic interest, save for the light they may shed on the capacity of human nature to adapt itself to an economic general staff. By and large, mankind had no serious use for master planning before 1800; nor was the need really acute until the second industrial revolution inaugurated mass production on a grand scale some two decades ago. Before Watt transformed the lumbering engine of Newcomen, men tended to live in self-sustaining villages and small communities the planet over, even as they live in Mexico to-day. It is the intricate specialization and delicate interdependence over an increasing area which create most of our current tribulations. When men in Akron, Ohio, are threatened with starvation if a rubber crop is interrupted twelve thousand miles away, we catch a glimpse of what specialization entails.

Perhaps the greatest exhibit of economic planning in the handicraft age was the extraordinary régime of the Incas in Peru. According to Prescott, this mysterious people organized their Indian subjects and allies into a huge producing machine, functioning for two thousand miles down the backbone of the Andes. The creative arts were encouraged, soils and crops were scientifically administered, irrigation projects were launched on a grand scale, down the length of the Empire ran great arteries of transportation and communication, and poverty was completely abolished. In an earlier epoch, we are told, the Egyptian empire handled the Nile as an engineering unit, permitting no private parties to tamper with the sources of the nation's food supply. Rome regulated her imperial commerce with a high degree of centralization and extraordinary administrative ability — but took no lasting measures to restrict the latifundia which finally overwhelmed her at home.

In the ancient craft guilds, in the activities of the mercantilists, in the Church itself during the Middle Ages, we find vestiges of deliberate control — some of it of an exceedingly pestiferous nature. Indeed it might not be extravagant to hold that the rise of free competition and *laissez faire* was hastened by the desire to break away from economic restrictions imposed by central authority. The revolt was healthy, natural, and thoroughly commendable. We must point out, however, that the control against which the young revolutionary capitalists rebelled was in the first place loaded down with traditional imposts, duties, penalties, of the utmost stupidity and unreason, and was in the second place maintained for the exclusive benefit of a small ruling class, chiefly landowners. It is not to be gainsaid, however, that this illustrates one of the grave dangers of master planning. If stupid and greedy men force their way into the conning tower, they may wreck the whole project with bureaucracy and venality.

From about 1800 to 1910, free competition had its heyday, spreading over the domain of the machine like bacteria in a culture. About the only economic functions left to central authority were the issuing of currency, the collection of taxes, and fiddling — most ineptly — with tariffs. Germany under Bismarck was, of course, an exception. She planned an empire at the cost of whatever empires lay across her path. Students of economic control would do well to look into this period — and, while they are at it, into that amazing phenomenon, the industrialization of Japan within a decade or two. Both wagons were hitched to thoroughly malignant stars, in my opinion, but they may contain valuable technical examples, as well as danger signals.

Shortly after the turn of the century it became apparent that free competition was unworkable without extensive modifications which seriously undermined the whole theory — so piously documented by the Manchester School — upon which it was based. Radical philosophers had very little to do with the undermining process. It grew out of the day-by-day exigencies of life and took the form of trusts, monopolies, trade associations, 'gentlemen's agreements,' on the part of the business wing of the community; and trade-unions, state laws for the regulation of hours, working conditions, the employment of children, minimum wages, on the part of the labor wing. Meanwhile the doctrine, hitherto seditious, of certain industries being 'affected with a public interest' made hideous inroads into the corpus of *laissez faire*, taking tangible shape in government commissions to regulate railways, telephones, water,

gas, street cars, subways, electric power. In the regulated American telephone system we have perhaps the best example of long-range engineering control which any single industry has produced. In all these developments, despite their utter lack of correlation, we see clearly enough the desire, nay, the stark necessity, of substituting control for aimless drift. The difficulty was — and is — that each functioned in one small segment of the whole interlocked structure and was never headed up into a central plan. The wheat growers of North Dakota might combine to alleviate their difficulties, and the trade-unionists of Seattle, and the business men of Butte; but there was no Northwest Project — at least where the interested parties could see it.

All these movements toward coördination paled into insignificance before the machinery set in operation by the World War. After a year or two of costly floundering, the Allies relinquished free competition altogether and inaugurated the Supreme Economic Council which directed the movement of men and materials over half the world. Traders, middlemen, speculators, crosshauling, the whole tangled fabric of business as usual, were obliterated before an engineering control which articulated supply to demand; and, failing this, the war would most certainly have been lost.

In the United States, citadel of sturdy individualism, the War Industries Board calmly and inevitably undertook the management of three hundred and fifty industries, and practically the entire routing of the supply of skilled labor and essential raw materials. It fixed prices, closed down the luxury trades, speeded munitions with priority orders. Manned chiefly by business executives, it secured the coöperation of almost the entire business world in its programme of high-handed and utterly unprecedented centralized control. Its success is evidenced by the fact that it permitted the removal of ten million able-bodied producers from the industrial machine, — soldiers and munitions workers, — yet so organized the remaining labor supply that the parasites were amply provided for, while the domestic population reached a higher standard of living than it had ever before enjoyed. This it did without taking over a single industrial establishment, or seriously damaging the flow of corporate profits.

With the Armistice, the dollar-a-year men packed their bags, the control nerves were ruthlessly severed, 'normalcy' became the slogan of a Presidential election. In due course there followed a dizzy toboggan slide into the abyss, with six million unemployed in 1921, and the complete prostration of agriculture — a prostration from which the farmer has never recovered. His piteous wails have rung in our ears ever since. The Supreme Economic Council faded into a pale ghost known as the League of Nations, publishing admirable reports to which nobody paid the slightest attention. The war demonstrated the incalculable advantages of master planning, but the lesson was never taken to heart. We found a diamond in an ash heap and presently threw it away.

III

On one nation alone the lesson was not lost. In 1922, Lenin inaugurated the New Economic Policy in Russia, and an obscure little bureau was set up as part of the machinery to draft a plan for the unification of electric power. This was whimsical, inasmuch as the young Republic had no electric power to speak of, and no visible capital with which to acquire it. Indeed, after eight years of war, revolution, and marauding White armies, she

had very little industrial equipment of any kind. Production had fallen to 20 per cent of the 1913 output. Handicraft economy based on village self-sufficiency alone saved her from utter collapse. A few devoted engineers schemed huge dams and vast power sites, while practical men laughed. But the vision would not fade. Power became the symbol of the dawning religion of communism. Men in ragged blouses, swilling hot tea in glasses, dreamed glittering steel, looping transmission lines, purring dynamos, huge bastions of cement. The plans of the little bureau grew more and more ambitious. Presently it became known as the Gosplan, and, lodged in an old barracks in Moscow, was gulping statistics — incredibly bad statistics — by the carload.

Man is the most adaptable of all the animals. A people hitherto bucolic reached for the machine, for all the machines which James Watt had loosed on the Western World. It grew machine-minded if not machine-mad. Henry Ford became an icon second only to Lenin. And the machine came to Russia — and comes and comes. But it came only as the Gosplan ordered, not helter-skelter as it came to England and Germany and America. The little bureau suddenly found itself at the apex of the economic life of the nation.

The initial objective was to bring production up to the pre-war level. It was accomplished in 1927, the year I visited Russia. The statistics had vastly improved. They had to improve, or the whole planning fabric would disintegrate. I watched engineers and draftsmen working on the first tentative Five-Year Plan. This was to be the next objective — to double pre-war production by 1932. It was another year, however, before the incredible labor of comprehending all phases of economic effort was finally reduced to blueprint, and the relation of available investment to production quotas, to consumers' requirements, to transportation load, to food supply, to exports and imports, to housing programmes, to available labor, to engineering and management, determined. On October 1, 1928, the Five-Year Plan was launched — to the derision of practical men the world around. To-day, with more than half the period elapsed, and the prospect of completing many of the quotas in four years rather than five, the laughing comes from another quarter. We witness the stupefying success of master planning in a nation distinguished since time out of mind for its utter lack of technical progress, its impracticality and mental moonshine. If Russians can plan, one is almost moved to say, so can cows.

Turning westward again, we find, since the war, a wide desert with one or two oases. The State of Arizona has had a planning board since the depression of 1921, due to the persistent vision of a lone engineer, Mr. P. G. Spilsbury. Its function is advisory only, but it has won the confidence of statesmen and business men, and, in its small way, steered the development of the state's industry, trade, transportation, highways, tourist travel, in an intelligent and purposeful direction. A report dated August 1930 shows that Arizona has probably suffered less from the current depression than any other single state. Governor Roosevelt is keenly interested in a planning project for the State of New York.

To the south, the Republic of Mexico has recently inaugurated a planning commission with mandatory powers. It is working on the division of the country into regions, mapping the best industries for each; on the future development of railroads, highways, airways, and seaports; on extended irri-

gation and afforestation projects. Here again one man, Mr. Carlos Contreras, has been the driving force. In England, we have had a shower of paper plans for the rehabilitation of that distressed island, of which the latest, dated February 1931, lies on the desk before me. It is a very far-reaching document indeed, aiming to keep capitalism, socialism, democracy, and imperialism all happy playfellows under the same roof. France has coquetted with a planning board since 1925. Its power is growing. France, however, with her self-supporting peasants, is not so helpless before the machines as certain other nations.

Meanwhile the drive toward industrial coördination — as distinguished from master planning — has accelerated steadily in the past decade. Its chief manifestation in the United States has been the merger movement, and in Europe the rationalization movement. The latter is a slippery phrase meaning almost anything, from a Taylor system for loading pig iron to the regrouping of a single industry. Lately the gentlemen engaged in furnishing us with raw resources, both at home and abroad, are moving heaven, earth, and the Sherman Anti-trust Law to secure unified control of the mining of coal, the production of oil, the output of sugar, copper, silver, rubber, zinc, or what you will. The idea of all these perspiring gentlemen, as announced in the public prints, is to eliminate waste and overproduction by restricting supply to demand. Nothing could be more praiseworthy. The only question in these arrangements is whether output is not in danger of being further restricted to what the traffic will bear.

IV

The major historical exhibits have been passed in review. Russia with her Five-Year Plan easily leads the list, closely followed, for sheer technical achievement, by our own War Industries Board. Let us turn our attention to what might be termed the theory of master planning. What area does it cover, what types of economic activity are included, how is the planning machinery set up? The triple aspect — geographic, economic, political — is cardinal to any plan. The variations within these three dimensions are of course endless.

Area may range all the way from the whole planet to a small local community. The Supreme Economic Council of the Allies was the nearest we have dared to come to world control, while 'town planning' has been a commonplace in America and Europe for decades. The latter has ranged from vague committees of earnest citizens with no power, no money, and no tangible objective, to complete towns, blueprinted and built from the ground up, like Letchworth near London and Radburn near New York.

The world, for all that it grows smaller every day, is still too big to provide a basis for any plan not frankly Utopian. In *Men Like Gods*, H. G. Wells has supplied perhaps the most stimulating of the Utopian designs. The World Court, the League of Nations, are the first feeble flutterings in this direction, unless one includes the gyrations of the oil, copper, and silver interests above referred to. We shall probably see more and more of these international groupings.

Town planning, for all its admirable function, is altogether too small to be dignified by the term 'master planning.' The latter by definition connotes an attempt to come to terms with the machine. Rome knew town planning, and Athens and Chichen-Itza. To-day we need to plan because of the specialization introduced by the industrial

revolution, which, unregulated, leads to overproduction and unemployment. This specialization knows nothing of town boundaries, but operates in units of a continent or more. A continental plan for North America would comprehend from 90 to 95 per cent of the goods and services necessary to self-sufficiency, but here again Canada and Mexico might view coöperation with the Colossus in the middle of the bed not without justifiable apprehension. But a plan for the United States, like a plan for Russia, is not beyond the limits of reality. Both are large enough and sufficiently equipped with natural resources to go far toward stabilization. The point is not so clear for an island like England.

From the psychological point of view, if not that of pure engineering, the best unit is probably the *economic region.* By that is meant an area which embraces unity of soil, climate, general topography, and racial mixture. New England is such a region, and so is the corn belt, the cotton belt, or the Northwest zone of wheat and timber. The sight of a New England village green after long absence brings a mist to my eyes. This is where I was born, this is my homeland, the place I love. The Alps look cold and bleak beside the White Mountains of New Hampshire. One signboard on the Mohawk Trail hurts me more than a hundred on the Rocky Mountains, while I am content to view Los Angeles as one glittering cosmetic container. Human beings, for all their rushing about at fabulous speeds per hour, are lost without a place to take root in. This does not mean a house so much as waving prairie, high plateau, undulating meadow land, sand and cliff and sea. Regional planning designed to make the home country fairer, happier, more to be loved, is the sort, perhaps the only sort, of master planning which will some day arouse the emotions of the wayfaring citizen. It contains also the competitive element. Our region shall be cleaner, more desirable, than the one next door. To date, this valuable incentive has been in exclusive charge of gentlemen buying by the acre and selling by the front foot.

So much for theories of area. Where shall the economic lines be drawn? A master plan, it seems to me, must include all economic effort which furnishes the ordinary citizen with the necessities and reasonable comforts of a civilized life. This means food, shelter, clothing, public health, education, and the rudiments of recreation — say a great system of national and regional parks. The coördination of a specific industry, — coal, copper, or railroads, — however excellent and useful it may prove, is not master planning. It falls under the head of control, if you will; but master planning must mean correlation, synthesis, to meet the challenge of specialization in the machine age. To control leather, while letting hides run wild on the one side and shoes on the other, lands us precisely nowhere — however it may affect the balance sheets of the embattled leather men. It is possible, however, and indeed necessary, to accent the essential industries and to neglect — beyond the stage of raw-material control — the superfluities and the luxuries. Thus wheat and lumber should be in the conning-tower spotlight, while golf balls, cigar lighters, toys, and platinum rings could, for all we care, hover in the shadow. Another distinction might be drawn between the established, old-line industries where technical achievement approaches standard practice, and new, developing industries. Steel is an example of the former, airplanes of the latter. Planning should keep its hands off the new industries so far as is con-

sistent with public health and safety, and let them work out their own salvation in the domain of *laissez faire*, allowing the profits and losses to fall where they may. Only when the youngster has matured should he be admitted into the control area.

Up to, say, 1920, motor cars were in the pupa stage; now they are fully adult. With four million jobs dependent upon them, overproduction and excess plant capacity have worked frightful havoc, as the mayor of Detroit can tell you in most painful detail. Electric refrigerators are still developing, but radios are reasonably well matured. Already, according to Senator Couzens, their potential output is fivefold the market demand. Some day, somehow, in this connection, we shall have to come to terms with the grave waste and friction imposed by patents and secret processes. In Russia a new invention is immediately put to use over the whole industrial front. The War Industries Board followed the same course. These locked safes, these interminable legal actions, are ripe for master planning.

We turn last to the political area. How shall the planning mechanism be set up? We are forced to admit that history points strongly to the state. The Incas, the Pharaohs, the imperial trade of Rome, the War Industries Board, the Supreme Economic Council, the Gosplan, have all been agencies of the central government, although the War Industries Board was run largely by business men in coöperation with regional groups of business men. In the United States there are more ability and energy in the business community than in any other group. If industry itself chose to take charge of the planning machinery, and really marched on overproduction, unemployment, business cycles, and low standards of living, I for one would raise no objections. Even if profit ranges here and there and from time to time were excessive, one could not complain too bitterly if the main objectives were being achieved. We do not care who controls the wild horses, so long as they are effectively controlled.

All this is rank treason to the young idealist and the orthodox socialist, who have been taught that business men are committed to the longest hours, the lowest wages, the vilest working conditions, and the most gorgeous profit ranges they can possibly enforce. This accusation was largely true up to a decade or two ago when mass production made its real bow. Mass production demands mass consumption. As a matter of cold fact, the ablest business men in America to-day are committed to high wages, short hours, and admirable working conditions. They find that such measures aid mass consumption, provide leisure time to consume leisure-time goods, keep operating costs down. For the first time in history, business men have a genuine stake in the abolition of poverty. This hardly converts them into angels, but their horns and tails have visibly receded. The difficulty is, of course, that they are still animated to a large extent by the lure of profits to-morrow rather than public well-being in ten or twenty years. Master planning means long-swing operations like national afforestation, and like conservation of the petroleum supply, primarily in the interest of lubricating oil. Lumber men and oil men have the greatest difficulty in seeing their operations in such terms. Private profit is bound to clash with master planning in many fields, though not necessarily in all.

The control we are considering must pass through two stages — the drafting of the plan, and its administration after adoption. The first is passive, the

second active. I see no future for master planning without mandatory powers in the second stage. In Russia, the Gosplan is theoretically an advisory body, but it is incorporated in the extremely powerful department of Labor and Defense; its suggestions are immediately drafted into law and executive action. In America an advisory commission, drafting a plan and submitting recommendations to President, Congress, state and regional authorities, trade associations, labor unions, would undoubtedly be a move in the right direction, but would accomplish, one suspects, little beyond oratory and beautifully bound reports. Witness the New England Council. Somewhere there must be a set of teeth, perhaps not too many teeth to begin with, but at least two or three sound and articulating molars. The War Industries Board, you remember, controlled fuel supply and freight cars, without which most business men are helpless.

V

Master planning, then, means a geographical area large enough to cope with economic self-sufficiency, with due regard for the psychological considerations implicit in regional planning. It means that all essential industries are comprehended, and their interrelations closely followed, failing which the problems of specialization cannot be confronted. It means first a paper programme, and then executive action clothed with more than advisory power. It probably means the state — with as much coöperation from industry as the government can secure. But there is no objection — save from embittered Marxists — to industry's taking the lead if it has the will and the intelligence.

Probably the most important feature of master planning is the orderly control of new investment. In so-called prosperous years in the United States, we may release as much as ten billion dollars. This sum goes anywhere, on a glorious hit-and-miss basis — into woolen mills when there are already three times as many woolen mills as the market needs, into highly dubious foreign enterprises where the size of the banker's commission is the primary magnet, into surplus cement plants, into new oil pools when we have a 50 per cent excess of producing wells, into miniature golf courses, into skyscrapers and subways to compound the discomfort and danger of existing in Megalopolis, into land reclamation projects when bankrupt farmers are streaming from the land, into a huge advertising campaign to make us athletes foot-conscious, into developing house lots in the swamps of Florida. (At the peak of the boom there were more house lots for sale in the palmy peninsula than there were families in the United States.) It will be a long day before a planning board can tell a man what he shall do with his surplus funds in this Republic, but at least his sturdy individualism might not be outraged if there were an authority to tell him where his money had a chance of secure earning power over a term of years, and where it would simply be thrown away. The mere knowledge, now unobtainable, of where capital is genuinely needed and where it is not would be a long step forward. A certain amount of capital would have to be conscripted — at fair rates of interest — for great public improvements, like slum clearance, where the profit would mature beyond the patience of the private investor.

The whole wheel of the Russian Five-Year Plan turns on the allotment of capital to new enterprises. This is what balanced economy means. Just enough coal mines and iron mines to supply the steel industry; just enough blast fur-

naces to supply the rails, structural shapes, tractors, and pitchforks that the plan calls for, year by year. In five years, some thirty billions of dollars will go flooding into mills, mines, railroads, power plants, houses, schools, mechanized farms. Nearly every kopeck of it has been allotted in advance. Russia, of course, has the great advantage of starting from scratch. She had no industrial structure worthy of the name to scrap or remodel; hers was a handicraft economy. She can put her new mills where they functionally belong with an eye to raw-material supply, transportation outlets, markets, as well as labor. In Western civilization we have ever jammed our mills down where labor could be most ruthlessly exploited, on the now-exploded theory that cheap men connote low costs. We have to rearrange a chaos, — imagine trying to unscramble New York City! — where Russia need only build fresh and clean.

We have, however, the advantage of a far higher standard of living to carry us through a transition period. We have the advantage, too, of having already started upon a programme of industrial decentralization, while Russia is heading, mistakenly I believe, for the Pittsburgh ideal of huge, smoky, roaring industrial blood clots. Worshiping the machine, she likes to see her god a towering colossus. She will have to learn better, if she is really to live with the brute.

The second great task of master planning is to bring purchasing power into alignment with the growth of the technical arts, to give citizens enough income to buy back the goods which citizens make. The failure to do this hitherto has been the bitterest paradox of the whole industrial revolution. It means tinkering with the credit system, tinkering with wages, tinkering with hours of labor. The first two must expand, the third contract. Sometimes, in a fit of desperation, one is prepared to cry a halt in the technical arts, giving society opportunity to catch up with its indefatigable engineers, the arts of consumption a chance to draw level with production — but this is begging the question, as well as desecrating all the sacred cows of progress.

The regional conception will not down. The conning-tower captains must leave no stone unturned in an endeavor to make economic regions more nearly self-sustaining, less susceptible to the ebb and flow of outside economic forces, than they now are. Specialization has gone too far for either human comfort or human safety. In our Northwest programme, we aimed at 70 per cent local self-sufficiency. The principle, of course, is that of a wheat farmer with a garden patch. If the crop fails, or the dumpers dump, he can still eat. In the regional idea, furthermore, things of the spirit receive more consideration: the beauty and order of one's own countryside; a rebirth of craftsmanship aided by cheap electric power; a local literature, a local art.

VI

I have tried to state the major objectives and the major problems of the dawning concept of master planning. The objectives I can see with some lucidity; the problems I know not how to solve. I shall wait as eagerly as you, fellow reader, for the matured judgments of wiser men.

The difficulties are very grave. Primarily we lack, even in this period of profound depression and widespread suffering, the psychological imperative to seize the industrial system and forge it into an instrument fit for human use. As the months drag on, however, the imperative mounts. In another year

we may even equal the emotional crisis which drove us almost willingly into the arms of the War Industries Board. Again, we have no means of gauging the resistance of the business world, except that we know it will be violent in many quarters.

Thorstein Veblen once drew an illuminating distinction between 'business' and 'industry.' The former, devoted to buying and selling, counts that day lost which does not offer speculative opportunity. 'The highest achievement in business is the nearest approach to something for nothing.' Business defined in terms of profitable speculation will never tolerate a master plan where security replaces speculation. Industry, on the other hand, is the engineering aspect of economic enterprise. It seeks the balanced load in plant operation, the steady market, the low-price–large-volume ideal; it relies heavily on research, expert management, quantitative analysis. It is profoundly distressed by upheavals beyond its control which throw production schedules out of joint — those same upheavals upon which the speculator thrives.

Is it unreasonable to hope that industry, so defined, will welcome master planning? Certainly if the conning tower is ever a reality it will have to be staffed by men from this industrial school.

The Northwest Project was a dream. Russia is no dream. Day by day her shadow falls sharper, bolder, upon the face of the world. . . .

THE REIGN OF ERROR

BY JAMES HARVEY WILLIAMS

I

In his annual message to Congress last December, President Hoover made a recommendation of vital importance to American business. He suggested a study of the effects of existing anti-trust legislation.

> I recommend [he said] that the Congress institute an inquiry into some aspects of the economic working of these laws. I do not favor repeal of the Sherman Act. The prevention of monopolies is of the most vital public importance. Competition is not only the basis of protection to the consumer, but is the incentive to progress. However, the interpretation of these laws by the courts, upon those enterprises closely related to the use of the natural resources of the country, makes such an inquiry advisable. The producers of these materials assert that certain unfortunate results of wasteful and destructive use of these natural resources, together with a destructive competition which impoverishes both operator and worker, cannot be remedied because of these prohibitive interpretations of the anti-trust laws. The well-known condition of the bituminous coal industry is an illustration. The people have a vital interest in the conservation of their natural resources, in the prevention of wasteful practices, in conditions of destructive competition which may impoverish the producer and the wage earner, and they have an equal interest in maintaining adequate competition. I,

therefore, suggest that an inquiry be directed especially to the effect of the workings of the anti-trust laws in these particular fields, to determine if these evils can be remedied without sacrifice of the fundamental purpose of these laws.

Since the results of the proposed inquiry may determine in large part the course of the nation's industrial development, the President's suggestion should enlist the interest of manufacturers and distributors alike.

Everywhere, except in Congress, it has become a recognized fact that serious maladjustments exist in our economic life. At the annual conventions of nearly every industry, discussion centres upon the hardships imposed by 'conditions of destructive competition.' Many entire trades are unable to operate profitably under the blind type of competition that is imposed by law; as a consequence, a high premium is placed upon merging. But, as Mark Twain said in reference to the weather, everyone complains, but no one does anything about it.

At the moment we are in the throes of a severe industrial depression. Many economists have said that overproduction was one of its contributing causes, and several have proposed more careful economic planning as a method of preventing overproduction in the future and avoiding a recurrence of these periodic slumps. It is a sound idea, but it will remain impracticable until the Sherman Act is modified to allow business some adequate measure of control over its own destinies. One simple illustration will show that this is true. As times improve, suppose that there should be a definite increase of 10 per cent, let us say, in the demand for shoes. Each shoe manufacturer will know it, and it will be the signal for each factory to begin operations on a larger scale. This would be the critical time for rational planning if that were possible. If the manufacturers, through their trade association, could strike an agreement to limit their combined increase in output to 10 per cent, production would then be geared to consumption; the shoe industry would start off again on a sound basis.

At present, however, such an agreement — no matter how sensible it might be or how necessary to the general welfare — is illegal under the Sherman Act. It would be a 'combination in restraint of trade,' and therefore expressly forbidden. Forced to act independently, each shoe manufacturer will speed up his operations as much as he dares, in the hope that he will be able to sell more shoes than his competitors. In the industry as a whole, production will be increased, not 10 per cent, but 15 or 20 or 30 per cent. Here, at the very beginning of better times, the seeds of the next depression will be sown; the situation will continue to get more and more out of hand until, at last, another crisis will correct the excesses which the law has rendered the manufacturers powerless to correct for themselves.

It is vital to the general welfare that Congress undertake this long-overdue investigation which the President has recommended. If an unprejudiced, fact-finding committee were to study the problem, we should be able for the first time to chart our economic philosophy by definite findings, instead of leaving it entangled in misconceptions and cross-purposes. Congress, however, seems to be supinely indifferent to the health of industry. The only resolutions filed during the recent short session sought either to limit the proposed inquiry to a report upon the power of Congress to enlarge the administration of the existing laws, or to determine whether the Department of Justice has properly enforced them. Either type of investigation is a plain distortion of the President's purpose;

neither type seeks even a diagnosis of industry's troubles, let alone a cure.

Even if the proper kind of inquiry is undertaken, there is some danger that it may be restricted to the coal and oil industries. This would be a colossal blunder. The problem of destructive competition is well-nigh universal in all branches of business. The plight of the coal and oil industries only *seems* to demand more urgent attention because they are forced to waste natural resources, a loss which is readily apparent to everyone. A vast number of other industries — industries which affect many more people — are forced to waste finished materials, and this loss, although less conspicuous, is a greater drain upon the nation's wealth than the other. To be wholly effective, therefore, any Congressional inquiry must be comprehensive. It would simply perpetuate the costly policy of the past to temporize with the need for a complete solution by adding one or two more particularly hard-pressed industries to the piecemeal exemptions that have already been made — exemptions which create class privilege and stand as self-confessed evidence that our present anti-trust laws will not work.

II

The primary purpose of the Sherman Act was to banish from our economic life the power to create a monopoly in private industry. It committed us to 'the principle of competition,' which means simply the maintenance of competitive sources of supply. To this end 'the liberty of the trader' was protected against acts of oppression by his competitors. Thus, it was thought, the door of free competition would always remain open to independent capital and brains. If one searches through the history of the period which brought forth the Sherman Act, one will find no evidence that this law was ever intended to throttle legitimate business by enforcing a reign of cutthroat competition between financially disconnected units not seeking to oppress or absorb other competitors. This fact is not generally realized. There was also no indication, either in the Act or in the public opinion of the time, of any purpose to protect consumers beyond such ample protection as was explicitly granted in the provision forbidding monopoly and hence ensuring the existence of multiple sources of supply. Yet the broad language of the Act, as will presently be shown, has given rise to this wasteful economic philosophy, and it has been so generally accepted that it has become almost a part of the substantive law itself.

In order to see how this has come about, it will be necessary to distinguish clearly between the two separate parts into which consideration of the Sherman Act should fall. First is that part dealing with trusts, monopolies, oppression of competitors, and with questions of definition, administration, and jurisdiction. This is the true anti-trust act. But there is a second part which is summed up in the wide clause: '*Every* contract [the italics are mine], combination . . . or conspiracy in restraint of trade or commerce . . . is hereby declared illegal.' This constitutes what may fairly be called the 'restraint-of-trade act.' Paradoxically enough, this second part of the Sherman Act has done much to defeat the primary purpose intended; by inducing mergers, the provision forbidding *all* agreements 'in restraint of trade' has actually had the effect of a pro-trust act.

When President Hoover, former President Coolidge, and others almost unanimously declare that they do not favor repeal of the Sherman Act, it is

essential to bear in mind the distinction between the two parts of this law; an analysis of their statements always reveals that their real concern is to preserve our traditional opposition to monopoly in manufacture and distribution. The public is rightly united in the belief that monopoly is contrary to the national interest. But every utterance against repeal or amendment of the Sherman Act, justified in the main purpose though it be, creates a general impression that *all* the provisions of the Act are necessary bulwarks against monopoly. This is far from the truth. The 'restraint-of-trade act' is not only not a bulwark against monopoly; it actually fosters monopoly, and this is the only part of the Sherman Act which business men wish to modify. If the present maladjustments of industry are to be cured at the source, the law which created them will have to be changed. Such a change has become necessary, not only to restore the balance of power between buyer and seller upon which our economic equilibrium depends, but also to prevent the nullification of the real will of the people with regard to monopoly.

The Supreme Court has never explicitly declared that voluntary agreements with respect to price, limitation of production, or apportionment of territory among competitors who have not even a remote chance of establishing a monopoly are contrary to sound economic policy. This fundamental point has never been reviewed on its merits, and indeed cannot be so reviewed, because Congress, with its ill-chosen if not inadvertent phrase, '*every* restraint,' has damned practically all agreements of this kind, the good along with the bad, in its blanket indictment. In the cases that have come before the courts it has only been necessary to show that such agreements are 'in restraint of trade,' as they obviously are, and hence *ipso facto* unlawful. But this leaves open the very important question whether some of these agreements between competitors in manufacture and distribution may not actually promote the public interest. As a matter of fact, if they are subject to proof of 'reasonableness' upon complaint, they not only do not tend to create monopoly, but are positive deterrents to it. Again, it is the absolute prohibition of such agreements that fosters monopoly, for, by placing unduly narrow limits upon the coöperative action of independent units, the law provides the most conspicuous motive for mergers.

Nowadays it is customary to dismiss giant industrial combinations as natural developments of the machine age, part of the inevitable trend of the times. But it is the restraint-of-trade part of the Sherman Act that has made them both natural and inevitable. In general, these mergers of competing companies were originally formed to enable them to exercise as a single corporation the stabilizing influence upon prices, production, and division of territory which the law forbids them to exercise by agreement as independent units. This has been the prime motive underlying the whole merger movement. Later, there have developed other collateral types of mergers calculated to effect control of raw materials, concentration of purchases, or diversification of product; but these have followed as by-products and have not figured prominently as motivating causes. These being the conditions which have promoted the growth of mergers, it is only natural that independent manufacturers and distributors have been left at a great disadvantage. Every large combination in a given industry brings together a concentrated purchasing power which, in its practical working, is a bludgeon

leveled at the heads of all the important vendors to that industry. For example, if several mergers should take place among the publishing houses, every paper manufacturer would see the number of outlets for his paper reduced. If he should lose an important customer, he would find it extremely difficult to replace him. So difficult, indeed, that the manufacturer would not dare take the risk of losing him and the customer would be in such a strong position that he could virtually dictate his own terms. This is precisely what is happening with the spread of mergers. It is permitting the buyer to set the price. Since, under the operations of the law, purchasers can act jointly, while sellers cannot, the old trading slogan, 'Let the buyer beware,' has now become 'Let the seller beware.'

At the root of our industrial maladjustment there is too much solicitude for the rights of the consumer and too little for those of the manufacturer and investor. It is imperative, therefore, to determine where the true public interest lies between the rights of those who buy and those who sell. Does it not lie, first of all, in the freedom of buyer and seller to deal or not to deal with each other? If so, then it follows that the welfare of the public is seriously jeopardized by the situation which now prevails. When an industry is controlled by a few merged corporations, the sellers to that industry are not free to deal or not to deal; they face the alternative of dealing at the price the purchaser dictates, which may be ruinous, or of going out of business. The equilibrium of the opposed parties is no longer maintained by the law of supply and demand; it is completely upset by the arbitrary power of the buyer to enforce his own terms.

With so many factors favoring the buyer against the seller, there can be no middle ground for American business between virtual monopolies, on the one hand, and, on the other, some relaxation of the law that will permit price agreements between sellers. Such agreements, of course, must be subject to public accountability and to penalties for abuse. With this safeguard they would be a means of preserving that freedom in competition which the anti-trust laws were intended to guarantee.

It is true that the very thought of 'price fixing' is anathema to many people because of its past association with various forms of financial pooling and with misguided attempts to maintain artificial price levels. But there is a vital distinction between price fixing for greed and price stabilization from necessity, which keeps open the other important elements of competition — quality, service, and cost reduction.

To make this distinction clear, one need only mention the tense competition that exists between the railroads and between the banks, both of which operate under practically uniform rates. Moreover, such price agreements would not mean that prices would be held arbitrarily at a permanent level. Recent experiences with copper and rubber prove once more that this cannot be done. If the price were set too high, new competition or a 'buyers' strike' would quickly bring it down to the proper point, agreement or no agreement. But the level would be adjusted at frequent intervals by competitors working together on the basis of cost and demand, and a retreat — if conditions called for retreat — would be orderly instead of hysterical and ruinous. Whether prices rise or fall, the manufacturer whose judgment dictates the lowest price will control. He will either have his own way or drop out of the agreement.

At present the laws forbid the use of this remedy; consequently vendors too

have begun to merge in an effort to pit mass selling power against mass purchasing power. The 'distribution merger' of allied but non-competing products such as that of General Foods Corporation, as well as similar developments in other fields, shows still another phase of this economic urge. In order to keep abreast of the chain-store movement the local distributor may yet have to merge with others in neighboring cities. The banks are already consolidating their capital to keep pace with the growth of their corporate customers. Thus the vicious circle rolls merrily on, gathering accretions like a wet snowball. Eventually competitive units will be so few that there will be no alternative to this virtual monopoly, since two or three large corporations in unregulated control of a nation-wide field protect the public little better than one. What door of opportunity will then stand open to new competition?

These are among the fundamental conditions which have been created by the anti-trust laws. The problem which they raise, however, is not a legal problem; it is a matter of economics and practical business experience. A sane solution will provide us with a new economic and social philosophy of the utmost importance. The whole question of revising the Sherman Act has been widely misunderstood and distorted. In the forty years since our present course was charted our industry and commerce have undergone vast changes which would have rendered even the wisest legislation obsolete; yet no modification whatever has been made in the substantive law. No measure of relief has been granted to business except the special exemption of certain privileged industries. And this has gone hand in hand with a more liberal policy toward consolidations of capital which has tended directly to foster monopoly — the very thing that the Sherman Act was framed to prevent.

II

That the problems of industry have not received as sympathetic consideration from the Federal Government as the welfare of the country has required, or as labor and agriculture have received, is a matter of common knowledge. Former President Coolidge recognizes this with evident regret, for in one of his recent little messages to the country he says: —

> We need a better understanding between business and government. It would be well to temper regulation with coöperation and season restriction with encouragement. The solicitous care given labor and agriculture by the government has generally worked to the public advantage. When the representatives or individual members of these interests make mistakes, they are not charged against the whole organization. But in commercial business the errors are usually considered to reflect on the whole group. All legitimate business is entitled to governmental consideration. When industry will be affected by governmental action, it ought to be heard sympathetically and without implication of seeking domination contrary to the public interest. We cannot have employment and prosperity except on the basis of justice to business.

For this public attitude of suspicion to which Mr. Coolidge refers, business has itself largely to blame. During the last century the ethics of big business, often little better than the ethics of pirates, caused every element of public opinion to be arrayed against it. In due course this universal condemnation had its effect, and in the end business capitulated completely. Human nature has not changed, but it may fairly be said of industry to-day that enlightened selfishness has generally supplanted the ruthless selfishness of a generation ago. Business men have learned their lesson

and can now be trusted with a reasonable measure of responsible freedom — subject, of course, to the checks and balances which the public interest requires of all elements in the population.

Business is further handicapped in obtaining relief because its own counsels are divided. A few leading industrial organizations oppose reform of the Sherman Act because they fear that they may lose the right of injunction in labor disputes which the Act confers upon employers. Some industries have already attained the maximum advantages to be had from mergers, and their managers are loath to give up the present system, which permits them to buy at prices below cost from the disorganized industries that must sell to them. Others are persuaded that efforts to obtain relief would only result in the imposition of even harsher restrictive measures by the radicals in Congress. Still others have been converted to the 'new era' philosophy so prevalent during the boom period of 1929; they allow themselves to believe that economic laws have become obsolete, that the evil of overproduction is really the fault of underconsumption, that true prosperity lies in producing first and then making the public absorb whatever is offered.

Another group has been drugged by the doctrine, so freely expounded in Washington, that the rights of the consumer are superior to all others. This group spreads abroad the notion that cutthroat price competition is the only incentive to efficiency, that efficiency is inherent in mere size, that the mass of independent producers and distributors who urge revision of the law want protection against their 'larger and more efficient competitors.' It ignores the fact that many industries, because of their very nature, do not lend themselves to the methods of mass production, and that in many others even the most efficient cannot prosper. Such units want protection, not against greater efficiency, but only against those competitors who rarely, if ever, make an annual profit, and against the buyers whose power fosters this condition.

Finally, efficiency experts and legal advisers of many trade associations have exerted a discouraging influence. Their knowledge and experience of complex anti-trust cases are naturally bewildering to the man at his desk operating a business; he has probably never studied the anti-trust laws, but he wonders, nevertheless, why his competitors won't let either him or themselves escape from red ink. The experts tell him that he needs better cost accounting, more trade statistics, better legal advice, and various other panaceas. They do not tell him that none of these services, all valuable in themselves, can help to equalize the artificially created disparity that now exists between buyer and seller.

In the face of such conflicting opinions, it is not strange that business sentiment has been unable to crystallize to end the uneconomic 'reign of error' which owes its origin to the Sherman Act.

IV

If a Congressional inquiry into the workings of the anti-trust laws should be instituted in accordance with President Hoover's suggestion, the committee would have to consider the following major defects of existing legislation:—

1. By prohibiting competitors from adjusting their total production to the total demand, it has caused wanton waste of our invaluable and irreplaceable natural resources.

2. By prohibiting the stabilization of both production and prices, it has

caused widespread 'profitless prosperity' among manufacturers and distributors.

3. It is directly responsible for a large part of the present trend toward concentration of capital.

4. By forbidding agreements to eliminate the 'cross-hauling' of freight, it has prevented economies in the cost of steel and many other materials.

5. It has made it impossible for manufacturers of trade-marked articles to protect the reputation of their products against dealers who wish to feature them at less than the advertised price.

6. It has worked indefensible injustice against many specific interests, such as the meat packers; for it has forced some of the packers to refrain from handling groceries, while it has not only permitted their competitors to do so, but has allowed the grocery companies to enter the packing business.

7. It has been proved unworkable in principle by the necessity of granting numerous special exemptions amounting to class privilege.

8. Some of its applications have been so uncertain that many useful and lawful acts have been forestalled through fear of prosecution.

If a Congressional committee undertakes to determine the truth of this indictment and conducts its investigation with any degree of open-mindedness, it cannot fail to discover that these ills of business are to be cured only by a fundamental change in our economic philosophy, dictated by economic needs and interpreted by economic minds. Fair and equal treatment must be accorded to both buyer and seller, and this will require revision of the substantive law. It will not be necessary to repeal the Sherman Act, but it *will* be necessary to amend it. Once the changed philosophy is accepted, nothing more complex will be required than this simple addition to the Sherman Act: —

SECTION 9: That the words 'in restraint of trade,' wherever used in this Act, shall be deemed and interpreted to mean only such restraint of trade as, with equal regard for the interests of capital, labor, and consumer, shall be to the detriment of the public interest.

If the terms 'equal regard' and 'detriment of the public interest' seem to require definition, a simple measure is to ask the question whether the restraint upon any party is greater than is required to protect any other party's interest. Obviously it would be impossible to list every conceivable restraint upon the public interest. Each case under review must be judged in the light of its specific circumstances.

By amending the anti-trust laws in this fashion, it would then be possible for the first time to measure any trade agreements that might be made in relation to a broad view of the public good which they might serve. This is precisely what has not been possible under the Sherman Act in its present form. In effect it now forbids *every* agreement in restraint of trade — good, bad, and indifferent alike.

In actual practice the courts have sometimes exercised broader discretion than the narrow letter of the law seemed to allow. Recent interpretations of the Supreme Court have inclined toward a more liberal view; and because of this several prominent trust-law specialists assert that only *unreasonable* restraint of trade remains outlawed to-day. But in the absence of a clearly formulated economic philosophy defining the public interest in terms that will do justice equally to capital, labor, and consumer, no one can predict what the court will consider 'reasonable.' Thus, in the Trenton Potteries case in 1926, the Supreme

Court declared that any agreement in respect to price, no matter how reasonable the price may be, is unlawful. So it must be under the unqualified wording of the Act as it now stands. Again, in 1929, the Federal Oil Conservation Board, upon the advice of the Attorney-General, had to withhold from our oil producers its approval of their participation with foreign companies in the vitally needed agreement to limit the world's production to the estimated demand, because to do so might contravene the Sherman Act. It is obvious, then, that the so-called 'liberal tendency' of the courts falls far short of a real solution of the problem.

The law must first be changed. Then court decisions like that in the Trenton Potteries case can no longer be handed down to fly in the face of urgent necessity and confound every canon of economic sense. It will then be possible to weigh each case in the light of its peculiar circumstances and with an eye to the bearing of every proposed trade agreement upon the conditions of the time and the public interest that will be served. This will permit a flexibility of interpretation over the years as conditions change — an advantage which the restraint-of-trade part of the Sherman Act does not now possess. Those agreements which jeopardize the true public interest would continue to be forbidden just as they now are, but those which promote the general welfare would be allowed. Thus independent units in any industry would be permitted to estimate the total demand for their products and avoid both the waste and the demoralization which result from overproduction. They would be granted the right to apportion territory as a means of eliminating uneconomic cross-hauling. They would be allowed to make agreements about prices (including resale prices) when the prices proposed were not excessive in relation to investment, risk, frequency of turnover, attraction of new capital, and normal reserves for depreciation, obsolescence, and research, improved equipment, and the hazards of business. In short, the balance would at last be restored between buyer and seller.

Once the law has been brought into harmony with sound economic policy, it will be advisable to set up a new public tribunal, perhaps a strengthened Federal Trade Commission, to administer it. Such a tribunal should be divorced from politics. It should be made up of economists and business men, so chosen that membership in this body will be regarded as a symbol of success adequately rewarded; for it will be essential to attract men of the greatest experience, civic responsibility, and breadth of mind. The first important duty of this new trade commission will be to formulate the economic philosophy which I have touched upon, defining the public interest in the light of the revised law and working out a broad code of commercial conduct that will be permissible under it. This is a task for economic minds, since the problem is fundamentally economic and not legal. Once it is accomplished, it will provide the courts with new standards of judgment, which are badly needed. Both the lawyers and the courts ought to welcome such a plan, for it will afford them relief from the present necessity of interpreting unfamiliar matters of economic policy.

This public body should place its chief emphasis upon economic action rather than legal action. With regard to trade agreements, it should have advisory powers before consummation of the proposed acts at the option of the industry concerned, as well as administrative and quasi-judicial powers after the fact, either at its own option or upon complaint. When mergers are

contemplated, it should have judicial powers before the fact. Thus only those cases which the tribunal recommended for civil or criminal prosecution would need to come up before the courts. So simple would be the operation of the amended law under the supervision of this tribunal that business men would no longer require legal aid in their everyday practices except when intricate questions arose.

It has frequently been urged upon high authority that, even without revising the Sherman Act, the ills of business could be adequately dealt with by setting up such a tribunal to give advance opinions upon the legality of proposed 'contracts in commerce' under the existing law. The proposal is misleading. Without first amending the law, the usefulness of an advisory commission would be confined solely to contemplated mergers, as they might be affected by the anti-trust part of the Sherman Act. While it is greatly needed for that purpose, it would obviously be futile to ask any such body to sanction an agreement affecting prices, limitation of production, or the apportionment of territory; the adverse decisions of the Supreme Court under the restraint-of-trade part of the Act preclude a consideration of these matters. Proposals of this sort, therefore, do more harm than good by encouraging industry to believe that practical relief for its major problems can be had without a definite change in our economic philosophy and in the law which reflects it.

Suppose, however, that such a plan as I have described were adopted. Industry would be required to assume the responsibility whenever its projects might be thought to endanger the general welfare. The burden of proof would rest squarely upon the industry against which a complaint was lodged — the only ones in possession of all the facts. Any party to an agreement which constituted restraint of trade would have to be prepared to show that it was not contrary to the new conception of the public interest. Subject to this limitation, mergers might still be permitted whenever competitive sources of supply would be adequately preserved. The independent producer or distributor, by cooperating with his competitors, could remain independent whenever efficiency would not be increased or survival better assured by merger. Both big business and small would be accountable to a common tribunal in case of complaint. The public interest would receive all the protection that it receives to-day, and it would be safeguarded by a flexible system that would be more fair and just to capital, labor, and the consumer alike. Moreover, a minimum of burden would be imposed upon the government, for the Department of Justice would need to prosecute only upon complaint of the new trade commission, and the commission itself would not be called upon to approve every proposed agreement in advance.

This programme does not permit monopoly, does not restrict the consumer's sources of supply, does not allow large corporations to oppress small competitors, does not tend to limit new competition. It operates to maintain and improve the standards of American life by helping to stabilize the employment of both labor and capital. It promotes economic balance and security, and social peace. Is it not, then, high time for our government to probe the question thoroughly before industry and distribution pass completely into the stage of universal semi-monopoly? Until it does, economic chaos will continue to be the order of the day and industry will be driven headlong by the will-to-merge.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

On the need of another conference

One evening not long ago the Old Gentleman Opposite came up to my study on the tenth floor of the Novomundo Apartments, to return a pleasant book which I had lent to his sister Narcissa. (I refrain from giving its title, as that might seem to him an approach to advertising methods, in regard to which his opinion will presently appear.)

I took advantage of this rare opportunity to call his attention to the view from my western windows, which constantly delights my soul. Across the lower roofs I can see the great river flowing on, plum-blue or silver-gray, or reflecting rosy cloud wings of sunset; and at night the farther bank exhibits its electric constellations, to my childish joy. I pointed out this pleasing prospect to my old friend, and misquoted with relish,

> 'This beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
> Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear.'

'Hm!' said he. 'But it is n't

> 'Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!'

His tone was sardonic. He began to read aloud the fiery legends blazoned upon the bank. 'Snowdrift Sugar, Mondamin Breakfast Food, Scrubwell Soap — and what's that glittering palace yonder? Oh, it's the Delirium Amusement Park!'

'Yes, it's not the Celestial City, as the first glimpse might suggest,' said I, 'but the worst in this kind may be acceptable, if imagination amend it.'

He would not, however, acknowledge the spell of my magic casements. 'All to one end,' said he. 'Advertisement! Beauty is now Andromeda, fastened to the rock, as a sacrifice to the beast.

> 'All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
> Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
> All are but ministers of Trade,
> And feed its sacred flame.'

This was so unusually bitter, coming from my kindly old friend, that I wondered what the cause could be. I thought his nerves needed soothing; and I offered him a choice of cigarettes.

'No!' he exclaimed explosively. 'Thank you very much; but I won't smoke Golden Treasure, and I won't smoke Arabian Joy. Their big billboards now appear at the most beautiful points of my favorite landscapes, bearing the counterfeit presentment of a colossal young man in the present style of short-story illustration, smoking a giant cigarette. If it will not desecrate your study, I prefer a pipe.' He took out a small French brier, and filled it from his pouch with something that presently emitted an agreeable odor. 'An unadvertised blend,' he explained.

He smoked awhile in silence; then, having softened somewhat, lapsed into a confidence.

'You have perceived that something is the matter. Well, I am nursing a disappointment. . . . Did I ever tell you that I used to be a teacher?'

'It was unnecessary,' I answered.

'I suppose,' he said, 'that there *is* a badge that marks our tribe, though it is n't Sufferance. That may mark our pupils. I loved mine, and I miss them still.

'One of them came to see me last night. Walter was my special hope and pride. His poems — his tricksy little familiar essays — his light renderings of Horace — and then his sketches! Not brutal caricatures, you know, but delicately humorous, in the best spirit of *Punch*. I'll show you sometime.' . . . He smoked again, and mused.

'Walter,' he said at last, with the note of tragedy, 'has gone into Advertising.'

'Practically the best thing he could have done,' said I. 'That's the field of the future. And so well paid!'

He was muttering softly to himself,

> 'Golden lads and girls all must,
> As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.'

'Gold dust,' I amended.

'Consider,' he resumed, 'what is spent on this extravagant and erring business. Let us suppose for a minute, difficult as it may be, that man is a rational being. He wants something, and must know where to get it. Good. Or he makes something, and must let other people know where to get it. Good. That's the skeleton of the situation.'

I nodded.

'But,' he went on, 'it has now become "He does n't want something, and must be made to believe that he does want it," or "He makes something, and must induce everybody to believe that it is better than anything else of the kind." So that the heart of the matter is, in the first instance, a specious Allurement; and, in the second instance, an unscrupulous Competition — which is War.

'That brings me to my point. If only the producers of a given article could get together around a Table . . .'

'A Table,' said I. 'There has been a superstitious notion, since the days of King Arthur, that a Table has mysterious powers. But go on.'

'If they could agree that they would confine their advertising, perhaps at first for a limited period, to the simple statement that a certain article has positive excellences, and is for sale at a certain price in certain places, why then . . .'

'What then?'

'All this vast machinery, this stupendous armament of advertising, might be dispensed with. Think of the beneficial effect on human life! The immense saving of money and time and effort and ingenuity; the rediscovery of the joy of pure Beauty, delight in Beauty as its own excuse for being, dissociated from the thought of profit! And really, if some action of this kind is n't taken soon, I can't see what we are coming to. Advertisement has captured the radio; and now, I understand, it has captured the talking film for "cartoon comedies written around the product," twenty-five thousand dollars a reel. It will be only one step more to the popular short story, which may also be written around the product. There will be prizes offered. . . .'

'And what,' I asked, 'of the unemployment which would result from your simple scheme of a self-denying agreement?'

'My plan would merely turn industry into other and better channels,' he answered hopefully. 'It would free literature and art and music for their proper functions. Yes, if we could only arrange a Great Disadvertisement Conference — around a Table . . .'

'May I ask,' said I, 'whether that method appears to you, from our experience of it, to be sufficiently rapid in its operation for your purposes?'

'It might be slow,' he admitted sadly. 'And it would require a good deal of preparation. The representatives of the large manufacturing interests would have to be educated. I hesitate to use the current expression, but the idea of

disadvertisement would have to be *sold* to them — to be widely advertised, in short. . . .'

The Old Gentleman rose to his feet.

'Then there is no way out,' said he. 'We may certainly look forward to a time when there are more persons employed in advertising any product than in the actual manufacture of that product. The result may be a great debacle — a reaction against the conveniences of civilization, and a return to barbarism.'

His hand moved toward a coat pocket from which I have learned to expect some lyric development. I was not disappointed; but in the action of drawing out his latest effusion — which I append — he dislodged from his pocket a small stray copper coin. It rolled upon the floor. Picking it up, he looked at it thoughtfully.

'This portrait and motto,' said he, 'will presently have to be changed.'

'What would you suggest?' I inquired.

'A profile of P. T. Barnum, crowned with laurel,' said he, 'with the motto, "It pays to advertise."'

Sonnet of the Stark Future

When all offenses have been swept away
  By cleansing Time from earth's affronted face,
Perhaps in some wide wilderness shall stray
  (Where cities were) some youth of savage race;
And he shall find in that deserted spot
  And view with blank uncomprehending stare
(Rude relic of a cult long since forgot)
  One ancient billboard, by a chance laid bare,
Remainder of the Age of Speed and Greed,
  Half-shattered, thrust up slanting from the sand;
And on it he shall see, but shall not read,
  This legend: 'Buy the Ozymandias Brand' —
Of what? That stretch of uninsulted sky,
  That unexploited waste, shall render no reply.

Haunts and Hants

I have several more interesting methods of wooing sleep than the hoary one of counting sheep jumping over a fence. What these methods are I shall not here explain, because what seems entertaining and beneficial to one person very frequently strikes another as supremely foolish. Take stamp collecting, for example. . . . However, I must not digress. Suffice it to say, then, that on a recent night I found slumber difficult to cajole, and, casting about for a mental opiate, I lighted on one — for some time unused — that had on former occasions worked like a charm.

This method was to review my recollections of England — a country of which I am very fond — and to concentrate my attention on picturesque bits of scenery, such as ancient walled towns, wide sweeping moorlands, the mysterious fen country, the coombs and cliffs of Devon. Very well, said I, I will concentrate on York — that old gray town with the stately cathedral, Roman ruins, massive walls, huddles of little houses honeycombed with quaint lanes and secret passageways. I did so — and immediately found myself thinking of a murder that had been committed in a York draper's shop; not a romantic, historical murder such as might lull the senses, but a peculiarly mean and despicable murder committed solely for greed. What's this? I said, half starting from my pillow. Oh, yes, the body was found in a window seat, where it had been hidden for years, and the criminal when caught turned out to be a most respectable-seeming alderman. That's one of J. S. Fletcher's stories.

York evidently would n't do. I searched for a more somnolent locale and focused on the Norfolk broads — aforetime a favorite hunting ground, with its little twisting streams by which the Norsemen wound their way to the Isle of Ely. This was better. . . . My eyelids drooped. Then abruptly I saw a small stone cottage, set on a lonely mud bank in the heart of the

fens. An evil-faced woman was drinking gin in the kitchen while her husband sharpened a knife. Yes, they were going to do for the stranger in the front room and bury him in the rushes. They were going to kill half a dozen before they themselves were rounded up by cautious inspectors from New Scotland Yard. I thumped my pillow viciously. Norfolk, I realized, was now completely dominated by E. Phillips Oppenheim.

There was Devon, however — a lovely, idyllic country, especially on the south shore, where roses bloom all winter and the simple fisher folk sail their quaint yawls. That was good; that would soothe me, send me to sleep. I thought of Exmouth and Torquay. My hair began to stir. There was a red-bearded man leaning on a gate. Who was he? Why did he stare so fixedly at that jagged rock that thrust up from the bay? Of course — because it was there that he had sunk his half brother's corpse, weighted with stones in the pockets. I remembered the story. Was it Eden Phillpotts or another who wrote it? Never mind, I groaned, now more wide-awake than ever.

England — what had happened to England, that deliciously reposeful country? I would try another cast — the country houses of the fine old county families, hitherto sacrosanct. I walked up through the park, passed the yews, stepped jauntily across the terrace, opened the French windows, and set foot in the paneled library. I knew it! An exquisitely dressed man with a flower in his buttonhole was lying full length on the rug with a knife protruding from his shirt front. There would be a great outcry by all the guests at the house party, and presently the little Belgian, M. Poirot, would arrive and electrify everyone by his powers of ratiocination. The country house? Why, it had been taken over, lock, stock, and barrel, by Agatha Christie.

In desperation I thought of Charles Lamb's old phrase, 'The sweet security of city streets,' — or something to that effect, — and turned my attention to the Strand, Fleet Street, the Inns of Court, the cloisters of the Temple. I saw barristers in their wigs, rabbit-faced clerks scurrying about. Then a distinguished-looking gentleman descended from a taxicab. No need to look at him twice — he was unquestionably the celebrated Dr. Thorndyke, lawyer and medico in one. He would be coming from the British Museum, where a superannuated antiquarian had just been found slain in front of a mummy case with an amulet in his hand. A difficult crime to unravel, but Dr. Thorndyke would do it, or R. Austin Freeman would want to know the reason why.

The little pubs by the river — No, no, they were the haunts of the gunmen of Edgar Wallace or Sax Rohmer's Chinamen. I was startled, wide-awake with amazement. Was it possible that England — every part of it — had become to my mind simply the setting for the most stupendous crimes? I could n't believe it. But on mature reflection I realize that it is largely so.

American travelers used to stand in Baker Street and look with a certain awe at the modest dwelling that once housed Sherlock Holmes. That was only one locality and the master detective was but a single individual among England's millions. But to-day, what with Scotland Yard pouring its hordes of sleuths all over the place from John o' Groat's to Land's End — No, no, it won't do. England's reputation for law and order — and incidentally her power of lulling me to sleep — is being seriously jeopardized by her novelists.

FINCH'S FORTUNE[1]

A Novel

BY MAZO DE LA ROCHE

IX

FINCH was awakened the next morning by the sound of a man's voice shouting orders to a dog, by the dog's barking, in his turn, orders to a flock of sheep, by the troubled baaing of the sheep themselves, and by a gust of wind blowing in at the window and flinging on his face the gathered sweetness of the garden and the fields.

His eyes flew open and he saw the bright chintz of the bed curtains, the wall paper with its prim birds pecking prim cherries, the white mantelpiece with the china figure of a little lady riding a pink horse, and two framed photographs so dim that he could not tell what they represented.

He was in Devon, he realized, in the very depths of its rich, luxuriant roundness that lay on the earth like a nest on a bough. He was in Devon. He was in England. He must make himself believe it, though it seemed impossible to believe. Here he was, Finch Whiteoak, in the middle of one of Aunt Augusta's beds, in the middle of one of her bedrooms, in the middle of Lyming Hall, in the heart of Devon. He had traveled by train the six hundred miles from Jalna to the New York pier. He had crossed the ocean on a liner. He had stopped a fortnight in London. He had traveled the nearly two hundred miles into Devon. And he had not only done that, but he had brought his two old uncles with him, paid all their expenses out of his own money that Gran had left him, and had set them down safe and sound beside Aunt Augusta. He lay still, feeling flabbergasted at his own achievement. He wondered if other fellows felt so surprised at the happenings of their lives. There was Piers — he had got married, got a kid, gone through a good deal, yet he never seemed surprised. He might look in a rage at things, but not surprised. George Fennel never seemed surprised, nor Arthur Leigh. Still, he supposed, they kept it to themselves if they were. Just finding himself alive was often a rather frightening surprise to him. He wondered when he would outgrow it and rather hoped he would not, for there was something he liked in it.

Suddenly he jumped out of bed and went to the window. It was framed in a climbing rose, with little tight yellow roses clinging there as thick as bees on a honeycomb. Down in the garden, where sunlight and shadow had the sharp distinctness of early morning, he saw the gardener's boy trimming a box border. He wore corduroys and leggings and his black head was glossy in the sun. The stone wall had a peculiar golden bloom on it except where there were patches of grayish lichen. Ivy lay thick along its top, and clumps of yellow stonecrop.

'Devonshire cream,' murmured Finch, lolling on the sill. 'Devonshire cream — that just expresses it. Gosh, if only the others were here to see this!'

One of the others was, he remembered — just down the drive at the lodge. If he walked down that way now he might get a sight of him, before Minny was about, for Eden loved the early morning. He had not seen Eden for more than a year and a half. He would be quite a cosmopolitan, after all that time in Europe. Would he be changed, Finch wondered. Rather em-

[1] A brief synopsis of the preceding chapters of the novel will be found in the Contributors' Column. — EDITOR

barrassing to meet Minny under the conditions. Hot stuff, Minny — no doubt about that.

He slid into his clothes and went downstairs. No one was about but Ellen, industriously dusting. The door stood open and warm sunlight had already taken the chill from the hall. The gray trunks of the beeches on either side of the drive were dappled with sunshine, and here and there along the hedge a tall foxglove shook out its bells. The ground fell away so abruptly that he looked down on the lodge. Someone was astir within, for a blue spiral of smoke rose from the chimney. He followed the curve of the drive to the gates and stood looking timidly at the house. He felt very shy of meeting Minny. At last he got up courage to go up the flagged walk, between borders of petunias and pinks, and peer in at the window.

He saw a table inside set for a simple breakfast, the sunlight falling on a half loaf of bread and a glass pot of raspberry jam. He saw a small room with beamed ceiling and a large fireplace. A figure he recognized as Eden was bent over something in a frying pan. He was almost inside the fireplace.

Finch entered without knocking, his canvas shoes making no sound on the stone floor. He went and stood almost behind Eden. The room was filled with the smell of frying bacon. A pot in which tea was brewing stood on the warm hearth. Eden wore loose gray flannel trousers and a shirt open at the throat, with rolled-up sleeves. Finch could see the gleam of short golden hairs on his rounded forearms. His face looked full and healthy, but retained a certain delicate sensitiveness of expression that prevented its acquiring an aspect of well-being. His brows were drawn upward as he blinked against the smoke, and the inherent melancholy of his mouth was perhaps accentuated by the cigarette that drooped from its corner. His hair was, as always, well brushed, with the gleam of a metal casque.

Finch had time to take in these details, overemphasized by the glow of the fire, before he was discovered.

Eden with difficulty kept himself from overturning the bacon. 'Well, I'll be damned,' he exclaimed, 'if it is n't Brother Finch! So you've come to breakfast with me!' He stood smiling at Finch. The frying pan tilted in his left hand, he extended the right.

'Oh, no,' protested Finch, shaking hands limply. 'I really must n't! Aunt Augusta will be expecting me. I should n't have come in on you like this, so early — I think I'd better not stay.' He felt flustered under Eden's eyes.

'Sit down,' said Eden, pushing him on to a chair. 'You're just in the nick of time. I'm getting my own breakfast, as you see. We'll start on what bacon I've cooked and I'll put on some more to fry while we eat.'

He carefully divided the bacon and made his other preparations in a businesslike manner. Finch cut thick slices of the sweet crusty bread, and felt ferocious hunger rage within him. He saw that Eden had dumped all the bacon from the paper packet into the pan and he thought, 'Lord, he has n't forgotten what a pig I am!'

So they sat facing each other across the breakfast table, another marvelous happening to Finch. He said: —

'I say, Eden, is n't it funny that you and I should be eating breakfast here together? To think that we'd both cross the ocean and you'd go to France and then come to England and then I'd come to England and we'd sit down at a breakfast table here in this lodge, just as we've had breakfast together many a time at home!' He took a large mouthful of bread and his young face was so thin that it made his cheek jut out ridiculously. His eyes were bright with excitement.

'I don't see anything funny in it, except you,' said Eden. 'Certainly you are Finch, wherever you go.'

'Don't you think I've changed?' Shyly he hoped that Eden would say that he had improved in appearance. Eden had never seen him in such good clothes as he wore this morning.

Eden looked him over critically. 'No, you've not changed, except for a better haircut, and a few glad rags. You're the same callow youth. But,' he added quickly, as he saw Finch's face fall, 'believe me, you're the flower of the flock, Finch.'

'I don't see why you must pull my leg the moment we meet.'

'I'm not pulling your leg. And I don't know exactly why I say it. It's not because of your music. Perhaps it's because it seems to me that you have the faults and virtues of the rest of us sublimated in you. You're more of the coward, more of the hero, more of the genius, more of the poet—'

'The poet!'

'Oh, I don't suppose you'll ever get it down on paper. And, unless I miss my guess, more of the lover — when your time comes.'

Finch drowned his embarrassment in a cup of blazing hot tea. Yet he liked to hear himself described, especially in such extraordinary terms as these.

'You're the peculiar flower of our peculiar flock,' continued Eden. 'It looks to me as though our forbears had rampaged down the centuries for the sole purpose of producing you, as their final flourish. Their justification, perhaps.'

There was no doubt about it now — Eden was talking to hear himself talk. Finch glared at him. 'What about you?' he demanded.

Eden smiled faintly. 'Well, perhaps me, too. Let's hope so.'

'We're not half the men Renny and Piers are!' burst out Finch.

'No? Well, I don't suppose we'll produce so many young. Breed so many foals. Jump so many hurdles.'

'I'd a thousand times sooner be like them!'

'Of course you would. And they'd a thousand times sooner be like themselves. The world might have reached a state of civilization ages ago if that were n't always the case. People without imagination are always cocksure, and they've been given the power of intimidating and exhausting those who have. The man with imagination is frightened at what he sees in himself. The thought of trying to govern others is abhorrent to him.'

Eden emptied the remainder of the milk from the jug into his teacup and drank it. 'Ever since I had that beastly lung trouble,' he said, 'I drink whatever milk comes my way.'

Finch had finished the bacon. He remembered Minny. 'Why, look here,' he cried, 'what's Minny going to have?'

'She eats scarcely any breakfast. She's getting fat, poor soul!'

'I hope she's well,' said Finch, timidly.

'Absolutely fit. Sleeps like a log — sings like an angel — and talks like a fool,' answered Eden, turning the loaf crumb-side down to keep it fresh for her. 'Let's go for a walk, and not waste the best time of the morning indoors. I'll show you my favorite nook. Only mind you keep out of it unless I'm with you.'

They went through the gate into the road, two tall bareheaded figures — Finch angular, rather slouching; Eden moving with the grace that made people turn to look at him.

They followed a path through a spinney where some young rabbits at play paused, staring and startled for a space, before scampering to cover. They crossed a stream by stepping-stones, and then the path joined a lane so narrow that the trees, almost meeting overhead, turned it into a green moist tunnel where the colors of flowers and fern were intensified into an unreal and dreamy brilliance.

They talked little as they went, Eden pointing out this and that in broken sentences. But when they reached a certain gap in the hedge he said, 'Here we are! This is my own particular spot. You see I must rather like you or I should n't have brought you here.'

They passed into a grassy dell that lay at the foot of a series of fields of barley, oats, and wheat that rose, fold upon golden fold, to the rounded hills on which the bosoms of the clouds seemed to rest. They stretched themselves upon the grass and it was as though they lay at the foot of the rich tapestry of June, unrolled on the hillsides above them. Here were the last of the bluebells, their tender stems bending beneath the weight of their blossoms that seemed the very distillation of Nature's thought of blueness.

Finch lay with eyes on a level with them, as still, as empty of remembrance as he could make himself, letting, in this instant, their beauty pour into him. As with a catch in the breath of his being, he was suspended, knowing nothing, feeling all, as he fancied.

'I cannot help thinking,' Eden said, 'of the ecstasy that bluebell must feel in its color — how it must push out each fibre into the soil to get more pigment for it — how it must hold up its leaves like hands to catch the sun rays, and, before it flowers, how it holds up its pale green bud like a mouth towards the rain. And all of this with just one idea — color!'

'And yet, after all those thoughts,' said Finch, 'you have picked it!'

'That is my way of reaching out to get color for myself.'

'Eden, you're a queer sort of fellow.'

'Yet I should n't be surprised if I have more pure thoughts in the twenty-four hours than some of the people who complain that I am immoral.'

'Just what do you mean by *pure thoughts?*'

Eden rolled on to his back and let the sun shine on his face. 'I mean thoughts of men and women as happy natural beings, making the most of every hour of their short stay here, as these flowers do or those birds overhead — satisfied that there shall be any number of varieties of their kind, not trying to force themselves to one dun color or one self-righteous squeak.'

Finch grunted acquiescence. 'That's just the way I feel,' he said. 'Only I think you're wrong when you say that Renny has no imagination. I think he has lots of imagination. Only he's like a spirited horse, and I think his imaginings rather frighten him.'

'Do you really? That's interesting. . . . By the way, how do he and Alayne get on?'

Finch wished that Eden had n't asked that question. Discussing Alayne and Renny with him was too difficult. 'They get on very well,' he answered, hesitatingly; 'that is, as far as I can tell.'

'I can't imagine their getting on. No Whiteoak that ever lived could satisfy Alayne's ideal of what a husband should be. All those cold-blooded New England ancestors — with a few stolid Dutchmen thrown in — are too much alive in her to make it possible for her to understand us.'

Finch felt suddenly frightened for Alayne. 'But Renny's not a bit like you!'

'Yes, he is! Only where I am weak, he is strong, and where I am strong, he's as weak as water.'

'I've never seen any signs of weakness in Renny!'

'Have you seen any signs of strength in me?'

Finch laughed, but did not answer.

Eden went on, 'Well, when you begin to look for the one, you'll perhaps stumble on the other.'

'The only trouble I have noticed is that she does n't see enough of him. I think she often feels hurt because he spends so much time with his horses.' It was easier to discuss them with Eden than he had thought.

Eden laughed. 'She may thank her stars that he does. Let them remain distant acquaintances and passionate lovers, and they may get on. Renny could n't be a companion to a woman of Alayne's sort. She's too exquisitely precise. She's a very sweet-pea-ish kind of woman.'

'I think that's rather good,' said Finch. 'There's something delicate and alert and fragrant about her. Rather like the sweet peas, though I know you don't intend it as a compliment.'

'A woman should n't be like any particular flower. It grows monotonous. She should be like a whole garden of flowers — indefinite, restful, drugging the senses, not stimulating them to irritation.'

'Is that what Minny is like?' Finch reddened then at his own boldness.

'Minny is like a vegetable garden. Nourishing, wholesome, a kind of roughage for the soul.'

'She sings beautifully.'

'Does n't she! I sometimes think, when she is singing to me in the evening, that if only she would pass away as she sings, I could adore the memory of her forever!'

Finch considered this remark in silence. He lay in the increasing warmth of the sun, his eyes gazing into the tangle of grass blades as into a forest. At that moment it had to him the impenetrability of a forest, above which leaned the perfumed globes of the bluebells. His lips parted and he drew the sweet air into his mouth. . . . A long sigh came from Eden. Was it of content or longing?

The face of his cousin, Sarah Court, rose in Finch's mind, transfixed there as though in a trance. Dreamily he examined it, feature by feature — the high white fore-

head under the drawn-back hair; the eyes that repelled all warmth yet held the light of some inner fire; the high-bridged, narrow-nostriled nose; the mouth, small, secret, withdrawn between that nose and jutting chin; the full white throat, developed like that of a singer. He asked Eden if he had ever seen her.

Eden answered drowsily that he had.

Had he spoken to her?

No. The old aunt saw to that. He was an outcast.

Had he really seen her face?

Yes.

What did he think of her?

Eden sat up, clasping his ankles. 'Think of her? Why, I think that by the time she's fifty her nose and chin will meet.'

Finch remembered how the lamplight had glimmered on the point of her chin, turning it to porcelain, as she stood beside the piano. He remembered how she had held the violin a prisoner with it, seemed to dig it into the very wood of the violin.

He said, huskily, 'She'd be a funny sort of girl to kiss, would n't she?'

'God, you'd never be able to tear yourself away from her!'

'There's something very beautiful about her, too.' He turned over and faced Eden, half shamefacedly.

'Is there?' A troubled look came into Eden's eyes. 'I wish I might meet her. I have had nothing but glimpses of her passing the lodge. She's always going off alone. Minny can't bear the sight of her, yet she's always routing me out of my chair to see her go by. She cries, in a stage whisper, "For heaven's sake, come! That old-fashioned creature is mincing past. What a dead-and-alive profile! What skirts!" And we peep between the curtains.'

'If only you two were married, we might have some good times together. There's a tennis court that could be made into quite a decent one.'

Eden gave a grimace that made his handsome face grotesque. 'No! I tried it once — it does n't suit me. Talk of prostituting one's art — better that than smothering it in the marriage bed. . . . I was only twenty-three when I married Alayne. Perhaps when I'm thirty-five I'll try it again. No man should marry before that. . . . Don't you do it, young Finch!'

'This situation,' said Finch, 'is very worrying to Aunt Augusta. Here you are, one might say, on her doorstep — '

'Her very expression!' shouted Eden. 'You've been talking me over.'

'Well, that's natural, is n't it?' But he got very red. 'Anyhow, there are you and Minny at the lodge, and Aunt can't invite you to the Hall — she can't ever speak of you to her guests — '

'Because we're living in sin!' interrupted Eden. 'Whereas if we went to a registry office, where some old gaffer, probably of the most disgusting habits, would say a few words over us and have us sign our names in a book, she'd perhaps invite us to play tennis! No — we'll play tennis on our own kitchen table, with two spoons and a lump of sugar, and we'll cry, "Love all and marry none!" But I'm damned if we'll get married for the sake of an introduction to old Mrs. Court!'

'I see,' said Finch. 'But it would be nice, all the same, if you were married. . . . Well, since this not being married is so good for your writing, I suppose you've done a lot of poetry this year.'

Eden looked at him suspiciously. Was this youth making fun of him? But Finch looked serious, as few can look serious. His expression was indeed lugubrious.

Eden answered, rather sulkily, 'Not a great deal. I got some good material from the libraries in Paris for my poem of New France. But I believe my natural bent is toward lyrics. I've had a good many published in magazines this year. Have you seen any of them?'

'No, I scarcely ever see magazines. I'd like awfully well to hear some of them, though.'

'Very well. The first evening you are free, come in and I'll read some of them to you. . . . Sometimes I think I'll attempt a novel, but I don't believe I'd succeed. There's something in a poet turning novelist like a beggar turning highwayman.'

He offered Finch a cigarette and they smoked in silence for a space. The sun beat down on them hotly now and from the hedge an unseen bird uttered a prolonged *sweet, sweet,* then broke into a gushing warble.

Eden said, 'As you know how hard up I am, there's no need for me to tell you that I can't pay you what I owe you yet. But when this long poem's published —'

'Look here, you're not to bother about that! I've just been wondering if I could n't help you a little more.'

Eden's eyes, as they returned Finch's gaze, had in them a look almost of sadness. The boy had such a kind of idiot-generosity in him, such inimitable silly kindness, that it almost hurt one!

'That's awfully good of you,' he said. 'Perhaps you may. And would you mind telling me if you've been doing things for the others, too?'

It was difficult for Finch not to look proud as he replied, 'Well, I brought the uncles over here — did everything quite decently. And I'm putting up a new piggery for Piers. And I bought a new motor car for the family. But Renny won't get into it. And I've taken over the mortgage for Maurice and Meggie — though, of course, that's nothing, because they pay me a higher interest than I get anywhere else. Oh, yes, and I paid for a new iron fence for the plot in the graveyard. The old one was falling to pieces of rust.'

Eden considered these various financial activities in silence while he calculated roughly what they would amount to. He said, 'I hope you're not going to overdo this fairy-godfather business or you may find yourself sitting on someone's doorstep along with Minny and me.'

Finch laughed. 'No danger of that. I've changed Gran's investments to much better ones. I had a frightful row with old Purvis. He was for refusing to let me take the money out of the government bonds. They brought about four and a half per cent. Fancy! But George Fennel — he's in a broker's office, you know — advised me to put a good deal into New York stocks. Purvis was awfully disagreeable until Renny wrote to him and said that I was to do just as I liked. Then he gave in.'

'Hmph! I don't believe Renny would care if you lost it. I should n't be surprised if he would be glad — if only it would bring you to heel. He'd rather support the entire family till they drop like rotten plums from the tree than have such a rival as you are now. He's extravagantly paternal, yet here are you taking the whole family under your wing. Snatching his rôle from him. No wonder he won't ride in the car you bought. He'd acknowledge himself as one of your pensioners. Old Redhead is n't greedy for anything but to be chief of the clan. What else have you invested in?'

'Universal Autos, and some Western stocks. And I lent ten thousand to that Miss Trent — Alayne's friend, you know — at nine per cent. She insisted on paying an exorbitant interest. It really makes me feel uncomfortable. She's in the antique business. Over here to buy things. She has a stock in New York, so there's no risk. She crossed with us and we saw something of her in London. She and Uncle Ernie were rather too thick to please Uncle Nick and me. We were quite worried about him.'

Eden rose.

'I think I'd like to go home,' he said. 'This is too much for my little brain.' He yawned and stretched his white bare arms. 'But it perceives one thing with awful clarity. You are going to sneak back to Jalna dead-broke, world-weary, with nothing but the rags you stand in, and Renny is going to receive you with open arms. The returned Prodigal. It will be a return quite after his own heart.'

'I suppose you're remembering how good he was to you when you came back,' said Finch.

X

That afternoon, when Augusta had carried off her brothers and Mrs. Court to pay a call at the vicarage, Finch went into the drawing-room and sat down at the piano. His fingers ached to play, for he had not done so since one day on the boat. Soon after lunch Sarah had disappeared into the park, carrying a book. The day was warm, and there was a feeling of tranquillity on the countryside now that the first passion of young growth was over. The trees, the fields, the flowers, the birds and beasts, had given themselves up to the sustained bliss of their fruition with no thought of its evanescence.

Finch had drawn aside one of the mulberry-colored curtains just far enough to allow the sunlight to slant across the dim-

ness of the room. He sat with his hands on the keyboard waiting for the moment to come when he must play. The black keys, he thought, were like blackbirds perched in a row on a marble balustrade. Soon he would scatter them into flight. They would be scattered, singing sweetly and mournfully.

He played Moszkowski's 'Habanera.' He played with a dreamy joy. As he finished he was aware that someone had come into the room, but, instead of the irritation that he usually felt at an intrusion, he was glad of this new presence. He did not look round, but sat motionless while the harmony still lingered in the room. He was not surprised when his cousin's voice came almost in a whisper from behind him.

'May I come in and listen?' she asked.

'Please do,' he answered, still without looking round.

She came in and seated herself, her hands folded in her lap. She gave him a little smile, but after that fixed her eyes on the scene beyond the open window. He was able to study her face as he played.

He had never seen a face so still, so repressed, yet with a strange eagerness. He could not decide where this eagerness was shown. Not in the eyes, with their withdrawn look. Not in the small sweet mouth, with its almost sucked-in appearance. It seemed to come from some luminosity within or from her attitude, the posture of her arms suggesting folded wings, aquiver for flight.

Her expression did not change as he played piece after piece, but when he ceased she said, 'Will you play with me one day?'

She spoke with the simplicity of a child, and again he was conscious of the caressing sweetness of her voice. He thought there was a look half frightened in her eyes as she spoke, and he had a sudden sensuous desire to say something brutal to her to startle her into betraying herself. Instead, he said, 'I should like to accompany you now, if you will let me.'

She got up without a word and went to the window seat where her violin case lay. She bent over it, taking out the violin and dusting it with a piece of silk that lay in the case. Then she put it under her chin and began to tune it. She did this in a manner so aloof that Finch began to feel nervous, wondering if he could accompany her.

'What shall we play?' he asked, turning over her music.

'Anything you like.'

He found something by Brahms that he knew, but at first the going was not easy. The rather frozen beauty of her playing seemed impossible to merge with the fluid grace of his. It was as though a frozen lake had said to a running stream, 'Come, merge with me.'

They almost gave up in despair. Then suddenly, in a waltz of Chopin, they achieved the flow, the union of spirit, for which they had been striving. Something seemed loosed in her. A delicate flush came in her cheeks. Finch delighted in the sense of power this gave him. They played on and on, speaking only in hushed tones between the pieces. It was miraculous to him that there should be such a change in her playing and he wondered if a corresponding change would take place in her attitude toward him.

But this was not so. As soon as the music was over, she was as remote, as monosyllabic as before. When they heard the others returning, though, she whispered, 'Do not tell them we played together.' As she said this, her face wore the expression of mischievousness sometimes seen in the faces of women painted by mediæval Italian artists.

'And you will let me accompany you again?' he whispered back.

She nodded, her lips folded close, her greenish eyes glittering. She was like a child, he thought, full of playful malice against elders who repressed her. He heard Mrs. Court holding forth on the tepidity of spirit displayed by the vicar on the subject of Prayer Book Reform. 'Upon my word,' she was declaring, 'you might think, to hear him, that one Prayer Book is as good as another.' He heard Augusta suggesting that they play bridge that evening. Might not he and Sarah be alone for a while? He was going to ask her, but found himself saying instead, 'I think Sarah is a beautiful name.'

She raised her brows and repeated the name after him. He thought her way of

saying it was delightful. 'Sairrah.' The syllables were like sweet stressed notes.

He continued rapidly then: 'I don't believe you care for bridge. I hate it. Would you come out to the garden for a while?'

'Perhaps.'

'Why perhaps?' he insisted.

'It's always *perhaps* with me.'

'Because of . . . ?' He gave a little jerk of the head toward her aunt.

She nodded.

'But, if she's playing bridge — '

'There's letter writing. We have thirty-two regular correspondents. I write most of the letters.'

Finch was too astonished for words. He came of a family who seldom wrote letters except on business. It had frequently been a matter for dispute who was to write the monthly letter to Augusta. He had sent a picture postcard to each member of the family from London, but had had no word from home. Ernest had had a letter from Alayne and often said that he must get around to answering it.

'If there's nothing to do, I'll come,' she said. Then she moved away and went to Nicholas, listening attentively to what he had to say.

When Finch and Nicholas happened to be alone for a moment before dinner, Nicholas said, 'That girl has her father's face, but Dennis Court was a devil, and I'm afraid the aunt has brought her up to be a prude.'

XI

They entered the garden through a door in the wall that was half hidden in ivy. The door was not easy to open, and when they were inside, Finch left it ajar. It was not dark, nor would it be that night. Across the clear primrose yellow of the mist were two bars of purple cloud fringed with crimson. The pale new moon stood aloof, like a young singer standing in the wings timidly awaiting her summons to the stage.

Sarah Court wore a flame-colored shawl the deep fringe of which almost touched the ground behind. The shawl made her look proud and Spanish, Finch thought, and he remembered having heard his grandmother say that in the days of Queen Elizabeth one of the Courts had married a Spanish woman. He suddenly had a picture of Renny in his mind, Renny with a pointed beard and a high ruff that suited him only too well. He smiled to himself and saw that she was peering around at him with curiosity. He had wondered what he could talk to her about. Then he said: —

'I was thinking of my eldest brother. I wish you could know him. He's such a splendid fellow. It is strange that just now there was something in you that reminded me of him.'

'Something *splendid?*' she asked.

'Yes. Something very proud and rather splendid.'

'But I'm not proud!'

'But you have a look of pride.'

'I have nothing to be proud about.' After a moment she added, 'And every reason to be humble.'

There was a seat like a tall, narrow church pew between two clipped yew trees, and they seated themselves on it. Finch began to tell her about his family. She listened, with absorbed interest, and as he described each one in turn his heart warmed to them, their imperfections dwindled, and he could hardly find words to describe Renny's spirit, his horsemanship; Piers's courage, his knowledge of farming; Wake's gentleness and precocity; Meg's — oh, well, Meggie was perfect! He almost made himself homesick talking about them. Eden alone he did not mention.

'You have so many,' she said, 'and I have no one. I mean of my very own.'

'Will you tell me something of your life?' he asked gently. 'I'd like to be able to picture you in Ireland.'

She made a disdainful movement of her shoulders under the bright shawl. 'My life is nothing but practising, paying calls, and writing letters.'

He was hurt by her inclusion of practising with calls and letter writing. He said, 'But you love music, don't you?'

'Never till to-day.'

He felt what this implied through all his nerves. Yet, to have learned to play so beautifully, and not have learned to love it, to find sanctuary in it — the thought almost repelled him. He felt something insensate in her. What had to-day's

awakening signified, then? That she had suddenly become conscious of the sensuous release in music?

'Did n't you care for it before you went to live with your aunt?'

'I never thought about it.'

She talked so little he was driven to catechize her.

'Were you left an orphan young?'

'My mother died when I was seven.'

'Mine, too.'

'How strange.' Her tone was musing, rather than impressed by the coincidence.

'And your father?' Well, she was his cousin — he had the right to question her!

'When I was thirteen.' She turned toward him (the moon was now giving just enough light to etherealize her features) and began to speak rapidly. 'He was drowned. He and I had lived alone after my mother died. Our house is on the seacoast. He was very fond of horses, — like your brother Renny, — but he drank a good deal. And he brought strange people to the house. I don't mind telling you that I liked them. Much better than Aunt Elizabeth's friends. Father was always boasting about his horses. Especially a mare called Miriam, which had saved his life in a flooded stream once. When he had been drinking, he'd boast of the great distance she could swim. One night he and his friends began making bets about it. To prove what she could do, he led her to the shore and his friends went with him. He mounted her and rode her out into the sea. It was like glass and there was moonlight. She swam on and on, with him on her back, and he shouted and sang. At last his friends were frightened and screamed to him to come back, but he only sang the louder. They heard the mare whinny. Before morning a storm came up, and the next day his body and the mare's were driven ashore by the waves.'

'How appalling! And were you alone in that house?'

'Yes, but I watched the people on the shore from a window. The peasants said it was a terrible sight to see the great waves dash the mare against the cliff. My father's feet were caught in the stirrups. They said the mare would rear and her hoofs would clatter against the rocks, as though she were alive.'

Finch remembered having heard the family talk of this tragedy when he was a child, but he had thought of it as having happened many years before. The story had seemed too fantastic. The Dennis Court of whom he remembered his grandmother exclaiming, 'Ah, there was a real Court!' had seemed almost a myth. . . . And now here was he, Finch, sitting on a garden seat beside Dennis's daughter, while she repeated the story of his death in unemotional tones.

Keeping his own voice as level as hers, he said, 'And after that you went to live with Mrs. Court, I suppose. It was a great change.'

She answered, with a touch of bitterness, 'Yes. A change for the better, everyone thought. No one seemed to remember how I had adored my father. It's true enough that I can never repay her for all she's done for me. All the lessons, the traveling. But she made me practise six hours a day, and when we traveled I never had a moment to call my own. Now we don't travel. She can't afford it. And if I'm quiet or go off by myself she calls me *Mouse* and *Mole!*'

He had not hoped for any intimate companionship such as this — had not dreamed that she would reveal anything of her inner self to him. Now he found that he could not keep pace with her careless and cold revelations. He would have liked to escape from her at that moment to brood on her mystery without the necessity of making talk. Yet she seemed not to expect comment from him, and when he uttered a lame sentence or two she made no reply, but withdrew into her former immobility.

Looking at her hands, like the hands of a silver statue, and remembering how they drew the music from her violin, he longed to touch them. Timidly he laid one of his own upon them. They were very cold.

'I'm afraid you are cold,' he said, nervously. 'I think we had better walk about. Would you like that?'

She rose at once without answering him. They went through the garden gate, along a stone-paved passage, and crossed the tennis court.

'Do you play tennis?' he asked, and he

wondered if her reason for rising so abruptly had been her desire to put aside the touch of his hand.

'A little. I wish I played better.'

'I will see if I can get Aunt Augusta to have the court put in order.'

She gave one of her small malicious smiles. 'Perhaps we could get the two at the lodge to join us. I'd like that.'

He looked round at her, startled. 'Would you really? I did n't think you knew of their existence.'

'I only wish I could meet them! I've passed the lodge time and again wanting to speak to them. But all I saw was the curtain moving, as though they were peering out at me, thinking how horrid I was.'

'Well,' he said, frowning in anxiety at what he was going to suggest, 'we might go and call on them now, if you're not afraid of offending your aunt.'

'I don't mind offending her in the least,' she replied coolly, and turned in the direction of the drive.

She walked quickly, as though she were doing something eagerly anticipated. They passed in and out of shadow and moonlight, her bright shawl flaming and darkening like the plumage of an exotic bird.

Halfway down the drive he offered her a cigarette, which she at first declined, then suddenly accepted, saying, 'Yes, give me one! I'll do everything to-night that Aunt would hate.'

He had only to see her put it in her lips and light it from the match he held to know that she was well accustomed to smoking.

He looked at her almost sternly, for he felt something devious about her. 'When do you do it?' he asked.

'When I am being Mole' — and she held up a thin forefinger with a swarthy stain on it.

They found Eden sitting in the porch of the lodge on a tilted chair, like a workman after his day is done. He regarded their approach with an incredulous smile, then got to his feet.

'I've brought our cousin, Miss Court, to see you,' said Finch, feeling suddenly daredevil and at his ease. Was it the support of Eden's presence that produced this feeling?

They shook hands gravely and Eden led the way indoors. Finch had heard Minny scampering upstairs to tidy herself. Yet, when she came down, he wondered what the process of tidying had been, she looked so far from neat. He came to the conclusion that she had gone to powder her face, which had the pink bloom of a peach in the candlelight. Her milk-white neck looked thicker than when he had seen her last, her crossed legs, under her too-short skirts, stouter. But her slanting eyes held the same challenge and gayety and her lips looked ready as ever to part in laughter or song. She had on an orange-colored jumper, a blue skirt, and pink stockings. Finch wondered how Eden could tolerate this combination of colors. But then, Eden seldom seemed to notice things.

Minny made Sarah sit in the one comfortable chair close to the fire, because she looked so pale. Minny's own cheeks glowed like roses beneath the thick layer of powder. Her generous mouth smiled welcome, and this astonished Finch after what Eden had told him of her feelings toward Sarah. Sarah spread out the long fringe of her shawl and inhaled the smoke of her cigarette as though she were inhaling the very sweetness of life. She preened herself like a bird, and Minny was apparently delighted to entertain her. Eden, too, was delighted. He was beginning to feel the need of some society other than Minny's. He heaped dry fagots on the fire, which crackled into swift, ruddy flames, and sat down on the narrow ingle seat facing Sarah. He thought Finch's description of her very superficial. He read her with a far more subtle understanding.

Minny talked a great deal, directing almost all her conversation to Sarah, who sat motionless, seeming to drink in all that Minny said. She told of amusing things that happened to them abroad, now and then appealing to Eden's memory to supply some foreign name which she invariably mispronounced. Before long she began to speak of Eden's poetry, of which she was very proud. It was the only poetry, she said, that she had ever been able to read, even though so much of it was hard to understand. Finch reminded Eden that he had promised to read him some of the poems he had written since leaving home.

Eden took a candle and went up the

stairs that ascended from a corner of the room. Minny said, 'He keeps everything he has in such perfect order.' Soon he returned, carrying a folio of papers. Hot wax had dripped on his hand, and he went to Minny, like a child, to show it.

He sat again in the inglenook and read by the light of the flames. His voice, always musical, took on new, full tones when he read his poems.

'These are some bits from the long poem, "New France." I can't read all of it. It's not in order,' he said.

He read fragments which he called 'Indian Braves as Galley Slaves,' 'The Loves of Bigot,' 'A Countess of Quebec,' and 'Song of the Ursuline Nuns.'

The two young women made little murmuring noises of approval after each poem. Finch liked them immensely and said so. He was almost overcome when Eden said suddenly to Sarah, 'Do you know, this boy has been paying my way for a year and a half. If it had not been for him, I don't know what I should have done.'

'That was good of him,' she said, simply. 'But how he must have liked doing it!'

'Did you like doing it?' Eden asked of him.

Finch assented, uttering the sudden guffaw of his hobbledehoy days which still came from him in moments of embarrassment.

'These,' said Eden, taking up some sheets of paper clipped together, 'are some things I wrote in Italy.'

'In Italy!' gasped Finch. 'Why, I did n't know you were in Italy!'

'Yes, I had to go. It was beastly cold in France and I'd got a cough.'

'We went on a cheap excursion,' put in Minny easily.

'How splendid!' sighed Finch. 'How I wish I might go!'

'Don't be a silly young blighter,' said Eden. 'You can go where you like.'

'Perhaps I'll go with Arthur Leigh. He's over here.'

Sarah looked expectantly into Eden's face, waiting for the poems. He read three. The last one was 'To a Young Nightingale Practising His Song in Sicily.' His listeners agreed that this was best of all.

'It's beautiful! It's beautiful!' said Sarah, clasping her fingers tightly together. The shawl fell from her, as she leaned toward Eden, and her bare shoulders and arms were exposed to the firelight.

Eden was made happy by this approval. Soon he and Minny went to the larder together. Their whispers and the clink of china could be heard by the other two.

'Do you like them?' whispered Finch. 'Are you glad you came?' He was worried lest her aunt might have missed her.

She nodded composedly.

Eden and Minny returned, he carrying a bottle in each hand and she a large dish on which were arranged several sorts of cake, the icing of which, chocolate and pink and white, had crumbled and was intermingling.

Eden was hilarious at having company. Nothing was too ridiculous for him to say or do. Finch and Minny filled the room with their laughter. Sarah Court sat upright, sipping wine, nibbling cake, seeming to absorb with passionate intensity the gayety of the moment.

As they hurried home along the drive, they faced a strong warm wind from the moor. She had to grasp her shawl tightly to hold it about her. Their elders were still playing cards and they entered undiscovered. She glided up the stairs, while he lounged into the drawing-room and leaned against Augusta's chair, asking her what luck she had been having.

XII

The days strung themselves out like pearls warmed on the sunburnt throat of Summer till Finch and his uncles had been a month in Devon. The time had passed quickly for the two old brothers, with no incident more unpleasant than a wrangle at the bridge table to shadow their enjoyment. There was so much to do in the way of garden parties, paying calls on old acquaintances, drinking tea in the rose garden, and having the *Times* to read when it was a few hours instead of two weeks old, that the day was all too short. The change had done them a world of good. Nicholas had not in years been so free from gout. Ernest was almost frightened by the power of his digestion. There seemed something sinister about a stomach that, from rebelling

at a piece of seed cake at tea, turned to the consumption of strawberries and Devonshire cream without a qualm.

He and Nicholas were both fond of music and they delighted in the violin and piano playing of Sarah and Mrs. Court. Nicholas thought the girl's playing was without soul, and it was he who insisted that Finch should accompany her one evening. But the performance was a depressing failure. Finch seemed unaccountably nervous, and Sarah more soulless than ever. Mrs. Court had sat delightedly tapping her heels on the floor while they had spiritlessly executed a polonaise by Chopin.

At the end, she had exclaimed, 'Sarah can't play with anyone but me! And Finch is far too nervous to play accompaniments. You've got to have nerves of iron to play accompaniments. I've never heard you do so badly as you did to-night, Mouse.'

The little woman had trotted eagerly to the piano, scarcely waiting till Finch had risen from the seat before she settled herself on it and instructed Sarah to repeat the polonaise with her. Sarah had repeated it to the brilliant exactitude of her aunt's accompaniment, and after that no one again suggested that the boy and girl play together.

But they did play together. Every afternoon that their elders went out to tea — and they went about four out of the seven — Sarah and Finch glided like two conspirators into the drawing-room. They went as though to indulge in the taste of some forbidden wine. He trembled as he sat with bent back above the keyboard while she tuned her violin. As they lost themselves in the indolent beauty of a Tchaikovsky waltz the world about them dissolved. Their life came into flower. But no word or sign of love passed between them beyond the expression of their love for music. On the days when they were not alone together, she seemed to go out of his life, leaving him scarcely a thought of her beyond the fascination her face and her attitudes always had for him. Even sometimes when they had played together he left her presence with a feeling of relief, drawing a deep breath as though he had come from an atmosphere too close for him. But at times he was so susceptible to her nearness, to something captivating and strange in her, that he would find it hard to restrain himself from some open expression of his emotion. Once a mist came before his eyes when he was accompanying her and he could not see the notes. He stopped playing, and, after a wild cascade of grace notes, she stopped, too.

'I lost my place,' he muttered.

She bent over him, her violin still tucked under her chin, and looked into his eyes with a gently curious expression. Yet he thought he detected the same hint of malice in her that he had encountered before. He stared steadily back without speaking, but his heart was beating wildly and he was on the point of taking the violin from her hands and possessing himself of them when she straightened herself and, pointing to the place with her bow, said coldly, 'Please don't waste our time! It goes so quickly.'

He wondered whether she was really repelling him or regarded these meetings only as an outlet for the sensuous enjoyment of music.

Once Nicholas did not go with the others, as they imagined he did. Coming down from his room, he turned, with a feeling of anticipation, toward the drawing-room at the sound of music. He opened the door softly, not wishing to interrupt them, but after listening for a few moments, and studying the expressions of the two, he withdrew as quietly as he had entered, standing outside the closed door until the piece was finished, with bent head and a look of sardonic gentleness on his lined face.

Though he had been conscious of the uneasy joy within the room, he never made any reference to their playing together. He never intruded on them again and he often suggested afternoon excursions that would set them free.

Mrs. Court would have liked to insist on Sarah's accompanying them, but to have taken her would have meant discomfort in the car. She gave the girl endless letters to write and stuffy, old-fashioned dresses to alter to keep her busy in the evenings. All this Sarah did, sitting up late in her room, having previously put out her light and pretended to go to bed.

Augusta, at this time, began to be a little

tired of her guests. The constant strain of ordering meals, to say nothing of the expense of providing them, was beginning to tell on her nerves. She had thought that Mrs. Court would see eye to eye with her in her hope for the union of Sarah and Finch. She had broached the subject before his arrival and it had been received with Mrs. Court's customary jaunty good humor. But now Augusta was driven to believe that Mrs. Court did not approve of the match at all, that she selfishly wished to keep the girl unmarried in order that she might have not only a companion whose salary consisted of her clothes and keep, but one of striking appearance and artistic attainments. The young pair themselves were not very satisfactory. They seemed to have nothing to say to each other, and the music which she had hoped would draw them together was apparently a barrier between them. Finch's attempt at accompanying Sarah had been a failure, and when Sarah and Mrs. Court made music Finch sat drooping in a corner, the picture of gloom.

Sometimes Sarah and Finch went to the lodge, where they were very welcome to Eden and Minny, who were often bored by each other's society. They would gather about the fire and Eden would throw pine boughs on it that would burst into a vivid crackling blaze, illuminating their faces and the black oak beams of the ceiling, then die down, leaving the pine needles like fiery wires. The twigs would writhe in wormlike agony, pale, turn gray, and crumble. Then Eden would throw on fresh boughs.

Before the fire he read his new poems to them, directing his voice toward Sarah; but Minny showed no sign of jealousy. She seemed perfectly sure of Eden. He said once to Finch, as they lay talking on a hillside, 'Minny is kind. That's the beautiful thing about her. Alayne is unselfish, but she is n't really kind, and love without kindness is like a garden without grass. . . .'

One evening a knock came at the door and they looked at each other like frightened children, fancying it might be Mrs. Court in search of Sarah, for Finch had told Eden of her tyranny. But it was Nicholas and Ernest come to call. Nicholas and Augusta had had words over the card table, and the game had been broken up. The two ladies had gone to Augusta's room and the two gentlemen, feeling rather reckless, had marched down to the lodge. They showed no surprise at seeing Finch and Sarah there.

Minny was delighted by so much company. Nicholas and Ernest found the society of the young people so exhilarating that they felt aggrieved at the time they had lost on the evenings at bridge. They asked Minny if she still could sing. She denied that she could, laughing a good deal. But, persuaded at last, she threw back her head and sang one piece after another to them. She had an endless repertory of old favorites. Her face was tilted, as she sang, so that it was partly in shadow, but the full light of the fire fell on her white, throbbing throat, the skin of which was like the inner petals of a rose.

On the way back to the house Sarah whispered to Finch that now her aunt would find out everything and their evenings would be spoiled. Luckily for them a change in the weather came that night, and for several days they had driving rains and a gale from the moor. In the evenings the uncles asked for nothing better than a game of cards by the fire.

One morning Ernest announced his intention of going into Dorset to visit some old friends. That same day Finch had a letter from Arthur Leigh, and, remembering how much Augusta had admired Arthur, he conceived the idea of having him down for a visit during his uncle's absence. He might have Ernest's room, which was really the best guestroom. Augusta, wondering if she would ever have the felicity of feeling somewhat lonely again, agreed. Inside a few days Ernest had gone, his room had been 'turned out,' and Arthur had taken his place.

The friends were joyful to be with each other again, and with an opportunity for intimacy they had hitherto not known. Finch had forgotten how subtly attuned to his surroundings and how full of charm Arthur was, and Arthur felt anew the curiosity and sympathy Finch roused in him. He thought the household rather a strange one, including its offshoot in the

lodge. Most of all he was interested in Sarah Court.

At his coming she had withdrawn into her former aloofness, and it was difficult to make Arthur believe that she had gone on secret visits to the lodge, continually deceiving the aunt to whom she now seemed so devoted. But one afternoon, when the three young people were left alone, Finch persuaded her to play her violin for Arthur. And from that time there seemed to be engendered in Arthur, almost against his will, an overruling passion for her. From being high-spirited and gay, he became meditative and morose. She appeared to be unconscious of the emotion she had roused in him.

This change in his friend, taking place so soon after his advent into the house, was bewildering to Finch.

Was it really love that Arthur felt for Sarah, or had she merely exercised on him the peculiar fascination that seemed to be the very core of her personality? Finch himself had felt it. He had seen its effect on Eden. But in their case the spell was volatile, intermittent. Once Sarah had entered a room, neither the room nor its occupants remained the same. By the power of her chiseled remoteness, she subdued their atmosphere. By the suggestion of hidden malice, she produced a sense of foreboding. The more Finch observed aunt and niece, the more sure he was that Mrs. Court felt both the fascination and the foreboding. He began to think that her peering attitude toward Sarah was assumed in an effort to reassure herself, as young Mooey reiterated, 'I'm not f'ightened!'

He was angry with Arthur for allowing himself to be so speedily enslaved. He was angry with Sarah for being the enslaver. He felt in himself a stirring of jealousy that clouded the clear waters of his friendship for Arthur. Sarah and he, who had been drifting in a shadowy and devious intimacy that might have led to strange and lovely revelations, were separated by Arthur's intrusion, for as such Finch began to regard his visit.

In the mornings, when Sarah was in attendance on Mrs. Court, Arthur Leigh sought out Eden, and they spent hours wandering in the flowery lanes, over the hillsides rich with ripening corn, and into the gorse-grown borders of the moor. Arthur could not say enough in praise of Eden. He confessed that with no one else had he ever experienced such a sensation of magnetic accord. As for Eden's poetry, if Eden belonged to any other country he would have met with an appreciation not yet given him. He was worried over Eden's future and was too appreciative to please Finch when Finch said that he would never let Eden suffer for lack of funds. As for Finch, Eden was his own brother and he did not see why Arthur should take such a possessive note toward him. He began to pity himself. Eden did not want him, Arthur did not want him, Sarah no longer sat with him in the garden. He took to sitting there alone and had long conversations with the gardener's boy, who confided to him that one day he hoped to marry the kitchenmaid with whom he walked out. 'But,' he confided, 'her's the oldest of a long family and must help her mother for a bit, and I'm the youngest of a long family and must help my mother till one of my brothers can afford to have her live with he.'

Nicholas planned an excursion, in which he invited the three young people to join him. It was supposed to be merely the revisiting of a hamlet in the moor that had once pleased him; it was a rough drive that neither Augusta nor Mrs. Court cared to undertake. In reality he did not want them to know what he was about. This was to revisit the old home of the wife from whom he was divorced. He had heard of the death of her brother who had lived there, and that the contents of the house were to be privately sold. He had spent some of the happiest days of his life in this house, when he was courting Millicent, and he had a sentimental desire to walk through its rooms once more. He confided his intention to his companions, with a half-cynical air, and yet with enough seriousness to make them feel both compassion and a romantic interest in the visit.

It was a day of alternate brilliant sunshine and flying cloud shadows. Their road lay, for the greater part of the way, along the ridges of rolling hills from which they could see a wide stretch of country where

the green and gold pattern of the fields was blotted here and there by rounded clumps of woodland. High Willhays and Yes Tor rose, alternately purple against the clouds or dim blue beneath the sunshine. The house where the Humes had lived was in a remote spot on the edge of the moor. Bracken and gorse grew to the very edge of its lawn, and behind it a small but noisy cascade rushed down a miniature gorge.

The house and all its outbuildings were of gray stone, very old, but quite bare of ivy and unsoftened by protecting trees, so that the impression was one of bleakness. The many windows were small and the front door was sunk inhospitably between stone projections.

As they left the car and went toward the house, the sun passed under a cloud. A wind from the moor began to whistle above the tumble of the cascade. Arthur and Finch showed their disappointment in their faces; they did not see how there could have been much jollity in that house. Even Nicholas, whose face had been alight with eagerness, looked rebuffed. He knocked on the heavy brass knocker. The door was opened by a tall, stout man with a ruddy face, who had the place in charge. He was expecting them. He led them into the dismantled drawing-room. Surviving relatives had taken what they wanted from the house and on tables were displayed in forlorn groups the ornaments and silver for sale. Light patches stood out on the wallpaper where pictures had been taken down. Furniture that had been long ago consigned to the attic had been carried downstairs by the agent in charge as being valuable, and the pieces thus reunited stood about the rooms, with the sad, hopelessly estranged air of old friends who have not met for half a lifetime.

The last of the Humes had been dead for only a month, yet there was an accumulation of dust in the house that might have been collecting during the seven generations of their occupancy. As the party moved from room to room it seemed that some gloomy revelation of the past might be presented to them at any moment. Nicholas became more and more depressed. In a small room that had apparently been used as a study he found a framed photograph of a cricket team at Oxford, wearing striped blazers, flat straw hats, and little side whiskers. He drew Finch to it and pointed out himself and his brother-in-law, the Hume who had lately died. Finch thought he would like to have this for himself and bought it from the agent for three shillings. With it under his arm he followed Nicholas through the dining room into the kitchen. They left Leigh and Sarah examining an old brass-bound writing case which he was desirous of presenting to her.

The kitchen was the largest room in the house. The low ceiling was heavily beamed, the floor was of uneven stone, and the deep windows gave on a cobbled yard beyond which were the gabled stone stable, the shippen and linhays. A long table, with benches on either side, filled one end of the room. At the other end was the fireplace, and, at right angles to it, a high-backed settle. On the hearth lay a pair of heavy boots stained with mud, and on the settle a worn leather coat and a hat. These garments, belonging to the dead man, added the final touch of desolation to the scene. For the first time in his life Nicholas felt that he heard the portentous creak of the gates of death.

They had trouble in finding Arthur Leigh and Sarah. At last Finch discovered them — Sarah sitting on a stile that led into a field where there was a flock of sheep; Arthur standing with one of her hands in both of his, and an expression of joyous excitement on his sensitive face.

XIII

As soon as there was an opportunity, after they had returned to Lyming Hall, Leigh drew Finch into the privacy of the little outbuilding where the lawn roller and the tennis net were kept. The sun had gone and the dew was falling, but the heavens were still suffused with a tender rose-colored light. A chestnut tree shaded the outhouse and the fallen petals of its bloom lay thick about the door, trampled by those who entered.

Arthur sat down on the lawn roller and looked up at Finch with a half-pleading expression.

'Now all the misery and uncertainty of

it are over, and only the beautiful part is left, you'll forgive me, won't you?'

'Forgive you what?' Finch asked in a hurried, nervous voice. He hoped that Arthur was not going to tell him of his feelings, disclose the spiritual distress that had been torturing him during all his visit.

'You know quite well. I've been a perfect beast ever since I came. Honestly, I don't believe I can ever remember having been so morose and so brutally selfish in all my life before. Especially to you, Finch, who mean most of all to me!'

'More than Sarah?' asked Finch, trying to speak lightly.

Arthur answered, seriously, 'Yes, more than Sarah, in some ways. Because you're my dear, close friend and she's the woman I worship, and dearness and closeness don't seem to go with that, some way.'

'I scarcely know anything,' said Finch. 'Won't you tell me? Of course, when I saw her sitting on the stile and you beside her, with that look — I knew there was something pretty serious. Arthur, is she going to marry you?'

'She is! I can hardly believe it. I've been like a man lost in a forest, giving up all hope of finding his way out. I've felt half mad sometimes, it was all so sudden, so unexpected.' In spite of his reassurance, his new-found joy, there was still a look of distress on his face. 'How can I make you understand! You've never been up against this kind of thing.'

Finch looked at him compassionately and yet with a feeling of himself being hurt. Arthur had rushed into the midst of their scene, gathered into his own hands the strands of the tapestry Finch had slowly been weaving, and, in a kind of panic of passion, was changing it into a pattern all his own. Finch believed that it was the first time in Arthur's life that he had ever been frightened by his own feelings, felt the possibility of being thwarted in a desire. Arthur had always worn the bright, silky look of youth that had never been crossed.

'I can imagine something of what you are feeling. I've seen how unhappy you've been. But it could n't last. Things were bound to come right. How could any girl keep from loving you, if you loved her?'

'Oh, but you don't know Sarah. A man might prostrate himself at Sarah's feet and howl of his love till the stars were shaken, and it would n't move her. Not unless she loved him, too!'

'But she does love you. It must be glorious to realize that.'

'I can't realize it! You know, I did n't intend to speak of love to her to-day. All I intended was to ask her if we might meet sometimes. To tell her that I simply could n't bear to think that everything would end with my going back to London. . . . She was sitting on the stile, with a big holly bush behind her, looking divinely distant. . . . You know that little secret look at the corner of her mouth. Well, it maddened me, because I felt that, if she was thinking of me at all, it was only as a far-away mortal whose hopes or despairs could never mean anything to her. . . . I got out what I had meant to say about meeting. She said that she very seldom came over to England. It had been three years since the last visit. I said then that I'd go to Ireland to see her if she'd let me. She turned and looked at me with the most adorable smile, but she did n't answer. . . . There was something in the smile that made me lose my head. I poured out all my feelings. . . . At the end I said that if she would not marry me I'd not answer for what I might do. She said, very gently, that she'd marry me. . . . Oh, that voice of hers! Did you ever hear a voice like it, Finch?'

'It's very sweet.'

'Sweet! It's as though a star spoke. And the way she moves! Like a lily on its stem. . . . And the way she won't look at you, and then turns and looks into the very depths of you! She is like the angel that troubled the waters and brought out all that was potent in them. It's that way with me. Now I know she loves me, I feel as though I had a new power for living.'

'I'm frightfully glad for you, Arthur.'

'I know you are! And to think it all came through you! I wonder how her aunt will take it.'

'She likes you. I can see that.'

'Well, like or not like, she can't stop us. We're going to be married right away.'

(To be continued)